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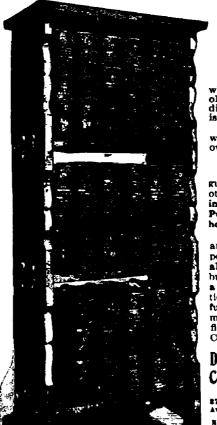
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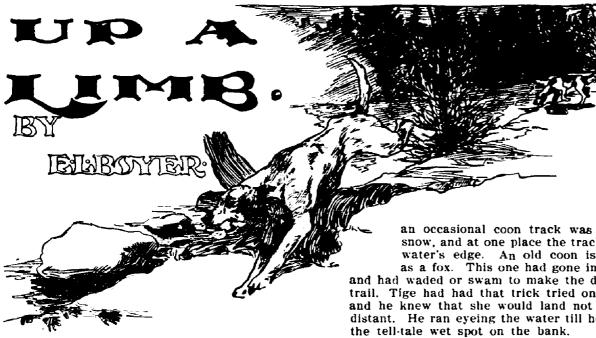
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F you could only have gone with us that night! It was in early February, and a recent thaw made farmers prophesy an early spring. We boys knew that the searching sun would wake the coons from their winter torpor and send them prowling through the woods and into the hen-roosts

A coon hunt is the real thing for sport. Even the men past forty were frequently the most enthusiastic to annihilate the marauders of the poultry

Our dog Tige, a strong fellow of no one knew what breed, was the best coon dog in all that country, and his reputation made us popular. It takes a sagacious dog to tree a coon and a lion to whip one, but Tige could do both: and he did enjoy it! When he pitched into a coon the battle would end in the end of the coon.

The night was not dark, and at times the moon peered through the light clouds from which there came an occasional drop of rain. Here and there lay patches of snow from the light shift of the night before. It was an ideal night for coons to run.

Dave and Bill Perry, boys eighteen and twenty; Sam Lehew, a droll farm hand of thirty, and Andy Trimmer, a keen hunter of forty-five, started with nie from the old wooden bridge, our meeting place, at eight o'clock. Dave carried a double-bitted ax. his brother held a lighted torch that had done service in the preceding presidential campaign, Andy's rifle swung from a strap on his shoulder, and I carried a double-barreled shotgun, a recent Christmas gift from a rich uncle. We were a formidable looking company.

Dogs know what's doing when the gun comes down from its place on the wall and the call-whistle of a neighbor boy rings out on the night air. Tige was never in better trim. His joyous bark as we started for the bridge was answered by the loud bay of Andy's hound.

A mile up the creek the big timber had not been felled by the saw-mill speculators, and it was among those grand old trees that we thought to start our quarry. At the word, Tige, his nose to the ground and eye and ear alert, led the hunt, and in fifteen minutes his cry told that he had found the scent. Is there greater joy than expectation! Tracks are not coons, but we were almost as elated as though the coon had been treed.

Dave was a braggart, and braggarts are, not infrequently, liars. I once heard an old gentleman say to one, "How do you know so much! Folks that talk so much must lie some!" He tried to throw cold water on our expectations by telling us that a good dog, like Tige, would run a scent two days old, and that he thought from the bay of the hound that the dogs were on a cold track. In fact, he told me that he had seen coon tracks two days before near the point where Tige had given his first signal. I recall vividly one instance of his lying to a dozen of us. We were in the field when Dave came walking rapidly down the road. One of the boys said, "Let's call Dave to stop and tell us a lie." pened that old Johnny Brooks had been dangerously ill and that the whole neighborhood were interested in his recovery. As Dave came within halling distance we yelled, "O Dave, stop and tell us a lie!" Without slackening his pace or appearing in the least disconcerted, he replied. "Hain't got time, boys. Old Johnny Brooks is dead and I'm going to town for the coffin." An hour later old Johnny came riding by and stopped to talk with us. Every one of us had believed Dave's story!

We could tell by the hound's cry that the coon had gone up the creek, and we went in that direction, being careful not to follow too near lest the scent he lost, for coons cross and re-cross their own trail, making it difficult to run. As we proceeded

an occasional coon track was seen in the snow, and at one place the tracks led to the water's edge. An old coon is as cunning as a fox. This one had gone into the creek and had waded or swam to make the dogs lose her trail. Tige had had that trick tried on him before, and he knew that she would land not many yards distant. He ran eyeing the water till he came upon the tell-tale wet spot on the bank.

Within another hour Tige's call, coming at shorter and shorter intervals, announced the shortening of the chase, and at ten o'clock his loud bark called us to the foot of a tall tree near the creek bank. Out from the trunk of the tree and up forty feet from the ground was a bunch like a knot. Andy's practiced eye saw it move. It was the coon! Tige would run to the tree, stand with his front paws high on the trunk, his eyes aglow, and his excited whine saying to me, "I've treed him; why don't you shake him down!" Clubs were thrown, rocks from the creek bank were hurled, but the coon only flattened on the limb and clung more closely. After twenty minutes of useless maneuvering. Andy said, "One of you boys'll have to climb and shake him down. There's no other way. Come, draw cuts to see who's to do it." The shotgun or the rifle might have made climbing unnecessary, but a coon was always entitled to a fighting chance for his life, and none of us would shoot if that chance could be given the game. The lot fell to Dave, who protested that he was lame from stumbling across a log an hour earlier and that he didn't believe he could "shin it." Sam blurted out, "Reckon you're not afeard o' that coon, air you. Dave?" "Well, if that's what you're thinking, I'll shake her down if I never walk another step. I've never seen the livin' thing yet I was afraid of! Here, gimme a boost!" He groaned a kind of suppressed moan, but went up quite rapidly for the first twenty-five feet. Then he stopped and declared the pain was so great he could go no farther. Sam's "Go ahead there, and stop your foolin'." started him on again. As he neared the coon he pretended exhaustion, his voice trembled, and his replies came in breathless whispers. Our talk, though, took effect, and he reached the limb upon which the coon lay stretched. Dave forgot his exhaustion and gave the limb a vigorous shaking but she did not move. Then Sam's "Git out there to that critter!" caused Dave to tremble harder than ever. It's an awful feeling to be thought a coward! Dave obeyed. The coon had evidently measured the distance to the ground and had counted the dogs there ready to pounce upon her, for she refused to jump or to let go!

Tige impatiently watched every move. At this juncture a queer movement in the tree caught Dave's eye and took his last breath of courage. No one had thought of more than one coon in that tree! Coon number two slid down along the trunk till it reached the crotch of the limb upon which were Dave and coon number one. They had treed Dave!

Forty feet above the earth, out on a limb, with two coons standing guard, with two pairs of fiery eyeballs glaring at him, required more nerve than Dave could muster! The coons had gone man-hunting! And Dave at that moment lost his love for hunting

He sat there a full minute as motionless as a statue. He feared to speak. The coons might hear, understand, and begin the attack! We did not dare throw or shoot. Throwing might put him into closer quarters. Tige, attracted by the new move in the tree, set up an expectant howl, and the coons stirred restlessly. Coon number two stood upright! Dave's hair was porcupine's bristles! He imagined the coon pointed at him, saying, "The murderer! Kill him!" Sam saw the animal and understood what was doing. He yelled, "Stand yer ground. Dave! You hain't never seen no livin' critter 'at you're afeard on! I'll cut the tree and make her lodge in them forks to your right! The jar'll knock that coon off'n there and you kin hold on where ye air!" Dave, already frantic, saw himself massacred and eaten by the two creatures he had come to kill, or his body mangled and lifeless from the fall of the tree! In his agony an incoherent shriek rent the air, and coon number two did just what Sam knew he'd do; he turned and walked up the tree trunk—and Dave lived! But he got down from that tree as though chased by a pack of howling wolves! No amount of guying on our part could restore his courage. I see him yet! His bloodless face, his eyes standing out on his cheeks, and his limp legs, all told the same story!

Did we get those coons! Well, I guess so! Andy went up that tree and the way he shook those chicken-thieves off made us roar-all but Dave!

Even the fall of forty feet didn't take the fight all out of those coons, for Tige carried the marks of that hunt to his dying day! And so will Dave!

### Every Boy Needs A Trade

Few boys take to tasks that require thought and persistent efforts. Yet skilled work is the only employment in demand.

Hodcarriers and common laborers glut the markets 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 don't get it. Know-nothings work at odd jobs and are paid the lowest scale.-

### Advice From The President

"Common sense is the most essential requisite in training a child," writes President Roosevelt to the Cak Park (III.) W. C. T. U., "and that faculty should be developed in the child. Teach him that character counts for more than money. Give him morality, firm courage and lofty purposes. It is not the nice people who want to sit at home, who would use futile efforts and confine themselves to passing resolutions that we shall need in the next generation, but people who icel a burning sense of indignation at corruption, at wrongs, at injustice and foul living; people who will go out to set the world aright. The mother should not be a cross between a housekeeper and a nurse. The father, too, should do his share in training the child. Self-control, love and confidence are essential to the training of womanly girls and manly boys."



THEY HAD TREED DAVE

# FOR THE MIKADO

### OR, A JAPANESE MIDDY IN ACTION & By KIRK MUNROE

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(BEGUN IN DECEMBER) CHAPTER III. FOR THE HONOR OF JAPAN.

NAKAHAKI had been an inmate of the Academy about ten days, when, one evening, just before supper call, as he was hurrying, alone, across the grounds, he was halted, and accosted by two "youngsters" or third classmen. One of them was a tall, heavily-built fellow, named Cyrus Snelling; while the other was a little chap, of about Takahaki's own size, who had cause for grievance against his parents in that they had burdened his life with the name Ezra Eliot Lloyd; the initials whereof constituted the obvious nickname that had clung to him from earliest boyhood. So Eel he had been, rel he was, and Eel he seemed destined to be to the end of his chapter. Nor did his physical characteristics belie this name: for not only was he so small as barely to have complied with the entrance requirement that candidates be five feet two inches tall; but he was active, slippery and hard to catch. He was the best boxer in his class, its swiftest run-

As these two confronted the lad from the far East, Lloyd sang out: "Hello, there, Jap? Why don't you salute your superiors?"

ner, its most artful dodger, and often was affection-

ately spoken of as its "Bantam Gamecock;" a title

that he much preferred to that of the class eel.

Takahaki's right hand, already partly raised towards his cap, suddenly dropped to his side, and he straightened himself stiffly.

"It is that I cannot permit one to say of me 'Jap.'" he replied firmly but courteously, and at the same time smiling pleasantly. "It is gradly permit to say of me 'Johnny Chopstick' or 'Takymat' or what you wish; but not the 'Jap.' If one say to me that bad name I may not sarute him, not even if he be Admirar. It is insurt to every Nippon man. It is insurt to my Mikado."

"Oh, come off!" broke in Snelling. "Such talk as that can't be allowed here, even by a foreigner who may not know any better. Third classmen reserve to themselves the right to call plebs what they please; and we cannot make an exception even in your case. So you will have to submit to be called Jap' whether you like it or not; and the more graceful you do so, the better it will be for you. Morcover, you will at once apologize for not having saluted us, and will make us a humble bow, or suffer the consequences."

For a moment Takahaki gazed defiantly in the face of the speaker. Then, without another word, but still smiling, he brushed past the "youngsters" and walked away, as though their presence were a matter of indifference to him.

"The impudence!" exclaimed Lloyd, with a motion as though to spring after the young Japanese. But Snelling laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Hold on, Eel," he said, quietly. "This is neither the time nor place. Let him go now; but never you fear that his case won't be properly and thoroughly attended to."

"Suppose he makes a complaint that reaches the ears of the old man?"

"I don't believe even a Jap would dare do such a thing here, answered Snelling, his face darkening at the suggestion. "If he should he would be sent to Coventry by every man of every class in the Academy, and the place would be made too hot to hold

"I'll bet he does, though," said Lloyd, as the two, whose dignity had been so set at naught by a pleb, retired from the scene of their discomfiture.

In spite of this foreboding, Takahaki neither gave warning, nor made a complaint to anyone. Not even to his roommate did he mention the incident. Consequently Dunster had no intimation of what was about to take place, when, a few nights later, after lights had been extinguished, and the cadet officer in charge of that floor had made his final round of inspection, a gentle knock sounded on the door of the room occupied by our lads. Both of them still were awake; but before either could rise from his bed, a dozen dark figures slipped, noiselessly, into the room, closing the door after them.

"Dunster Brownleigh," whispered one of the in-

truders, "are you here?" "Yes. What's wanted?"

"Don't speak so loud," warned the other. "You have a Jap roommate, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Yes, sir, if you please."
"Yes, sir."

"Is he here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he is wanted, and so are you. We have a little business to settle with him, and desire you to come along as a witness that he is given fair play. While there are enough of us to compel you to go, we should prefer to have you come of your own accord, and under promise of silence. Will you do so? And will you make such a promise, for both yourself and your friend?

"Who are you and where do you want us to go?" asked Dunster, hesitatingly.

'We can give you no further information here." was the stern reply: "And you must make your decision at once, as there is no time to waste. What is it? Yes or no?"

"Yes, we will go with you," answered the pleb, realizing the futility of attempting to resist the numher opposed to them. "That is," he added hastily, "if my roommate agrees. Shall we go with these fellows,

"I do what you say, Dun Brown," calmly replied the Japanese lad, who already had slipped into his clothing.

"Good!" exclaimed the leader of the intruders. "Now come along, barefoot like us, if you please."

The door was gently opened, a cautious survey of the dimly-lighted corridor was taken, and then the little party stole noiselessly from the room, each of our lads escorted by one of the visitors marching on either side of him. Out of the building they went; and, always seeking the darkest shadows, made their way, swiftly, but in utter silence, to a boathouse that stood on the water's edge.

Knowing that this building was kept locked, except when used under official sanction, Dunster was surprised to see the door swing open at their approach. As they stepped inside, it was closed and locked behind them, and, from a few low-voiced questions and answers, our lads realized that their captors had joined forces with a number of comrades who here had awaited their coming.

A dark lantern flashed out, several others were lighted and hung in various corners of the room, and every window was carefully screened by blankets, co that no ray of light was visible from the outside. The two plebs now saw that they were surrounded by a score of masked figures, among whom they were unable to distinguish those who had brought them there from those who had awaited their coming.

"Not that we have any desire to conceal our identity from you," remarked a big man who stood near Dunster, and noted his glances from one to another of the masked figures. "But we thought it best, in case news of this meeting got out, that you and the Jap should be able truthfully to say that you did not recognize the features of a single person present.

"That was very considerate of you." replied Dunster. "And now, perhaps you will kindly tell us the meaning of this tomfoolery, why we have been dragged from our beds and brought to this place, and what you intend to do with us now that you have got us here?"

"This 'tomfoolery,' as you call it, is intended for a lesson to all plebs, and especially the one from Japan, who in spite of repeated warnings, has treated certain of his seniors with marked rudeness. In fact. we consider ourselves to have been insulted by him, and now demand the satisfaction usually accorded by gentlemen."

"I suppose," said Dunster, "you mean that he must apologize for whatever he has done?

"Exactly: and such quick discernment in a mere pleb, does you great credit."

"Supposing he refuses?"

"Then he must fight."

"How many of you?"

"Only one, of course; or at least only one at a time.

"But perhaps he does not know how to fight with his fists."

"That's his lookout, not ours."

"Would I be accepted as a substitute?"

"Certainly not. You are here merely as his second, and in a case of this kind, we must punish the offending party in person."

'But he is a light-weight, and small for his years." "All the more reason why he should not put on airs and defy us. At the same time, we have considered that feature of the situation, and have chosen the smallest man of our number to chastise him.'

"What do you say, Taki?" inquired Dunster, turning to his roommate, who had followed this conversa-tion with close attention. "Will you apologize to these gentlemen for whatever it is you have done to hurt their feelings?"

"No," answered the other, promptly. "They say to me 'Jap' and order me sarute. I say I am be grad to sarute if they do not say 'Jap,' but never can I sarute when they say to me that bad word. So now it is that they must first, what you say aporogize; then I, too, approgize and sarute many time.

"If you are bound to stick to that," said Dunster, dolefully, "I suppose there's nothing for it but to stand up and take your punishment. We'll fight," he added shortly, turning to the others who impatiently Takahaki's decision.

"Very well," replied the big man who acted as spokesman. "Step out, Little One, and give this pleb his much-needed lesson in politeness."

At this, one of the masked figures, of about the Japanese lad's own height, promptly moved to the

"Hold on a minute!" exclaimed the master of cere-"These beastly masks interfere somewhat monies. with seeing; so it seems to me only fair that your man should wear one of them as well as ours.

Dunster admitted the justice of this; and a strip of silk, having eye-holes cut in it, similar to those worn by the others, was bound about the face of the Japanese lad.

"Now," said the big man, stepping out of the ring that had been formed, "Pitch in! And may the best

The next instant, the young Japanese lay prone on the floor, to which he had been sent by a stinging left-hander, full in the face, that he had not attempted

"It's a shame!" protested Dunster, as he assisted his roommate to rise. "Why, he didn't even put up his fists! It's evident that he don't know any more about fighting than a kitten."

"Then let him apologize," answered the big man;

but ere the words were out of his mouth, Takahaki had flown at his opponent, and, unmindful of a body blow, against which he made no attempt to guard. struck out, simultaneously, with both right and left hands. He had not made fists, but using the flat edge of his open hands, he delivered his blows with incredible swiftness.

A yell of pain was forced from his surprised adver-

sary, both of whose arms dropped limp, and hung at his side, as useless as though broken. Nor did the young Japanese stop here; but turning his attention to the big man, he seized him by the left wrist and spun him around as though he had been shot. At the same moment the surprised "youngster" was impelled forward, with such velocity, that he dove head foremost into a group of his fellows. These were sent staggering in every direction, while the big man measured his length on the floor.

Even with this exploit, Takahaki did not pause; but darting with amazing swiftness among the remaining spectators, he administered a paralyzing grip here, a numbing blow from the edge of a hand, or from an equally effective bare heel, there, until he had the whole crowd wildly scrambling to avoid his bewildering attacks, which no one knew where to expect, or how to meet.

The building rang with shouts and yells of pain until suddenly the front door flew open, and above the bedlam, rose the shrill cry of "Ware hawk!" moment the lights went out, and a few seconds later, the boathouse was deserted of all its recent uproarious occupants, excepting only Takahaki, who panting, but triumphant, stood alone, wondering what was to happen next.

### CHAPTER IV.

### HAZING AT THE ACADEMY.

The alarm that had so suddenly terminated the strange fracas in the boathouse, was caused by the approach of the superintendent of the Academy, and a visiting friend, on their way home from the club. where they had been spending the evening. coming probably was most fortunate for Takahaki, who owed the success of his assault upon overwhelming numbers, to its unexpectedness, the swiftness of his movements, and the novelty of his methods. As "Eel" Lloyd afterwards explained:

"He had us so rattled, that we didn't know which way to look, besides having half of us paralyzed so that we couldn't wag a finger. He's a wonder! and there isn't a man in the Academy, nor any two together, for that matter, who would have a living show in a scrap with him. It was mighty lucky for him, though, that the scrimmage ended when it did; for there were enough of us to eat him, and we would have had him on the run in another minute. At the same time, as I said, he's a wonder, and we must get him on the team.'

So Takahaki was doubly fortunate, in having temporarily put to flight his assailants, and then in having them driven from the field just as they were about to overcome his peculiar tactics, by weight of numbers. He had not comprehended the significance of the warning cry that caused their sudden disappearance. Consequently he stood in the doorway, puzzling over it, and wondering what he ought to do, when the superintendent stepped briskly up, with the disconcerting inquiries:

"What is going on here, sir? Who are you? and what are you doing here at this time of night?"

As the officer spoke, he struck a match that lighted the scene with a momentary glare. "I am Takahaki Matsu," answered the Japanese

lad, standing stiffly at attention, with his hand raised in salute. "I am something not doing." "Do you mean that you are not doing anything?"

"Yes, sir. I am anything not doing."

"Why, then, are you here?

"Because some mans make me to come."

"Who were they?"

"I am not see any of his faces."

"Why are you wearing that mask?"

"The mans who make me to come, make me to wear him."

'What were you doing here just now?"

"We are have game, Japan game; name Jiu-jitsu." At this the superintendent's companion gave an audible chuckle.

"Were any of your classmates present?" asked the commanding officer.

Takahaki hesitated for a moment before answering: "Yes, sir. Dun Brown, who room I with, was come same time. Mans make him to come."

"Very well, sir! You may return to your room, where both you and Cadet Brownleigh will consider vourselves under arrest until I send for you in the morning. Also, you will report that fact to the cadet officer in charge of your hall. Good night.'

"It looks to me," said the superintendent to his friend, after Takahaki had disappeared, "as though something in the nature of hazing had been attempted; and I have no doubt that a number of third classmen are implicated. If I find out that such is the case, and can discover the offenders, it will go hard with them! for hazing is a form of brutality that I am determined to crush out, at any

"If any one, or any half-dozen, unsophisticated 'youngsters' attempted to haze that Jap, and he resisted with jiu-jitsu methods. I'd be willing to wager that he did not get the worst of the encounter," laughed the other, who was a naval officer just returned from a long tour of duty in the far East. "Recently, I have seen enough of jiu-jitsu in Japan to convince me that one skilled in its tricks can successfully defend himself against an apparently overwhelming number of opponents, physically stronger than he, but ignorant of his peculiar art of selfdefense. It is something that should be taught here, and if that young fellow proves an expert you couldn't do better than to appoint him jiu-jitsu instructor of his class." "Perhaps so," replied the superintendent. "At any

rate I will consider your suggestion."

In the meantime Takahaki had returned, unmolested, to his room, where, after reporting to the cadet officer in charge, he found Dunster already in bed, but awake and anxiously awaiting him.

"Awfully glad to see you, old man," said the latter in a low tone. "Was afraid you were nabbed. Did you find out who it was that gave us the scare? Someone said that it was the super himself."

"Yes," replied Takahaki. "Him superintendent, and say we are arrest."

'So he caught you, did he? But how did he know

that I was mixed up in the row? Did you tell him?" "Yes. Him ask if any preb in the boathouse, and I say not any but Dun Brown."

"The Dickens you did! Well! I must say I didn't think it of you! I suppose you gave him the names of all the others, too?"

No, I say cannot see face."

"But of course you did recognize certain men by their voices"

"Maybe so. Maybe I know—-

"Hold on! Don't give me any names. I don't want to know who they were, and if you know what's good for yourself, you won't remember any of them tomorrow, either. But, I say! That was great work you did, in downing those chaps. Where did you learn the trick? and how did you do it anyhow?"

"Him what Japan man name 'jiu-jitsu.' Everybody

in my country, know him."

"Well, nobody in this country does, so far as I know, and I'd like mighty well to learn the game. Will you teach me?"

"Yes, me be glad teach you, Dun Brown, everything what I know.

"That settles it: and I'm yours for lessons, every chance we get; for it's mighty well worth while to know how one man may handle a crowd, the way you did awhile ago. I'll bet those fellows feel sick over it, and I don't believe they'll tackle us again in a hurry, especially if you put me onto the game."

"Au right, Dun Brown, I teach you," and, satisfied with this promise, Midshipman Brownleigh went to sleep, without a care as to what the morrow might bring forth.

The next morning both lads were summoned to

the superintendent's office immediately after roll call. When that officer had listened with closest attention to Cadet Brownleigh's frank account of the boathouse affair, he abruptly asked:

"Who were the men who took you from your room?"

"As they were masked, gir, I could not identify them," replied the pich.

"Didn't you recognize any of their voices?"

"Not to swear to, sir."

"But you have your suspicions as to who they were?'

"Yes, gir, some of them."

"Who were they?

"I would rather not mention any names, sir." "What if I order you to do so?"

"I should be very sorry to disobey orders, sir."

"To do so would render you liable to severe punishment, probably to dismissal from the Academy.' "Yes, sir."

"And I am certain to discover the guilty parties, sooner or later."

"Not through me, sir."

"Perhaps through your roommate, then. How is it. Matsu? I suppose you have no objection to giving me the names of any whom you recognized among those who attempted to discipline you last

"Yes, sir." replied the Japanese lad, somewhat puz-

zled by the form of the question.

"You know, of course, who it was that struck you in the face?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"Honorable sic, I am not say."

"You mean you will not?"

"It is the same."

"Oh no, it isn't. If you cannot, on account of ignorance, then you are blameless, and not liable to any penalty; but if you will not, through obstinacy, then it is possible that you should be sent back. in disgrace, to your own country.

Takahaki's face became very grave.

'So, of course, under the circumstances, you will no longer hesitate to give me the name of the person who struck you in the face lest night. By so doing you not only will escape further unpleasant consequences, but you will relieve your roommate from the penalty he otherwise must pay for being mixed up in an affair that should concern you only.

"Honorable sir, I not can. In my country it is not custom; and now I find it not custom here. I am very sorry: but if I do such thing never more can I go back to my peop. No, honorable sir, I can not."

So evidently was this answer final, that there was no more to be said; and ten minutes later found both our lads in solitary confinement on board the Santee, digesting the information that they would thus remain until the real culprits should be discovered.

In a small community of few but intense interests. news of this kind cannot be kept from spreading. Thus, within an hour, it was known to every member of the Academy, cadets as well as officers, that two plebs were under arrest and threatened with dismissal for refusing to divulge the names of certain parties who had attempted to haze them the night before. Also it was known that one of them was the young Japanese whose recent advent into the Academy had occasioned so much speculation. It even was rumored that the entire party of would-be hazers had been whipped out of their boots, and put to flight, by the unaided efforts of this one little brown man from the far East; but of course this story was not believed.

In the meantime, third classmen Snelling and Lloyd had sought, and been granted, an interview with the superintendent; and after that, at various hours during the day, they were seen in earnest con-

versation with certain of their classmates. It was obvious that something important was on hand; but just what, no one seemed to know. Thus matters stood at the hour of dress parade, just before sunset. when the entire corps of cadets, together with every officer of the Academy and a large number of spectators, were assembled in the long shadows of the elms that border the grassy plain of the drill ground.

The parade was ended; the drill, both in manual and evolution, had been perfect, the superb Academy hand had completed its imposing march up and down the extended line of motionless cadets, officers had reported, and, apparently, the moment for dismissal had arrived; when the commandant stepped towards the waiting cadets with an expression on his face that betokened an occasion of grave importance. At the same moment appeared a squad of marines, incharge of a corporal, and guarding two prisoners. These advanced steadily, until within a few paces of the commandant, where they halted, and stood as though awaiting orders.

(To be continued.)

### How Fast Odors Travel

Experiments have been made recently to determine the speed with which odors travel. Ammonia was sprinkled into one end of a pipe about ten feet long, and it was found that the odor could not be perceived at the other end of the pipe until two hours had elapsed.

Sulphuric acid, camphor, and other similar materials, all having a powerful scent, were also tested. and it was found that the various odors required about the same length of time to traverse the pipe.

### Find Where The Diamonds Are

"Tell me what young men in the college at Oxford are thinking about and I will tell you how things will go for England in the next generation," said Lord Bacon. Tell me what the occasional boy who represents genius is doing and thinking on Sunday and I will tell you how things will go for my country in the realm of poetry, eloquence, liberty, art and invention. When God wants to bring in a new age he lends unique genius to an occasional youth, then this occasional Watt or Lincoln lifts the whole people to his level. The one thing for this Republic to do is to find out its occasional boys gifted with vision and then nourish their genius. Not many Phocians—one. Not many Luthers—one. Not many William the Silents-one, and no more. Not many great jurists or inventors. Society cannot create great men any more than it can create diamonds and gold. The only thing we can do is to find the diamond and uncover the gold. Sunday is a day when the occasional boy goes apart and broods. On this day Robert Burns tries his song and refines his hymn. Young Henry Clay discovers his power of speech. On this day John Howard nourishes his love of the poor. The great leaders of to-morrow are these poor boys of to-day. Fortunately the: have fifty-two days each year to dream and brood and build air castles and fashion their ambitions, to laugh and sing and weep and pray. If the Sunday with its opportunity for the imagination, should perish, farewell to that genius that makes for invention, commerce and wealth, and that scholarship that makes for poetry, art, music and eloquence.-Newell Dwight Hillis.



### SOME OF THE FAMOUS AMATEUR ATHLETES OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

1. Alfred Kennedy, Newcastle, England, 100 and 220 yards sprinter, next to Jupp, the English champion, the best in Great Britain.

2. C. W. Roberts, Liverpool, a noted sprint handicap runner.

3. W. Roberts, Liverpool, mile runner, fast and plucky, but not strong enough for the game. He has dropped unconscious after several of his races this year.

4. Arthur F. Duffey, Boston, Mass., who was defeated by J. W. Morton for the English championship this year.

5. Ben Jones, Wigan, England, a collier who durraces. He has won over \$2,000 in value in amateur contests in the last few seasons.

6. Ernest Green, Liverpool, a successful handicap sprint runner.

7. Non-contestant.

8. Charles MacElroy, a Scotch sprinter of note.

9. A Scotch trainer.

10. W. Buchanan, member of the executive committee, Ayr Athletic Club.

11. William Murray, Dublin, brother of Dennis Murray, Irish sprint champion, winner of the Booth Hall Plate last year.

12. C. R. Murray, Glasgow, Scotch high jumping

champion, record 6.114. 13. W. Stark, Glasgow, Scotch 100 yards champion, the youngest champion in Great Britain. He has adopted the Yankee starting methods and is the fastest British starter. Should do evens if persuaded to give up cigarette smoking while in training, which he, in common with most athletes on the other side, have heretofore refused to do.

14. J. S. Benyon, Chester, British Empire cycle champion, a fremendously popular bicycle racer, and this season's heaviest winner.

15. W. Waring, Liverpool, a successful bicycle

handicap racer.

16. Dennis Horgan, Ireland, Irish shot putting champion, formerly holder of the world's record, somewhat past his prime now but still a formidable antagonist in any company

17. Thomas Nicholson, Glasgow, the Scotch, English, and Scotch-Irish hammer throwing champion. He defeated Shevlin, of Yale, at the English championships this year. He has thrown well over 160 feet, and is steadily improving.

18. D. MacDonald, a rather fair Scotch sprint runner.

19. C. Cherry, London, bicycle racer, who reappeared on British tracks this season after an absence of several years. He competed in the cycle championships at Montreal, Canada, some years ago.

20. A. Buchanan, member executive committee Ayr A. C.

21. J. S. Westney, ex-captain of the University of Pennsylvania track team, who has just returned to the States after a satisfactory season on the British cinderpath.

22. J. W. Morton, London, English 100-yards champion, formerly with the British army Africa.

23. Gavin Stevenson, secretary Ayr Athletic Club, one of the most popular and efficient club officials in Great Britain.

24. Harry Hyman, University of Pennsylvania. who broke the track record at Fallowfield, Manchester, in his first 220 on the other side, but enapped a tendon in two at Ayr, disabling himself for the remainder of the season.

25. Gordon Donald, member executive committee Ayr A C.

26. R. W. Thomas, Newcastle, winner of the Booth Hall Plate, the greatest amateur betting race in Great Britain, in 1902. Foster Sandford's backers are reputed to have won \$6,000 on this race the year Sandford won it. Hardly an American has competed in it since.

27. Dennis Murray, Dublin, the ever popular Irish 100 yards champion, holder of the native Irish record. Duffey holds the all-comers figures.

28. J. McGough, Scotch mile cnampion, who gave Alfred Shrubb the race of his life at the English championships this year. When right fit McGough is good for 1:20 for the mile.

29. J. B. Milne, Dundee, Scotch high jumper, one of the three who tied for the English high jumping championship this year. Milne has a private income of some thousands per year, and spends a considerable portion of it indulging his favorite hobby.

30. Alan MacDuff, member Ayr Athletic Club.

31. W. W. Taylor, Liverpool, a successful sprint handicap runner.

32. Daniel Western. Liverpool, one of the fastest quarter-milers in Great Britain.



### NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT BASEBALL SEASON OF 1904

F anyone asks what is the greatest of all American games it is safe to answer, baseball; for evidence see the picture on this page giving a panoramic view of the Boston American Baseball Grounds during the games played October 8th between New York and Boston American teams, and the one showing a small section of the left field bleachers when Boston took the lead in the fourth inning of the first game by making six runs. We doubt if better photographs of a great baseball crowd were ever taken than those reproduced on this page. But boys in our western cities and towns cannot comprehend, even when looking at these pictures, what it is to see a crowd of 35.000 people wildly enthusiastic over a ball game. The games referred to were played near the close of the season when the New York and Boston American teams were running a neck and neck race for the championship. The two games played on October 8th landed Boston in the lead. We have said that there were 35.000 people in this crowd. Exactly 28.040 paid to enter the gates, but competent judges say that from the housetops and roofs of adjacent buildings, from fences and telegraph poles, enough

more witnessed the games to make the total 35.000. Hundreds got in under and over the fences. It would have required five hundred policemer, to prevent the boys and men from entering the grounds without paying. It was a good-natured crowd and yelled itself hoarse not only for the good work done by the home team but in gallant appreciation of every good play made by the New Yorkers. The applause that greeted the magnificent playing could be heard nearly a mile. This was particularly true during the fourth inning of the first game, when, the score standing one to nothing in favor of New York, the Bostons went to bat and scored six runs. Hundreds of boys had brought cow-bells, dinner-bells, horns and every conceivable contrivance for making a noise, and the din during this inning was terrific. During the first game a loving cup was presented to James Collins, captain of the Boston team. It was given him by the Boston public. The cup was two feet high, and on its side was engraved: "Presented to Captain James Collins, October 8th, 1904. This cup, subscribed to through the Boston Journal, is intended as an evidence of the admiration of the Boston public for a great captain and a good fellow."





# Just Between Gurselves



ETWEEN twenty-five and fifty thousand persons will read this number of Tue Boy who have heretofore been strangers to it. I want to introduce myself to them. The quarter of a million to whom I have been talking on this page for the year just passed need not listen, as what I wish to say may prove to them an old story.

At this season of the year 1 am accustomed to making new friends at the rate of hundreds a day. You think it is remarkable if you make one new acquaintance a day. What would you think if you made not one but hundreds? I deem myself fortunate in that I am not only able to make acquaintances so fast but that these acquaintances become very soon good friends-and there is a great deal of difference between an acquaintance and a friend.

I have long felt that I had about the most responsible position, so far as affects the making of boy character, of any man in the world. That is saying a good deal, isn't it? But where is the man who talks every month to more boys than I do in this personal way?

I have had parents write me that their boys, to use an old expression, "put great store by" what I say; so I must be careful. I know enough about boys to know that they will often take the advice of a stranger quicker than they will the advice of a parent. Of course that is wrong in the majority of cases, for a parent who knows his boy may be assumed to know more nearly what is best for him than does one who does not know him personally.

Occupying as I do a position that makes me a sort of "father confessor" or advisor to a good many thousand boys, whether I want to be or not, I feel that I must be very sincere and very true in all that

To the great company, amounting to an army of boys, who are now reading THE AMERICAN Boy for the first time I wish to say:

In the first place, this paper is for you—for American boys. But who are American boys? I have had the question asked me many times. Have the boys of the United States the right to call themselves American boys to the exclusion of all other boys of the world? Why, yes, you say; and yet Canadian boys call themselves American boys; a Mexican boy claims a right to call himself an American boy; a Brazilian boy claims the same right. The United States is only a part of North America; and there is Central America and South America Why has one small part of North America the right to assume that it only is American? No, if the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY had wanted to limit its circulation and sphere of influence to the United States only they would have called their magazine "The United States Boy," or "The United States of America Boy."

THE AMERICAN BOY has many Canadian subscribers and some in Central America and in South America. These boys are as much entitled to be known as American boys as are the boys of the United States. Boys can be patriotic without being selfish, and we are in danger of becoming selfish if we assume that we of the United States are the only Americans on earth. Of course, every boy in the United States believes that the United States is the greatest country on the face of the globe; he ought to think so. But then every Canadian boy thinks that the British Empire is the greatest empire the sun shines on, and he ought to think so.

You boys of the United States should give the boys of Canada the same privilege of enthusiastic loyalty for country that you claim for yourselves. What would you think if the boys of Canada were to set up the claim that they were the only American boys? and yet they have the same right to do so that you

Loyalty is a thing to be despised when it reaches a point that it reached recently in the heart of a little boy in California. That boy was of Canadian parentad taken his family with him to His father southern California, had made a home there under the Stars and Stripes, and was sending his boy to the public school, to be educated at the public's expense. It was the custom at that school to raise the United States flag to the top of the flagstaff on the schoolhouse every school morning. This was done in the presence of the school, and every boy and every girl was expected to salute the flag as it rose and floated in the breeze. This little boy of Canadian parentage refused to salute the flag. He was reprimanded by the teacher, and again refused. Then he was warned, and he still refused. Later he was told by the school board that he could not attend the school. Then his father patted him on the head and called him a good boy. In my opinion, here was a mistaken idea of loyalty. That a Canadian boy, or that a boy of any other nation on the face of the globe, should leave his native country and make a new home for himself under another flag, enjoy the blessings of that flag, and refuse to pay it due respect is to be more than foolish—it is to be discourteous, unfair and even wicked. If any boy of my country should go to Canada and make a home there, I should expect him to revere the flag that floats over him and protects his home and gives him the blessings, the benefits of which he has left his own country to gain.

Not long ago I had the privilege of making a trip through the British Isles. I fell in with some Americans, and was gratified to find that the great majority of them were respectful, as I was myself, to everything British. But at least once I found a man who never lost an opportunity of openly boasting of his own country's superiority over things British and making it unpleasant for the people about him,

mannered talk.

I stood in a great crowd when King Edward VII, preceded by his life guards, a splendid body of horsemen, rode in a carriage with his Queen to Euston Station to take the train that was to carry him over the first stages of his recent journey to Ireland. As the King appeared I lifted my hat. In doing that I was paying the respect due a great empire, and I deemed myself no whit less loyal to the Stars and Stripes in doing so.

These things I feel impelled to say in order that the many thousands of boys who have become readers of The American Boy within the past thirty days and who live outside the borders of the United States may understand how I feel regarding them. Naturally, THE AMERICAN Boy, being published and printed in the United States and the great bulk of its subscribers owning allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, these pages are mainly gotten up with a view to meeting the needs and the expectations of the boys of the United States. Yet in nearly every number our readers will find some matter that shows that THE AMERICAN BOY is anything but selfish; but on the contrary is liberal and cosmopolitan. For instance, in this number is a portrait of famous amateur athletes of the United States and Great Britain, taken in Scotland. Out of the thirty-two figures in the picture there are but three boys from the United States. We also give a picture of the handicap sprinting race at Abergavenney, Wales, August 4th last, and a short sketch of Colonel Edward Younghusband, who recently achieved a notable victory for Great Britain in the far east. The series of articles entitled "The Drawing Room Magician" that has been running in THE AMERICAN BOY is by an English author, and the exciting story on page 82 has a Scottish boy as its hero. But enough of this. You now understand our position in this matter.

Second, I wish to get as near to the boy's viewpoint as I can in editing THE AMERICAN BOY. It is a difficult thing for a man engrossed in the affairs of business, with the serious problems of life confronting him, to get into the boy spirit and atmosphere. That is the reason so few men are able to edit successfully a paper for boys. The greater number succeed only in making their publications either silly and childish or pompous and overgrown. To strike the golden mean, that is to hit the average boy just right, is an exceedingly difficult problem.

There are many boys' papers in England that have

# Renew Framptly Boys will do me a personal favor if, this month

particularly, they renew

promptly their subscriptions where they have expired. I do not want any to miss the splendid Washington Birthday Num-Very truly yours. The Editor. ber I am preparing.

been conducted successfully for years, and some of them are edited by gray-haired men. I had the privilege of calling on some of these editors during the summer of 1903 in their offices. They were truly boys, though old boys. As I have said before, the average Englishman keeps his boy nature longer than does the average man who has lived long in the United States. The strenuous lives we on this side the water are accustomed to, knocks all the boy out of a man early in life. On the other hand, it is not an unusual thing in the various parts of the British Isles to see cricket games in which many of the players are old men, and if the old men are not playing they are umpiring or are excited spectators. It is hard to get men on this side of the great ocean, living in the fierce contest of business life-unless it be in Canada—to give any time to being a boy. They simply can't do it. That is the reason why it is so nearly impossible to find good writers of boys' stories in the United States.

Third, we are spending our best thought in the endeavor to give to our boys the most interesting and the most helpful boy literature that it is possible to obtain, judiciously mingling instruction with entertainment and covering, so far as we can in 32 pages, every phase of boy life. We have not yet succeeded in doing what we set out to do. Our paper is not yet our ideal, but is yet far from it. it is rapidly approaching a state of perfection in the character of its contents we thoroughly believe. Improvement is always the order of the day in the office of THE AMERICAN BOY. We want the best things. We will not buy a name unless what is written over that name is what we deem suited to our readers, nor will we buy or accept matter simply because it is cheap. We are jealous of our columns and we try to scrutinize with the best care everything that enters them. So far as we can recall, there has not a word appeared in the reading columns of THE AMER-ICAN Boy since its first issue, over five years ago, that we would now recall if we could. Isn't that a remarkable record?

Fourth, THE AMERICAN BOY is for American boys, and yet we know there are hundreds and thousands of girls who read its pages with interest. We have ahundant evidence of it in letters from girls to that effect. Surely, no boy will begrudge his sister the privilege of reading and liking his paper. Our paper is not edited for children, and yet we know that thousands of little fingers turn over the pages of this paper to see the pictures. It is not edited for mature men and women, and yet we know that thousands of fathers and mothers and grown-up brothers and

most of whom were not in sympathy with his ill- sisters read it for themselves. We are not guessing at this; our mail abounds in evidence. We are not editing THE AMERICAN Boy for the grandfathers and grandmothers, and yet we have had some beautiful evidence, in the way of letters from old people, some of them almost pathetic in tone, in which it is plainly evident that THE AMERICAN BOY is read through spectacles, and that these old people deplore the fact that when they were young nothing like THE AMERICAN BOY came into their lives.

> That the boys themselves read THE AMERICAN BOY goes without saying. No paper could gain and retain a circulation running close to 125,000 actual subscribers in five years' time that has not won the hearts of its readers.

> Fifth and last, and then this little talk is at an end: I want you to recognize me as your friend. ready to do for you whatever I can to make your life happy and successful. Sometimes boys ask me to do things that I cannot do, but such cases are exceptional. I want you to be free to write me, and tell me about your play, your work, your successes, your failures, your aspirations. Do not treat me as if I were a great man standing on a pedestal some place and that you have to approach me very deferentially. Not so; I am a very ordinary man and want to be treated by you boys as one you can easily reach. Ask any of the boys that know me personally, and they will tell you that I am easy to approach.

> Three or four weeks ago I took a trip to Saginaw. Mich., and on invitation of the Y. M. C. A. of that city talked to a mass meeting of boys one Sunday afternoon. Of course you could not know what a good time we had, but if you had been there you would have said that you would not be afraid to write me a letter. A week later I was talking to an auditorium full of boys in Grand Rapids, under the auspices of the Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. I talked to the boys for an hour about "The Importance of Beginnings," and when the talk was over the chairman of the meeting remarked that perhaps some of the boys would like to shake hands with the speaker. While I never played a game of football in my life, although I have often watched a game, I could imagine that night how a man feels in a football game at an exciting point where all the players are on his back and grinding him into the earth. I was not exactly down on my stomach, but I was in the midst of a mob of boys, trying to shake hands with forty at a time, so that I wondered if football could be any worse. The boys at Grand Rapids didn't seem to be a bit afraid of me. This I say in order that you may know that the Editor of THE AMER-ICAN Boy is your friend and that when you want to say anything to him all you have to do is to say it.

Of course, the Editor may not always print everything that you want him to print, and sometimes you may see some things in THE AMERICAN Boy that you think might just as well be left out or better filled by something else. You will bear in mind that the Editor has a hard proposition before him-the filling of 32 pages with matter that will interest and please all kinds of people. There are some boys who would not give a snap of the finger for the page devoted to stamps and coins, and yet there are thousands of boys that think more of that page than of any other page in the paper. There are some people who would not have a story in THE AMERICAN BOY that had a gun in it, and they would cut out all the hunting stories, war stories, Indian stories-indeed. nine tenths of the stories that boys take to naturally.

There are some people who would not have a word in the paper about war, cutting out everything regarding the army and the navy, army and navy schools, and stories of boy heroes in battle, biographical sketches of warriors, historical sketches of wars and battles.

There are others who would have me cut out every story in which there is the talk of the street boythe peculiar patois of the boy on the street who blacks boots and sells newspapers—a perfectly inno cent sort of talk but not good English, thus cutting out all of that interesting class of matter that has to do with the life of so many thousands of poor but plucky boys in our great cities. And so it goes. If I edited the paper to meet the views of all sorts of people I would edit THE AMERICAN BOY out of existence entirely. You can see the point.

In conclusion, then, I ask you to have patience with me, and where you can, help me. Criticise the paper all that you can. Criticism helps almost more than flattery. Make suggestions where suggestions occur to you, but do not feel bad if in the Editor's view your suggestions can not be carried out. Send us items of interest, but do not feel had if we can not publish them, as there does not begin to be room enough in 32 pages of The American Boy to print all that we receive; we must select only the best. But we are grateful for all.

This thing you may be sure of, and so may your parents, that nothing will ever appear in THE AMER ICAN Boy that will injure your morals or make you less manly as a boy, or hinder your success in life. Rather than do this I would resign my position at once, though it is the best position of which at this moment I can conceive, if we measure its advantages by the opportunities for doing good that fall in its

Yours Sincerely,

M-6 Sprague



Aunt Betsy Bennett.' If a giant firecracker had suddenly exploded in the office of the Bald Eagle, it could not have produced more consternation than the news. The managing editor tumbled from his perch on the window sill, where he had been sitting crosswise, his knees drawn up tent-like, mending a broken stamp. It was an important article, that stamp. On every copy of the Eagle sent out it stamped the magic legend, "All subscriptions due weekly."

THE door flew

bang,

Hope entered. "The

queen's dead," she exclaim-

ed, breathlessly, "and so's

open with a

an d

The remainder of the staff was standing at the old hand press over near the window, and at Hope's words promptly deserted his task and lay down on the floor at full length.

"You goose, Dan," said Hope, taking her favorite seat on the edge of the editorial table. "It isn't anything to be funny over. It's dreadful. The Star is going to have the whole front page leaded, and Cliff Ames has a two-column cut of her-the queen, I mean. I just met him over at the library, and he gloated over me."

"The vil-yun," groaned Dan, kicking one heel in feeble protest. "And after that, here you go and get huffy just because I lay me down and give up the ghost. There's nothing else to do, unless we suspend publication and drape Hope's big black apron across the window.

The society editor and reportorial staff of the Bald Eagle turned her back upon him, and appealed to the 'supreme court":

Jack, please say something. Whatever are we going to do?"

The managing editor scratched his nead doubtfully, thereby dislodging a demoralized looking penholder that looked as if it had been through the wars.

"Where did Cliff get that cut?" he asked.
"Why, he's had it planted ever since the queen was taken sick. He says that's the way the big papers do. Just the minute anybody who is somebody has a headache they get cuts and sketches all ready for fear they'll die. And that's what Cliff did. Got it somewhere in the city, he says, and maybe he'll run a line at the top, 'Special London Correspondence.'

Did you ever?" "No, I never," responded Dan, heartily. "Again I say that our worthy and honored opponent is a

Jack was thinking deeply.

'What's our sub. list, now?" he asked, and riope figured quickly in her mind.

'Fifty eight, not counting Mrs. Diggs' potatoes and Mr. Johnson's milk," she replied. "Since the Star started up, we've lost twenty two subscriptions, and they've even got old Mr. Peabody's corn meal.'

Glad of it," interrupted Dan, sitting up hastily. "I don't like corn meal any more. Haven't had anything to eat but corn meal for three months, ever since Mr. Peabody exchanged with us. I didn't know you could make so many different things with corn meal. Hope's stuffed us on corn meal mush, corn meal pancakes, corn meal pudding, fried corn meal,

Johnny cake, corn meal pie——"
"I've got it!" cried Jack jubilantly. "I've got an idea."

"Tack it down," counseled Dan. "What is it?"

Jack leaned forward with solemn portent.

"Which do you suppose Bennett's Junction is most interested in," he asked slowly, "the death of the queen or of old Aunt Betsy?"

There was a deep silence while his meaning dawned in all its possibilities on the other two. Hope spoke

"Jack, you're a wonder. Some day you'll twirl around in one of those whirl-i-gig chairs at a roll top desk and dictate to a typewriter, see if you don't, and thrill the world."

'Shouldn't wonder," assented the managing editor. cheerfully. "In the meantime, let's thrill Bennett's Junction.

All day long the editor of the Star kept one eye on the office of the Bald Eagle for signs of distress and of hopeless envy, but all he saw was Hope trotting serenely down Elm street towards the modest white cottage where Aunt Betsy had lived for so many years no one could remember when she moved in. Later in the afternoon he saw Jack and Dan making a call on old Mr. Warren, the wood carver and cabinet maker.

"Going to run an extra?" Cliff called to them genially from the open window. "We are."

"Maybe, if the press holds out," laughed Jack, and Cliff wondered what was up.

For three months the Star had run in opposition to the Bald Eagle. Bennett's Junction could not boast of a regular newspaper. It was only a dot of a place, squeezed down between the Wisconsin hills, with a little red depot at one end, and a postoffice, public library, feed store and grocery all in one at the other.

The Kitsons had started the Bald Eagle, for fun at first. It had been published fitfully, at odd moments

Kitson died, and the immediate need arose of more

treasure in the family coffers, the Eagle seemed to offer the best opportunities, and all three children had pitched in and worked it up with a good will for the invalid mother's dear sake.

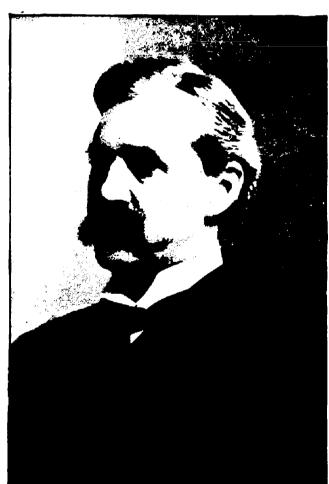
Jack was seventeen, and next came Hope a year younger, and Dan just rounding the last curve from fourteen. It was a formidable staff, and Bennett's Junction took its efforts seriously and lent hearty support to the little four page sheet, with its wavering print and uncertain proofreading. And then, all at once, the Star had appeared, and there was a division of subscribers.

The Star was certainly the better printed paper of the two. Clifford Ames was the editor and general manager, and had the support which the Kitsons lacked. Mr. Ames was a gentleman with money, who was trying to locate a mineral spring around the Junction, so he could turn it into a summer resort for invalids.

Rumor had been quick to spread the story of the scoop, and when the Star came out the next afternoon, the copies sold like hot cakes. Dan brought one up to the office, where the other two awaited him. The three were tired and heavy eyed, but jubilant. Nearly all night the big kerosene lamp had burned in the office, while Jack and Dan took turns at the press, and Hope addressed and stamped such copies as were to go by mail. And now there they stood, in stacks on the table, the extras of the Bald Eagle, all ready for distribution.

### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 5-From Governor Cummins of Iowa



EXECUTIVE OFFICE ---My doar Sir.

fowa City, Iowa, June 13, 1904.

I congratulate you most heartily upon the privilege of presiding over the meeting of American Boys, to be held at the St Louis Exposition, July 5th. Please say to them for me that from the bottom of my heart I envy them has never lacked in opportunity, but the gates which open into the field of successful labor were never so numerous and so invitingly open as in the year of our Lord, 1904 The world needs faithful, persistent, work more than in any age of the past, and it will reward honest industry more righly than ever before

I compress all the advice I have to give into a single mentence Select the thing you want to do, and then resolve to do it better than anybody else ever did it

Albert A. ammun

William C. Sprague, Req., Editor The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

"Hold them back," Jack had said. "Let Cliff fire all his bullets, and when he's all done we'll start our cannon booming."

It was a credit to Bennett's Junction, that extra edition of the Star. The borders of the front page were heavily leaded, and the headlines were bold and regular. In the centre of the page was the famous two column cut, and it made a fine half-tone portrait of the great, good queen who had passed away in the isle across the sea.

"It's splendid," said Hope softly. "She doesn't look one bit like a queen. I mean like Marie Antoinette and all the rest with their hair in crazy curlycues. and their stiff necks. She just looks like a mother you could love."

Dan was at the window watching.

"Cliff's happy as a clam," he said. "He's grown two inches in the last half hour, and Mr. Peabody's shaking hands with him before everybody on the postoffice steps."

"I think," remarked Jack, resolutely, "that it's about time to spring the enterprise of the Bald Eagle.

In fifteen minutes Main street was astir. In every house and store for half a mile, the boys had left the new extras. They were certainly startling. Work was suspended and Stars laid aside while everyone scanned the Eagle, for its front page dealt with a subject dear to the hearts of all, the passing away of Aunt Betsy, as she was called, and there was the whole story told in Hope's best style.

How, years and years ago, Aunt Betsy and old Uncle Jim Bennett had come to the Wisconsin woods all the way from Connecticut, up Quinnebago way. How they had camped in the hollow of the hills, and the first trees were felled, and the little rough log house built there on the very site of the white cottage on Elm street. Then little David had come, the first pioneer baby in the Chippewa country. He was six feet tall now, and ran the sawmill. How other settiers came, and the log houses gave way to shingles and plaster, and the forest line shrank back farther and farther, and the cry of the wildcat was heard no more in the deep pine woods at night. The whole story of the Bennetts was told, and their history was the history of the Junction as well, for half the inhabitants were Bennetts, and the other half related to them by marriage. And, most wonderful of all, in the center of the page was a two column woodcut portrait of Aunt Betsy at ninety two.

Only Mr. Warren and the Kitsons knew the secret of that portrait. Hope had secured a photograph of Aunt Betsy taken over in Chippewa Falls. With Mr. Warren's help, a tracing had been made of it on tissue paper and transferred to a wood block, after which Mr. Warren had engraved it in the wood.

An hour after the papers were put into circulation, the editors met in the office. An overwhelming victory was theirs, and it was sweet.

"The whole edition is sold," gasped Dan, coming in last. "And they want more. Every Bennett in town's buying two copies so as to send one to every Bennett down in Connecticut.'

"And Mr. Peabody wants to trade us corn meal again," said Hope.

"And I have fifteen new subscriptions and three ads," concluded the managing editor. "For the first time in the history of the Bald Eagle, faithful and well beloved colleagues, there is a call for a second edition. We will hustle like sixty and get it out, and I think we had better increase the price to ten cents instead of five. I have heard that is the custom. Oh, and one thing more," he stopped and leaned out of the window to take a look at the groups of people standing on the corners and in doorways, reading of Aunt Betsy, before he added, gravely, "I understand that our worthy and honored opponent, the editor of the Star, has gone home with a bad

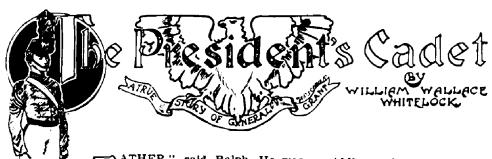
"Scooped!" cried Dan. "He needs a good long rest, and we think he'll get it. The Star declines unto the west, and—and-

headache."

"And the Eagle soars on high," concluded Hope, as the three shook hands solemnly across the empty table where the first edition had lain in state.

### The Earning Power of an Education

One of the latter day philosophers writes as fol-"How many of the boys who read this column realize the value of an education in cold dollars and cents, to say nothing of the many advantages? Statistics show that the average salary of an educated man is \$1,000 per year. He works on an average forty years and receives a total of \$40,-000. The average wages of an uneducated man is \$1.50 per day, and he works 300 days in the year, so in forty years he earns \$18,000. The educated man gets \$40,000 and the uneducated man gets \$18,-000, and the \$22,000 difference is the true value of the education. To acquire a good education takes about twelve years of the early life of a boy, and they are the happiest years of his life. In twelve years there are 2,160 school days, and these days bring to the boys who improve them \$22,000, or a little more than \$10 per day for each day spent in school. Now, boys, for each day you miss school, just charge yourself up \$10 lost."—The American High School.



position as ticket-chapper on the Elevated Railroad."

You've got what?" cried "You've got what?" cried Colonel Andrews, turning sharply in his chair, and letting fall the newspaper. "A position as ticket-"A position as teket-chopper," repeated Ralph, and his voice trembled rehearing of the scene

beforehand.

"As ticket-chopper! Why, Ralph, what do you mean? I can never allow you to take such a position, you know. What do you want the place for, anyhow?"
"Well, sir, it's the only thing I could get, and I need the money."
"What do you need the money for, my boy?"

To pay for instruction; I intend to go

to West Point."
"You intend to go to West Point!" cried

"You intend to go to West Point!" cried the old soldier, even more astonished than before. "Why, Ralph, you couldn't get into West Point to save your life." "Still I'm going to try, sir."
"My boy, my boy," and the Colonel shook his head, "you're wasting your energy; it's useless. You'll find only disappointment and heartburning, as I have done. There's no use; give up the idea, my boy, give up the idea." "I'm sorry, sir, not to do as you wish; but unless you forbid me I'd like to try

but unless you forbid me I'd like to try anyhow.

"No, no, I don't forbid you, Ralph; only warn you that there's no use. want to spare you the disappointment, that's all."

"You're very kind, sir, but I think I'll try, just the same. I want to be a soldier."

The Colonel looked steadily at his son without speaking. Then he shook his head and sighed, and took up his paper. "I only wish I could help you, Ralph, but I can't. However, go ahead, if you've a mind to; there's no harm in trying."

There was a honeless note in the Col-

There was a hopeless note in the Colonel's voice. He was a northern man, and had been in General Grant's class at West Point, and had afterwards served in the regular army. But at the outbreak of the Civil War he had thrown in his of the Civil War he had thrown in his lot with the confederacy, and at the end of the struggle he saw himself rulned in fortune and prospects. How was he to support his family? In the north no one would employ him, and in the south no employment was to be had. At last, however, he settled in New York and managed to eke out a miserable existence as draughtsman to architects and patent managed to eke out a miserable existence as draughtsman to architects and patent lawyers, who build him half the worth of his work. The other half went into their own pockets. The slights that his former associates felt called upon to offer him, "to show their patriotism," cut him to the quick, although he bravely concealed his feelings.

At the time Ralph announced his in-tention of going to West Point General Grant was President of the United States.

The next morning at a very early hour Ralph commenced his duties as ticket-chopper, and then for three months he worked early and late in his efforts to earn the money needed. To be sure, his position was often very embarrassing when brought face to face with former acquaintances, but on such occupations he acquaintances, but on such occasions he would fix his eyes on the machine and seem lost in the wonders of its mechanism. Sympathy and explanation were alike distasteful to him, and he had no intention of giving anyone the chance to "cut" him. It was hard work, but he held out until he had sayed fifty dollars. Then he threw up the Job and commenced to prepare himself for the examinations. For the next two months he studied twelve hours daily. At the end of the two months the money was exhausted, but Ralph felt that he could pass the examinations. Since that first day his father had not referred to West Point beyond an occasional inquiry as to Point beyond an occasional inquiry as to

Ralph's progress in his studies.

Now came the great question, how was the appointment to be obtained?

Any effort of his father's would, of course, be useless, and Ralph knew no course, be useless, and Ralph knew no one who could help him. However, he did not despair: he would succeed despite everything. Hopeful and buoyant, he started out on the quest, only to find discouragement in every direction. Congressmen laughed at him when they learned his name. One man, more kindly than the rest, stopped to explain the situation to him, and offered to help him in any other line if possible. Ralph's eves any other line if possible. Ralph's eyes filled with tears at this unwonted friend-liness, but he still doggedly refused to acknowledge himself beaten.

For several days after this Ralph did not leave his home, wandering restlessly from room to room, and speaking to no one. A resolution was taking shape in

one. A resolution was taking shape in the boy's mind. Dare he do it? What would his father say? For a long time he hesitated, but at last one day he suddenly struck his thigh, and his face lighted up.

"I'll do it!" he cried: "I'll do it, any-

Snatching up his hat, he hurried from the house and went directly to the head-quarters of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Is the superintendent in?" he inquired the house and went directly to the headquarters of the Pennsylvania Raliroad.
Is the superintendent in?" he inquired of an employe, and then knocked at the door indicated. His heart beat so loudly that he falled to hear the "come in." At last he knocked again, and entered in response to the impatient command. A man was sitting at a desk, with his back toward him, but he did not turn around. Ralph stood twisting his hat in his had and trying to swallow the lump in his throat.

At last the superintendent wheeled around in his chair and looked at him.

Now the White House came in sight, and his heart beat faster. He entered the gate and walked up the curving drive. A man was standing at the door. It was growing dark. Ralph mounted the steps. "Good evening." he said; "I would like to see the President."

"Well, you can't see him now," replied the man gruffly; he's at dinner. Besides, have you an appointment?"

"No-o." Ralph admitted unwillingly, "but I've come all the way from New York to see him."

"Well, you might try your luck tomor-

ATHER." said Ralph
Andrews one evening. "I have got a position as ticket
Well, what can I do for you?" he rie was a middle-aged man, with an cisive eye and a square jaw. His moments were quick and energetic.
"Well, what can I do for you?" asked in a short business-like tone. His move-

'l-I came to ask a favor," Ralph stam-

mered.

"Like a good many other people." the superintendent said, and there was the faint suspicion of a smile about his mouth. "Well, what is it you want?"

"I want a pass from New York to Washington and back, sir."

"What do you want that for?"

"I want to see the President, and I mered.

"I want to see the President, and I haven't any money."

"What do you want to see the President about?"

Raiph was unprepared for this question, and for a moment he hesitated.
"I—I want an appointment to West Point."

"Oh, you want an appointment to West Point, do you? Well now, my boy, I'll save you the trouble of going all the way to Washington. The President couldn't give you the appointment even if he wished to; he has used up all the vacancles at his disposal twice over. He always keeps more men at the Point than he has a right to. But what's your name?"

Ralph Andrews: I'm a son of Colonel

Of Confederate fame?"

"Yes, sir."
The superintendent gave a low whistle

and smiled.
"Why, my boy, you're going on a fool's errand. General Grant wouldn't dare appoint your father's son to West Point."
For a while Ralph made no reply; his

face was very pale.
"I don't know," he said, at last, "General Grant's a generous man; I should like to see him, anyhow."

He spoke more to himself than to the superintendent. The latter sat looking at him intently, the ends of his fingers together

"Does your father know of your plan?"

"Oh, no, sir! My father would never allow me to do it. He'd die first before he'd put himself in such a position."
"Humph!" grunted the official, and for

a time he remained silent.
"Well, Mr. Andrews." he said at last,
"I've decided to give you the pass if you want it. But I think we're both fools,
nevertheless." Ralph's face went all aglow with joy

and gratitude.

"Oh, sir, you're very kind!" was all that he could say. The tears sprang to his eyes now as they had never done from is positional magnate turned to his

desk and wrote out the pass.
"Well, there it is," he said, handing the precious paper to Ralph, "but I'm afrild it won't do you much good."
""" thouk you sig" Bulph, gold."

afrild it won't do you much good."
"Oh, thank you, sir!" Ralph said:
"thanks, ever so much!"
"All right, my boy, all right," he replied, moved despite himself. Goodby, and success to you."
He gave Ralph his hand, and then watched his manly figure as he strode toward the door.
"By the way," he called after him, "you might drop in and let me hear about your visit when you come back."
When Ralph stood in the street he was in a whirl of excitement. This was the first real encouragement he had regeived.

first real encouragement he had received, and it seemed disproportionately great. Surely the main difficulties were over now! He could have laughed aloud with He was going to be a soldier, after

Ralph's first move was to get a time-table. A train would leave for the south in half an hour, he found. If he took that train he would reach Washington at six o'clock in the evening, and then he would catch the return train that got to New York at one in the morning. This would allow ample time to see the President. It did not occur to him that in

ident. It did not occur to nim that in all probability the President would refuse to see him.

Entering a telegraph office, he sent a message to his father to the effect that he would not be home that night. He did not say where he was going. After did not say where he was going. After paying for the telegram there remained

praying for the telegram there remained twenty three cents in his pocketbook. To Ralph it was a long, long journey from New York to Washington. How slowly the train moved' He planned a thousand times just what he would say to the President, the latter's part in the conversation being merely acquiescent. Ralph forgot that General Grant might have a will of his own, and views divergent from his. Would they never reach Washington? The train seemed to stand still. He would have liked very much to buy a newspaper to help pass the time with, but he could not afford the outlay. Perhaps it would be necessary to fee an official. official.

But at last Washington was reached, and Ralph hurried out of the station and inquired the way to the White House. Ah, it was close at hand! He had had nothing to eat since breakfast, but he was not hungry.

Ralph hurried up Pennsylvania avenue.

hardly seeing the people who passed him. Now the White House came in sight, and

The man looked at him doubtfully. My business is very important," urged Ralph.

"What is it?"
"I can't tell you; it's confidential. Oh, won't you just tell him that I'm here? That's all I ask. I can't stay any longer. I've only got twenty three cents, but you're welcome to it. Here, take it." He pressed it into the weally resisting

hand. No, no, keep your money, boy; I don't want it.

want it."
But Ralph insisted.
"Well, now, it's disobedience of orders to interrupt the General at dinner time; I don't know whether I dare do it."
"Tell him that you couldn't get rid of me any other way." urged Ralph.
"Well, I'll risk it," cried the goodnatured old soldier. The old man's sort o' easy, anyhow, so I guess it'll be all right. But still, I don't hardly believe he'll see you. You can wait inside."

he'll see you. You can wait inside."
Ralph followed him into the big square room into which the entrance door opens, and then the man left him and disappeared through another door.

At last the great moment had come; he was to see the President face to face. Ralph's knees began to tremble and his hands grew moist. How stiffing the room was! He looked for a chair, but there was none. He walked to the window and leaned against the sill for support. The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. What would General Grant think of him? And his father? The audacity of his errand suddenly came over him as never before. He longed to fly, and looked at the door with a half intention of running away before it was too late. But suddenly the door through which the footman had vanished opened, and a man in a loose military Jacket appeared. Henry Ralph knew that it was the President. His heart stood still. General Grant advanced toward him with an inquiring look. He did not appear displeased, and Ralph took courage. "You wanted to gee more or a reactive to the look of the light."

with an industrial rook, the united appear displeased, and Ralph took courage.

"You wanted to see me on pressing business, James tells me. What is it you

want?"
"Oh, I'm afraid I've disturbed you, General!" Ralph stammered; "but I couldn't wait in Washington until tomorrow. I haven't the money."
"Well, no matter about disturbing me, my boy." Grant said kindly. "Don't be afraid to tell me your business; it wou't burt anybody. I guess."

He smiled encouragingly, and Ralph's

He smiled encouragingly, and Ralph's

fear hegan to leave him.
"I want an appointment to West Point, and I can't got one; I thought maybe you'd help me. General." he blurted out

without a pause.

The President smiled

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't give you one
if you were my own son; congress has
raised a row already about my making more appointments than I had a right to. So you see, I'm powerless."
Ralph's face fell; he had falled, after

"What is your name?" Grant suddenly of

asked. Ralph flushed as he answered:

"I'm a son of Colonel Andrews, sir; he was with you at West Point."
"Oh!" ejaculated the soldier, and his eves opened wide, and he sucked in his cheeks. But there was an amused look about the corners of his eyes. "So you're a son of Bob Andrews, are you?"

"Yes, sir."
"Humph! Well, yes, I see, Bob looked something like you at your age, only he wasn't quite so tall. How old are you?"
"Ylneteen."

"Nineteen. Well, that's a fine age; I'd

row morning," said the major-domo less severely; "it's just possible he'll see you then."

"But I shan't be here tomorrow; I've got to leave tonight. Oh, I must see what I can do for you; I wish I did. But you see, there are various reasons why I am unable to appoint you."

"That's just what the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad said when I asked him for a mass."

of the Fennsylvania Railroad said when I asked him for a pass."
"What was that?" asked Grant quickly.
"He said to me, 'Mr. Andrews, General Grant wouldn't dare appoint your father's son to West Point."
"What?" cried the President, and his face flushed; 'say that again."
Railin reneated his words, frightened

Ralph repeated his words, frightened y their effect

by their effect.
"He said that of me, did he? "He said that of me, did ne. Is that the kind of a man people think I am? Well, now, they're mightily mistaken. I'll show them how much I am afraid." Grant had let his napkin drop to the floor; all the languor had left his manner. Ralph was too frightened to say ner. Ral

"I'll show them if I'm afraid," he said. "TII show them if I'm afraid," he said, and he put his hand into his breast pocket and drew out an old crumpled envelope. He took out the letter and began to search through his clothes for a pencil. At last he found the remains of one; it was blunt, and the reverse end showed the effects of chewing. The President walked to the window, and, placing the envelope on the sill, he commenced to write. Balph looked at his face, and he understood why men called him great. He watched him with throbbing heart; frightened by his own work "What's your first name?" Grant asked without looking up "Ralph, sir."

"Ralph, sir."
"Residence?"
"New York city.

In a moment the President had finished, and he handed the envelope to Ralph

without a word.
"Shall I read it. sir?"
"Yes."

Ralph read:

I hereby appoint Ralph Andrews, of New York city, as second alternate to Henry Osborne, an appointee at large to the examination for West Point, to be held in June, 1872. U. S. Grant, Pres-

Ralph looked up with beaming face "Oh. General how can I thank you?" Grant's face had relaxed from its ten-

Grant's face had relaxed from its tension, and he now smiled.
"Well, you needn't mind about the thanks, 'cause I don't know whether you'll even have a chance for the examination. You see, you're only second alternate; there are two others ahead of you on the appointment. However of you on the appointment. However, there's no telling; you might get a shot after all. By the way, when you get back home ask your father if he remembers the time he and I hooked out of bounds. Yes, he was remarkably like you in those days."

you in those days."

Grant walked to the door with Ralph and shook hands with him. The boy hardly dared trust himself to speak When he had closed the door the great commander picked up his napkin and went back to his unfinished meal.

"A fine fellow," he muttered to himself: "a fine fellow, poor old Andrews' But I'm afraid he won't get in, just the same,"

But the President was mistaken. The other two boys failed in the examination, and Ralph passed with credit.

### OUR WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY NUMBER

Splendid stories, interesting and informing history, and a large assortment of illustrated matter touching boy life will appear next month in The American Boy.





open with a and "The bang, Hope entered. queen's dead," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "and so's Aunt Betsy Bennett." If a giant firecracker

→ HE door flew

had suddenly exploded in the office of the Bald Eagle, it could not have produced more consternation than the news. The managing editor tumbled from his perch on the window sill, where he had been sitting crosswise, his knees drawn up tent-like, mending a broken stamp. It was an important article, that stamp. On every copy of the Eagle sent out it stamped the magic legend, "All subscriptions due weekly."

The remainder of the staff was standing at the old hand press over near the window, and at Hope's words promptly deserted his task and lay down on

the floor at full length.

"You goose, Dan." said Hope, taking her favorite seat on the edge of the editorial table. "It isn't anything to be funny over. It's dreadful. The Star is going to have the whole front page leaded, and Cliff Ames has a two-column cut of her-the queen, I mean. I just met him over at the library, and he gloated over me."

"The vil-yun," groaned Dan, kicking one heel in feeble protest. "And after that, here you go and get huffy just because I lay me down and give up the ghost. There's nothing else to do, unless we suspend publication and drape Hope's big black apron across the window.

The society editor and reportorial staff of the Bald Eagle turned her back upon him, and appealed to the "supreme court":

"Jack, please say something. Whatever are we going to do?"

The managing editor scratched his nead doubtfully, thereby dislodging a demoralized looking penholder that looked as if it had been through the wars.

'Where did Cliff get that cut?" he asked.

"Why, he's had it planted ever since the queen was taken sick. He says that's the way the big papers do. Just the minute anybody who is somebody has a headache they get cuts and sketches all ready for fear they'll die. And that's what Cliff did. Got it somewhere in the city, he says, and maybe he'll run a line at the top, 'Special London Correspondence.' Did you ever?"

"No, I never," responded Dan, heartily. "Again I say that our worthy and honored opponent is a

Jack was thinking deeply.

"What's our sub. list, now?" he asked, and Hope

figured quickly in her mind.

'Fifty eight, not counting Mrs. Diggs' potatoes and Mr. Johnson's milk," she replied. "Since the Star started up, we've lost twenty two subscriptions, and they've even got old Mr. Peabody's corn meal."
"Glad of it," interrupted Dan, sitting up hastily.

"I don't like corn meal any more. Haven't had anything to eat but corn meal for three months, ever since Mr. Peabody exchanged with us. I didn't know you could make so many different things with corn meal. Hope's stuffed us on corn meal mush, corn meal pancakes, corn meal pudding, fried corn meal, Johnny cake, corn meal pie-

"I've got it!" cried Jack jubilantly. "I've got an

"Tack it down," counseled Dan. "What is it?"

Jack leaned forward with solemn portent.

"Which do you suppose Bennett's Junction is most interested in," he asked slowly, "the death of the

queen or of old Aunt Betsy?" There was a deep silence while his meaning dawned in all its possibilities on the other two. Hope spoke

"Jack, you're a wonder. Some day you'll twirl around in one of those whirl-i-gig chairs at a roll top desk and dictate to a typewriter, see if you don't, and thrill the world."

"Shouldn't wonder." assented the managing editor. cheerfully. "In the meantime, let's thrill Bennett's

All day long the editor of the Star kept one eye on the office of the Bald Eagle for signs of distress and of hopeless envy, but all he saw was Hope trotting serenely down Elm street towards the modest white cottage where Aunt Betsy had lived for so many years no one could remember when she moved in. Later in the afternoon he saw Jack and Dan making a call on old Mr. Warren, the wood carver and cabinet maker.

"Going to run an extra?" Cliff called to them genially from the open window. "We are." "Maybe, if the press holds out," laughed Jack, and

Cliff wondered what was up.

For three months the Star had run in opposition to the Bald Eagle. Bennett's Junction could not boast of a regular newspaper. It was only a dot of a place. squeezed down between the Wisconsin hills, with a little red depot at one end, and a postoffice, public library, feed store and grocery all in one at the other.

The Kitsons had started the Bald Eagle, for fun at first. It had been published fitfully, at odd moments

Kitson died, and the immediate need arose of more

treasure in the family coffers, the Eagle seemed to offer the best opportunities, and all three children had pitched in and worked it up with a good will for the invalid mother's dear sake.

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No. 5-From Governor Cummins of Iowa



Iowa City, Iowa, June 13, 1904.

I congratulate you most heartily upon the privilege of presiding over the meeting of American Boys, to be held at the St Louis Exposition, July 5th. Please say to them for me that from the bottom of my heart I envy then Life has never lacked in opportunity, but the gates which open into the field of successful labor were never so numerous and so invitingly open as in the year of our Lord. 1904 The world needs faithful, persistent, work more than in any age of the past, and it will reward honest industry more richly than ever before

I compress all the advice I have to give into a single sentence Select the thing you want to do, and then resolve to do it better than anybody else ever did it Yours very truly,

Albert A. ammun, William C. Sprague, Esq., Editor The American Boy,

Detroit, Mah.

all his bullets, and when he's all done we'll start our cannon booming.'

It was a credit to Bennett's Junction, that extra edition of the Star. The borders of the front page were heavily leaded, and the headlines were bold and regular. In the centre of the page was the famous two column cut, and it made a fine half-tone portrait of the great, good queen who had passed away in the isle across the sea.

"It's splendid." said Hope softly. "She doesn't look one bit like a queen. I mean like Marie Antoinette and all the rest with their hair in crazy curlycues, and their stiff necks. She just looks like a mother you could love.

Dan was at the window watching.

"Cliff's happy as a clam," he said. "He's grown two inches in the last half hour, and Mr. Peabody's shaking hands with him before everybody on the postoffice steps."

"I think," remarked Jack, resolutely, "that it's

about time to spring the enterprise of the Bald Eagle. Let her fly.'

In fifteen minutes Main street was astir. In every house and store for half a mile, the boys had left the new extras. They were certainly startling. Work was suspended and Stars laid aside while everyone scanned the Eagle, for its front page dealt with a subject dear to the hearts of all, the passing away of Aunt Betsy, as she was called, and there was the whole story told in Hope's best style.

How, years and years ago, Aunt Betsy and old Uncle Jim Bennett had come to the Wisconsin woods all the way from Connecticut, up Quinnebago way. How they had camped in the hollow of the hills, and the first trees were felled, and the little rough log louse built there on the very site of the white cottage on Elm street. Then little David had come, the first pioneer baby in the Chippewa country. He was six feet tall now, and ran the sawmill. How other settlers came, and the log houses gave way to shingles and plaster, and the forest line shrank back farther and farther, and the cry of the wildcat was heard no more in the deep pine woods at night. The whole story of the Bennetts was told, and their history was the history of the Junction as well, for half the inhabitants were Bennetts, and the other half related to them by marriage. And, most wonderful of all, in the center of the page was a two column woodcut portrait of Aunt Betsy at ninety two.

Only Mr. Warren and the Kitsons knew the secret of that portrait. Hope had secured a photograph of Aunt Betsy taken over in Chippewa Falls. With Mr. Warren's help, a tracing had been made of it on tissue paper and transferred to a wood block, after which Mr. Warren had engraved it in the wood.

An hour after the papers were put into circulation, the editors met in the office. An overwhelming victory was theirs, and it was sweet.

The whole edition is sold," gasped Dan, coming in last. "And they want more. Every Bennett in town's buying two copies so as to send one to every Bennett down in Connecticut."

"And Mr. Peabody wants to trade us corn meal again," said Hope.

'And I have fifteen new subscriptions and three ads," concluded the managing editor. "For the first time in the history of the Bald Eagle, faithful and well beloved colleagues, there is a call for a second edition. We will hustle like sixty and get it out, and I think we had better increase the price to ten cents instead of five. I have heard that is the custom. Oh, and one thing more," he stopped and leaned out of the window to take a look at the groups of people standing on the corners and in doorways. reading of Aunt Betsy, before he added, gravely, "I understand that our worthy and honored opponent, the editor of the Star, has gone home with a bad beadache.'

"Scooped!" cried Dan. "He needs a good long rest, and we think he'll get it. The Star declines unto the west, and-and-

"And the Eagle soars on high," concluded Hope, as the three shook hands solemnly across the empty table where the first edition had lain in state.

### The Earning Power of an Education

One of the latter day philosophers writes as follows: "How many of the boys who read this column realize the value of an education in cold dollars and cents, to say nothing of the many advantages? Statistics show that the average salary of an educated man is \$1,000 per year. He works on an average forty years and receives a total of \$40,-000. The average wages of an uneducated man is \$1.50 per day, and he works 300 days in the year, so in forty years he earns \$18,000. The educated man gets \$40,000 and the uneducated man gets \$18,-000, and the \$22,000 difference is the true value of the education. To acquire a good education takes about twelve years of the early life of a boy, and they are the happiest years of his life. In twelve years there are 2,160 school days, and these days bring to the boys who improve them \$22,000, or a little more than \$10 per day for each day spent in school. Now, boys, for each day you miss school, just charge yourself up \$10 lost."—The American High School.



You've got what?" cried mered. Colonel Andrews, turning sharply in his chair, and letting fall the newspaper. "A position as chopper," repeated chopper," repeated Ralph, and his voice trembled rehearsing of the scene trembled

beforehand.

"As ticket-chopper! Why, Ralph, what do you mean? I can never allow you to take such a position, you know. What do you want the place for, anyhow?"
"Well, sir, it's the only thing I could

get, and I need the money."
"What do you need the money for, my

To pay for instruction; I intend to go to West Point."
"You intend to go to West Point!" cried

"You intend to go to West Point!" cried the old soldier, even more astonished than before. "Why, Ralph, you couldn't get into West Point to save your life." "Still I'm going to try, sir." "My boy, my boy," and the Colonel shook his head, "you're wasting your energy: it's useless. You'll find only disappointment and heartburning, as I have done. There's no use: give up the idea, my boy, give up the idea." "I'm sorry, sir, not to do as you wish; but unless you forbid me I'd like to try

but unless you forbid me I'd like to try anyhow.

No, no, I don't forbid you, Ralph; warn you that there's no use want to spare you the disappointment, that's all."

"You're very kind, sir, but I think I'll try, just the same. I want to be a sol-

The Colonel looked steadily at his son without speaking. Then he shook his head and sighed, and took up his paper. "I only wish I could help you, Ralph, but I can't. However, go ahead, if you've a mind to: there's no harm in trying."

There was a hopeless note in the Colonel's voice. He was a northern man, and had been in General Grant's class at West Point and had afterwards served.

West Point, and had afterwards served in the regular army. But at the outbreak in the regular army. But at the outbreak of the Civil War he had thrown in his lot with the confederacy, and at the end of the struggle he saw himself ruined in fortune and prospects. How was he to support his family? In the north no one would employ him, and in the south no employment was to be had. At last, however, he settled in New York and managed to eke out a miserable existence as draughtsman to architects and patent as draughtsman to architects and patent lawyers, who paid him half the worth of his work. The other half went into their own pockets. The slights that his former associates felt called upon to offer him. "to show their patriotism," cut him to the quick, although he bravely

concealed his feelings.

At the time Ralph announced his intention of going to West Point General Grant was President of the United

States. The next morning at a very early hour Ralph commenced his duties as ticket-chopper, and then for three months he worked early and late in his efforts to earn the money needed. To be sure, his position was often very embarrassing when brought face to face with former acquaintances, but on such occasions he would fix his eyes on the machine and seem lost in the wonders of its mechseem lost in the wonders of its mechanism. Sympathy and explanation were anism. Sympathy and explanation were alike distasteful to him, and he had no intention of giving anyone the chance to "cut" him. It was hard work, but he held out until he had saved fifty dollars. Then he threw up the job and commenced to prepare himself for the examinations. For the next two months he studied twelve hours daily. At the end of twelve hours daily. At the end of the two months the money was ex-hausted, but Raiph felt that he could pass the examinations. Since that first day his father had not referred to West Point beyond an occasional inquiry as to Raiph's progress in his studies.

Point beyond an occasional inquiry as to Ralph's progress in his studies.

Now came the great question, how was the appointment to be obtained? Any effort of his father's would, of course, be useless, and Ralph knew no one who could help him. However, he did not despair; he would succeed despite everything. Hopeful and buoyant, he started out on the quest, only to find discouragement in every direction. Condiscouragement in every direction. Con-gressmen hughed at him when they learned his name. One man, more kindly than the rest, stopped to explain the sit-uation to him, and offered to help him in any other line if possible. Ralph's eyes filled with tears at this unwonted friendliness, but he still doggedly refused to

acknowledge himself beaten.
For several days after this Ralph did not leave his home, wandering restlessly from room to room, and speaking to no one. A resolution was taking shape in the boy's mind. Dare he do it? What would his father say? For a long time he hesitated, but at last one day he sud-denly struck his thigh, and his face lighted up.
"I'll do it!" he cried: "I'll do it, any-

now:
Snatching up his hat, he hurried from
the house and went directly to the headquarters of the Pennsylvania Railroad.
Is the superintendent in?" he inquired of an employe, and then knocked at the door indicated. His heart beat so loudly that he failed to hear the "come in." At last he knocked again, and entered in response to the impatient command. A man was sitting at a desk, with his back toward him, but he did not turn around. Ralph stood twisting his hat in his hands and trying to swallow the lump in

his throat.

At last the superintendent wheeled around in his chair and looked at him.

'l-I came to ask a favor," Ralph stam-

"Like a good many other people," superintendent said, and there was the faint suspicion of a smile about his mouth. "Well, what is it you want?" mouth. "Well, what is it you want?"
"I want a pass from New York to Washington and back, sir."
"What do you want that for?"
"I want to see the President, and I haven't any money."

haven't any money."
"What do you want to see the President about?"

Ralph was unprepared for this question, and for a moment he hesitated.
"1—1 want an appointment to West Point."

"Oh, you want an appointment to West Point, do you? Well now, my boy, I'll save you the trouble of going all the way to Washington. The President couldn't The President couldn't give you the appointment even if he wished to; he has used up all the vacancies at his disposal twice over. cays keeps more men at the Point than e has a right to. But what's your he has a right to.

"Yes, sir."
The superintendent gave a low whistle and smiled.

"Why, my boy, you're going on a fool's errand. General Grant wouldn't dare appoint your father's son to West Point."

For a while Ralph made no reply; his

face was very pale.
"I don't know," he said, at last, "General Grant's a generous man; I should like to see him, anyhow."

He spoke more to himself than to the superintendent. The latter sat looking at him intently, the ends of his fingers

"Does your father know of your plan?"
he asked suddenly.
"Oh, no, sir! My father would never allow me to do it. He'd die first before hear began to leave him. he'd put himself in such a position."
"Humph!" grunted the official, and for

"Well. Mr. Andrews." he said at last, "I've decided to give you the pass if you want it. But I think we're both fools, hevertheless."

Ralph's face went all aglow with joy and gratitude.

"Oh, sir, you're very kind!" was all that he could say. The tears sprang to his eyes now as they had never done from all. The rallroad magnate turned to his asked

The railroad magnate turned to his desk and wrote out the pass.

"Well, there it is," he said, handing the precious paper to Ralph, "but I'm afraid it won't do you much good,"

"Oh, thank you, sir," Ralph said; "thanks, ever so much,"

"All right, my boy, all right," he replied, moved despite himself. Goodby, and success to you."

and success to you."

He gave Ralph his hand, and then

watched his manly figure as he strode toward the door. "By the way," he called after him, "you

"By the way," he called after him, "you might drop in and let me hear about your visit when you come back."

When Ralph stood in the street he was in a whirl of excitement. This was the first real encouragement he had received, and it seemed disproportionately great. Surely the main difficulties were over now! He could have laughed aloud with loy. He was going to be a soldier, after

joy. He was going to be a soldier, after Ralph's first move was to get a time table. A train would leave for the south in half an hour, he found. If he took that train he would reach Washington at

six o'clock in the evening, and then he would catch the return train that got to New York at one in the morning. This would allow ample time to see the President. It did not occur to him that in all probability the President would refuse to see him. all probability the first to see him.

Entering a telegraph office, he sent a message to his father to the effect that he would not be home that night. He

he would not be home that night. He did not say where he was going. After paying for the telegram there remained twenty three cents in his pocketbook. To Ralph it was a long, long journey from New York to Washington. How slowly the train moved! He planned a thousand times just what he would say to the President, the latter's part in the conversation, being merely acquisecent. conversation being merely acquiescent. Ralph forgot that General Grant might have a will of his own, and views divergent from his. Would they never reach Washington? The train seemed to stand still. He would have liked very much to buy a newspaper to help pass the time with, but he could not afford the outlay. Perhaps it would be necessary to fee an official.

But at last Washington was reached But at last Washington was reached, and Ralph hurried out of the station and inquired the way to the White House. Ah, it was close at hand! He had had nothing to eat since breakfast, but he was not hungry.

Ralph hurried up Pennsylvania avenue.

hardly seeing the people who passed him. Now the White House came in sight, and his heart beat faster. He entered the gate and walked up the curving drive. A man was standing at the door. It was a man was standing at the door. It was growing dark. Ralph mounted the steps. The man was in livery.
"Good evening." he said; "I would like to see the President."

"Well, you can't see him now," replied the man gruffly; he's at dinner. Besides, have you an appointment?"
"No-o." Raiph admitted unwillingly, "but I've come all the way from New York to see him."
"Well you might the man had to be a see him."

Well, you might try your luck tomor-

him!"
The man looked at him doubtfully. "My business is very important," urged

What is it

"What is it?"
"I can't tell you; it's confidential. On, won't you just tell him that I'm here? That's all I ask. I can't stay any longer. I've only got twenty three cents, but you're welcome to it. Here, take it."
He pressed it into the weakly resisting hand.

"No, no, keep your money, boy; I don't want it.

But Ralph insisted.

But Ralph insisted.

"Well, now, it's disobedience of orders to interrupt the General at dinner time: I don't know whether I dare do it."

"Tell him that you couldn't get rid of me any other way," urged Ralph.

"Well, I'll risk it," cried the goodnatured old soldier. The old man's sort o' easy, anyhow, so I guess it'll be all right. But still, I don't hardly believe he'll see you. You can wait inside."

he'll see you. You can wait inside."
Ralph followed him into the big square room into which the entrance door opens, and then the man left him and disap-

and then the man left him and disappeared through another door.

At last the great moment had come; he was to see the President face to face. Ralph's knees began to tremble and his hands grew moist. How stifling the room was! He looked for a chair, but there was none. He walked to the window and leaved against the still far gunwart. The was none. He walked to the window and leaned against the sill for support. The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. What would General Grant think of him? And his father? The audacity of his errand suddenly came over him as never before. He longed to fly, and looked at the door with a half intention of running away before it was too late.

"Ralph Andrews: I'm a son of Colonel addrews."
"Of Confederate fame?"
"Yes, sir."
The superintendent gave a low whistle addrement of smiled.

"In the footman had vanished opened, and a man in a loose military jacket appeared. Ralph knew that it was the President.

Ralph knew that it was the respect.

His heart stood still.

General Grant advanced toward him with an inquiring look. He did not appear displeased, and Ralph took courage.

"You wanted to see me on pressing business I amountelly me. What is it you sion. business, James tells me. What is it you

"Oh, I'm afraid I've disturbed you, General" Ralph stammered; "but I couldn't wait in Washington until tomorrow. I

wait in washington until the haven't the money."

"Well, no matter about disturbing me, my boy." Grant said kindly. "Don't be afraid to tell me your business; it won't

hurt anybody, I guess."

He smiled encouragingly, and Ralph's

"I want an appointment to West Point, and I can't get one: I thought maybe you'd help me. General," he blurted out without a pause.

The President smiled.

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't give you one you were my own son; congress has raised a row already about my making more appointments than I had a right to. So you see, I'm powerless."

Ralph's face fell; he had failed, after

What is your name?" Grant suddenly

Ralph flushed as he answered:

"I'm a son of Colonel Andrews, sir; he was with you at West Point."
"Oh!" ejaculated the soldier, and his "Nos you're a son of Bob Andrews, are you?"

"Yes, sir."
"Humph: Well, yes, I see, Bob looked something like you at your age, only he wasn't quite so tall. How old are you?"
"Nineteen."

"Nineteen. Well, that's a fine age: I'd

row morning," said the major-domo less severely; "it's just possible he'll see you then."

"But I shan't be here tomorrow; I've got to leave tonight. Oh, I must see him before I go away! Please let me see him!"

"The more looked at him doubtfully."

"The more looked at him doubtfully."

I asked him for a mass."

or the Pennsylvania Railroad said when I asked him for a pass."
"What was that?" asked Grant quickly.
"He said to me. 'Mr. Andrews, General Grant wouldn't dare appoint your father's son to West Point."
"What?" cried the President, and his

son to West Point."
"What?" cried the President, and his face flushed; "say that again."
Ralph repeated his words, frightened by their effect.
"He said that of me, did he? Is that the bind of a man beenle think I am?

the kind of a man people think I am? Well, now, they're mightily mistaken. I'll show them how much I am afraid." Grant had let his napkin drop to the floor; all the languor had left his manner. Ralph was too frightened to say

anything.
"I'll show them if I'm afraid," he said. and he put his hand into his breast pocket and drew out an old crumpled envelope. He took out the letter and beenvelope. He took out the letter and began to search through his clothes for a pencil. At last he found the remains of one; it was blunt, and the reverse end showed the effects of chewing. The President walked to the window, and, placing the envelope on the sill, he commenced to write. Ralph looked at his face, and he understood why men called him great. He watched him with throbbing heart; frightened by bis own work "What's your first name?" Grant asked without looking up "Ralph, sir."

"Ralph, sir." "Residence?"

"New York city

In a moment the President had finished and he handed the envelope to Ralph

without a word.
"Shall I read it, sir?"
"Yes."

Ralph read:

I hereby appoint Ralph Andrews, of New York city, as second alternate to Henry Osborne, an appointee at large, to the examination for West Point, to be held in June, 1872. U. S. Grant, Pres-

Ralph looked up with beaming face "Oh, General, how can I thank you?"
Grant's face had relaxed from its tension, and he now smiled.
"Well, you needn't mind about the thanks, 'cause I don't know whether you'll even have a change for the even." thanks, 'cause I don't know whether you'll even have a chance for the examination. You see, you're only second alternate; there are two others ahead of you on the appointment. However, there's no telling; you might get a shot after all. By the way, when you get back home ask your father if he remembers the time he and I hooked out of bounds. Yes, he was remarkably like you in those days."

Grant walked to the door with Ralph and shook hands with him. The boy hardly dared trust himself to speak When he had closed the door the great commander picked up his napkin and

commander picked up his napkin and went back to his unfinished meal "A fine fellow," he muttered to him-self: "a fine fellow, poor old Andrews' But I'm afraid he won't get in, just the same.

But the President was mistaken, other two boys failed in the exact tion, and Raiph passed with credit,

### OUR WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY NUMBER

Splendid stories, interesting and informing history, and a large assortment of illustrated matter touching boy life will appear next month in The American Boy.



Nickel-Plated 5 Inches



tale was connected with it, and curiosity

led me to ask the question.

"Yes." said Sydney Heller, as he lifted it from its hook and handed it to me to examine, "there is a story connected with that head piece. It recalls the most stirring episode of my adventurous life. That sombrero once belonged to the celebrated outlaw, Pablo Mariscal, and the bullet that tore through the crown, came from my trusty Winchester. Ten years bullet that tore through the crown, came from my trusty Winchester. Ten years ago, as you may remember, I was residing in Southern Arizona, and my brief residence in that part of the country resulted in my being elected sheriff—a high tribute to my popularity, I confess, but by no means an honor that I desired. Why that office was an unenviable one you will see further on.

"Pablo Mariscal was at that time the

Why that office was an unenviable one you will see further on.

"Pablo Mariscal was at that time the terror of the neighborhood. He was a treacherous, passionate Mexican who thought no more of testroying human life than you or I would of shooting a rabbit. If a traveller was found murdered on the plains under mysterious circumstances, people shook their heads and whispered—'Pablo Mariscal.'

"Yet the scamp was a wary fellow, and took good care to permit no crime to be traced home to him. Fresh outrages kept cropping up continually to keep his name before the public, but they never happened to come under my jurisdiction, and to tell the truth I was glad of it. I had no desire to run against Pablo Mariscal. Pablo Mariscal.

of it. I had no desire to run against Pablo Mariscal.

During that summer business called me away to a distant town, and on my return, in order to avoid the intense heat, and the sand winds that blow in the daytime, I travelled very early in the morning, and late at night—much later in fact than I should have done. On the third night, I stopped at a small settlement, and started away again very early in the morning, hoping to end my journey before the heat of the day came on. At sunrise I was riding over a vast mesa or plain. The sandy soil was studded with thorny cactus plants, and the only living creatures in sight were big lizards that slipped from under my horse's feet. I was so deeply interested in the sun glow that was lighting up the distant peaks of a mountain range, that I role to the top of a slight crest, without observing what was before me. Then I lowered my eyes to encounter a striking scene.

"Twenty yards distant lay a dead horse

"Twenty yards distant lay a dead horse and beside him on the sand was stretched the body of a man, evidently dead. Half a dozen yards beyond was one of those gullies or washouts that are so common in Arizona, and on the bank of this was another man, bending over with his back. another man, bending over with his back toward me. What he was about I could not see.

not see.

"My approach through the soft sand had not made the slightest noise, but now my horse gave a slight whinny, and the stranger wheeled instantly, revealing the swarthy features of—Pablo Mariscal. The rascal's own rifle was lying beside the dead stranger, and his horse was picketed some yards off. With a sharp cry, partly of surprise, partly of anger, he snatched a revolver from his belt and leveled it at me before I could unstrap my Winchester. My sudden appearance had unnerved him. Bangl Hang! one bullet whizzed by my ear, the

DIRTY, faded sombrero, with the trail of a bullet made diametrically through the crown, hanging on the wall over my friend's desk. Not a very attractive object in liself, but from lise peculiar location, I felt that some interesting hit, and curiosity tion.

Ieller, as he lifted anded it to me to bry connected with recalls the most vadventurous life, longed to the celemariscal, and the hether the crown, came hester. Ten years mber, I was residence, and my brief to of the country elected sheriff—a

him, and it behooved me to keep it. The minutes passed slowly enough and the strain was beginning to tell on my nerves when I suddenly espied the tiny muzzle of a revolver peeping from a corner of the bowlder. This flashed an idea into my mind. I had done some pretty fair rifle shooting in my time—though I must confess I had made several ignominious failures a few moments before—and here was a change to test my fore-and here was a chance to test my

"Taking a careful aim I pulled the trigger, and to my inexpressible satisfaction saw Mariscal's weapon go splnning up against the side of the gully, where it was impossible for him to reach it without exposing himself to my fire. My delight was short-lived, however, as I reflected that he no doubt had another

I reflected that he no doubt had another weapon in his belt.

"Ten minutes more passed and then the miscreant's sombrero appeared over the top of the rock as though he were trying to obtain a peep at me.

"Whether it was a trick on his part or a careless error, I don't know to this day. Not caring to take any chances though I blazed away, and the hat went spinning into the air pierced through the crown. After this all was silence again for a long time. Mariscal made not the slightest move and I concluded that he probably intended to tire me out, or compel me to show my hand. Meanwhile the sum was creeping higher and higher, and presently its sweltering rays found their way into the gully, and began to make things decidedly uncomfortable. The very ground grew warm and my rifle barrel was hot to the touch.

began to make things decidedly uncomfortable. The very ground grew warm and my rifle barrel was hot to the touch. "Suddenly I fancied I saw a slight movement on the right side of the rock, and as I fixed my gaze on the spot Mariscal's head appeared for one brief second on just the opposite side and a revolver ball ploughed into the horse not an inch from my ear. An involuntary jerk of the head was all that had saved me, Mariscal's elever ruse had nearly succeeded. He was back behind shelter before I could get a shot, and I determined to be more watchful in future.

"The sun's rays grew hotter and hotter, and after enduring them with what

"The sun's rays grew hotter and hotter, and after enduring them with what patience I could summon for some minutes longer, I concluded it was high time for the farce to end. I was on the point of rising boldly and moving forward in hopes of getting the first shot, when a plan flashed into my mind that offered more security and better chance of success." of success.

of success.

"Not ten yards to the rear of my position the gully made a rather sharp bend to the right, and I felt pretty sure that the body of my horse concealed the nearest angle from Mariscal's view. If I could crawl stealthily away, keeping the horse constantly between the range of the Mexican's vision I might get round the head ungoop of the multithe stands are stand and stand of the stands are stands and stands and stands are stands and stands and stands are stands and stands and stands are stands and stands are stands

ing, and I at once prepared to carry it out. I had a revolver in my belt—a big 44-calibre—and I placed this on the body of the dead horse in such a way that the muzzle only could be seen from the rock. It was a poor imitation of the bore of my Winchester. I knew, but I trusted that the distance would prevent Mariscal from discovering the ruse. All Mariscal from discovering the ruse. All the while, of course, I held my eye on the rifle and on the rock.

the rifle and on the rock.

"Everything was now in readiness, and, dropping on hands and knees. I began to crawl slowly backward. As I receded from the horse the top of the rock came in sight, and I had to get down still lower until I was fairly squirming like a serpent. The suspense of those few moments may be imagined. Inch by inch I crept toward the coveted angle, peering over my shoulder occasionally to get my bearings. The rifle I held, cocked. get my bearings. The rifle I held, cocked, in one hand, hoping to have still a chance for life if the miscreant should discover

for life if the miscreant should discover my stratagem, and attempt to get the drop on me.

"The last couple of yards I grew so nervous that I was afraid to look round, and I actually brought up against the side of the gully. A glance showed me that the angle was close at hand, and a few more wriggling motions brought me to the turn. Rising cautiously on hands and knees I could see the top of the rock distinctly. So far all was well.

"I turned deliberately and scuttled

turned deliberately and scuttled

"I turned deliberately and scuttled round the bend.
"When I looked again the horse and the rock were both out of sight.
"Overjoyed at my present success I rose fearlessly and looked over the edge of the gully. The coast was clear, and, clambering up the side as fast as I could, I bent low and scurried over the plain. I bent low and scurried over the plain, making a wide detour to avoid the spot where the Mexican was lurking.

"Then with guarded step I approached the gully again, heading as accurately as I could judge for a spot ten yards in the rear of my foe. The horse picketed on the opposite side helped me in my

estimate,
"As I advanced foot by foot and bending down as much as possible, I suddenly spied the crest of the bowlder peeping over the brink of the gully, and a second glimpse, as I slowly raised my head, brought Mariscal into plain view. He was stretched flat behind the rock in the broiling sun, his revolver clutched in one hand and his head pressed against the hand and his head pressed against the sand at one corner of the bowlder. Not the slightest suspicion of my escape

the slightest suspicion of my escape could have entered his mind.
"So absorbed was his attitude that I advanced to the very brink of the gully, my Winchester sighted on his head, of course. For a second or two I enjoyed the silent tableau, and then I shouted in a loud, stern voice. 'Drop your weapon and surrender, Pablo! I have you this time.'

"He jerked himself half upright, the most surprised and angry Mexican ever seen, but my Winchester was staring into his eyes at a distance of five yards, and with a bitter imprecation he lowered the weapon he had half raised.
"Throw it away." I commanded, and he tossed the revolver across the gully, grapping his black even at me furiously.

he tossed the revolver across the gully, snapping his black eyes at me furiously. Then I made him rise to his feet, holding his arms above his head in obedience to the command, 'Arriba las manas!' At this point I was sorely puzzled to know what to do with my captive. I dared not lower the weapon for a single second, and I had about concluded to march him ahead of me across the sun-baked plain. and I had about concluded to march him ahead of me across the sun-baked plain, when, to my great relief, a small body of horsemen appeared on the crest of a slight ridge, less than a quarter of a mile away, and a shout speedily drew them to the spot.

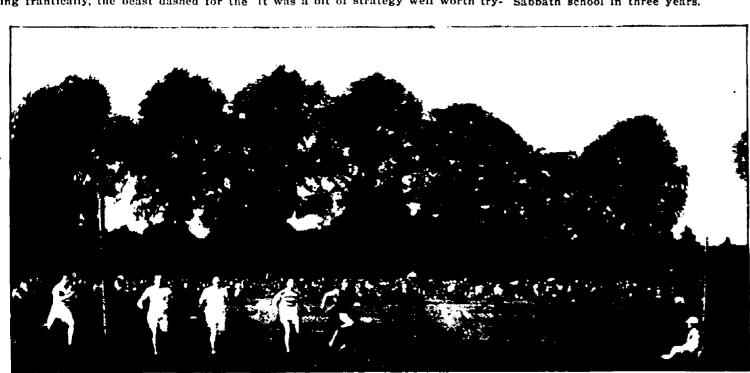
"They proved to be in search of Mariscal's victim, who lay dead across the gully. The poor fellow was a merchant from a neighboring town who was expected home early that morning, and, becoming alarmed at his absence, his friends had started out to look for him. "Mariscal narrowly escaped lynching, but my wiser counsel prevailed, and he was spared to pay the legal penalty for his crime a few months later.

"The sombrero I afterward claimed;

"The sombrero I afterward claimed; and, as no person had a better right to it, it became my property. Do you wonder that I regard it as an interesting memento?"

"No, said I, as I placed it back upon its hook, "I most assuredly do not."

ROBERT H. FULTON, WASHINGTON, Pa. age fifteen, captain of the first year baseball team in his school. Received the highest grades in each study for the



FINISH OF THE 100 YARDS INTERNATIONAL INVITATION HANDICAP RACE AT ABERGAVENNEY, WALES, AUGUST 4, 1904.

The order at the finish was as follows: J. S. Westney, Philadelphia, Pa., winner, first on the right. He is wearing a dark sweater. The second man is C. Dibbins, wearing striped sweater. The third is C. Miller, the Welsh champion, to Dibbins' right. The fourth is M. W. Morton, the English champion and the fifth E. R. Cooper of Birmingham, Eng., on the far left. The time record was 9 4-5 seconds. The running was on the grass and against the wind. The prize was a ten guinea watch. In this race Morton started at scratch; Westney was given two yards; Dibbins seven; Miller three and three-fourths, and Cooper three.



are the thousands now playing

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(6)

all. Fifth edition now ready.
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RMS For Bands, Schools, Firemen, Military and all others. Bend for CATALOG, mention Western Uniform Co., wanted. 234 CLARK ST., CHICAGO,

Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements

# LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES



DURHAM WHITE STEVENS

### Number 1

In 1873 a boy of nineteen named Stevens, Durham White Stevens,—left his home in Durham White Stevens,—left his home in Washington city to accept the post of Under-Secretary at the American Legation in Tokio, Japan. He had been a hard student and a bright one, and had already been admitted to practice law, and he eagerly caught at this early chance to study all things Japanese at first hand. He became interested in the land and the people of the Mikado, and made up his mind to learn all he could of them,—to know one thing thoroughly well,—and because he succeeded in that he has succeeded in life.

He stayed in Japan ten years. In that time he so mastered the difficult language and the picturesque customs of the land; so sanely solved the problems to be met by East and West there where those two



COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY

of the few noted leaders left on either side of the few noted leaders left on either side of those who took part in the world's greatest civil war. Handsome as a Roman senator in his white-haired seventies, this new Assistant Attorney of the Department of Justice still has the keen eye and firm lips of the man who in his early thirties could command with a hand of iron the wildest cavalry troop which ever raided a supply train.

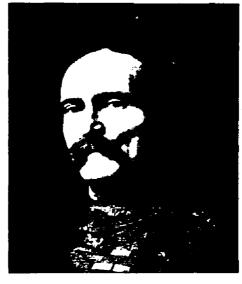
The "Partizan Bangers."—"Mosby's Guer-

The "Partizan Rangers,"—"Mosby's Guerrillas" the country called them,-were comand the picturesque customs of the land; so sanely solved the problems to be met by East and West there where those two great streams of civilization were coming together, that today he has become practically indispensable to the Japanese officials.

In 1883 he resigned from the United States service to become English Secretary and Counsellor to the Mikado's Legation in Washington, and, having served Japan for ten years, here and in China, in Korea and at Honolulu, he has now been named Diplomatic Advisor to the Emperor of Korea. He will be "the Power Behind the Throne" in the "Hermit Kingdom."—will this American of fifty who saw that it was worth while to know one thing well.

Number 2

There is living today in Washington a man whose presence in that capital would once have meant a bloody tragedy. Colonel John Singleton Mosby is in many ways a national "character," for he is one posed of daring enthusiasts in the cause of



COLONEL EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND

### Number 3

When Edward Younghusband joined Eng-When Edward Younghusband joined England's army he had no particular aim in life. He was healthy, active and ambitious, but it had not occurred to him that to know one thing well would be to increase his usefulness tenfold. He had not long worn the crimson uniform, however, when he was assigned to the East Indian Staff Corps. That gave him his chance,—and he took it. Today no one knows more of Asia's peoples, nor has any other achieved a more hazardous piece of work than that which Younghusband has just carried through to success in mysterious chan that which Younghusband has just carried through to success in mysterious Thibet.

Thibet.

"I must know all there is to know about Asia," has been the man's thought for fifteen years. So he lived several months in Manchuria, where the Japs and Russians are now fighting. He traveled horse-back from Pekin to Calcutta, crossing the robber-infested steppes with a single companion. He held decidedly unsafe posts among the native peoples of out-of-theway corners of the land. And so it happened that it was he who was given charge of the settlement of the difficulty which sprung up recently between Thibet and the Indian government.

sprung up recently between Thibet and the Indian government.

What he has since done reads more like some adventure of Raleigh's or Drake's than like history in the day of "the wireless." It seemed best to send a military expedition into Thibet and Younghusband took command. He had 4,000 men behind him, and in front an unexplored country and two million barbarous natives. He marched through passes higher than the peaks of the Rockies; he endured cold registering sometimes sixty below zero; he fought with enemies concealed above the roads he followed,—but he reached Lhassa, Thibet's capital, and that treaty was signed which opens to commerce and civilization the last of "the closed lands."

We have been known for years as the builder of the best and most successful bicycle. It always was and is to-day.

You will never know all the delights of cycling until you have used the Pierce Cushion Frame which takes all of the jar of the road off the rider.

This is the famous wheel upon which Frank L. Kramer has made his great records. In the National Championship Contest of 1904 he was first thirteen times, second once and fourth once.

The Geo. N. Pierce Co., Buffalo, N.Y.





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# Books for Boys

We are prepared to sell any book for boys or about boys, wherever published. Write us for what you want.

THE AMERICAN BOY



# "WYCK", the New York Police Department's Trick Horse

It is safe to say that Wyck will stay in the park catching runaways and amusing children to the end of his days and that Ferguson will stay with his horse. The Sun tells the following interesting

incident:

A year ago last March, when the drives and bridle paths in the park were slippery and sloppy, a girl was riding a big, powerful roan in the bridle path near the sheepfold. The girl knew how to ride, and knew also that the mouth of a horse was somewhat tenderer than a piece of sole leather, but she did not know, it seemed, that the roan had a mortal terror of automobiles.

mobiles.
One came chug-chugging along the drive-way. Opposite the trembling, fretting





In high spirits and great confidence they set about the test. Earl's house and the nearest point in the fence were connected;

make it go through, sure. Now, mother, we will call you again in thirty minutes listen for you," called back Mrs. Gerry cheerily.

Thus they tested the wire by appointment from time to time. With enthusiasm at a high pitch, they worked energetically. The wire was carried over cross-roads and gates by means of forked poles set on either side and high enough to keep the wire out of harm's way. Contact with live trees was avoided by using dry wood or a piece of an old rubber boot for insulation. When the boys failed to hear distinctly Mrs. Gerry's cheery "Hello, Earl," they retraced their steps and made good the faulty connection. Sometimes they used to sounded all alone the line and the news is sounded all alone the line. The daughter of one of the farmers married and moved to town, three miles away She visits daily over the 'phone with he folks and old neighbors, and thus avoids in large measure at least, being compelled to give up old home pleasures while making a home for herself.

This rural telephone saves much time and labor by enabling the farmers to arrange for the exchange of work, collections, etc., without hardly stirring from their chairs after supper. The telephone saves many a wild goose chase. Without its use it is often necessary for the farmer with the long than here of one of the farmers and the news is sounded all alone the line. The daughter of one of the farmers are dand moved to town, three miles away She visits daily over the 'phone with he folks and old neighbors, and thus avoids in large measure at least, being compelled to give up old home pleasures while making a home for herself.

This rural telephone saves much time and labor by enabling the farmers to a strength of the folks and old neighbors, and thus avoids in large measure at least, being compelled to give up old home pleasures while making a home for herself.

This rural telephone saves much time and labor by enabling the farmers to a strength of the folks and old neighbors, and thus avoids in large measure at least, being compel

Mrs. Gerry's cheery "Hello, Earl," they retraced their steps and made good the faulty connection. Sometimes they used the fence around three sides of a field to save stretching the wire across one end By the close of that rainy afternoon, the homes of Walter and Earl, two miles apart, were connected by a wire-fence telephone in perfect working condition.

Walter's father had been skeptical all the time the experiment was going on. But when Mr. Mason recognized his neighbor's voice through the telephone, he said: "That beats me. Well, I'll give it up. The boys have won out this time. I guess you and I are a little behind the times. It does beat all what notions our boys do get into their heads at these high schools."

do get into their heads at these high schools."

That night the boys, each at his own home, one on his lawn and the other on his wood plie, holding the simple 'phones in their hands, visited over the barbed-wire fence until eleven o'clock.

The boys were triumphant and happy; the parents, so doubtful and indifferent before, were now perfectly amazed, but thoroughly convinced.

Earl and Walter had a mutual friend. Guy Thorn, who lived five miles away, and he, from the first establishment of the line, had been anxious to have it extended to his home. But the doubtful ones constantly repeated, "It is all right for two miles, but it will never work for five miles, they extended the line five miles to Guy's home, and it worked perfectly. The success of this system soon became well known in that section and many farmers asked for telephone privileges. The longest continuous line is thirteen miles. For this distance conversation can the carried on with perfect ease, whatever the climatic conditions.

A stranger, driving through this locality

A stranger, driving through this locality

ALTER MASON and Earl Gerry were neighbor boys living two miles apart and some five miles from town. They had been chums from babyhool. A well-worn path showed that their visits were frequent. Having studied the principles of the telephone in the town school, they made up their minds the town school, they made up their minds that it was entirely unnecessary for either dot them to walk two miles every time they wanted to talk over affairs together. There was the barbed wire fence extending in a zigzag line across the farms from a zigzag line across the farms from home to home. Why not attach a simple telephone to each end of the wire fence and do their visiting in a decidedly "citi-fluctification of the wire fence and do their visiting in a decidedly "citi-fluctification." The necessity for such a convenience led them to investigate. They consulted their professor of physics. He told them that their plan was impracticable, as the wire professor of physics. He told them that their plan was impracticable, as the wire swould scatter and radiate the energy etc. But the boys with the true spirit of successful inventors, persisted in the idea and resolved upon making a thorough test. They met other obstacles. Their fathers arguing, as boys will, until one rainy afternoon, when there was little else to do, their fathers consented to their making the experiment.

In high spirits and great confidence they set about the test. Earl's house and the town in the vinite mind in the evening the marking to the country. It is difficult to say whether the telephone in this rural community is prized the fathers purposes. The farmers' wives and that to say whether the telephone in this rural community is prized the fathers out of the country. It is difficult to say whether the telephone in this rural community is prized the form of the wear wives and their substitute in the social pleasures than for business purposes. The farmers' wives and their social pleasures than for business purposes. In the substruct of said substruct to socia

it hardly seems necessary to be at the social gatherings to enjoy the pleasures. The music, the conversation, the jokes and laughter of the happy throng, can be quite fully enjoyed at all stations on the line. A lady, compelled to stay at home from a party, said: "I got the good out of attentions on the property of the stay at the stations of the stay at the stay

the experiment.

In high spirits and great confidence they set about the text. Early about the text. Early about the set. Early about the text and the program of the strong wire was attached to the well about the text. Early about an experiment of the strong wire was attached to the well pipe; and a battery and a "watch-case" the strong and a "watch-case" the stro

to spend a day and take a team out of the field to make these arrangements. Stock buyers hardly know whether the barbed wire fence telephone is an advantage to them or not. Regardless of bad roads or stormy weather or distance, they close many a bargain and summon farmers in with stock at the desired time for shipment. But when buyers are inspecting and pricing stock in this region, the farmers are posted on prices all along the line and are prepared to drive good bargains. The farmers as well as the city brothers find it a great convenience to transact business by telephone.

A doctor in the neighboring town is on the circuit. In sickness, when life is trembling in the balance, there are no long and anxious delays. Many in the region of this crude telephone system, although they have no 'phones of their own, frequently make use of their neighbor's instruments, especially in case of sickness. A man, living seven miles from town, was suddenly taken very sick. On horseback a boy went two miles to the hoar est in process of the patient who was apparently dying.

The advantages of this system have been the doctor was on his way to see the patient who was apparently dying.

The davantages of this system have been the doctor was on his way to see the patient who was apparently dying.

to see the patient who was apparently dying.

The advantages of this system have been so many and so great that it is being constantly extended, and new systems are being established. The occasional annoyance caused by wires being broken by stock or by disinterested farmers making gaps in the fences on the line, has led, in many places, to the erection of regular telephone lines with special poies and wires. The farmers could not be induced to give up this modern convenience for many times what it cost them.

Summing up the advantages of the telephone system started by Walter Mason and her son Earl, Mrs. Gerry said: "I know of no article used that we prize more highly, considering cost, than we do our telephone. One of the worst features of farm life is isolation—separation of houses and neighbors—aggravated

features of farm life is isolation—separa-tion of houses and neighbors—aggravated often by bad weather and impassable roads, and the consequent feeling of lone-liness and despondency for lack of com-pany. The telephone does away with all this. It adds immensely to the enjoyment of farm life, and, besides the business ad-vantages, the sociability is worth all and more than it cost."

A SERIES BY MINNIE I REYNOLDS No. VI-"STREET ARABS"



"STREET ARABS" OF NAPLES PLAYING THE FAVORITE STREET GAMBLING GAME. "INLOVINGLLO"

The boys so far described are all honest working boys, but the streets of Naples swarm with an astonishing number of street Arabs, called scugnizzi by the Neapolitans. This is not an Italian word, but belongs to the Neapolitan dialect; and it expresses to every Neapolitan a particular type, peculiar to Naples, and not to be found elsewhere. The scugnizzo never works unless driven to it by hunger; then he gathers garbage or cigar stubs. But the moment he has a penny he stops to gamble. The gambling game of the scugnizzi is called "Indovinello,"—"The Guesser." It is simply guessins how many pebbles are concealed under a hat or the hand. The little scamps play it all day long, for the Neapolitan Arab is the most inveterate gambler in the world. He is not to be blamed for that, though, for the government teaches him to gamble by conducting a state lottery; and every grown-up he knows plays the lottery every week.

The boat is manned by a pilot and his boy. Her cruising ground is between the Naze and the Skaw—prominent land marks for vessels bound to Norwegian ports or harbors in the Baltic or Gulf of Finland. The pilot boat is run alongside the ship, the pilot jumps aboard and the boy trims sheet and steers for his home port which may be as far north as Stavanger.

The sail is long and lonely, but the boy contrives to navigate thither, blow high or blow low. He seems to have the homing instinct of the pigeon, as the only ald to navigation that he has is a chart and a compass. An easterly gale often blows him far off his course.

Some of these boys are only thirteen or

Some of these boys are only thirteen or



WHEN THE VESSEL APPROACHES HE LIGHTS A FLARE-UP

fourteen years old. They are the youngest navigators on any sea. Flaxen of hair, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, they are brave and sturdy sailors. Their diet is chiefly sait fish and sea biscuit when affoat, but sometimes the vessel that takes the pilot will throw the youngster a chunk of cooked sait beef or salt pork, and sometimes a hunk of plum duff for his own private consumption; but these cases are comparatively rare, and the boy generally has to depend upon the narrow resources of his own larder.

His little craft carries no side lights. Whenever a vessel approaches him, he lights a flare-up signal—a torch of oakum sonked in tar or kerosene.

On his solitary vovage to his home port he sleeps in the day time, his boat steering herself. In this way he prepares for the vigil of the night.

The dangers he encounters are many and great, but he takes them in a matter-of-fact way highly creditable to him. It is strange that so few of these boats are lost. The truth is that their model is such as to withstand just the sort of weather they meet. In their principal features they resemble the viking ships of old, which in their adventurous voyages weathered the heaviest Atlantic gales and ravaged the British and Irish sea coasts in many a hostile and bloody raid.

The young Norwegian after his training in the pilot boats or mackerel boats mans trading ships of every country.

Lars or Nils or Oscar has one ideal, and that is to ship obserd any amender weather.

trading ships of every country. Lars or Nils or Oscar has one ideal, and that is to ship aboard an American yacht, preferably a steam craft, where he lives a happy life, well fed and well treated. He is a frugal, thrifty sailor, and his earnings, with but few deductions, are sent home to gladden many a Scandinavian freeside.

fireside.

He gets on an average \$30 a month on a yacht, an amount which looks very big to him in comparison with the scanty wages paid to sailors under the Norwegian

### The Football Harvest

The football season this past year was directly responsible for 11 deaths and 121 serious injuries. The game ranks away ahead of boxing as a dangerous sport. Of the 11 deaths only one was that of a trained athlete, two were schoolboys, and the remaining eight belonged to minor or unattached clubs which were unable to-have the assistance of a physical instructor. Not an athlete on any of the big eastern or western elevens was injured to any serious extent. Last year there were 12 deaths and 70 serious injuries.

### A Brief Correspondence

A coal operator in West Virginia tele-graphed his son in New York concerning a shipment of coal. He wrote the following: "Jim:-

DAD."

In a few days the following answer was sent:—

"New York, October 23, 1904.

"Dad:-

What do you suppose they said? Guess; then look in next month's AMERICAN BOY to see if you are right.

# BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS

How One Boy Earned Money

Billy was ten years old. He had two brothers, each a little older, and these brothers were very proud of the fact that they had secured places to work through vacation; one in a dry goods store, and the other in a grocery. They were to receive three dollars and two dollars and fifty cents respectively. The first Saturday night, when they came home and displayed their earnings they were warmly congratulated by their parents. Billy was very sad. lated by their parents. Billy was very sad. He, too, wanted to earn money. He was agonizing to purchase a bicycle. Every one said: "O, Billy, you are too young, you are not large enough, not strong enough. You must wait a year or two. Your time will come. There is really nothing a little fellow like you can do to good to good

"Yes, there is, too,—lots and lots of things I could do if I had a chance. I don't want to wait forever, and I do so want a wheel."

The sturdy little chap would listen to no preparent, so he went at it with degreed.

want a wheel."

The sturdy little chap would listen to no argument, so he went at it with dogged persistence trying to get something to do. People treated him kindly, but insisted that he was too small. Some said: "You are made of the right sturf, Billy; wait till you are older." Any boy with less grit would have yielded. Billy just would not yield. One entire forenon he was missing from home; his mother supposed he was at play with other boys of the neighborhood, announg we would not yield. One entire forenon he posed he was at play with other boys of the neighborhood, announg we would not yield. One entire forenon he posed he was at play with other boys of the neighborhood, announg we would not yield. One entire forenon he posed he was at play with other boys of the neighborhood, announg we would not yield. One entire forenon he was missing from home; his mother supposed he was at play with other boys of the neighborhood, announg we would not yield. One entire forenon he was missing from home; bit mothers with the neighborhood, announg we will be possible. The checks are also listed individually announg we will be provided to the work. He had been doing that forenoon. He had seen great head as best to the doing the forenoon. He had been doing the forenoon. He had been doing the forenoon. He had be weeks he earned more than both his olier brothers combined; others not so much, for in some cases it took much longer to haul a load than in others. Where the heaps were large and not too far from the dump, he could sometimes earn a dollar a day; where they were quite small and the distance was much longer his profits were small. Hardly a day passed throughout that summer that Billy and his gang of "hired men," were not tugging away at their work, dirty, perspiring, and full of business. They did not mind the dirt; they were in business! Before the summer closed Billy was the proud owner of a wheel, purchased with the money he had carned. His co-workers each had more cash than ever he had dreamed of having. After the wheel was secured, the "con-

### How to do Business With a Bank

Wishing to deposit money in a bank you will first receive an introduction to the bank officials to whom you will express your desire to open an account. You will then be requested to write your name in a book called the signature book exactly as

On a deposit slip with which the receiving teller supplies you to record your deposit, write your name, the date, amount of gold, of currency, of sliver and of checks. The checks are also listed individually in a space for that purpose, the deposit slip upon being footed up is passed to the receiving teller, together with the money, and the teller after entering the amount on the left page of a small book called the bank pass book, hands the book to you. This book serves as a receipt,

The receiving teller supplies you with a check book. A check is a written order directing the bank to pay on demand a specified sum of money to a person designated. The checks are partially printed, and it is only necessary to fill in the date, the amount of the check, the name of the person to whom the check is payable, and your signature. When a check is torn out of the book the stub remains, and should bear the following record: Date of check, for what given, number of check, in whose favor, amount of check and also a place for money deposited.

If you desire to draw money from the bank for your own use, you may make the check payable to your own name, and then endorse it, or you may make the check payable to your own name, and then endorse it, or you may make the check payable to the order of "Cash" or "Self" instead of your name, in which case endorsement will not be necessary.

The balance amount of your bank account is easily determined by subtracting the checks from the balance as shown on each preceding stub.

Before the paying teller will cash a check you must endorse it by writing your name across the back of the check at the left hand end. You leave the check with him as a receipt.

Once a month your bank book should be left with the receiving teller to be bal-

across the back of the check at the left hand end. You leave the check with him as a receipt.

Once a month your bank book should be left with the receiving teller to be balanced. All checks that you have given that have been cashed by different persons will be returned to you with the pass book. On examining these checks you will find them all stamped "Paid," and will further note that the sum of these checks is placed upon the right-hand page of the pass book. The difference between the two sides of the pass book is entered in red ink on the smaller side and represents the balance in the bank. After properly ruling up the book it is said to be balanced.

Some Important Points.—In endorsing a check spell your name just as it appears upon the face. If, for example, the check is made payable to "James King," do not endorse it "J. King."

If your name is misspelled on the check



WHEN JONES RECITES

# BOYS you need n't do this!

Don't beg for every cent you need. Don't growl because you never have a penny of your own. Get to work and earn your own spending money, as six thousand other boys are doing it, selling

# The Saturday Evening Post

after school hours. No, it isn't hard work. It leaves you plenty playtime. A few hours' work a week and money you've earned will be jingling in your pocket, to spend as you please. Now don't let anybody say you haven't the grit and spunk of other boys. Sitright down and write

us a letter to send you the complete outfit. It's free, and includes to copies of The Post. Sell these at 5c the copy, and

with those 50c you can buy more copies at wholesale prices. All of our boys started this way—some are making \$15 a week now. What's to stop you from making

at least one, two or three dollars a week? Now don't put this off.

### The earlier you start the more you make as you go along. \$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

each month to boys who do good work. The Curtis Publishing Company, 1000 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

or-town check. This amount is called exchange.

The drawer of a check has the right to stop payment upon it by notifying the bank.

The holder of a check who loses it cannot compel the bank to stop payment upon it. He should request the drawer to order payment stopped.

Should you write a check in such a way that the sum is easily altered to a larger amount, and the bank pays the check, you are the loser.

If you take a check that is dated ahead you cannot force the bank to pay it till due. Should the drawer withdraw his funds, or die, or become bankrupt or make an assignment before the holder cashes it the bank is not responsible, and in the first case only can the drawer.—Ohio School Journal.

### Fortunes Realized From Inventions

"Little things" have brought fortunes to many an inventor. The once popular toy known as "Dancing Jimmy" yielded its inventor a \$75,000 income yearly. The sale of another toy, "John Gilpin," brought its inventor \$100,000 a year. Mr. Plimpton, the inventor of the roller skates, made \$1,000,000 out of his idea. When Harvey Kennedy introduced the shoe lace he made \$2,500,000 and the ordinary umbrella benefited six people by as much as \$10,000,000. The inventor of the Howard patent for bolling sugar in vacuo realized an income of \$250,000 per annum. The millions Sir Josiah Mason realized from the improved steel pen he gave to English charities on his death. The patentee of the pen for shading in different colors made \$200,000 a year out of it. The wooden ball with an elastic attachment brought \$50,000 a year to its inventor. The metal plates formerly used for protecting the soles and heels of shoes from wear made \$1,150,000 in a year. The woman who invented the modern baby carriage made \$50,000. A young woman living in Port Elizabeth, South Africh, yet realizes \$500 a year from the invention of the Mary Anderson curling iron. The wife of a clergyman made a fortune from the invention of the modern woman's corset. A little girl who invented the screw-pointed gimlet made millions. Miss Knight, who invented the machine for making paper bags, refused \$50,000 for it shortly after taking out the patent, and realized a princely fortune for the exceptional ingenuity her conception reveals. known as "Dancing Jimmy" yielded its inventor a \$75,000 income yearly. The sale

### Be Sure To Read It

Boys, do not fail to read Kirk Munroe's story-"For The Mikado," now running in The American Boy. It is the greatest story we have ever pub-

endorse it the same way and then correctly below.

When the amount in words and the amount in figures on a check disagree, the amount in words is paid.

Never endorse a check before going to the bank. The finder of a check endorsed in blank might manage to cash it.

Banks frequently refuse to cash a check for a person they do not know. One wishing to cash a check must be identified otherwise a finder or a thief might cash a check to which he had no claim.

A check drawn on one bank may be cashed at another, the banks again settling among themselves.

A person not a depositor is usually charged a small sum for cashing an out-of-town check. This amount is called exchange.

The drawer of a check has the right to will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help, you to make a good income after school will help.

Other Boys are Doing it. Manufacture the buttons for your town. The new "Handy" liutton Machin will help you to make a good income after scholours. The most interesting kind of employment Experience not necessary. Write to us today for the continuous and the continuous and the continuous and the continuous areas and the continuous and Experience not necessary. With to us today for full particulars. INDEPENDENT BUTTON & MACHINE CO., 297 Fifth Ave., Chicago.



# FREE TO YOU

Self Lighting Pocket Lamp Size of pencil, takes place kerosene lamp, candles and matches. Rapid seller. Agents coin-ing money. Seeing's believ-ing. Send Stamp.

PREMIER MFG. CO.,; D-pt 8, 82 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

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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.

FLEXIBLE POT SCRAPER HOUSE keeper needs it. Boys, here is your chance to make packet money after school hours and Saturdays, Sample postpaid, Sc. Per dozon, \$1.00, express prepaid. Retail at 25c cach. One agent writes "Seld the dozen in 30 minutes F. E. KOHLER CO., 1008 Tass. Ass., CASTON, 01110

Hustling Boys Wanted to put in their spars scriptions to the Progressive Monthly. Big pay. Our great pre-mium offer mules orders come easy. Writ-today for full particulars. THE PROGRES. SIVE MONTHLY SIVE MOSTHLY,

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We Want Boys of good deportment to act as agents
for DURÉE BIBS. Write to us for particulare
Address Durée Mfg. Co., Archer Bid. Fall River, Rass.

MEN WANTED-GOOD PAY Wanted-Everywhere men to distribute advertising matter, tack signs, etc.; no canvassing. Previous ex-perience unnecessary. Address SATIOSAL ADVERTED INCO., No. 107 Oskland Bank Bidg., CHICAGO, ILL.

HELP WANTED Men and women in each state to travel, distribute samples, advertise and earry on our busines.

Salary \$18 per week. \$3 per day for expenses.

KUHLMAN Co., Dept. E-2, Atlas Block.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL EVERSWEET AND

Agent's Outfit Pres. -Delight, Blocalt, Cate and Doughnut Outter, Apple Corer and Strainer, harticles in one, Sells on sight. Large Catalog free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. 13, BATH, N.Y.

CUT THIS OUT if you want 100 different namples of magazines and newspapers & send with 10c for 1 year's subscription to The Welcome Guest, the best original magazine published, which you will receive for 12 long months & 100 amples as promised. Ad. The Welcome Guest. Portland, Me



# Che 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 JEFERSON DAVIS COMPANY, No. 2, Palmetto, Fia., has got a nice club room, rent free, turnished with chairs, two lamps, dock for caputal and secretary and some nice pleasity, also as more consists of boxing gloves, punching bag, same of flinch and checkers. It has an O. A. B. pennant and will buy a large American flag. Fines are imposed for disorderly conduct, it gave a party recently at the COMPANY, No. 9, Poquonoch, Conn., sent us a handsomely printed invitation to its Hallower party. Sorry we could not be present. MASSA, SOIT COMPANY, No. 3, Poquonoch, Conn., sent us a handsomely printed invitation to its Hallower party. Sorry we could not be present. MASSA, COMPANY, No. 37, Rockford, Ill., is one of the companies we are glad to hear many does its business in first-class style. Rahph Woolsey, Capt., sends us with company report: (1) a neatly printed official ballot giving, names of candidates and official ballot giving name of the candidates of the candidates of the candidates of the and mane \$1...0 and bought a baseoul outh with the proceeds. This company intends to purchase uniforms and rifles to form a military company. The members are painting and papering their club-room, red, white and blue, and will drape with the American flag. Dues 15 cents a month, with fines for various offences. Meetings are held twice a month. We are promised a picture. AMERICAN ROY COMPANY, No. 25. Maycille, Wis., is mostly interested in athletics and physical culture. It expects to increase the membership considerably during the winter. NATU-RALIST AND ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 7. Talladega, Ala., has the following officers: R. H. McMillan, Capt.; Will Graham, V. C.; DeWitt McCargo, Treas.; Henry Helne, Secty. The company is mainly interested in athletics, having a gym outfit consisting of trapeze, 2 exercisers 2 punching bags, set of loxing gloves, etc. It has also many curios, among which is a petrified squirrel. We are promised a picture. KIRKWOOD COMPANY, No. 37, Clinton, Ia., has officers as follows: Homer I. Smith, Capt.; W. Hullinger, Secty, and Treas. It meets every Friday night. It is interested generally in sport, also reading and debating, and in having a pleasant time. Members are admitted to meetings on giving the pass-word. ETHAN ALLEN COMPANY, No. 2. Brattleboro, Vt., has elected the following officers: Stewart Brown, Capt.; Robert Kennedy, Secty.; Harold Staples, Treas.; Roy Munroe, Libn. It has a club room in the home of Roy Munroe and meets the first Saturday morning of each month. Seciability and literary culture mostly interest the members. SMOKY CITY CADETS COMPANY, No. 47. Pittsburg, Pa., is a new company, having 8 members, with the following officers: Carl Wm.

# 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.



MASSABOIT CO. No. 87, ROCKFORD, 1LL.

Felck, Capt.; Fred Kindl, Lieut.; Harold Hoeveler, S. A.; Frank Jacques, Corpl.

### 1905 a Banner Year for the O. A. B.

To stimulate the companies to work for increasing their membership, we have decided to award during 1905 twelve prizes, viz: four first prizes, four second prizes and four thir! prizes, under the following conditions:

To the company sending us the largest number of subscriptions for new members between January 1st and March 31st, we will give one of our handsome O. A. B. pennants, a good book for boys and a fine picture of "Ohl Abe," the famous war eagle.

for loys and a line picture of the Ave. the famous war cagle.

To the company sending us the second largest number of subscriptions during the same period, an O. A. E. pennant and a good book.

To the company sending us the third largest number of subscriptions during the same period, a good book or a picture of "Old Abe" or a

n gown mone or a picture of 'Old Abe' or a pennant, as desired.

The same prizes will be awarded each three months during 1965, the dates of closing the contests being March 31st, June 30th, September 30th, and December 31st.

Each month's company letter will contain a list of the ten companies which stand highest in the contests. In scading us subscriptions in these contests,

the sender must be careful to state that the boy for whom the subscription is sent is to be a member of a company, as otherwise our records cannot show this.

Remember that these special prizes are given

in addition to the usual commissions and premiums for obtaining new subscribers.

This gives each compnay a splendid chance descrite its club room and add to its library colendid chance to

### New Companies Organized

Pittsburg, Pa., Division of Pennsylvania, Smoky City Cadets, Co. No. 47. Yacoit, Wash. D.vision of Washington, The Brothers. Co. No. 11. Indiana. Pa., Division of Pennsylvania, Junior Gun Ciub, Co. No. 48. Tilton, N. H., Division of New Hampshire, Winnipesaukee, Co. No. 6. Apache, Okla., Division of Oklahoma, Wichita Mt. Co., No. 6. Keene, N. H., Division of New Hampshire, Franklin Pierce Co. No. 8. Ogden, Utah, Division of Utah, Rocky Mountain Boys, Co. No. 5.

### December Company Letter

Detroit, December 6th, 1904. Detroit, December 6th, 1906.

My Dear Captains and Brothers of Our Order:
The last month of the year is regarded by many merchants as stock-taking month, when they go over their hooks and accounts and stock in hand, and find out what amount of business they have made a profit or experienced a loss in the past months.

It might be of benefit to all the members of The Order of The American Boy to stop for a minute and go over the things that we have

done during the past year, and see how and in what manner we have employed our time. So far as Headquarters is concerned, I think every promise made has been fulfilled. A letter has been written and sent to you specially each month, and suggestions for monthly programs have been sent, except during the months of varation, when many of you were enjoying yourselves away from home and engaged in other sports and pastimes. The most important event concerning our Order was, of course, American Hoy Day at the St. Louis Exposition on July 5th, one of the largest and most successful meetings held at the Exposition. So great an enthusiasm has been agoused by American Hoy Day that it has been determined to make it a permanent institution. stitution.

stitution.

Every month there has been a page of THE AMERICAN BOY given over to the Order in which have been chronicled your meetings, entertainments, games, etc., also pictures of all Crmpanies received have been so far as possible, reproduced in THE AMERICAN BOY.

These things have been done ungrudgingly at very considerable expense of time, labor and money, in order that The Order of The American Boy should live up to its motto of "Manliness in muscle, mind and morals," and the members be helpful to each other, as members of the same organization ought and should be.

Now while Headquarters has been doing and is doing everything possible to make our Order the

doing everything possible to make our Order the grandest and best of all societies for boys, it has come to the point where your assistance in the work must be called in question. Letters have been received of late which show that the have been received of late which show that the members of some companies are not so harmonious in their relations toward each other as they ought. Now, nothing will so surely break up any society as misunderstandings and contentions, and if these are continued there can be little hope of a company's prosperity. Let me counsel you to try to uphold the dignity of our Order by becoming reconciled to each other, even if it requires some little sacrifice on some one's part to do so, and the month of December, with its joyous Christmastide, is the best time in the year to forget and forgive, and start the New Year with the determination that you shall do whatsoever lies in your power to live in harmony and kindliness with your brothers of the Order. the Order.
I have a

in harmony and kindliness with your brothers of the Order.

I have a further grievance which I want to air at the present time in connection with American Boy Day. While many are showing interest and enthusiasm in the idea of having a permanent American Boy Day, there seems to be among others a kind of indifference, if I may take your silence on the subject as indifference. It seems to me that every American boy worthy the name should hail such a proposition with delight. To have one day in the year as their own in which they could show to their friends and grownups that they were able to do something more than play ball or run races, should call forth every boy's greatest effort in planning for such a day.

Now while I am doing my utmost to make this day a red-letter day in the calendar of every boy in America. I cannot do everything: I must rely upon your assistance to make it a success.

There are, I am sure, in every town, however small, men and women interested in boys, who, if you only place the matter before them, would be willing to give you all the help you

need. Have you told your pastors your superintendent of schools, your teachers, your Sunday
school superintendents, your Y. M. C. A. secretaries, or other grownups, about the matter? If
you have not, do so at once, as the time is
short, and ask them to write to me and I will
gladly send them free coples of American Bay
Day pamphlet and explain to them how with
very little effort on their part. American Boy
Day in their town can be made a splendid occasion for the boys. Don't delay this matter;
you, captains, should take it upon yourselves to
see some of these grownups at once and enlist
their services.

Headquarters has lately been examining the
records of the companies and members, and finds
that there are many names on the roster of companies whose subscriptions to THE AMERICAN
BOY have expired. As every member of a company must be a yearly subscriber to the macazine, except where there are two brothers, when
only one need be a subscriber, you, captains
should look carefully into the matter and where
a member has allowed his subscription to run
out, have his renewal sent to headquarters at
once, with a letter stating that such a subscriber desires to renew his membership in your
Company.

One word more: In order to stimulate mem-

once, with a letter stating that such a subscriber desires to renew his membership in your Company.

One word more: In order to stimulate members of companies to increase their efforts in obtaining new members in 1905. I have resolved to offer four first prizes, four second prizes, and four third prizes to the companies having the largest increase in membership, the prizes to be distributed every three months. The prizes will consist of O. A. B. pennants, books, pictures, etc. My monthly letter will keep you posted as to the increase in the companies each month. This contest will begin January 1st, 1905, and the first of the prizes will be awarded April 1st, the second on July 1st, the third on October 1st, and the fourth on January 1st, 1906. For particula s, see the January American Boy. Now ket to work.

Christmas is the season of giving, and I should like to have you write me, for the Company News, how the Companies of our Order have helped to give foy and gladness to the poor and needy of their communities.

Wishing you all the gladness and good cheer of theirtmas and a very happy and prosperous New-Year.

Yours for M. M. M. M.

E. SPRAGUE,

Pesident General.

WM. C. SPRAGUE. P esident General.

### A Word of Importance

A Word of Importance

My business associates and myself think this is a good time to obtain (and we have set out to do it) 50,000 new subscribers before January 1st, 1966, and we particularly want the brothers of our Order to assist us. You know the paper and you appreciate the fact that it has helped and is helping you in countless ways. The stories and articles which it contains each month are clean, helpful and inspiring, such as you need not be ashamed to read anywhere. Now, why not help us to secure this increase by obtaining new members for your own companies and organizing new companies? You will be helping other boys at the same time yon are helping yourselves. Remember, also, the substantial rewards in the form of handsome and useful premiums which we give to those who thus assist us. Now let every brother pitch in and work for new members and let our motto be, "50,000 by January 1st, 1906."

I have received quite a large number of letters from members and their adult friends relating to American Boy Day, and the interest which seems to be taken regarding it is most gratifying. In order to impress the idea firmly upon your minds, however, and to urge the co-operation of every one of you, let me repeat what I said to you in my October letter, as it is specially to the brothers of our Order that I depend upon to make American Boy Day. 1905, the success it ought to be:

I urged upon you the duty of making a special point to see and talk with your pastors, school tenchers, Sunday school superintendents, secretaries of Y. M. C. A. branches and others, ladies or gentlemen, who are interested in you and will assist you in arranging for American Boy Day; and when you get them interested ask them to write me and I will send them a special account in pamphlet form of the proceedings of our American Boy Day at the fully understand and get in sympathy with the plan. This pamphlet is gotten up in most attractive form with portraits of the boys and others who took part in the

the plan. This pamphlet is gotten up in most attractive form with portraits of the

most attractive form with portraits of the boys and others who took part in the celebration, and any of you who desire to have a copy as a souvenir can get it for the small sum of ten cents.

Now this work of interesting your adult friends must not be delayed, as the time will soon come around, and a great deal of work requires to be done. Those ladies and gentlemen who are willing to help will only be required to choose the boys best qualified to take part, obtain a hall or suitable place for such a meeting and act suitable place for such a meeting and act as chairmen and advisers; I shall make up and attend to the printing and sending out and attend to the printing and sending out of the program, and I need not say that it will be the finest and most suitable to be obtained. I hope that I have made it plain that very little work will be required of these adult friends, as everything so far as possible will be done at headquarters. Anyway urge them to write me about it, and also let me hear from you with any suggestions was may have as to the carrying estions you may have as to the carrying

gestions you may have as to the carrying out of our plan.

This is a good time to decorate your clubroom or den with one of our O. A. B. pennants, and you should not delay in getting one. It is made of the best materials and the price—50 cents delivered—is only slightly above actual cost; or if you send us \$100 for a new subscription we will send you one free. for a new subscription one free.

Yours for M. M. M. M. T. Yours for M. M. M. M. T. SPRAGI

WM. C. SPRAGUE, President General.

Any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY who writes to the Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, Worcester, Mass., will receive free of charge—while the supply lasts—one of their 1995 calendars, provided that in asking for it he mentions THE AMERICAN BOY in his application.

# HOCKEY By E. J. GIANNINI, Physical Director New York Athletic Club

HE most important points for the hockey player to master are dribbling, passing, shooting and lifting the puck.

To dribble well is essential for every man

on the team, but especially for the for-

wards.

This is accomplished by carrying the puck well in front on the ice and passing it from side to side with alternate sides of the stick as the player advances.

The angle at which the puck is advanced would depend on the speed of the player at the time. When intercepted, pass quickly to any of the other players on your side who has the least interference. Don't delay till it is too late to do so with safety, and so give possession to your opponents.

Pass so the puck will slide along the ite not toward the man's skates, but just in front of him.

Pass so the puck will slide along the ise not toward the man's skates, but just in front of him.

Supposing the player to be competent in dribbling and passing, he must learn to shoot, which is the usual method of scoring goals. This is done by placing the heel of the stick against the puck and snapping the stick with a turn of the wrist. It is necessary to learn this from either the left side or the right, and to do it without hesitation and in tight corners. The best goal shot is one with a slight lift to knee high, which is the most difficult for a goal keeper to stop. It is too high for him to get in his stick effectively, and just too low for the use of his body.

The lifting of the puck must be learned next, especially if playing in a defensive position. This is accomplished by placing the middle of the butt of the stick against the lower half of the puck and scooping with an upward movement. With practice it can be lifted high over the opponents heads, so that it cannot be reached by their sticks while in progress.



CORRECT POSITION OF HANDS BEFORE EXECUTING A STROKE. BEGINNERS PLACE THEIR HANDS TOO LOW

The various points of individual play hav-

There is one matter which every player should remember, and that is that a certain position has been assigned to him, and he should keep it and not wander around. There are two reasons for the strictest observance of this rule. One is that in very rapid plays it is not always possible to look for a conferre to pass the puck to, and if he is in his allotted place, the knowledge obtained from practice will obliterate all guess work. Another reason is that each player



CORRECT POSITION FOR A LEFT HAND STROKE (ENGLISH HOCKEY BULES)



Keep cool at all times. This is an attribute all hockey players should cultivate.

There are many points and combinations on which it would be possible to enlarge, but these can only be learned by practice in application.

but these can only be learned by practice in combination.

Training is essential if one is to excel at hockey, as strength of limb and good wind cannot be dispensed with if a play r expects to last out a game in good shape.

While it is not necessary to regulate the food to any extent, pastry of all kinds is a good thing to avoid. If boys wish to keep their wind, tobacco in any form is best left alone; but eigarettes are most injurious, and must be kept away from.

One matter that boys are ofttimes careless over should especially have their attention when playing hockey, and that is the danger of getting a chill. Whether the game is played in a rink or on the outside, the temperature is necessarily very low, and the rapidity of movement is bound to cause free perspiration. Always have an extra sweater or overcont to put on after playing, and don't stand around.

Many a good player has been put out of commission by such carelessness for the rest of the season, seriously imperilling the chances of his team in their engagements.

of the season, seriously imperilling the chances of his team in their engagements.

Start in right, observing the few points here offered and you will be on the roal to future success in the game of hockey.

### The Compass

The Compass

What an admirable invention, and a wonderful little instrument is the compass! How lost the sailor would be in the midst of the ocean if he had no commass! What is a compass, did you say? That is very easy to answer. It is, simply, a needle, which always points toward the North Star—or very nearly so—a pivot to balance the needle, and a card. But perhaps you want to know wha makes it always point in the same direction. Then I will have to introduce to you a sort of iron called the magnet, or "load stone." It is found in iron mines in many parts of the world. It is of a dark gray color and looks like iron, except that! is more glossy. The magnet has wonderful properties. It attracts to it steel, iron and other metals, and imparts to them is certain portion of its attracting properties—a mystery which no man has yet been able to unravel. And what is more wonderful about it, the smaller the magnet the more power it generally has. Sir Isaac Newton, it is said, had a magnet set in a finger ring which could lift a piece of iron more than two hundred times its own weight.

But what about the compass? Well, it is nothing more than a steel needle, which, after being rubbed against a magnet in a certain manner, is balanced on a pivot and inclosed in a box. But there are com-The various points of individual play having been mastered, their use in team work remains to be studied and practiced. This combination of the players is the great feature of hockey, without which no team can ever rise above mediocrity.

Not only is it the road to success in scoring, but it makes less hard work for the men, who will be much fresher at the end than if they had gone in for individual and grandstand plays.

The first thing to do on securing the puck is to look for the politions of the other members of the team, and as soon as confronted pass to the one who appears to be in the most advantageous position. Don't be selfish. It is unscientific, and, although once in a while success may crown the individual play of a fast forward, the efforts of such work will quickly play him out. The only exception to this rule is when the should either be lifted out of danger or got away to the side as quickly as possible, when it is then safe to resume passing tactics.

There is one matter which every player should remember, and that is that a certain position has been assigned to him, and he companded on a pivot and south with as much exactness as any commanded to him, and he companded in the work of in the same revision. Then I will have to introduce to you as sort of iron called the magnet, or "load-stone" it is found in from mines in many table to introduce to you as sort of iron called the magnet, or "load-stone" it is found in from mines in many parts of the world. It is of a dark gray color and looks like iron, except that is more glossy. The magnet has wonderful about it, the smaller the magnet its a more power it generally has. Sir lease—a mystery which no man has yet wonderful about it, the smaller the magnet it wonderful about it, the smaller the magnet is soined. And what is more been able to unravel. And what is more the most advantageous position. Don't it said that a magnet in a finger ring which could life a piece of iron more than two hundred times it sown weight.

But what about the compass? Wel

against a magnet, and su pend it in the middle by a string, it will point north and south with as much exactness as any compass ever made. Or if the same needle be fastened in a straw or piece of wood, so that it will float upon a saucer of water, it will, also, point toward the north. That would be a curious compass, did you say? Curious, or not the very best compass now in use is made upon this very principle. The needle is not inclosed in a straw or piece of wood, of course, but in a thin, round case of metal.

No one knows who invented the compass, but it is supposed to have been invented by Gioia, a mathematician, at Naples, about the year 1300. The Chinese lay claim to the honor of this invention. Before its discovery, the sailor rarely ever ventured out of sight of land; but since he needed no longer to creep timidly along the shore lie to whenever a mist hung over his dependent landmarks, or when clouds velled the sky and steered boldly into the deep, guided by his remarkable over his dependent landmarks, or when clouds velled the sky and steered boldly into the deep, guided by his remarkable little instrument, the compass. Numerous stories have been related with regard to the discovery of the magnet and the invention of the compass, but we doubt whether those fabulous story-tellers ever had anything to do with the invention or the discovery of either the magnet or the compass.

### Girls Buying Boys' Books

A London correspondent of the Chicago inter-Ocean says that girls are refusing to buy and read the sort of books that have buy and read the sort of books that have heretofore been considered as suited to their literary palate and that they are buying boys' books instead. The books that appear to boys seem more suited to the strong-limbed, hockey-playing, cycle-riding girls of today than the meek and mild literature that is still published for them but seldom sold to them.



A WATCH WITHOUT COST

Mention Watch with 20 FAST SELLING ARTICLES
Watch Watch, Stem Winding and Set, beautifully insuled in 14-k Gold; guarantee with every watch. American movement, dust-proof case, fluin 30 to be sent with every watch. American movement, dust-proof case, fluin 30 to be sent with every watch. American movement, dust-proof case, fluin 30 to be sent with every watch. American movement, dust-proof case, fluin 30 to be sent with every watch. American movement, dust-proof case, fluin 30 to be sent of the sent of 30 Fast sent and acceptably time of people who have sold goods to earn a watch, which, which which is one of our agents who sent in the money paid. We want you to set our goods. It each one of our agents who sent in cents each, we are offering at the cents each. We are offering at the cents each we are offering at the cents each we are offering at the cents of the cents each and every watch is guaranteed by careiessness or a cent many and acceptable to the cents each experience of the cents of the cents each experience of the cents of the cents each experience of the cents of the cents each experience of the cents each experience of the cents of the cents each experience of the cents of the cents



### Beautiful for the Bedrooms of Boys and Girls

THE new art lithograph of Niagura Falls, from Charles Graham's celebrated water-color, in 12 colors, 15x24 inches, on heavy plate paper for framing, will be sent to any post office in the world on receipt of fifty cents. No advertising matter; faithful reproduction of Nature's Address O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., CHICAGO grandest scene. Mention The American Boy.

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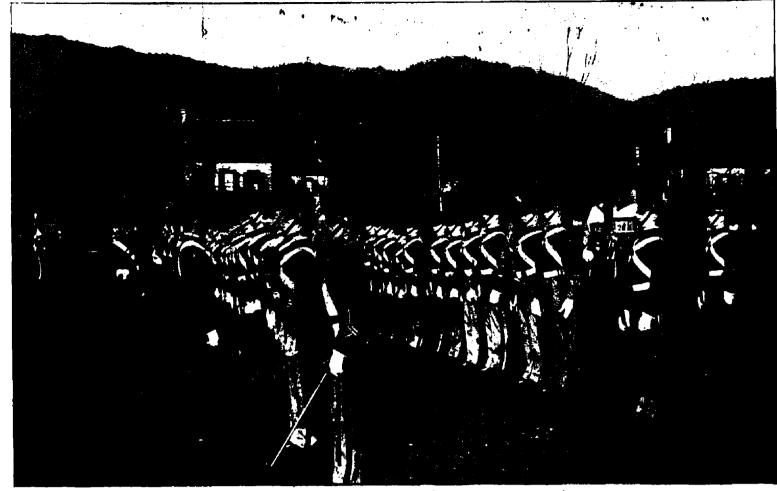
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# 

By A GRADUATE



CAMP.

WAS awakened the next morning by the reveille gun which sounded much louder than in barracks, as it stood quite near the guard-tent in front of the camp. Immediately thereafter the band at a distance struck up "Yankee Doodle," "Hall Columbia" and "America" followed, for it was the glorious Fourth.

At the discharge of the gun, we bounded to our feet and hastily began dressing, for we did not want to start in with any "lates." Every pleb was astir, but all the racket seemed to have no effect on the first-classmen opposite. To all appearances, they were still sleeping soundly. It was a misty morning, and the fog rested heavily on the neighboring mountains. The sun was barely up, and shone yellow and dim through the morning mists, It was quite chilly at this early hour (5:15), and it was hard to abandon our warm, if not comfortable, beds.

As we were hurriedly emerging from the WASawakened the next morning by the

As we were hurriedly emerging from the tent. I observed two or three yearlings with brooms at the foot of the company street. What could they want with those implements?

Implements?

The mental question was immediately answered, for a third-classman shouted:
"What's the matter with you plebs anyway? You've got bushels of time before roll-call. Turn out with brooms all of you, and join the procession! If you haven't brooms enough at your own tent, hunt around anywhere till you find one! Step out lively! The band's almost here!"

I grasped the situation. I saw that there was to be a broom procession, and made a rush for our broom, leaving Silkins and Corp to find two more wherever they could. I brought the implement to a "right shoul-

ed with his broom, and commanded "order arms" and "parade rest." After I had come to this last position, the cadet told me, that since I was the first "pleb" on the ground by would detail me to see that the ground, he would detail me to see that all my classmates, as they arrived, came to a "parade rest" in a military manner. My gun was now a sword, and as each pleb plunged down the street, I halted him and put him through a little manual drill. Sliput firm through a little manual drill. Sil-kins was the first to come, and when I commanded "order arms," he looked at me and remarked that I was crazier than usual. A brief argument convinced him, however, and he went through it all quite satisfactorily.
There were little squads of "broomers"

in all the company streets, and they fell in behind the band, as it passed them, on its march through camp. When it come our turn to fall in, we formed a rather imposing procession. I noticed, as the musicians went by, that the drum-major was much amused, and several of the players were laughing rather than blowing through their

A soon as we had taken our places in A soon as we had taken our places in the column, the hilarious yearling who had ordered us out, strode to our front, and assumed the role of drum-major. In this style we marched through camp amid great enthusiasm, reinforcements falling in from time to time. When the band reached the general parade ground, in front of camp, the cadets all broke ranks and made for their respective company grounds.

This diversion seemed to have put every

This diversion seemed to have put every one in good humor except the Colonel. I overheard this sullen gentleman remark. as he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes, that we were a lot of blank monkeys.

Immediately after reveille, we piled our hedding, that is, Corp and I did, for Silkins was performing his first task as "special

THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH IN dutyman" in arranging the Colonel's bedding for him. This must have been a conding for him. This must have been a considerable undertaking, for Olcott used as much bedding for a mattress as our whole tent contained. Still Slikins finished in time to turn out for police call, with his broom in hand, and his right shoulder higher than his left, which defect our captain corrected in his usual rigorous manner.

Between reveille and the first call for breakfast (5:55), many of the upper-classmen came out into the company street and exercised with Indian clubs. In fact, nearly all the first-classmen were exercising, except the Colonel, who, after finishing his ablutions, sat in his tent and scowled at everything.

Guard-mounting was interesting. Every cadet looked neat and trim, particularly the plebs, who, however, appeared somewhat

cadet looked neat and trim, particularly the plebs, who, however, appeared somewhat stiff. The Adjutant inspected them with unsparing rigor. The slightest flaw could not escape his keen vision. Although every one had spent hours in getting himself into the best possible form, it seemed as if each had overlooked some trifling detail. One man's shoulder-belt was not properly adjusted; a second did not have his waist-plate at the right place, and a tug at the cartridge-box of another indicated that his shoulder-belt was too short; and so on down the line.

and so on down the line.

When the ceremony was over, the new guard relieved the old, and I soon had the leasure of seeing a pleb sentinel on "Num-er 2." His self-satisfaction was apparent to every one. Not a leaf moved in the gentle morning breeze that he did not see; not a sparrow chirped that he did not hear. He seemed weighed down by the whole re-

respect the situation. I saw that there was to be a broom procession, and made a rush for our broom, leaving Slikins and. Corp to find two more wherever they could. I brought the implement to a "right shoulder," and double-timed down the company street to join in the fun. I halted at the foot of the avenue, raised my broom to a carry, and stood at attention, shoulders back, head up, chin in, and my left hand squarely to the front. I wonder whether I looked as military as I believed at the time! While standing in this position, awaiting further developments, an old cadet came up, took position directly in front of me, saluted with his broom, and commanded "order arms" and "parade rest." After I had Number two renewed his shouting, but the classes of today accept it with philosophiladies seemed to be so interested in some- cal good nature, and the husky youths who thing up the river, that they could not had just entered and who testified that they

hear him.

Finally, the sentinel yelled for the Corporal of the Guard. On the arrival of the latter, the sentinel was so rattled that he gave him a "present arms," and forgot to come to "arms port" when he communicated the startling fact that a number of young ladies had captured the parapet. The first thing the corporal said was, "What do you mean by not coming to arms port when you talk to me SIR?"

port, when you talk to me, SIR?"

I did not witness the rest of the exhibition, for I was interrupted by the voice of a yearling, suggesting that it would be well for me to "sneak." Reaching our tent, I was thunderstruck to learn that Silkins was in arrest

The first pleb in arrest! The news spread like wildfire. Crowds of classmates came around to inquire about it, and to envy and admire him.

and admire him.

The number of visitors continually grew, until the Colonel, who was reading his "Herald," opposite, wanted to know what we were "celebrating," adding at the same time that the sight of so many plebs annoyed him, and he would take it as a personal favor if the meeting would adjourn sine die, which was done sine delay.

Olcott then called me over, and asked the same of the ricture proceedings. When

the cause of the riotous proceedings. When he had learned all, he sauntered to our tent, and said, "Mr. Silkins, I am disappointed in you. It makes me sad to have

pany street and one's own tent, unless it becomes necessary to leave for some au-thorized purpose. Silkins had been down thorized purpose. Silkins had been down to see one of the tactical officers by permission. On his return, he had innocently stopped to talk to a classmate. The Commandant, happening to pass at the time, saw him, and suspecting that Silkins was in "con," called him, inquired whether such was the fact, and forthwith placed him in arrest.

Arrest is confinement on honor, and always follows serious offenses. It means restriction to one's own quarters, until re-

leased.

Silkins took it very philisophically, but Corp and I were anxious, dreading all sorts of fearful penalties, such as trial by court-martial, light-prison, dismissal, etc.

Our misgivings were cut short by the first call for the exercises, which we had forgotten in our excitement. I leaped for my belt cought up my gue and stated on

my belt, caught up my gun, and started on a run for the assembly place, desperately resolved to escape being late.

### HAZING AT WEST POINT.

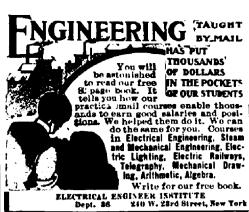
It would be idle for the most loyal friend of the Military Academy to deny that haz-ing has in some instances been carried to ing has in some instances been carried to an unjustifiable extreme in that institution. The rigid investigation made by the authorities in 1900 proved the fact; but as one who has been through the trying ordeal, including also the testimony of the thousands who preceded me and of all who have followed, I maintain that with the exceptions named, it is less severe than in our leading colleges and that in no instance did permanent injury result to the cadet.

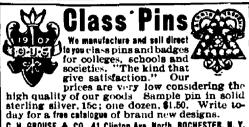
passed through all of which complaint made would have considered themselves guilty of childishness had they made complaint. In more than one of our leading colleges, students have suffered lasting intury and state the suffered lasting incolleges, students have surered insting injury, and even death has resulted in some
instances, but nothing of the kind has
ever occurred at West Point. A thorough
investigation of the case of the young
man who died a long time after leaving
the Academy showed from the highest medical testimony that his death was not due
to the rough usage he underwent while at to the rough usage he underwent while at West Point. I assert that never in the his-tory of the institution has a cadet been tory of the institution has a cadet been permanently harmed nor has his death been attributable to hazing. There may be some who will dispute this assertion, but it is made upon as accurate knowledge as can be obtained, including the experience of myself and classmates, as well as members of other classes and the investigation

bers of other classes and the investigation to which I have already made reference. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that hazing in every form could be abolished, for the practice is brutalizing. unmanly and a clear invasion of one's personal rights; but so long as human nature remains what it is, it will exist to a greater or less extent in all educational institutions. As I write these lines, I have before me an account of a fight in one of the leading universities of our country, in which clubs, stones and bricks were freely used: noses were smashed, faces laid open. a special dutyman of mine show so little used; noses were smashed, faces laid open, respect for the regulations." This speech having been delivered, the Colonel with-drew to his own tent.

Nothing of that disgraceful nature every technique of that disgraceful nature every technique. having been delivered, the Colonel withdrew to his own tent.

Slikins was in confinement for making a
breach of "con," that was all. Confinement in camp means restriction to the com-





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IN THE DINING HALL

and puts his things in order for Sunday in-spection. No contract is made, no papers

spection. No contract is made, no papers signed, but the pleb is often the recipient of discarded white trousers, and when a yearling or even another first-classman wants his services, the man informs him that he is a certain cadet's special dutyman and that generally ends the matter. Possibly the reader has wondered why such plebs as Slikins, who was of immense proportions and possessed so enormous strength submitted to these petty persecutions. He did so because there was no help for it. Had he resisted he would have been obliged to fight not his immediate persefor it. Had he resisted he would have been went all tobliged to fight not his immediate persecutor, but some member of the upper class, amused at nearest his stature and skill. Had Silkins vanquished him, he would have had to accordance take the rest of the class in turn, until the circuit was completed, and it was inevitable that before that was accomplished he would have suffered disastrous defeat. In the investigation of 1900 it was stated that replied. would have suffered disastrous defeat. In the investigation of 1900 it was stated that a sturdy pleb, who had specially trained himself for the ordeal, whipped eight or nine classmen in one day. I remember the incident well, but the account omitted another fact, which was that this puglisstic pleb received the worst trouncing of his life before he faced all the members of the upper class.

"I did have my heels together, sir," Corp replied.

"Well, keep them together, sir. Now—left about face!"

And we all made a revolution in the other direction.

This exercise was something new in the way of "pleb-deviling." for nearly the whole company turned out to enjoy the entertainment.

the Academy have done their utmost to persecution whatever?" To a certain expurge it of the hazing abuse and have succeeded to the fullest possible extent. It is safe to say that no complaint will ever again be heard unless it be from some youth who has been dropped for incompetency, and is unwilling to admit the truth to his friends.

Now as to my own experience: I recall that a yearling asked me, when he saw me laughing at Silkins my roommate, who was pretending to sit upon the point of a bayonet, whether I thought the perform-

routh to his friends.

Now as to my own experience: I recall that a yearling asked me, when he saw me laughing at Silkins my roommate, who was pretending to sit upon the point of a bayonet, whether I thought the performance was funny. I answered, "Yes, sir."

"Well, then smile by numbers."

"At the command, 'one,' smile on the right side of the mouth; at the command 'three' smile all over."

I did my best to obey and afforded more amusement than did my roommate.

Silkins who could not sing a note was ordered to carol a popular song. The exhibition I need hardly say was entertaining. A crowd quickly gathered and he was close of the Colonel who came up near the close of the Song, relaxed. He informed to be done but to take up the bed and restrant and might come this right come the street that it would be impossible for nim to retain at the Academy.

The first drum for tattoo at 9:20 was heard and when I reached my own tent tattoo itself was sounding. The drummer and the roll was called. I took pains to be on the ground two or three minutes ahead of time and the roll was called. I took pains to be on the ground two or three minutes ahead of time and the roll was called. I took pains to be on the ground two or three will was one of peace, for it was too dark to ese whether we were bracing and the cadet officers appeared only in time to escape a "late." When the roll call was over, we went back to our respective tents.

I was tired and set to work to make my satisfically as one pillow, one blanket, and one comforter would permit, when coupled the whole floor and nothing was close of the Song, relaxed. He informed to be done but to take up the bed and re-

ing. A crowd quickly gathered and he was encored again and again. Even the stern face of the Colonel who came up near the close of the song, relaxed. He informed to be done but to take up the bed and rethe singer that henceforward he might consider himself Mr. Weiden's "special dutyman."

I suspect my roommate was quite glad to receive this appointment because the position of "special dutyman" while entalling considerable work, is not without its advantages. The pleb who has a task of this nature is really his superior's assistant. He helps him in his toilet at times, and puts his things in order for Sunday in-

one of the yearlings of the company appeared at the door of the tent and asked if we were up on the facings, "right face," "left face," "right about face," etc. Our orderly acted as spokesman and mildly replied, "Yes, sir."
"Well," continued the vession

plied, "Yes, sir."

"Well," continued the yearling, "you need not stand at attention, but at the command you will obey, lying down, keeping the heels together and the eye to your own front. Now-right about face!"

We all flopped over together. The one who was lying on his back, turned around to the right and ended by lying again on his back; the one lying on his right side went all the way round, finishing on his right side. The yearling evidently was much amused at this feat, but must have had some doubt that it was executed in strict accordance with tactics, for he said:

"Mr. Fletcher, I want to see you keep your heels together when you execute this movement."

"I did have my heels together, sir," Corp

tunately I had forgotten that the Colonel Tufts College ELMER H. CAPEN, D. LL. lived in the tent opposite and that he was lived in the tent opposite and that he was sitting there reading his paper by candic

"Never mind dressing; come as you are."
I walked across the street embarrassed

and frightened.
"Now get up there in the left-hand corner of the tent and laugh."

I meekly suggested that I saw nothing

to laugh at. "You don't, eh? Well, I'll give you some

"You don't, eh? Well, I'll give you something to laugh at. If you know what's healthy for you, you'll laugh at once."

I went to the corner, pressed my head against the tent wall and gave the best imitation of a laugh at my command. When I stopped the Colonel ordered me to continue and I kept it up for several minutes. Then as I paused, he asked:

"Well, are you sick of that laugh yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can go. Young man you need a little salt and are not through with me yet."

As I passed out of the tent, I heard one of my pleb neighbors laughing at my performance. The Colonel heard it too, called the pleb over and made him give as vig-orous an exhibition of forced merriment as I had done. A few minutes later, three taps of a drum sounded. Some one cried. "Lights out!" a cadet ran along with a lantern, inquired whether all were in and receiving the reply, "All in, sir," went on to the next tent.

the next tent.

Recalling my farther experience in being hazed. I was once compelled to catch all the flies in a yearling's tent. More properly, I was compelled to make the effort. On another occasion I was obliged to make love to an imaginary being, while the yearling criticised my efforts. All this of course was undignified and afforded plenty of enjoyment to the master of ceremonies, but none of us suffered any physical or mental none of us suffered any physical or mental harm. We took it philosophically and advise all plebs to do the same. Since those days I have laughed with many of those who hazed us and so you will do in the "sweet by and by," to which we all look forward. forward.

Col. Albert L. Mills, superintendent of West Point, has the following to say regarding hazing in his report for 1901:
"While the evidence adduced before the

"While the evidence adduced before the military court of inquiry and the Congressional committee last winter showed that the allegations in the case which led to the inquiries were not true, the evidence laid bare the full extent of the practice as it had existed, and thereby resulted in much good by the public condemnation it evoked and also by the wise legislation that followed the Congressional committee's report.

"The question of the further continuance of any form of hazing was definitely settled in May last. Notwithstanding the lessons of the winter's searching inquiries, it was evident, when in March the candidates for admission appeared to take their commission. examination, that some members of the fourth class felt that attention, other than fourth class felt that attention, other than that exercised by authority, should be given to these prospective newcomers, and one of that class was severely punished for what under other circumstances would have been but a small departure from proper conduct. Shortly thereafter two members of the second class (at that time the senior class at the academy) but helps the serior class at the academy), both being cadet officers, were also punished for offenses connected with hazing.

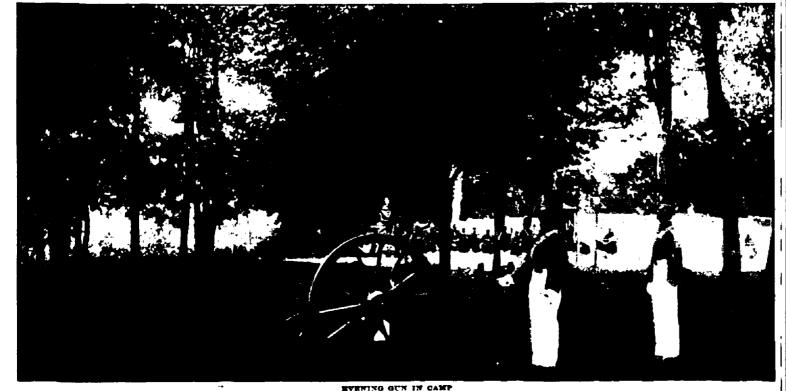
"On April 16 a number of cadets engaged

in an insubordinate demonstration, directed at the superintendent. This demonstration was the outcome of the three punishments above referred to, and was incited by a group of insubordinate cadets of the second group of insubordinate cadets of the seconiclass, who resented the attitude of authority in enforcing to the letter the law forbidding hazing. The instigators of the demonstration were dismissed, the leading participants in it were suspended for a year, and the lesser ones punished according to the degrees of their offense. Regrettable as it was to have to take such drastic measures as dismissals and suspension, no other course was open, as all lesser measures. other course was open, as all lesser measures had failed to secure the desired end."

(To be Continued,)

pleb received the worst trouncing of his life before he faced all the members of the upper class.

But you say, "Why does he not refuse to obey his presecutors and then refuse to fight those who challenge him? He cannot be compelled to fight if he does not wish to and would he not then be relieved of all the members of the whole company turned out to enjoy the whole compa



lived in the tent opposite and that he was sitting there reading his paper by candle light and probably waiting for this very opportunity, for he called out immediately:

"You, man with the horse laugh, come over here and laugh a few lines for me."

There was nothing to do but to rise, dress and enter the lion's den. I began hurriedly robing when the Colonel shouted:

"Never mind dressing; come as you are."

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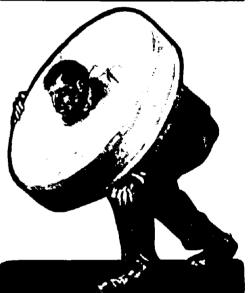
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# INDIAN BOYS AT CARLISLE SCHOOL



THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM

day in the schoolroom poring over books

THE ambition of the American boy to make something of himself, to work and win his way in the world is rapidly becoming the ambition of the Indian boy also. This may be a surprise to some of our readers for history pictures the "braves" of the red race as strongly inclined to laziness; willing enough to spend their time in hunting and fishing but showing little interest in what the white man regards as real work. The change that is noticeable in a considerable portion of the younger generation of Indians is due in a large measure to the training they receive at the famous Carlisle Indian School, located at the town of Carlisle in the State of Pennsylvania.

As most boys know the United States gov-

self-help is the keyto be self-reliant and independent and to
to be self-reliant and independent and to
to be self-reliant and independent and to
work out things for himself in so far as
the possibly can.

The toil of the Indian boys in the workshops at Carlisle in of the State of Pennsylvania.

As most boys know the United States government regards the Indians who are left
in this country as its wards, that is subjects for its care and protection, and so the
government provides schools for the education of the Indian boys and girls who are
growing up. Many of these schools
are located on the Indian reservations or tracts of lands in the west
which Unice Sam has set aside as
permanent homes for the last of
the race which once roamed over
our entire country, and at most
such as they will need in
their every-day life on the
Western plains. At one
school, however, that at Carlisic, the Indian poys who go to
the framous institution at
Carlisle are taught first of
all to speak English and
given a primary education Just such as they
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he possibly can.

The toil of the Indian boys in the workshops at Carlisle is not mere play either in
to work out things for himself in so far as
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The toil of the Indian boys in the workshops at Carlisle is not mere play either in
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its results. Take for instance the case of the printing office. Here the boys done in mere play either in
the print public school; but yet more important, perhaps, is the fact that they are also given a systematic training to enable them to take their places beside the "pale faces" this increase and most famous of indian monograding. It is in this respect that this largest and most famous of indian monograding. It is in this respect that this largest and most famous of indian and practical industres of some common and practical industres of some common and practical industres of the solution of the constant of the cons

to take their places beside the "pale faces" in moneymaking. It is in this respect that this largest and most famous of Indian schools differs from all other schools for educating the children of the forest. Its main object is to give each pupil knowledge of some common and practical industry so that he will always have some means of support among civilized people.

An Indian boy entering Carlisle may fit himself for almost any occupation to which he feels attracted. Among the other pursuits taught are printing, blacksmithing, shoemaking, harness-making, tailoring, wagon-making, carpentering, painting and tinning as well as farming and the care of stock. Each boy at Carlisle devotes half of each day to work and the remaining half to study. That is, he spends half of the

**TOUNG CARPENTERS** 

summer for all the boys who wish to earn money for the ensuing year. At first the owners of shops and farms were afraid to trust the Indian boys and places could be found for only about a dozen of them, but they proved so quiet and respectful in manner and such good workers that it was only a few years until employers were eager to secure their services at vacation time. Now between three hundred and four hundred of the Indian boys go from Carlist to take vacation positions each summer, and places could easily be found for twice as many boys so great is the demand. The boys as a whole earn from \$10,000 to \$15,000 each summer and fully one-half of this amount is deposited in the school savings bank, each lad putting away more or less of his earnings for future use.

of his earnings for future use.

The average Indian boy spends about ten years at the Carlisle School. He arrives wearing a blanket, paint and feathers, but when he leaves he looks so much like a typical, healthy American boy that he would scarce attract attention on the street. Formerly the boys graduated after passing through the grammar grades but now the graduation point is fixed midway in the High School course. Of late years the Indian boys at Carlisle have been going in strong for athletics. They have a splendid gymnasium and their baseball and football teams have made a good showing against the teams from leading American colleges. The boys also have a glee club and a mili-The boys also have a glee club and a mili-

tary band of thirty pieces which plays for all the drills and parades of the school day in the schoolroom poring over books just as does any schoolboy of his age, while the remaining hours of the day are spent in one or another of the workshops learning to work with his hands. Self-help is the keynote in this work and the boy must learn to be self-reliant and independent and to work out things for himself in so far as he possibly can.

### One of The Most Glorious Deeds Ever Done by a Boy By GEORGE A. WADE

The British boy of the great public schools will take some beating in most things. He has long been one of my favorites. He wants knowing, but when you do understand him he is one of the finest fel-lows in the world! He may be active or

lows in the world! He may be active or indolent; brilliant or slow; a plodder or a lazy-bones. He may be shy or impudently forward; he may be in the first form or in the sixth; he may be always grumbling at the grub or buying tuck at the shop; he may be a duffer at cricket or the hero of athletic feats of note.

Whatever he is in the above respects, he is always one thing—he is alert enough and ready when you try to make out that any rival school is better than his! He soon gets his back up if you suggest that Wellington, Harrow, or Westminster, Eton, Rugby or Winchester, whichever he may belong to, is any whit behind its compeers in any respects. He is all for his own school out-and-out, You never yet found any Winchester youth who shouted for Eton's team—except sarcastically!—in the annual cricket match, nor did you ever find a Carthusian who would admit that Westminster was superior to his own school team in football.

And this is just as it should be. The average British youth of the schools is a

team in football.

And this is just as it should be. The average British youth of the schools is a fine specimen, indeed. He goes in to win; he goes in tooth and nall for his own side; his motto is not personal glory, but "The School." And so I take off my hat to him, and he has always my best wishes, whether he be one of the coat-tailed fraternity of Harrow's sixth, or wears the yellow stockings of Christ's Hospital, or dons the pink jacket of Westminster, or plays football in the striped jersey of Marlborough! Here's to the brave, whole-hearted, manly British schoolboy!

of the stirring tales of the nineteenth century to show you what this lad did.

The Birkenhead, a celebrated troopship, left England with soldiers for the East at the beginning of the year 1852. Off the coast of Africa she struck a hidden rock and immediately began to sink. It was impossible to rescue even a tithe of the women and children on board by means of the boats, let alone the soldiers and crew, and they all knew it. Then you will recollect how the officers formed the brave troops into line on deck, how they all stood motionless, watching the ship sink lower, watching their loved ones carried weeping away in the boats. You know how, as the vessel gave a last plunge, the men all saluted their officers, and went gloriously and heroically to the terrible deaths that awaited them from the fierce waters and the still flercer sharks that swam round in greedy anticipation of the coming orgic. But most of you who read this do not know what a tremendous thrill of sorrow, mingled with a still greater feeling of pride, passed through the breast of every Briton that morning when he read the story in his newspaper. There was hardly a living Englishman that day who did not feel his pulses beat quicker; for was he not one of this splendid race that had thus shown the world how to die nobly? The grand old Kalser William I. of Prussia issued an order that the inspiring tale should be read aloud to every regiment as it stood on parade, so that German soldiers might learn what discipline, obedience, and true heroism really meant!

As the boats were about to leave the doomed ship the captain of the Birkenhead ordered a how officer of the Tith Herbley.

learn what discipline, obedience, and true heroism really meant!

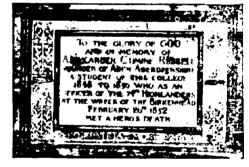
As the boats were about to leave the doomed ship the captain of the Birkenhead ordered a boy officer of the 74th Highlanders, who was in one of them, to commanit till it should reach land, if necessary. He was but seventeen, this youthful Scottish Highlander of the gallant 74th; he had only just previously left the Glenalmond School. He was a quiet, unassuming lad, and his name was Alexander Cumine Russell.

What did he think as the soldiers rowed off, and he sat there in the bow of the boat? He watched the ship sinking fast; he discerned the terrible forms of those monsters of the deep waiting for their prey; he heard the snap as their teeth met in the bodies of ill-fated men who were already overboard. Did he think of the old school and of the old boys? Did he see his old home at Aden, Aberdeenshire, and hear the prayers of his mother, the unspoken words of his father, for their boy, who was then, though unknown to them, so deeply "in peril on the sea"?

We cannot say; but doubtless the mind of Alexander Rus ell wandered far in those awful minutes. He recollected that he, at any rate, would probably be saved, as he waved his hand sadly in farewell to his brother-officers and men on the sinking vessel.

brother-officers and men on the sinking vessel.

The boat was crowded so full that there was not room for a single soul more. As it was, she floated deep in the water owing to her weight. Then as the Birkenhead sank in the swirl, there came a terrible sight, and those on the boat closed their eyes to shut it out. But a despairing cry



TABLET ERECTED AT GLENALMOND COLLEGE TO THE MEMORY OF ALEXANDER CUMINE RUSSELL

aroused them, and they saw the appealing eyes of a drowning sallor as he put out his hand to grasp the side of their boat.

In vain! Their hearts bled for him; his beseeching look cut them to the quick. But what could they do? To take him in meant certain sinking of the craft. Some one gently pushed that grasping hand away. Then a woman's shrick rang on the air. It was that of a mother in the boat, who held a child huddled to her, and wept bitterly.

who held a child nuoned to net, bitterly.

"Oh, save him! Save him!" she cried in agony. "Save him! It is my husband!"

Alexander Cumine Russell glanced round. No! No room in that boat even for one soul more! He looked at the sailor drowning before his eyes; he looked at the dreaded sharks circling nearer each minute; he looked at the woman and her child.

Then he rose, slowly, and, with the simple words "God bless you all!" he sprang into the raging sea, helped the drowning man

words "God bless you all!" he sprang into the raging sea, helped the drowning man into what had been his own place and safety, and turned from the boat.

Strong men wept as they saw one of the noblest deeds that ever schoolboy did. Women cried out "God bless you, sir!" and went almost delirious in their excitement. The calmer ones prayed for the no-(Continued on page 83.)



IN THE SADDLERY DEPARTMENT

# Yarns by Old Sea-Dogs



### A BRUSH WITH CHINESE PIRATES.

"In '57 I shipped as mate aboard the Boston bark 'Cedar' bound from Newport to Hong Kong. At that time lots of Chinese pirates used to put out in junks, pretending they were honest traders or fishermen. and wait for the ships expected at Hong Kong.
"We sighted three of these craft when we

lay becalmed about a hundred miles from port. Their decks simply swarmed with men, and they had lots of the queerest looking guns you ever saw, with mouths just like grinning dragons.

dragons.

"We lay there, unable to move, and the Chinamen came down on us mighty quick, rowling with long sweeps. Two of them attacked us on the starboard quarter, and the third held off for a few minutes to see where she could do us the most harm.



most harm.
"In those days merchant ships that did business in the China seas used to go well twis necessary. We had two husiness in the China seas used to go well armed. It was necessary. We had two eighteen-pounders aft, and we poured shot from them on the decks of the two junks as they came un on our starboard quarter. We let them come close, and simply swept their crowded decks. Scores of Chinamen fell dead or dying, and there was the greatest confusion on both of the junks. Half the men at the sweeps were killed, and it was some time before they could get under way again and sheer off out of range.

"Meanwhile, the third junk tried to cre-

"Meanwhile, the third junk tried to create a diversion and give them a better chance to get away. Her skipper noticed chance to get away. Her skipper noticed that both of our eighteen-pounders were aft, and he figured that we had no guns forward, so he tried to run his junk across our hows. But we had two old six-pounders there which we had not fired, and we raked him with them, until he also was obliged to sheer off.

"The Chinamen's guns were of little use. They were jingals, loaded with rusty nails, stones and any old thing that came handy. But, like nearly all guns in China, they had been kept in wretched condition, and were more dangerous to those who fired them than they were to us. One of them hurst on the deck of the junk that crossed our bows, and killed a num-

and killed a num-ber of men. Only two of our crew were wounded, and most of the enemy's shot went high and simply tore holes in our sails, that were flapping idly in the

breeze.
"The junks soon

man, and sighted the three junks after he had cruised about for five days. They crept upon him, and he allowed them to come within a few cables' length before he opened fire. He let them have all his guns at once, and the marines poured in a murderous fire with their muskets. Two of the junks, struck below the water line, sunk almost immediately. The other was captured, after more than half of her crew had been killed."

Another old skipper told of cruising off the coasts of Sumatra and Java when krakatoa blew up in 1883. He was seven hundred miles from the volcano at the time, but the deck of his vessel was covered with volcanic dust and ashes, and she was nearly submerged by a terrific tidal wave. "It seemed as if all the water in the ocean was standing up on end and balancing us on the ton" he said

seemed as if all the water in the ocean was standing up on end and balancing us on pelivered anywhere in the united states \$250 the top," he said.

### THE CHEESE THAT WON A BATTLE.

A forgotten naval war—quite possibly a hypothetical one—between Argentina and Uruguay formed the theme of a tough old mariner who boasted that he had seen service in half a dozen South American navies. "I was serving on the Buenos Ayres frigate," he said, "and the Monte Video captain had only a small brig. We didn't talk of Argentina and Uruguay in those days: it was Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. We thought our frigate had an easy job finishing off their little brig, and for a time we hammered 'em good and plenty at short range.

range.

"After a time, their fire slackened, and then their gunnery lootenant goes up to their skipper and he says:

"'Cap'en, there ain't no more ammunition—not a cannon ball in the ship.'

"'Any powder?' asks the skipper.

"'Plenty,' says the mate.

"The skipper thinks a minute, and then remembers a lot of Dutch cheeses which they took off a galliout they cantured the

MAGINE nine hundred ancient shell-backs, with their faces tanned and searred by the winds of all the world, who have nothing to do except sit around on the grass lawns in the sunshine, which say the sit around on the grass lawns in the sunshine, which are at that stately increase with the states of their crews outnumbered ours by at a complete the state of their crews outnumbered ours by at a complete the finest possible material for the scatteries of a hundred Marryats and Michael Scotts and Clarks for their crews outnumbered ours by a teast ten to one.

"Next day a breeze sprang up, and in the world, who have been doomed the states the to one.
"Next day a breeze sprang up, and in the world, who have stated called Sallors' Sing Harbor, where the finest possible material for the sca stories of a hundred Marryats and Michael Scotts and Clarks for their crews outnumbered ours by a teast ten to one.

She used to change her rig every week or so in order to fool the plraties. Some week in the world, which are stated with the state of the world, as if they might have sailed with have sailed with the possible marked a verture for Mistres Warrington of Virginia. Many of them look as if they might have sailed with the crew of the machality and station.

Which are fall the world of the world of the world of the machality and the world of the machality and the planted white the except of the stories told at Snug Harbor are grim and station. "Well, our skip links in the China seas.

Like the patrons of Fultah Fisher's boarding house, those sullor many of the machality and the proposed of the patrons of service on the station of the proposed of the patrons of service on the station of the proposed of the patrons of service on the station of the proposed of the patrons of service on the station of the proposed of the patrons of service on the station of the proposed of the patrons of service on the station of the proposed of the patrons of service on the station of the proposed of the patrons of service on the station of the

# Such a one was an old Scandinavian mate A RULER OF 130,000,000 SUBJECTS who told an exciting story of Chinese A RULER OF 130,000,000 SUBJECTS

HE Czar of Russia is at once the wealthlest and wealthiest and the mightiest monarch from a personal point of view in the world. He has under his sway some one hundred and thirty million subjects, and of no other Christian ruler can it be said that his word is law. The Czar's word is law, no matter what it may be. He stands on a pedestal absolutely by himself, an autocrat in every sense. In him is vested nothing short of the entire power of Russia.

As regards wealth

of the entire power of Russia.

As regards wealth, the weight of the Czar's purse cannot be estimated with any pretense to strict accuracy. It

As regards wealth, the weight of the Czar's purse cannot be estimated with any pretense to strict accuracy. It may not be boundless, but his yearly income must run into several millions sterling—three at the least. The Crown domains consist of over a million square miles of cultivated land and forests. On this vast tract are several gold mines, and every penny that they produce goes direct into the Czar's private property is regarded as belonging exclusively to the monarch.

Exar's twhereabouts in the room.

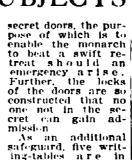
There are probably scores of fanatics who are ready to take the Czar's life, yet his Majesty personally is one of the most humane of men, gentle, patient, and charlitable. In times of famine he contributes thousands to the sufferers, while as a most duce goes direct into the Czar's private almost the whole morning wading through the budget, for the simple reason that the property is regarded as belonging exclusively to the monarch.

rarely free from melancholy. The shadow of the assassin is ever present before the monarch's eyes. Since 1762 four rulers of Russia have met with violent ends—Peter III. in 1762, Ivan VI. in 1764, Paul in 1801, and Alexander II. in 1881.

Nicholas II. himself has narrowly escaped death on more than one occasion. Once

death on more than one occasion. Once when he was traveling by train he was all but blown up by a gang of Nihilists, and again when he was visiting Japan he was attacked by a funatical policeman. No one knows better than the Czar the dangers to which he is exposed. Keeneyed criminal trackers patrol the royal residences, and so widespread is the fear of danger on the part of those whose duty of danger on the part of those whose duty it is to watch over the Czar that even this precaution is not considered sufficient.

The servants in the royal household themselves are not above suspicion. In order to render protection doubly certain the Czar passes the major portion of his working days in an assassin-proof chamber. The walls of his study are lined with "The junks soon The walls of his study are lined with had enough of it sheets of steel, and the room has several



As an additional safeguard, five writing-tables are in the Czar's study. These the monarch uses by turns the object of this maneuver being to prevent persons not in the royal confidence from having the slightest inkling as to his Majesty's exact whereabouts in the room.

sively to the monarch.

The Russian Court is perhaps the most splendid in Europe. The entertainments are unsurpassed the world over; money flows like water; yet the central figure is rarely free from melancholy. The shoater is the state documents that do not filter through the hands of the Czar, but no matter what demands are made upon his time by his ministers he always readily and cheerfully responds. Even perhaps the shoater it is to be shoater than the shoa number thousands in Russia—he reads through himself. The Czar may be a despot, but he does

not always exercise his rights as one. Peace, quietude, and the society of children are what he loves best, and it is in the bosom of his family that he finds the only rest from the care and anxiety arising from the war in the Far East.

He is not much of an athlete or sports-man, but he is a fair oarsman. When he was in England as Czarewitch he frequentwent down to the Thames and hired an ordinary rowing boat to indulge in a little sculling.

The Emperor is an omnivorous reader. He is a fine linguist, and can both read and speak English, French, Italian, and German with as much fluency as he can Russian. Of medium height, rale, delicate, and wearing a short beard, he resembles his cousin the Prince of Wales to a remarkable degree. Both he and the Czarina favor English methods, particularly in regard to cooking and the bringing up of children. children.



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And on the other hand nothing will make and our own broad, free country is than a conjourn of some months in the old lands on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

I was a freshman at Pennsylvania theyear of the Paris Exposition, and how i worked to get on the team which the Unitarian Exposition to comprete in the track and field games there. But it was of no avail; I was not good enough, so the team sailed off without me; but I then and there resolved to see the other side of the ocean even though I had to go alone. After two more years at Penn I was able to do evens in the hundred yards and better in the two-twenty, thanks to the excellent training I had received, so in the summer of 1902 two other track athletes from Penn and myself sailed away to try our luck against this ritishers. We had rough luck at first We settled in Manchester to get into shape, and it just seemed to rain every day. I will not forget my first race on British soil very soon, I was beaten about eight yards in the century dash. But clearer weather came on eventually, and we all "Kot going" in something like our real style, until after a stay of over two months we had quite a store of watches, clocks, siverware, rinus, leather goods, and almost everything else thinkable.

The summer of 1903 found me over again alone, but I did not get so lonely, in spare time I wrote articles for the Philadelphia newspapers (for which there is always a ready welcome and good pay if one is sufficiently versed in athletics to comment to centrast and to correspond). I frequented the public libraries where the newspapers from all over the United Kingdom were on file fresh daily, or visited historic old eastles, well stored museums, art galleries, asked innumerable questions of all kinds of people as to how they did things, and incidentally accumulated another trunk load of valuable prizes to take home with me in September.

After the courts closed this last summer I went out into the counties within a radius of forty miles of Philadelphia, not a few days wa

for American farms, secured a good responsible agent in each of over a dozen cities, and furnished them descriptions of the farms I had for sale. I took note also of articles which sell in Great Britain for prices on what is asked considerably in excess of what is asked for the same article in America; for instance, tomatoes sell for as much as sixpence per pound, in Philadelphia they are worth about twenty-five cents per half bushel in about twenty-five cents per half bushel in season, so to satisfy my own curlosity I wrote my partner in Philadelphia to send me over a bushel, picked in three stages of ripeness, some green, some just turning yellow, and some turning red. They arrived in Manchester in good condition, in fact could have been picked much riper, and I had no difficulty in disposing of them. The only adverse comment I received on them over there was that they were so large (and they were beauties) that a small storekeeper would be unable to sell a half pound of them.

There is a fine market in

pound of them.
There is a fine market in England for American anples; they sell at fabulous prices, and anyone having an oversupply could dispose of all he had by communicatin; with the mayor of any British city asking to be referred to a responsible commission mersion merchant, and simply ship them to him. met a gen-le man on

the steamer the steamer coming back who told me that in his section (near Seattle), the buyers for

buyers for big British houses pay \$1.50 per half the LITTLE BROTHER OF THE bushel box for "king pippins." With a dozen projective trees to the acre that beats growing wheat "all bullow"

hollow As to my races this summer. I managed to defeat nearly every British sprinter of note. The British are not quite as fast as americans over the hundred, though they are terrors at long distance races. I found that my sedentary occupation of practicing law was a whole lot different from being trained from the Christmas holidays until June, for when I left the office this summer and did my first training of the season on the other side it took no end of work to get "fit;" indeed a considerable portion of the season passed before I could do anything like respectable times. Finally however I got down to something like condition, and my last race, at Abertillery. Wales, was quite fast. It was a 100 yards international invitation race. Duffey had entered but did not come down. E. R. Cooper of Birmingham was on 2 yards, and all the other competitors on the five As to my races this summer. I managed to and all the other competitors on the five yard mark, excepting myself at scratch. There were five heats, three of which were run in 10 seconds flat, so I knew I would have to step pretty lively to win. In the final we all got off like a covey of quail at the pistol. I caught the bunch at fifty

27, 4 guinea watch chain, first prize in 120 yards handleap race, seventy competitors, conceding 10 yards to the limit men. Wednesday, Aug. 24th, 10 guinea watch, first prize, 100 yards invitation scratch race at Rochdale. Arthur Duffey, the famous American sprinter, competed, but after taking a flyer in the final heat refused to run the race over, so we ran it off without him at the direction of the officials of



THE LITTLE BROTHER OF THE GREAT SPRINTER, J. S. WESTNEY, WEARING THE LATTER'S CHAMPIONSHIP BADGES WON IN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

the meet. Morton, the English champion, was present but did no compete.
Tuesday, August 23d, 3 guinea watch, Bolton Wanderers' sports, at Bolton, 100 yards seguited range agents. Thesday, August 23d, 3 guinea watch, Bolton Wanderers' sports, at Bolton, 100 yards scratch race, second prize. Morton was awarded first place. Concerning this race Mr. J. Knight, the official handicapper of the Northern Counties Athletic Association, says: "In the matter of placings, however. I would say that I was in a direct line with the tape near the judges, and have no hesitation in expressing my confident opinion that Westney won by a good six inches, and think Morton, had he been asked, would have said the same." Morton claimed to have a bad leg at the time. I was rather sorry to lose that decision as I had defeated Arthur Duffey in a scratch race in Glasgow earlier in the season (Duffey is not going as fast as he used to (Duffey is not going as fast as he used to do), and had defeated every other champion in the islands with the exception of Morton.

However, better luck next time, and the world does not like a bad loser anyway.

In conclusion if you want to kill two birds with one stone arrange with a few newspapers to supply them with sporting or other news while over, then travel about competing in the open amateur games and



There are thousands of young men in the United States who ought to take a course of instruction in some reliable correspondence school. The fact is there are a great many young men who left school without completing the course of study. They now see their mistake. The best way to rectify it is to devote their evenings to study, to self-improvement. These young men are up against the problem of life without the ability to analyze it, much less to solve it; but they can yet avoid failure by self culture.

### This Will Surprise You

for you would most likely never even think of the country in question, because you hardly ever hear of it except as a joke. It is the fat, little, rich, exclusive Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. And after Luxemburg comes little Denmark. And then comes Switzerland. The big fellows follow for helping.

ow far behind.

Do you know what country has the most railroad tracks in proportion to its area." Now please, please don't say Russia, because you would be 'way off the track. Russia is second from the foot. Norway sits at the foot of the class. The country that leads is Belgium. Luxemburg comes next

Young Smith, there, who always jumps at conclusions, we just ask you what country has the least miles of railroad in Europe, not in proportion to area or population, but just the least total length of railroad track. Just as we thought! Young Smith jumps at the cinclusion that it's Turkey. That's necause Smith has heard so much about the "sick man of Europe." Smith, Smith, you must look before you leap. Turkey is a good nine away from the foot, and that is farther than young Smith will be if he keeps on guessing at things.

Greece is the country that has the least railroads, except Servia, and we can hard-live count that for Servia is only toes.

rairoads, except Servia, and we can hardly count that, for Servia is only just beginning to do business in a modern way. Fortugal is away down near the foot too

### Unanimous

would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas' dox, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs and would sometimes tear them cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood and on sever-

and on sever-al occasions had been known to seize a cow by the nos-trils and throw her. He barked He barked at all the strange men that came along and would bite them unless somebody interfered.

## Drawing Through Glass

To get a correct drawing of a land-scape, or of other objects, in the right perspective, hold a pane of glass over the drawing paper, which must lie on the table, or be fastened to the drawing board.

board.

Hold the glass in a slanting way so that the lower edge of the pane rests on the table or ordinary board, while the other edge slants toward you so that it is close to your chin.

Looking perpendicularly down on the paper through the pane of glass, you will see the landscape or other object reflected in the glass and it will be easy to draw the outlines of your object on

to draw the outlines of your object on the paper.

The only difference is that the picture appears upside down, but with a little practice you will be able to get a drawing which is absolutely correct in regard to perspective.

Westney, The Great Sprinter's Triumphs In The Old Country

In The Old Country

Note: The Ol

THE VILLAGE CHAMPION, by W. O. Stod-THE VILLAGE CHAMPION, by W. O. Stordard. A stirring, wholesome, entertaining story of schoolboy life in a small New England town. Barnaby Vernon freed from the tolls of the wicked Major Montague and sent with Val Manning to Dr. Dryer's academy at Oglethorpe, shows himself to be bright, energetic and full of life. He early becomes the leader of the boys and takes them into all kinds of mischief, but ever shows himself their friend and champion, and proves himself a faithful, loyal ally at all times. The author has written a book which any healthy, fun-loying boy will not fail in pronouncing as one of the best. The lills trations are good and apt. 394 pages Price, \$1.00 net. George W. Jacobs & Co.

Price, \$1.00 net. George W. Jacobs & Co.

ON THE TRAIL OF PONTIAC, by Edward Stratemeyer. With this volume Mr. Stratemeyer completes the fourth of his "Colonial Series." The time of this story is shortly after the fall of Montreal, which ended the var between the British and French. The indux of white plones s, hunters, trappes and backwoodsmen to the country waviewed with anger by the Indians whose hunting grounds were taken possession of bithe invaders, and this hatred was fanned by the jealousy of the Frenchmen against their English conquerors. The principal character of the story are our old friends, Sam Barringford, sturdy old hero; Henry Morris and his cousin Dave. White Buffalo, the frandly Delaware and the villian, Jean Bevoir. Threader also gets acquainted with the celebrated Indian chief, Pontiac, and his efforts in organizing the great Indian uprising against the whites, known as Pontiac's Conspiracy. Not only the book, but those older will enjoy the book for the historical facts which it contains. Besides, it is a real Indian story with plenty of fighting, hunting, trapping, and narrow escapes from man and wild heast; and where is the boy who does not enjoy such. It will make a nice Christmas gift. Illustrations by A. B. Shute. 31 pages. Price, \$1.25. Lee & Shepard.

TWO YOUNG INVENTORS, by Alvah Milton Kerr. This is a story of excitement and

TWO YOUNG INVENTORS, by Alvah Milton Kerr. This is a story of excitement and thrills. A Minnesota cyclone is the means of bringing Dannie Dool and Thad Mandon together. Both have the faculty for invention Together they invent the New Marvel, a beat which both skims the water and files in the air. Their adventures on Lake Supe for with the flying boat are varied and exciting, but the climax is reached when they capture a train robber and bring a number of people safely three and increase in the Minnesota cyclone which affected his speech and memory, and his recovery is a not uninteresting part of the story. Mr. Kerr's long experience in railroading enables him to give the reader quite a lot of technical information in a delightful way. No parent will object to seeing this book in his boy's hands. The pictures are by G. W. Picknell. 312 pages. Price, \$1.25 Lee & Shepard. WO YOUNG INVENTORS, by Alvah Milton

Lee & Shepard. Lee & Shepard.

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well as artistic taste.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FABLES, by Lamar Strickland Payne. It may be that Mr. Payne's effort in enforcing useful, wholesome truths and satirizing modern society fads and frailties by means of fables, may probably have a better effect than if conveyed in plainer language. The humor and good nature which the author exhibits throughout will be keenly enjoyed, altho', perhaps, we might deprecate the too liberal use of slang. The numerous illustrations by O'Malley help the text. 64 pages. B:oadway Publishing Co.

A BOY ON A FARM, by Jacob Abbott, edited by Clifton Johnson with an Introduction by Dr. Lyman Abbott. The boys and girls of the third school year will find this little volume easy to read and understand. Like all of Abbott's books for young people, lesall of Abbott's books for young people, lessons of gentieness, kindness, sympathy and helpfulness are taught by the simple stories. The book is one of the Eclectic School Readings and is nicely illustrated. 182 pages. Price, 45 cents. American Book Co.

The book is one of the Ectectic School Readings and is nicely illustrated. 182 pages. Price, 45 cents. American Book Co. THE MYSTERIOUS BEACON LIGHT, by George E. Walsh. The good ship, "Morning Star," New Bedford for Newfoundland, has among her crew Louis Pendleton, son of the captain and owner, and his three school chums. Frank Williston, Harold Bambri'ge and Warren Pitt. Eager to make close acquaintance with an iceberg, the four boys leave the ship while on the Labrador coast, and land on one. Here their troubles begin. A storm arises and they are unable to return to the ship, but after much difficulty they succeed in reaching land not far distant. Exciting adventures with wreckers, and the destruction of a false beacon light lead to further flight, winding up with the finding of a lost ship and their return to the "Morning Star." There is plenty of action, and excitement enough to please any boy. The illustrations are by Arthur E. Becher. 35: pages. Price, \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.
BOYS OF THE STREET. HOW TO WIN THEM, by Charles Strizle, Mr. Stelzle ha had over twenty years' experience with an I among hoys, and what he advocates on their behalf is worthy of serious thought by those having the good of the boy at heart. The author does not pretend to set forth an infallible recipe for leading the boy away from the street and its down dragging tendencies; but simply records some of the roeans which have been tested and found successful. The contents of this little volume consist of tenchanters, the titles of which are: "Wh'. Boys' Work is Needed." "The Object of the Work." "Various Kinds of Clubs," "Some Thinss That a Club May Do," "A Boys' Club. Constitution." "The Headouarters of the Some General Observations." So pages. Price 50 cents, net. Fleming H. Revell Co.

# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boys, be answered in these columns.

### How Two Boys Built Wireless Telegraph Instruments

By ROBT. G. GRISWOLD

Oh, that is easy enough. Fasten the support to the floor, first spreading lots support to the floor, first spreading lots of newspapers down to catch any drops of oil. Then pass a string around one flange and then around the fly-wheel of mother's sewing machine. One of you can guide the wire while the other turns." "That's bully!"

"Now as you wind each layer of the primary, give it a coat of shellac varnish and after the last layer is wound and the end passed through the hole in the flange, bake it again."

"Why is so much baking necessary. Uncle

This space filled with Ill layers Stake h showing method of bringing ours and throw out from and layer to the mant.

trow man and set shout one-and-a-quarter pounds of soft iron wire such as they use for putting up pipe. It is about No. Straighted ungets to make a next cylindrical pile one inch in diameter. Make a next cylindrical pile one inch in diameter. Make a next cylindrical pile one inch in diameter. Make a next cylindrical pile one inch in diameter. Make the such these wires into a nout bundle and bind the such that for under the bundle in a small frough made of a piece of sheet from and the such that for under two hours. The process anneals the wire and end of the manual trough made of a piece of sheet from and the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that for under the hours are not about the such that the such that the hours are not about the such that the suc

the outside.

"Your coil will now he ready for winding the primary which is composed of four layers of No. 16 double cotton covered magnet wire. Then make a support upon which it can turn, by nailing two upright pieces to the ends of a hoard seven-and-ahalf inches long and drive an eight-penny wire nail through the upper end of each. These will enter the little holes already drilled in the core ends and enable the core to be turned easily for winding."

"Rut Track Henry, how shall we turn the core? We have no lathe."

when the winding is initial, but the wire out through a small hole in the flange opposite to that through which the wire started."

"Suppose we break the wire, it is so yery fine?"

wery fine?"
"Well, then you must solder it together very carefully and continue the wrapping as before. And over the last layer must be wrapped at least an eighth of an inch of oiled paper or cloth, because the spark is likely to jump back to this layer if not thus prevented.

"Now we have finished the hardest part of the whole construction, and the coil is ready for mounting; I think you had better put both the sending and receiving instruments on the one board. Make it of well-seasoned white pine about twelve inches wide and eighteen inches long. Give it two coats of shellac varnish on both sides after heating it for a day or so in the oven. I am giving you this precaution because a damp baseboard has been

"Say, Paul, let's ask Uncle Henry to show us how to build a set of wireless telegraph instruments. If we can make them, we can telegraph to one another across the river."

"Good, Lynn, I'm with you! When will Uncle Henry be home?"

"He got home from San Francisco last evening. You know he was inspecting a wireless installation near there."

"Do you think, Paul, a set of instruments that we could build would be capable of sending a message from your home to mine? It is over a mile."

"I think so. Anyway, Uncle Henry can fix that for us. There he is in his study now. Let us ask him at once.

Bursting into the study they both exclaimed, "Uncle Henry we want to build a wireless; will you show us how?"

"Well, you su the study they both exclaimed, "Uncle Henry want to become young Marconis, do you? Very well."

"Well; solve want to become young Marconis, do you? Very well."

"Well, solve want to become young Marconis, do you? Very well."

"Well, you want to become young Marconis, do you? Very well."

"Well, you want to become young Marconis, do you? Very well."

"Well, you want me to make a sketch of them? All right.

"But why couldn't all this baking be done at once. Uncle Henry." after the capacity of the first place you will have just a little; jaring the most place of the first place you will have just a little; jaring the most place of the first place you will have just a little; jaring the most place of the first place you will have just a little; jaring the most place of the first place you will have just a little; jaring the most place of the first place you will have you have to make a sketch of them? All right.

"But why couldn't all this baking be done at once, Uncle Henry." after the corn, after the corn, after the last layer of the large of the corn in the surface of water. If this was now to corn the for charge of water, if this must now be very thoroughly insulated because the very high good tools can be had at nearly every hardware store or general store in the capacity of linen souked in a brite and country.

For ordinary work you will require a good rip and crosseut saw, with twenty and twenty-four inch blades respectively, a claw hammer and a smaller one, a wooden mallet for chisels and to knock the lap joints of wood together, a jack and a smoothing plane, a compass saw, a brace and several sizes of bats ranging from a quarter to one inch in diameter, a draw knife, square, awls, pilers, rule, several chisels, a screwdriver and a few other tools that will become useful at times, but which can be added as they are required.—St. Nicholas.

### Great Talent in the Rough

A letter sent us by a friend in Hillsdale. Mich., will prove of interest to every one who likes to read about boys who early display talent in the line of mechanics and electricity. The letter reads as follows:

and electricity. The letter reads as follows:

In the July number we notice the account of a little locomotive eagine to be seen at the St. Louis fair, made by Frank C. Newell. It had a great interest for us, largely perhaps because it was here at our own college that ition J. Arnold, while a student, constructed his first engine, although his was a real engine. He had it cast of iron, and in his room constructed a track of iron rails on which the little engine ran, propelled by real steam. The college and people of Hillsdale are very proud of Mr. Arnold, as it was here that his genius first manifested itself. This fact, perhaps, gives us added keenness to notice others of like tendencies.

Jesse Spence, a little son of Dr. F. H. Spence, of this city, has shown marked machine in the house, with device attached to start and stop machine at will; also



Electrician

about the floor, with the works of an old clock ingeniously arranged inside; a rowboat large enough to be used on the lake; a water wheel propelled by the garden hose, arranged to run the sewing sleeping room upstairs, dry cells being used.

Liberawith enclose photograph and hope

I herewith enclose photograph and hope this may be an incentive to develop the latent talent of many of our bright American boys.

atent taient of many of our bright American boys.

Master Jesse has been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY ever since its publication, earning the money himself to pay for his subscription.

### Mental Arithmetic

A very pleasing way to arrive at an arithmetical sum, without the use of either a slate or pencil, is to ask a person to

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en all refirends. Firemon average \$65 monthly, become Engin-cers and average \$125. Brakemen average \$60, become Con-ductors and average \$105, Name resition preferred. Send stamp RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Boom 1, 337 Monroe St., Brooklyb, N. Y.

# The Drawing-Room Magician For Preceding Chapters See December, 1903, January, :: February, August and Octtober, 1904, Numbers:: which is performed with the aid of either of the two larger wooden boxes, according to the size of the rabbit. As this illusion is something like one we have had before, it is not recommended that it be given in the same programme with the other; it will instead make a nice variation. Boys Who Wrote Famous Books By G. A. WADE.

Chapter VI.—The Box Trick—The ing care, however, as to the minner in which you tie it up. Disappearing Handkerchief

The Bisappearing Handkerchief.

As an opening trick I have often seen the following go very well. The magician, having made a few appropriate remarks, produces a small red silk (by the method largely to a modern illusionist, Mr. Arthur R. Bullivant, who has done a deal to simplify the working of many old and established tricks. In this particular case—as in the feat of watch shooting, mentioned in a previous chapter—both an assistant and the magic pistol are requisite; the only other necessaries are three wooden hoves a feat and the magic pistol are requisite;

sistant and the magic pistol are requisite; the only other necessaries are three wooden boxes, a foot or two of tape, and a piece of sealing-wax.

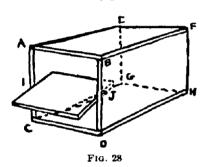
The performer brings forward three plain boxes of white wood, the smallest of which measures roughly 8 in. by 4 in. by 4 in., the other two being proportionately larger, so that the third will fit easily into the second and the second easily into the first. Each is shown to be empty, and to prove there are no false bottoms in either of the boxes any member of the audience is invited to make whatever measurements

of the boxes any member of the audience is invited to make whatever measurements he likes. In full view of the spectators the smallest box, A. is placed within B, and B is then put in C, which is tigh ly tied up and sealed.

A watch is then borrowed, placed in the pistol, and fired. On their being opened, the watch is found in the smallest of the three boxes. This bewildering feat is done on very simple lines. The use and construction of the magic pistol have already been explained, so but little more will need to be said concerning them; all that calls for attention is the boxes.

calls for attention is the boxes.

As I propose to explain later how the largest of these may be utilized for the rabbit trick—in fact the next size might well be used with a pigeon—I suggest that



both of them should have two or three holes bored in the lids to enable the animal when inside to breathe; but at present I wish to draw your attention to the modus operandi of the box trick alone. Boxes 1 and 2 are quite ordinary, but No. 3, the smallest, has a specialty, and it is this, that even if it is tied up and sealed—but not being put within the larger boxes—small articles can be inserted or extracted, as necessity may require, at the will of the performer. He is enabled to do this by means of one of the ends being "faked," for, instead of having it nailed like the other sides, it is only kept in place by two nails, one in each side, at the middle, so that when either the top or the bottom of the end so made is pushed the hand may be thrust into the box (see fig. 28)—i. e., this end practically works on a pivot. Experience has taught me that one of the smaller sides so treated is preferable, though, by having one of the larger on this principle, bigger articles may be put in the box.

As I have described the trick you will

on this principle, bigger articles may be put in the box.

As I have described the trick you will remember in this case the little box is not even tied, but while on the subject of "tying" I may as well give you a wrinkle as to the hest manner in which to do it. As the side moves inward and outwards (see above illustration) you will in tying it run the tape round as in fig. 20, for to the it up at right angles to the axis on which the piece of wood turns would render insertion and extraction of articles an impossibility.

When does the conjurer put the watch in the small box? I have said that first of

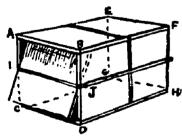


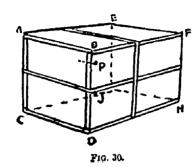
Fig. 29.

all he shows the three to be empty, and there they remain empty on the table even till they are tied and sealed. Now, to the back of the table has been fixed the servante. The conjurer obtains possession of the watch by "palming" the cup in which it is from the pistol (see, Watch-shooting Trick), and then places it on the servante whilst engaged in sealing the tape. He then walks away a few paces, fires the pistol and proceeds to undo the boxes.

Having broken the wax he pulls out box No. 2, puts it in front of the largest, then takes out the smallestwhich he sets down on top of the largest, one small end facing the audience and the movable end nearest to him. Whilst talking about the impossibility of his having been able to put anything inside, owing to the fact that the fastenings were intact, he pushes in the top part of the movable side, thus allowing for the insertion of the watch, which he places inside, presses the side flush, and then walks towards the spectators with the small box, still closed you will notice, in his hand. Raising the lid he discloses within the borrowed chronemeter. Should the magician fear there is any liability of the moving end being discovered, he can obviate this by boring a little hole through the side of the box, and having handy a tiny pin or nail push this into the hole, thus keeping the side fixed. (See fig. 30.)

Should you prefer it you can perform the

Should you prefer it you can perform the same trick using this small box alone, tak-



red handkerchief, which now is in full

red handkerchief which now is in full view of the spectators.

Over each end of the glass he puts a hand; then, holding the cylinder horizontally, he moves it upwards and downwards a foot or two, counting as he does so "One! Two! Three!" Immediately the word "Three!" is said, the handkerchief disappears from the tube, the conjurer turns back both sleeves and hands the cylinder round for examination.

No expense whatever is attached to this trick except the cost of the glass cylinder, which must be perfectly straight, and may be purchased from any lamp stor for ten cents. The only other piece of apparatus required is a length of elistic measuring from 18 to 20 inches, according to the length of the performer's arm. One end of this elastic is sewn to the center of a red silk, the other end is attached to the magician's braces, the whole piece then bassing down the right sleeve so that the handkerchief can be easily got at by the left hand.

Having produced the red silk the conleft hand.

Having produced the red silk the con-jurer walks towards the audience showing that it is quite a disconnected little arthat it is quite a disconnected little article, but on turning round to walk back he stuffs it up his waistcoat, and quic' ly pulls down with his left hand the connected one up the sleeve, placing it between the finger and thumb of the right hand. He again faces the spectators, picks up the glass cylinder, and pushes in the red handkerchief with his wand. Having done this much the silk is kept from flying out by the pressure on the right hand end of the cylinder. At the word "Three!" the right hand relaxes somewhat and the handkerchief passes instantaneously up the sleeve, so far in fact that you may turn it back with perfect safety.

The Rabblt Trick.

Just one more and I must bring this series to a close. This last is a trick

tion.

As before, a watch is borrowed and recourse is again had to that ever-useful piece of apparatus, the magic pistol. A box corded and sealed is put on the table, the watch is fired at the box, which, on being opened, is found to contain a live rabbit with the timepiece tied round its neck. Of all tricks I have previously mentioned, this perhaps is one of the most tioned, this perhaps is one of the most simple to perform, yet none produces greater surprise, for but a few seconds in-tervene between the placing of the watch in the pistol and its detachment from the animal's neck.

animal's neck.

Inside the box is a rabbit (be sure there are plenty of holes in the lid so that it can breathe freely) and round its neck is a small piece of ribbon to which is attached another piece about three inches long having a swivel at the end. When doing up the box this is left hanging out, reaching an inch or so down the side nearest the entertainer. (See fig. 31.)

Having placed the watch in the pistol and obtained possession of the same in the usual manner, the article is abstracted from the palmed cup, either whilst the assistant brings forward the scaled box or as you turn round, and placed on the servante behind the table; better still, if you can manage, retain it palmed in the right hand.

To fix it on the swivel whilst untying the tapes or cords is the work of a second, and Mr. Bunny is brought out with the watch hanging from the ribbon round the pack

I hardly think it is necessary for me to add much to what has already been said. Equipped with the tricks I have explained, and provided with a dexterous and facile manner, the young student of conjuring. If he applies himself assiduously to the art, will, before long, fall naturally into the ways of the accomplished magician. I do not mean to say that he will become a Houdin or a Beautier de Kolta all at once, but, in legerdemain as in everything else, patience and practice bring their sure reward. I hardly think it is necessary for me to

patience and practice bring their sure reward.

Again referring to the "passes," these will require considerable practice before absolute perfection is attained, but once thoroughly mastered, the student will have done more towards making a successful illusionist than any amount of elaborate and expensive apparatus will ever do. It is a good plan at first to have on your table a clearly marked list of the tricks in your programme, as it is more difficult to remember exactly the order in which each one comes than the uninitiated would imagine, for it is to be borne in mind that whilst playing the role of entertainer every eye is fixed on the performer, and I never yet have met an audience which was not inclined to be more or less critical.

Bear in mind that you must work out your programme and "patter" to suit adults, juveniles, and both combined. What will be successful with one lot won't always go so well with another. Don't be afraid of meeting that ever-present individual who "knows everything;" you will find, in nine cases out of ten, that those who profess to understand most about the conjurer's methods really know least.

[THE END.]



By G. A. WADE

The precocity of literary boys has perhaps been hardly as well marked as that of boy musicians and boy artists. There is, it is true, hardly a single classic work that was written by a youth under the age of twenty-one. Yet there have been several famous books, nevertheless, whose authors were considerably below that age when they penned the works that were to gain such renown.

The two most noted cases in point are undoubtedly those of Alexander Pope and Thomas Babington Macaulay. Pope was only twelve years old when he wrote the splendid "Ode to Solitude," a marvelous composition for a boy of that age, even when particularly precocious. This fine poem was soon followed by the equally splendid "Ode to Silence," at the age of fourteen; and thus the juvenile satirist and poet achieved a fame which many of his rivals never attained after long decades of industrious versifying and scribbling.

Macaulay, the future brilliant historian and essayist, was only twelve years old when he published his first volume, the "Primitiæ," which took the literary world of his day by storm, as being evidently the production of one who would go far in literature. What the critics thought when they learned that the author had not yet reached his teens can best be imagined!

At the age of twelve, too, Abraham Cowley had written his celebrated poem of

they learned that the author had not yet reached his teens can best be imagined!

At the age of twelve, too, Abraham Cowley had written his celebrated poem of "Pyramus and Thisbe," a work of extraordinary ability for a writer of such youthful age and of such scanty experience as this boy of twelve must have had at that time. There was much of Cowley's later work that became famous which was far from being as excellent in many ways as was his first work, "Pyramus and Thisbe."

The noted actor, John O'Keefe, whose ability as actor and dramatist every Irishman is proud of, proclaimed himself author of the very successful play entitled "Tony Lumpkin" whilst he was yet short of his sixteenth birthday. Considering how successful this drama was in its day, and how it proved the forerunner of many themes and characters similar to those it dealt with, it may be doubted whether any boy has ever written a play with such pronounced success as this of the fifteen-year-old O'Keefe's.

Sixteen years of age has proved the time when more than one literary light burst on the world with phenomenal blaze. The celebrated "Rinaldo" of Tasso appeared whilst its author was yet a boy of that age. And a young Frenchman, or rather boy, at the same age published a work that gained much favorable comment, a volume of poems, amongst which was "Irtamene." The author's name was unknown to Frenchmen generally when the work appeared, but his success was assured. And for many years after that first of all French romantic writers came Victor Hugo, the young man who had written those poems at sixteen. At that same age of its however the process. French romantic writers came Victor Hugo, the young man who had written those poems at sixteen. At that same age of its boy-author was published a volume of poems by an English youth whose fame was to become immortal. He died at seventeen, but what student of literature does not know the name of Thomas Chatterton, the "marvellous boy" whose beautiful "Od to Liberty" and "Minstrel's Song" appeared in that volume of his sixteen-year-old publishing?

The celebrated Spanish writer, Lope does not seem to see the second seem of the second second seem of the second second seem of the second secon

The celebrated Spanish writer, Lope de Vega, was seventeen when he gave to the wondering Spaniards his famous "Arcadia,"

Vega, was seventeen when he gave to the wondering Spanlards his famous "Arcadia," with its rippling music. Seventeen also was the noted humorist, Theodore Hook, when his "Soldler's Return," a drama of great power, took London by storm, and madhim a name, whilst yet a mere boy, as a writer of far more than average merit.

The most brilliant production of any youth of eighteen was certainly Shelley's "Queen Mab." Even in our own day this poem is considered an extraordinarily finplece of literary work, apart altogether from the merits or demerits of its theme and of the opinions expressed in it. Percy Bysshe Shelley wrote many fine things whilst yet under age, but none of them excelled the celebrated "Queen Mab."

Close upon the heels of this work, however, as a wonder of "eighteen," may fairly be put Disraeli's well-known novel wilst its author was in his nineteenth year, and was published before he actually attained his twentieth birthday. "Vivian Grey" is certainly the most famous novel ever written by a boy. And for a novel of its class, too, it suggests extraordinary insight, thought, and precocity on the part of its writer to have been able to tackle such a subject whilst yet at an age of comparative inexperience in the world that he portrayed in his story.

Three boys, however, at the age of nineteen, produced books that were destined to

partitive meable the the world that he portrayed in his story.

Three boys, however, at the age of nineteen, produced books that were destined to be reckoned more or less famous, though all of these productions were poems. At nineteen Voltaire wrote his well-known "Œdipe"; at the same age Southey published his fine poem, "Joan of Arc"; and whilst yet nineteen. Philip James Bailey wrote that noble work—almost a classic some years back—"Festus." It may be fairly decided, I think, that "Festus" is the finest of these. Some of its passages are nearly worthy of the immortal Shakespeare, and bear a kind of resemblance to his style of thought and writing. Bailey died not long ago, having survived to an age that had nearly forgotten the wonderment and delight of the liferary world of his youth when it learned that the author of the splendid new work "Festus" was a boy of nineteen.

We can just bring in one more actual "hov" that is a writer who was not more

or the spiendid new work "restus" was a boy of nineteen.

We can just bring in one more actual "boy"—that is, a writer who was not more than twenty-one when he wrote a famous book And, strangely enough, this was probably the most famous of all hooks we have mentioned as written by boys, and it has truly become a "classic" in literature. The boy was a brilliant youth indeed for his name was George Gordon, Lord Byron, And his famous book was also brilliant, for it was the well-known "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." That a youth of his age should have been able to produce a slashing piece of critical, sarcastic writing like this; such splendid passages and style; such effective thrusts and retorts—must ever remain the marvel, to be ranked with Pope's "Ode to Solitude" at the age of twelve.

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# MONG THE BIRDS \$5,000 A SERIES BY GRAIG S. THOMS. No. 3 THE CHEWINK.

BIRD, whose acquaintance is not the easiest to form, but which wins admiration the more it is known, is the chewink, called also marshrobin and towhee bunting.

When I began the study of birds in earnest many years ago, my first work was done in northwestern Colorado, where the arctle and green-tailed towhees are plentiful. After returning to my home in central lowa, upon taking a stroll in the woods one day, what was my delight, while passing through a piece of low underbrush, to see scratching ameng the leaves a bird which I at first mistook for one of my mountain towhee frends, but which, as I afterwards learned, was the chewink, a near relative of the arctle and green-tailed towhees, but a resident of the eastern United States.

The chewink is about the size of the catbird, and gives somewhat the same impression of being sleek and well-kept. The male has head, neck, and upper parts of rich, glossy black. The belly, wing-mirkings, outer margins of outer tail-feathers, and the ends of outer tail-feathers, and the ends of outer tail-feathers, and the ends of outer tail-feathers are white. The sides of the body are chestnut. In the female the black of the male is replaced with rich brown.

The one word which characterizes the chewinks is, self-mastery. They are birds of the cowbird's eggs was the first to hatch, but later the young bird was found dead in the nest was not sunk far beneath the surface. The cowbird's had dead in the nest was not sunk far beneath the surface. The cowbird's had dead in the nest was not sunk far beneath the surface. The cowbird's had dead in the nest was not sunk far beneath the surface. The cowbird's eggs was the first to hatch, but later the young bird was found dead in the nest wound to be about biff

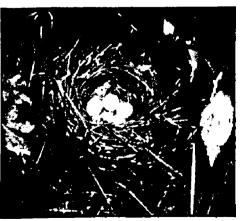


A CHEWINK OR TOWHEND BARY

of magnificent spirit, alert, active, and puss assed of considerable cunning. Their flower than the lamp of the most before the puning to the several bursts. A chewink as the form any develings. I have known them to nest in a tangle of bushes near a farm from any develings where everything war the farm and the form any develings where everything war the farther end of the field. Now how the substant is among low tree who the first seep you are heard coming toward her through the brush, she some distance from the nest, for the point at which she is first seen may be seen first on the ground before appearing above the bushes. When you come into the woods where the nest is placed, the mast will be about an interest will be about an interest and the first seep you he is apt to drop headlong from his perch to the ground as though shot. He may be seen first on few moments filting about the pushes. When you come into the woods where the nest is placed, the male will be short the nest is placed, the male will be short the nest is placed, the male will be more than the first seep you he is apt to drop headlong from his perch to the ground as though shot. He may be seen first one few moments filting about the bushes. When you come into the woods where the nest is placed, the male will be short the nest is placed, the male will be presented to the property and the first seed to the property and the first seed to the property and the property and the first seed to the property and the property and the property and the first seed to the property and the property and the first seed to the property and the property

if you are not too near and keep perfectly quiet, the female may dart into the bushes some distance from her nest and go to her egrs by hopping upon the ground.

These birds are as much at home upon the ground as in the trees. Much of their time is spent scratching among the leaves for insects. In doing this their actions are not unlike those of tame chickens, and they will often continue their work while you are in plain sight. I was one day searching for the nest of a pair that clung tenaciously to a particular locality in the underbrush, when, by the actions of the male, I thought he seemed to be trying to lead me away from the place where I was standing. He would scratch away unconcernedly for insects, and every moment or two utter his full song to apprise me of his presence. I moved slowly te-



what seemed two songs were two parts of the same one. The first note is a clear, short whistle, well represented by the syllable, tow. After this there is a comparatively long pause, and this is followed by a clear and somewhat ecstatic trill, which is very inadequately represented by the prolonged syllable, hee. I once listened to one of these birds which, in addition to the regular notes gave a short, sharp click at the end. It is quite common to hear some seemingly foreign note in a bird's song. A Baltimore oriole that sung in the trees about our home one May had in the middle of its strain three notes, loud, clear, and very marked, which at once distinguished its song from all others in the neighborhood. vhat seemed two\_songs were two parts

The very young towhees do not look like

either parent. They are a mixed dusky and brown. When they are a little older the color becomes similar to that of the catbird, but they gradually change to become like the parents.

I was walking in a patch of underbrsuh one day when a young towhee was observed perched upon a bush. It could not have been long out of the nest, for I took it in my hand without difficulty. In answer to its chirps the old birds soon came with worms, and showed deep concern for the safety of their nestling. After photographing the young bird, I endeavored, by its help, to secure a photograph of the parents, but all efforts failed. It seemed easy enough. At a distance of about twelve feet the camera was focused on a convenient perch where the birds had repeatedly lit in enswer to the calls of their young. But after the camera was placed and all was in readiness for a snapshot, they would alight anywhere else rather than before the glaring eye of the lens. I have never known these birds to return either to their eggs or young while the camera was placed for their photograph.

When at last I let the young bird go that it might be fed, it sat a little distance from me in the bushes and uttered a chirp at regular intervals until the parents came. While I held it gently in my band it had remained perfectly quiet, whether through fear or the effect of the warm hand, I cannot say. I have not el unon other occasions and with other birds this regularity in the chirps of the hungry young. I was one day sitting beside a wild gooseberry bush when these regular chirps were heard. It was almost as though some great clock were ticking them off at comparatively long intervals. The sound was exceedingly difficult to becate, seeming to possess a ventriloquial quality. At last, almost at my elbow, not over four feat away, a young brown thrasher was seen perched in the gooseberry bush crying for food.

The chewink's nest is made of leaves, grusses, and often dried vines or other fibrous materials. The eggs are useally four, while, well spettled with re

The chewink's nest is made of leaves, grusses, and often dried vines or other fibrous materials. The eggs are usually four, white, well spotted with reddish brown. The bird is found in all the states cast of the Missouri river. It winters in the southern states, and though not one of the advance guard, like the robin and meadow lark, it is among the first to arrive in the spring. I have seen it in central Iowa as early as the eleventh of April. It also ctays late, taking its departure for the south usually in October.

### Swimming as an Exercise

F. J. Sullivan, the swimming instructor of the Central Y. M. C. A., Chicago, declares that swimming is the ideal form of exercise. He calls attention to the fact that swimming as generally practiced is violent exercise, but that when intelligently followed is conducive to the very best results. He says there are men who at the Central Y. M. C. A. spend two or three hours a day in the water and gain strength and weight by it. Swimming, he says, is a medicine for all ills; it is a spring tonic, a hair renewer, a revitalizer, and an exercise. It cleans the skin opens the lungs, regulates the howels and strengthens the throat and masal passages. It puts flesh on the lean man and removes it from the stout man; furthermore it builds muscle. The blood of the habitual swimmer is far richer and stronger than that of the ordinary athlete. For men of sedentary habits it is the ideal For men of sedentary habits it is the idea

### Some Health Hints

In the morning, immediately after rising and in the evening, before dinner or just before going to bed, are the best times in which to take daily exercise.

At least twenty minutes should intervene between the taking of exercise and the taking of food.

taking of food.

It is a good plan to take your exercise standing before a mirror.

In taking exercise within doors at least one window should be wide open at the time so that the air may be fresh and pure. When one has finished or is resting the window should be closed. pure. When one has finished the window should be closed,

### Always Finds a Welcome

Mt. Horch Wis. Nov. 21st, 1904.
Wm. C. Sprague, Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sir.—Allow me to congratulate you on publishing such a good paper for boys, and I don't know of any criticism to make on it "THE AMERICAN POV" will always find a welcome in my home. It's not only myself in the family that likes it, but my parents are also very much interested in it. Your monthly talk to boys is great. Very truly yours.

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### The Family Cow as a Pet

Although the family cow is not noted for its intelligence, it is possible to train it to do many little things of interest. Teople interested in animals learn to love their cows as they would a pet dog or a faithful horse and can see in them a devotion to their owners. I remember distinctly an old Jersey cow that used to come every morning to a particular fence corner, where she was used to receiving from the hand of her benefactor a handful of salt, and if the salt was not forthcoming at once she would stand and bellow as for her missing calf. The boy who loves animals can find much to admire in any of them and, with the exception of a bull, will find much genuine enjoyment in teaching them not only to obey his voice, but to perform numerous entertaining feats. People interested in animals learn to love

A small boy when asked where he lived said, "In the closet mostly."

There are said to be twelve million American boys under the age of fourteen.



NE day in Old Home Week at East-ville had been set apart for games, races and athletic contests. Every races and athletic contests. Every boy in town who owned a wheel or who had the least pretension to physical strength or endurance, had entered his name for one or the other of them. Joyce Thatcher, who lived in that part of Eastville known as the Corners, was to run in the foot race, and take part in the jumping contests. Joyce had taken a great interest in physical culture long before Eastville had even thought of having an Old Home Week. He said it was a fellow's business to make himself as strong and healthy as he could. His conthusiasm had spread to the other boys in the neighborhood, and a club had been formed, the members pledging themselves to abstain from using tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks and tobacco; to eat no hot bread, pastry, or food fried in fat; to be in bed every night at nine o'clock, unless they had company or went to a boy in town who owned a wheel to be in bed every night at nine o'clock, unless they had company or went to a party; to sleep with their windows open summer and winter; and to practice certain exercises for at least half an hour every day. In consequence of this club, all the Corner boys became noted, after a time, for their strength, good looks and creet way of carrying themselves. Incidentally, Jimmie Baily got rid of his cough—everybody had said he was in consumption; Al Fisk's shoulders became even—one had been higher than the other; and Ned Bartlett got rid of his headaches.

even—one had been higher than the other; and Nod Bartlett got rid of his headaches.

Everybody liked Joyce, though they could hardly have told why. He was rather quiet, let the other boys do most of the talking, and he never bragged about what he had done or was going to do. He was called good natured, but one had only to abuse an animal, or pick on a little boy, or to speak slightingly of a girl, to find he had a temper, and a guick one, too, though he tried to keep it in hand, and was ashamed when he lost it. When there was any good time offort, like fishing, or a pichic, or a bicycle trip, or coasting or skating, or mutting. Joyce was always in demand, for they seemed somehow to have a great deal better time when he was of the party. But it wasn't often they could not him. Fred Dodge sald he believed loyce's father lay awake nights thinking up ways to keep Joyce in work, so he couldn't go anywhere. Nearly everybody thought his father was pretty hard on him, but they never hinted as much to Joyce; somehow they didn't just dare to. Joyce himself never complained, though he looked pretty soler sometimes. But it happened this time that his father had given a full and free consent to his going to the park on the day of the Old Home Week games and races, and the Corner boys were jubliant. "He'll win everything he tries for," they boasted among themselves. "There isn't a fellow at the center, or north, or down in the swamp or on the hill that can touch him when it comes to running and jumping."

Jimmle and Al were to race on their bicycles, and Ned Bartlett, whose father was wealthy, was to be in the motor-cycle contest. Tom Everson, who liked fun, was to take part in the tub race, the wheelbarrow race, and games like that. Terry Wayne was the only Corner boy who would come in competition with Joyce.

The night before the great day, the hovs all went over to Joyce's after sup-

The night before the great day, the The night before the great day, the hoys all went over to Joyce's after support. Joyce was giving the cows a last feed of hay before shutting up the barn. Before they had been with him five minutes they felt that something was wrong. He was very glum, and when they asked him questions he gave short answers. "Will you go on the electrics, or will wour father take you over?" Tom asked, lie could see no one about. The farm appeared to be descrted, lie knew there of the barn door.

he answered gruffly. "I'm not going at all."

"Not going?" they cried in chorus.

"What's the reason you're not?"

"Oh. — you know father was drawn on the jury?"

"Yes, but he said he wouldn't have to go till next week."

"He made a mistake in his reckoning. Tomorrow is the day, and I've got to stay at home and see to things."

"Why, what could happen?" Fred demanded impatiently.

"Oh, a dozen things. Something might spontaneously combust, or a burglar might come around, or that breechy cow we bought the other day might get into the neighbors' fields and do all sort of damage."

damage."
"Couldn't Mary stay at home instead of you?" Ned asked.
"She offered to, but since that tramp scared those women down in the swamp we don't think it's just safe to leave a young girl here alone all day."
"Davie, then."

"He's too young. And mother is on the committee of entertainment tomor-

the committee of entertainment tomorrow, so she's got to be there."

"It's too coufounded bad." Terry exclaimed feelingly. "Blest if I wouldn't almost rather stay at home myself."

"Well, there's no use crying over split milk." said Joyce philosophically, his spirits rising as those of the others fell. "You fellows will go and come home and tell me all about it—be almost as much fun as going myself." he added with a dry laugh.

There didn't seem to be much to say.

There didn't seem to be much to say, so after standing around for a few minutes the boys took themselves off.
"Isn't it a mean shame." Ned exclaimed, when they were out of hearing. "I don't suppose Joyce's father is to blame for it, but somehow." but somehow it almost seems as if he

I had a sort of feeling all along was.

was. I had a sort of feeling all along that something or other would come up to prevent his going."

"Some fellows in his place would wait till their father was gone, then quietly light out and go to the park," said Jimmie.

"Joyce Thatcher isn't built that way," Terry spoke up quickly. "There's nothing of the sneak about him. He's square and above board wherever you put him."

"Don't you think I know that?" Jimmie retorted. "You needn't be so huffy."

The next day was all that could be desired in the weather line—clear, cool, dry, with the lightest of breezes. The farm seemed strangely quiet and lonely to Joyce, after the family had all gone. There was no big job of work on hand and Joyce's father had told him to take things easy. He attended to a few cocks of hay, the last of the haying; did some weeding his mother had wanted done in the flower garden; went over the vegetable garden with the wheel hoe; fed the horse, hens and pigs, and kept an eye on the cows.

At first he felt his disappointment very

horse, hens and pigs, and kept an eye on the cows.

At first he felt his disappointment very keenly, but after a little while he pulled himself together. "I guess it's about time to stop whining over what can't be helped." he said to himself. "Probably I'm not the only person in the world who has had to give up something he or she had set their heart on. Spreading this hay is my business just at the present time, and I'd better 'tend to it and do it right. Supposing I did give a lot of practice to running and jumping. I guess it hasn't hurt me any, even if I don't ever make any use of it. And I had all the fun of imagining the big things I was going to do."

was going to do."
Thinking thus, Joyce put his mind on his work, and tried to do everything in the very best way it could be done, and so for the time being almost forgot what was going on at the park and that he

was not there.
In the latter part of the afternoon there was nothing that particularly needed doing, and taking a book he went to a clump of oaks in the pasture, his favorite spot on the farm, and sitting down on the grass with his back against the trunk of a tree, prepared to read. It was a high piece of ground, and he could overlook not only the pasture, but much of the surrounding country. Rebind him were the farm buildings of his father's farm: off to the left he could see the was not there.

bind him were the farm buildings of his father's farm; off to the left he could see the steam railroad, with fields and woods between; to the left, on the north, the pasture sloped down to the highway, and on the west were isolated farm houses surrounded by fertile fields and trees and bits of woodland.

Joyce forgot his book in the delight of gazing down on the landscape, which, owing to the celebration at the park, seemed strangely quiet—and almost deserted.

serted.

He was just about to turn his attention He was just about to turn his attention to his reading when his gaze was suddenly arrested, and dropping his book he started to his feet. Down in front of him, directly west, was the Freeman farm. Mr. Freeman, a city man, had bought it a few years before, remodeled the house and barn, laid out the grounds, and put up a brooder house, incubator house, several hen houses and a windmill. It was one of the buildings on this farm that had attracted Joyce's attention.

vour father take you over? Tom asked, as they watched him fasten the padlock of the barn door.

The key seemed to stick a little, and he did not answer for a moment. Then he turned and faced them. "Neither," he answered gruffly. "I'm not going at all."

"Not going?" they cried in chorus. "What's the reason you're not?"

"Oh. —— you know father was drawn on the jury?"

"Yes, but he said he wouldn't have to go till next week."

"He made a mistake in his reckoning. Tomorrow is the day, and I've got to stay at home and see to things."

"Why, what could happen?" Fred demanded impatiently.

"Oh. a dozen things. Something might come around, or that breechy cow was a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to wish a wooden fence that extended from one corner of the burning building to the burning few feet of a shed that joined the barn. And if the barn sake the burning few feet of a shed that joined the burning few feet of a shed that joined the burning few feet of a shed that joined the burning few feet of a shed that joined the burning few feet of a shed that joined the burning few few feet of a shed that joined the burning few feet of a shed that joined the burning few few led the burning few few few that joined the burning few few fe to leap the high wire fence that bounded the pasture.

This decision was made in far less time

This decision was made in far less time than it takes to tell it, and Joyce was running with all his speed toward the fence. As he approached it, it seemed very high—higher than he had ever attempted to jump. But he must make it. To fail meant the loss of all the time it would take to go around the fence, through thick underbrush and other obstructions.

He was very near it now. He made the supreme effort of his life. Ah! he had cleared it, and was in the highway. Then how he ran!

As he sped along he was planning just what he would do. Mr. Freeman had purposely placed the tank of his windmill very high, so that a stream of water could be thrown on the barn roof in case could be thrown on the barn roof in case of fire. The hose was usually kept in the carriage house, and Joyce could get it by breaking a window. If they only kept it there still, there would be but little time lost.

But if the barn should catch before he could get there, full as it was of hay, and everything as dry as tinder! Joyce ran as he had never run before.

A fringe of trees along the roadside

brooder house was one sheet of flame rising high in the air. As he came nearer he perceived to his horror that the shed was already afire in several places, and that there was one tiny flame on the roof of the barn.

hid the buildings from view till he was the place alone, and he was wishing nearly there, and when at last they came someone would come so he could go home in sight he saw that the roof of the long and attend to his chores, when, to his someone would come so he could go home and attend to his chores, when, to his great surprise, he saw the back door of the house open slowly, and Mr. Freeman's father-in-law appear.

brooder house was one sheet of fame rising high in the air. As he came nearer he perceived to his horror that the shed was already afire in several places, and that there was one tiny flame on the roof of the barn.

Joyce had raised his fist to break in the carriage house window when glancing toward the windmill. Somebody had evidently used it earlier in the day to water the lawn, and had not carried it away. Joyce sprang toward it, and to his intense relief, found that it was still connected with the tank, so that all he had to do was to turn on the water. For awhile there was considerable doubt in Joyce's mind as to whether he would be able to save than affre. But at last he conquered it, for the time being, though it was continually catching afterward, the wind being ithat way.

For the next twenty minutes Joyce was as busy as a person could well be. The end of the brooder house was burning now, and had set fire to the end of the board fence; Joyce found an axe and horoke down the other end, next the shed. It was so hot there that he had to retreat more than once. Then one of the hen houses got affre, and a spark caught on the includator house.

The sides and ends of the brooder house was burning now. Soon there was nothing left of the time being. The sides and ends of the brooder house got affre, and a spark caught on the includator house.

Even when the danger seemed to be past. Joyce did not quite like to leave

# Race With a Stampede

By H. ERVAN

BOI'T half the time you can tell what stampedes cattle and half the time you can't. Sometimes a herd will be lying fast asleep on a quiet night. Suddenly a steer jumps up, sends out a great, snorting puff from his nostrils, and races off into the darkness.

And behind him may race two thousand of his companions, all going for dear life and apparently scared out of their wits.

A very slight thing will start a herd going. One night I saw a herd stampeded by the lighting of a cigarette. The cattle were sleeping peacefully when one of the Mexican herders, riding slowly on his pony around the outskirts of the herd, rolled bimself a cigarette, took out the flint and steel, an ancient way of striking a light which we ranchmen have, and proceeded to light up.

At the very first sharn click of the steel

light up.

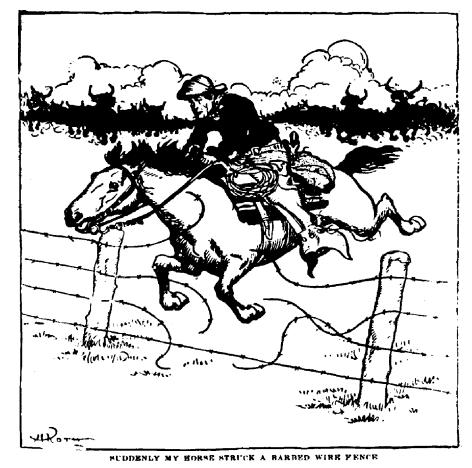
At the very first sharp click of the steel

when I drew rein, my poor horse was nearly dead; not, as I had expecte!, from hi-wounds, but from sheer exhaustion.

At the very first sharp click of the steel against the flint a big steer jumped to his feet with a snort; and before you could say Jack Robinson every other one of those two thousand head of cattle was careering wildly over the plain, rushing with frantic, blind terror and a great thunder of hoofs which fairly shook the ground, into the dark night.

Men could no more have stopped that stampede than a man could hold a steam engine with one hand. It took us ten days to get the herd together again.

Another time I saw a herd stampeded by a min removing his slicker from his saddle.



The night was intensely dark and it had begun to sprinkle. A cowboy started to put on his slicker—such a coat as fishermen and saliors call an oil-skin coat. It stuck to the saddle where he had it strapped, and as he pulled it free, it made a crackling sound. In an instant the sleeping herd was awake and off like the wind over the plains.

I happened to be on my horse right in the path of the stampeded cattle, and there was nothing for it but to ride for life.

Away we went across the midnight plains, my horse straining every nerve and sinew. The night was intensely dark and it had

my horse straining every nerve and sinew, and I urging him forward with the certain knowledge that if he stumbled, the terrified animals behind me would trample us into

the carriage house, and Joyce could get to breaking a window. If they only kept it there still, there would be but thit time lost.

But if the barn should catch before he could get there full as it was of hay, and everything as dry as tinder! Joyce ran is he had never run before.

A fringe of trees along the roadside mud.

There is nothing left of a horse or rider when a herd of two thousand cattle has passed over them. They are literally stamped out of existence.

The only thing to do under such circumstances is to keep going and trying to keep out of the way if you can. Suddenly in the darkness my horse atruck a barbed wire fence. It was a fence of my own, and

Sometimes it does not even take the striking of steel against flint, or the crackling of a slicker, to stampede a herd. The animals break out apparently from sheer nerv-

mais break out apparently from sneer nervous hysteria.
Cattle are queer creatures, and even we who live all the time among them do not understand them thoroughly.

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He had, indeed; and with it the entire winter's stock of flour, meat, butter, dried apples and the bounteous family stores that thrifty farmers' wives in those days collected. But the loss was never thought of in the joy over the child's escape.

A CHORE BOY AT SIX YEARS OF AGE. The pluck and strength with which

earnest boy, but not dull and averse to fun. In fact, he extracted about as much enjoyment out of his boyhood existence as falls to the share of ordinary lads. He was ambitious, however, and went into the new school determined to make a good record, which he did. He felt grateful to his father for having shown so much consideration as to give him unusual educational advantages for a boy of his age, and he went back home determined to exhibit his grati-

back home determined to exhibit his grati-tude by increased usefulness on the farm.

About this time his father promoted him from light chore work and gave him charge of two spirited young horses. Charles was an intense lover of animals, especially horses, and he was proud to be entrusted

with the management of a good team. He did some plowing and hauling about the farm, and showed that he was capable of

HIS ADVENTURE WITH A RUNAWAY

One day there came a test of his capabilities as a driver. With a younger brother he had been sent to a neighboring town to deliver a large load of farm produce. For a considerable distance the road he had to

travel ran parallel with a railroad track. On their return home a train overtook the

boys in the big farm wagon.

The young horses became frightened at the noise behind them, reared, plunged and

the noise behind them, reared, plunged and attempted to run away. Young Fairbanks handled the reins so skillfully that the frightened animals were kept on the road, although going at a terrific pace.

To make things worse, a chain in the rear of the wagon became loose and its

clatter further terrorized the horses. Other vehicles on the road were hastily pulled out of the way and their occupants gazed in horror, expecting to see Farmer Fairbanks'

team and his two voung sons, perched up on a high seat, hurled to destruction. But Charles, with a courage and skill worthy of a Hank Monk, guided his steeds along the rough country road until they were ex-

TEAM.

taking care of the horses.



firmly fixed in the Senator's mind, and which he recalls with the greatest pleasure, was when his uncle presented him with a fine muzzle-loading rifle, which is still refine muzzle-loading rifle, which is still retained and sometimes used by the distinguished statesman. Young Fairbanks was not yet twelve years old when this much coveted firearm was given him. It is a heavy rifle and was considerable of a load for a lad of his age. His muscles, however, were well developed by farm work and he soon acquired the knack of handling the gun with ease. He practiced constantly and became one of the best shots in the neighborhood.

### HIS TRUSTY RIFLE.

When a boy Mr. Fairbanks developed an intense fondness for out-of-door sports, but none of them was more attractive than hunting with his rifle. He was a sure shot within the range of his gun, and his favorite recreation was hunting squirrels. He became so expert that he could "bark" a squirrel—that is, send a bullet so near the squirrel is head that the little animal would be stupped by the shock and killed by the be stunned by the shock and killed by the fall to the ground without the skin being broken.

### HIS COLLEGE CAREER.

The pluck and strength with which Charles Fairbanks, at three years of age, extricated himself from dangerous surroundings were a fair indication of his sturdy country frame and mind. He was well adapted for the tasks which fall to the lot of little boys in the country, and by the time he was six years old he could trudge across plowed fields, and drop corn and pumpkin seeds, could drive the cows to pasture, feed the chickens, hunt the eggs, chop "kindlings," and do all the light chores that are usually put off on the younger members of a farmer's family. The foundation of an education that has served Although owning an extensive farm, Senator Fairbanks' father was by no means a wealthy man, and Charles, being the oldest of the children, felt that it was his duty to contribute as much as possible to his own support and education. At the age of thirteen he went to Columbus to attend an academy, and while there resided with his uncle, who held a local public office. As Charles was anxious to pay his own way, his uncle procured him some clerical work, which assisted in meeting his expenses. At fifteen he attended a preparatory school for college and soon entered the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio. He did not exactly work his own way through college, but he contributed materially toward it. When he reached the university he was not the dignified, well poised person he now is, but is remembered as a long, lank stripling about six feet tall, his appearance being extremely suggestive of the rural districts. There was an appreci-Although owning an extensive farm. Senyounger members of a farmer's family. The foundation of an education that has served to land him in the Vice-Presidential chair was laid at the district school, a short distance from his home.

When he was ten years of age a tremendous event occurred in his life. He was taken from the district school and sent for the winter to a higher institution in Woodstock, a nearby town. This enlarged the boy's vision of the world and was an important experience in his life. He was an earnest boy, but not dull and averse to fun. In fact, he extracted about as much enjoy-

appearance being extremely suggestive of the rural districts. There was an appreciable hiatus between the bottom of his trousers and the tops of his shoes, but the young student was oblivious to this incon-

gruity.

A neighbor lad, equally ambitious for a college education, attended the university with Fairbanks, and the two boys conceived the idea that if they could join their ceived the idea that if they could join their forces it would make the burden easier for each of them. They rented a room in the town of Delaware and set up housekeeping for the term. Their parents contributed some furniture, and as often as they had opportunity, sent them supplies and provisions. They got along economically.

To help meet his expenses young Fairbanks, who had learned how to use the tools of a carpenter on the farm, frequently secured jobs of carpentering and repairing. He says now that he would have made quite as good a carpenter as he has a law-

quite as good a carpenter as he has a law-yer, and if he had stuck to the trade might have been a great contractor and builder

have been a great contractor and builder by this time.
"Fairbanks first attends to the business he is here for." was the remark of one of his college mates, "and if he has any spare time he goes in for pleasure and sports." That very well describes the life of the future Vice-President while at college. During his course there he took no prizes for scholarships worthy of mention, but made and kept his averages and gradu-ated with the respect of faculty and class-mates.

mates.
There is no doubt that the tenderest memories of Senator Fairbanks' life cluster about the last two years of his college course. During that time he was editor of the college paper, and his assistant was Miss Cornella Cole, daughter of Judge Cole, of Marysville, Ohio, also a student at the Wesleyan University. Their association in college editorial work developed the romance which culminated in their marriage in 1872.

hausted and calmed down. The coolness exhibited by the future Vice-President when a baby had this time saved his own life and that of his brother.

The event in his boyhood which is most

legiate course this taste was gratified, and he manifested abilities at mock trials in the college fraternities that in after years brought him fame and wealth. It was characteristic of him even in early life always to have some definite pur-pose in view. He never shouldered his rifle for an aimless stroll in the woods, but always with the idea of shooting game. To this day he does not care to does not care to start on a walk or a ride without a defi-nite object or place in view. His whole course of life has been shaped on this policy. policy. Leaving college,

Leaving college, he began his own living, but still with a definited to the bar. He accepted the position of agent of the Associated Press at Pittsburg. Pa., the appointment having been given him by his uncle, the late William Henry Smith, then at the head of this news gathering and distributing agency. The Senator often laughingly refers to his experience in news gathering in the Smoky City. "As I recollect it, the most important of my duties was to report the state of the weather and the stage of water in the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers," he recently said.

He had plenty of time to devote to the study of law, which he took up with a prominent attorney in Pittsburg, but when he sought admission to the bar he was refused because he had not been for three years a resident in the state, which was a requirement for admission. Thereupon he went to Cleveland, Ohio, and was admitted and shortly afterwards married and opened his first law office in the city of Indianap-

olis. This was in 1874.

The business and political career of the sturdy Ohio boy, who escaped being burned to death, worked on his father's farm, hunted squirrels and rabbits and was flogged for "goin' in swimmin'," is familiar to everyone interested in public characters.

### A Well Invested Dollar

I believe that I have never invested a dollar better than when I subscribed to THE AMERICAN BOY,
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### Jack Harkaway

Jack Harkaway! Jack Harkaway!
It's many years alack,
Since we were joyous kids and read
The chronicles of Jack.
The merry pranks he played at school,
And jolly larks he had,
Endeared the handsome English boy
To every Yankee lad,
But mostly for his fistic skill
And that "sledgehammer blow"
With which he tapped the bully's nose
And laid the coward low,
And for his brave and dauntless front
To plunge into the fray,
And fight against tremendous odds,
We loved Jack Harkaway!

Jack Harkaway! Jack Harkaway! Where'er his course might tend, Dick Harvey was his bosom chum And ever falthful friend; And ever faithful friend;
And there was blue eyed Emily,
Of whom he was the beau,
And Hunston of the evil eye,
His rival and his foe,
And Monday, the devoted black,
And old Professor Mole,
Whose amiable weakness lay
In swigging of the bowl,
And flerce Barboni of the hills,
The bandit brought to bay
Beneath the blue Italian skies
By bold Jack Harkaway!

Jack Harkaway! Jack Harkaway! Oh, how at noon we tore

Each Wednesday for the boys and girls
To Cyrus Tooley's store!

Nor have I ever met the man
Who was an urchin then

And did not read the masterpiece Of that entrancing pen. But many a mother's hostile frown Condemned her hungry boy

In sneaky woodsheds to devour
The interdicted joy.
And many a tyke the teacher caught,
And made him rue the day
He tried to rend beneath his desk Of brave Jack Harkaway

Jack Harkaway! Jack Harkaway! The author's heart lies still, The author's heart lies still,
And voiceless now this many a year
His gallant English quill:
And nowhere on the starry peaks
And pinnacles of fame
Has time a proud memorial raised
To Bracebridge Hemyng's name;
But could each boy that he endeared
To that lone grave repair.
In fond reilembrance plously
To drop one blossom there,
A mountain beautiful and sweet
Of flowers would hide the clay
Where moulders in the dust the hand
That wrote Jack Harkaway!

—John Ludlow in the New York Herald.



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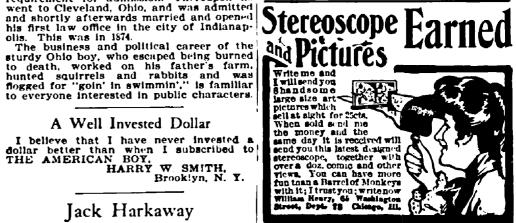
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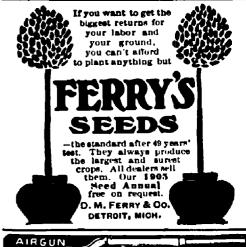
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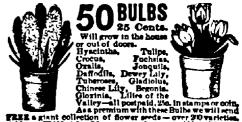
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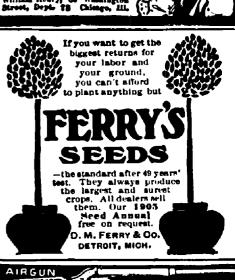


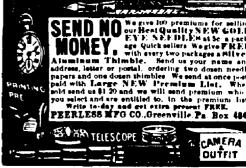


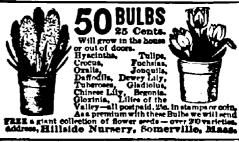




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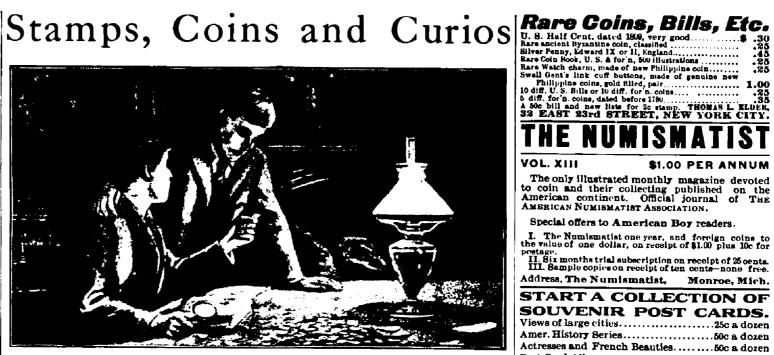
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STAMP DEALERS, NOTICE! ¶ Many thousand readers are seeing The American Boy this month for the first time. Cultivate their acquaintance.



### Answers to Inquiries

The Italian 5 centesimi stamp of the current issue was lately found in violet and announced as an error, but the Italian Government say that they are nothing but proofs which also exist in other colors.

The 1 shilling bl-colored stamp of Great Britain, 1900 issue, when found in good condition to be used for but a few months. Care must be taken in cleaning the stamps, as the color is likely to run.

The largest stamp collection in Austria was placed on sale in the Paris stamp market. It was the property of Herr Leguerney, deceased of Graz, and is said to be valued at over

Forgeries of the Panama map stamps have heen issued, including surcharges, and also of the first issue of Hayti, are to he shortly expected, emanating from Paris. It would probably be well for collectors of these stamps to be very careful for the present, at least, until more is known of these imitations and in what manner they differ from the originals.

The rarest invert stamp known is the 4d blue of Western Australia, only eight copies known, one recently sold in London for \$2,000.

A block of five id red Sydney Views, unused, was sold in London for more than \$1.100 used, was sold in London for more than \$1.100. Po-tural has a stamp representing the birth of St Anthony, in 1195. A special set was i-sued in 1895, supposed to be scenes in the life of St. Anthony. On the back of one of there stamps will be found a sentence in Latin, which, translated means: "O blessed tonque that has always blessed the Lord and taught others to bless him; now is it clearly seen of how much merit thou hast been before God."

One of the largest letters ever sent through

One of the largest letters ever sent through the mails was posted from Australia about 10 years ago: the weight being about 15 pounds, and it took \$58.00 worth of stamps to pay the postage on this package.

### The Numismatic Sphinx

Answers to Inquiries

F. C. Lathrop inquires as to what currently in used in our new possessions. Havailt, in Hawail and Porto Rico our money is used the same as here. In the Pollippines as against the structure of the control of t

### Boys and Curios.

"S C.." West Lebanon. Ind., has eighty-five arrow heads and spear heads, two flint knives and two green stone knives, one nose jewel, three axes (two of black stone and one of red), also an iron axe and a brass buckle with the letters "U. S." upon it, found on Tecumseh's trail where General Harrison followed him up the Wahash Valley, and a powder horn used during General Taylor's campaign in Mexico.—Arthur B. Childs, Perrysville, O., wants some hoy to give him an idea how to make an Indian suit and a cowboy suit.—Homer Hogsett, Ripley, W. Va., is interested in Indian curios. He has 56 Indian arrow heads.—Fred G. Rowe gives a picture of an Indian pipe and asks its value. We are unable to answer.

### Who was the Earliest Stamp Collector?

The stamp collecting probably started with the collection of quantities, without any thought of saving a great number of varieties. In 1841 an advertisement appeared in the London Times, in which a lady solicited stamps in large lots. She is said to have possessed 16,000 at the time, a short time after the first penny blacks had come out. come out.

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VOL. XIII

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One of the first essentials of success in home-study is continuity and perseverance. Spasmodic efforts are worse than useless, for they not merely fail in their object, but they weaken will-power as well, and diminish instead of strengthen the force and group of the intellectual faculties. grasp of the intellectual faculties.

Parents must be able to command themselves before expecting to command their children.

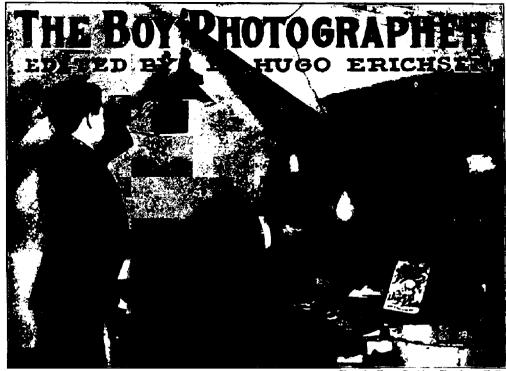


Photo by Harry Buckley, Plattsburg, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve mouths 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 lifty cents will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

### The Practical Photographer

All who are interested in Architectural Photography should not fail to get the November issue of the "Practical Photographer" (Boston: Photo-Era Publishing Co.). It contains many illustrations, the pictorial work of Arthur Burchett being a special feature.

### Suggestions Wanted

We do not edit this department of "THE AMERICAN BOY" to please ourselves, but to entertain and instruct our readers. Any suggestion, therefore, that will help us to accomplish our object and add to the interest of this page will be eagerly welcomed.—The Editor.

### The Letter-Box

D. C. Sutherland, Sekamah, Nebr.-The editor uses the same plate you do and yet never ex-periences the trouble of which you complain For one thing you wash your plates too long; half an hour in running water is long enough



LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

If you will only follow the printed directions you will find in every box of plates, you will have no difficulty in obtaining good negatives. Thanks for your kind commendation of this department.

### A Bath Recipe

A bath that has given more satisfaction than any other, and more permanent prints, and that is especially suitable for toning and fixing gelatino-chloride prints (on Sollo paper, for instance) is that given by W. K. Burton. It is made up

### Our Prize Pictures

R. Von Nieda's first prize photograph is a good representation of a remarkable automobile that accommodates nearly fifty passengers. It is used to carry New York sightseers to Grant's tomb and picturesque Chinatown Von Nieda is a resident of Ephrata, Pa. "Reflections," by Peter C. Whyte, of Carbondale, Pa., is a clever portrait of three girls in a mirror, that was made by pointing the camera at a looking-glass in which the merry maidens were reflect-



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S DOG

ed. The photograph was made with a Pocucamera, exposure ½ second, stop 64. This will give our readers a new idea in regard to home portraiture

### A Good Paste

If a paste that will stick and will keep for a year with reasonable care offers any inducements, the amateur is welcome to this formula:

A. Wheat flour, 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> ounces.
 Water, 8 ounces.
 B. Water, 12 ounces,
 Salicylic acid, 15 grains.

Salicylic acid, 15 grains.

The flour should be stirred up with the Sounces of cold water as smooth as possible. The 12 ounces of water are set to boiling, and the salicylic acid is added. Then the flour and water mixture are best strained through a good-sized wire tea-strainer to get rid of lumps. Remove solution B from fire and add solution A, stirring all the time. When thickness of mass suits, add 30 drops oil of cloves and stir in.—

Exchange Exchange.

### Hints on Making a Passe-Partout From Spoiled Negatives

"Wash off the film, using warm water and soap. Clean the glass with a little French chalk, Cut a piece of paper the size of the picture intended to be mounted and paste it in the middle of the glass. Paint the clear edges of the glass with black paint, and when dry soak off the piece of paper and place the print in position, fastening it at the corners with a bit of paste." Our correspondent suggests using another negative for the backing, but it is just as well to use a piece of pasteboard and save the glass for another print. The print and the backing are bound together with passe-partout binding, which comes already gummed for use, as does the hanger by which the picture is suspended.—Photo-Era.

### Photographing Without a Camera

An outing trip may be made delightful and profitable by a simple method of photographing without a camera. The outilt needed is very simple; a photographer's printing frame and a clear glass to fit it, sheets of photo paper of the size to fit the glass, and a bag to carry the outilt in and protect the paper from the light. Select the best leaves of a plant, or any leaves you wish to photograph, or the petals of a flower, and lay them (under side up) on the glass in the frame, then lay the photo paper over, having the prepared surface against the leaves, and put paper or felt backing over all, and fasten down the frame back as in ordinary printing. A little practice will determine the proper length of exposure. These leaves or parts of the flower are in reality negatives through which the sun prints all the delicate parts of the leaf on the paper. The results to be attained are oftentimes surregisting to be attained are leaf on the paper. The results to be attained are often-times surprisingly beautiful. Of course, often-times surprisingly beautiful. Of course, the printed paper must be toned and fixed as if printed from a negative.—John W. Sanborn.

### The Roll of Honor

This month the number of contestants whose photographs have been above the average has been unusually large, so large in fact that the choice of prize winners was by no means an easy task. This explains why the following list of those entitled to honorable mention is more extensive than usual, but detracts in no wise of those entitled to honorable mention is more extensive than usual, but detracts in no wise from the prestige conferred by the distinction: Wm. H. Johnson, Manchester, N. Y.; Fred. J. Mauer, Roscoe, N. Y.; R. Krebs, Watertown, Wis.; Wm. Norwood, Spencer, Mass.; W. E. Elliott, Buffalo, N. Y.; A. M. Goehring, Key West, Fla.; C. A. Maniey, Tacoma, Wash.; H. E. Fry. Philadelphia, Pa.; H. T. Johnson, Hartford, Conn.; Wm. B. Wrenn, Jr., Highland Park, Ill.; H. E. Bartlett, Oconomowoc, Wis.; Nick Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.; F. Pfeffer, Gainesville, Ga.; M. H. Taidy, Birmingham, Ala.; J. E. Hall, Nashua, N. H.; E. E. Trumbull, Plattsburgh, N. Y. In conclusion, it might be well to say that the arrangement of names is not in accordance with the merits of the photographs submitted and that it is immaterial, therefore, whether a competitor appears first or last on the roll.

### Hand Camera Exposures

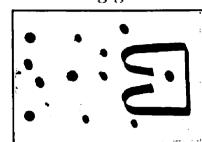
This will bring out rapidly all the detail in the plate, and if overexposure is feared, dilute with an equal quantity of water to restrain the action. In another dish have the following re-developer to impart density to the plates as they become ready for the operation, or to successfully deal with any which are found to have been considerably overexposed, and upon which the first developer is acting too vigorously. No. 1.

Hydroquinone, ¼ ounce; Sodium Sulphite, 2 unces; Potassium Bromide, ¼ ounce; and boilounces; Potassium Broing water, 12 ounces.

# Port Arthur Puzzle

Perhaps you can solve it if the Japs can. The most fascinating game ever invented.

A great game for winter evenings. It tries your patience and skill.

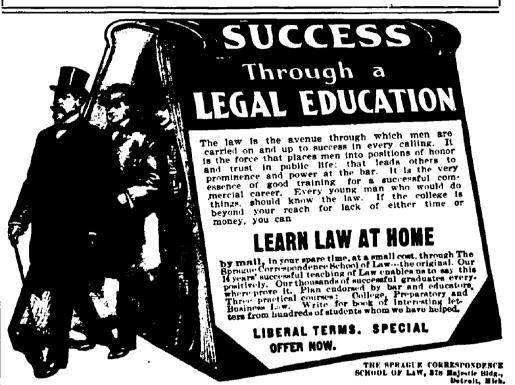


Send 10 Cents and secure many hours of amuse-

ment.

The biggest 10 cents worth ever offered to the boys. Write for it at once

LIBERTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY Springfield, Mass. Liberty Street



No. ".

Washing Soda, 2 ounces, Sodium Sulphite, 2 ounces, and water to make 12 ounces. For use, mix equal quantities,

A. D. GUTHRIE.

### Current Comments

Current Comments

W. I. Lacy, Shanghai, China—We would not be able to reproduce your photograph of the "Monadnock," if we wanted to, because it does not presen enough contrast for ha f-tone purposes. Evidently it was printed from a film lacking density, Leave your films in the developer longs r and note the result. F. Pfeffer, Gainesville, Ga.—In "An American Girl" you cut off both feet of the poor baby. Why did you? Edgar Walte, of Nickerson, Ks., is also guilty of amputation. Ralph B. Deal, Lacota, Mich.—Your "Along the Road" lacks definition, which may be due to the rough bromide paper employed. For such a subject a glessy p. o. p. paper would be preferable. N. E. Fry. Philadelphia, Pa.—The negative of your "Woods in Winter" apparently lacks density, which explains why your photograph is so flat. S. Rockwell Roaring Hranch, Pa.—Your bear photographs would be improved by removing all evidence of a ckain. A professional photographer could do this for you by "retouching" the negative.



A NEST FULL OF HUNGRY LITTLE BLUE JAYS Photo by Craig S. Thoma, Vermilion, S. D.

### Magic Music

While one player is dismissed, those remaining fix on something which he must do on his return, perhaps to put out the lights, or select a partner and dance around the room, or any difficult thing that will take him a long time to find out. He is then called in, and another person is seated at the plano, who plays loud or soft, as the movement of the person may recede farther or approach nearer the obsoft, as the movement of the person may recede farther or approach nearer the object he is to touch, or the thing he is to do. If he seems to have an idea of what is expected of him, the player directly softens the music, but increases its loudness as soon as he appears to have lost it.

soon as ne appears to nave lost it.

If unable to find out what his task is, he must leave the room again, while the others will give him something easier to do.

### BIG MAGIC GIVEN LANTERN

Latest style Lantern. Has double adjustable leneus of great magnifying power which can be used as microscopes. Bittles very brightly colored. Mostly funny pictures. Unequalled Selection of 50 single pictures and two series of continuous moving pictures. We give this handsome Lantern, Colored Pictures, Metal Lamp, Extension Top, Latest Patent Slide Support, Wood Base, and everything required, securely packed in growed, bed box. Send us your name and address for only 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10 cents a package. Return our \$2 to received from the sale and we will send you the lantern and outil at once. This lantern is more than a foottall and it makes very large pictures. Write today. Address BLUINE MFG. COMPANY, CONCORD JUNCT., Mass., liable Firm.) 138 MILL STREET.

### How to Become a Skater

Spalding's Athletic Library No. 209.



(The Old Reliable Firm.)

Spalding's Athletic Library No. 209.

This book should be read by every boy that desires to become a good skater.

It centains photographs of past and present chain ions: articles on skating and skating champions: Hints for BMINNERS IN SPEED SKATING, by G. Bellefeuille, the well known Canadian expert: How to Train for Raving, by Morris Wood, National Amateur Champion speed skater: Figure Skating and Riginners: How to Cut Figures. Skating and Illiginners: How to Cut Figures. Skating Hand in Hand: Rules, Etc., for a Figure Skating Hand in Hand: Rules, Et

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HE other night the Missionary Society met at our house. The new preacher, Mr. McComble was there, and we had ice cream and three kinds of cake. I didn't feel much like eatin', and I knew it wouldn't be amy fun to sit around and watch other folks, se I concluded I'd leave early.

After Mrs. Weatherbee had read her report, I began to feel sleepy and made a break for upstairs just as Mr. McCombie started on his talk about "Our Duty Toward Foreign Missions."

Mother came after me and caught me in the back entry way before I could get past, and pinched my arm hard and whispered that it wasn't nice for me to leave just when Mr. McComble commenced to talk.

talk.

She sort of eased up a bit when I told her I didn't want anything to eat, and thought I had better go to bed. She didn't know why I wasn't hungry, because the ones I tasted were cut already and you wouldn't notice anything unless your attention was called to it. The ice cream was way down in a big freezer so that a little off the top didn't show. I never do feel well after I eat her kind of cake. Is uppose it's because she makes so much at a time.

cause she makes so much at a time.

I really intended to go to bed, but when I looked out of the window, I could see Ike Hoover, Mort Simms, and the rest of the fellows down under the electric light, havin a fine time playin' Gray Wolf. If you never played this game, of course you don't know how much fun it is. It's a great deal nicer than Hide, and more excitin'.

It wasn't very

goin' home if he had to be the Gray Wolf again all by himself. Of course I didn't want him to do that. I always liked little Mose, and we all felt kind of bad to think that his folks were goin' to move away from town the very next day, and we might never see him again.

It was while I was hid'n' behind Skyles' barn that I first noticed the peculiar light in the sky. All at once great long streaks began to rise up from behind the convent, and march across toward the railroad bridge. At first it looked flickery and dim. but pretty soon it got plainer till it seemed like ghosts of soldiers with tall hats that reached nearly to the north star, and all the time they kept marchin', marchin', in a solemn procession that didn't have any end to it. Then everything got quiet, and it sort of made you feel creepy, bein' alone that way.

By this time Ike and little Mose and Mort had noticed it too, so we called the rest of the boys and climbed up on Skyles' chicken house to watch.

Ike Hoover sald it was the 'Rora Boralis', or somethin', and that he had seen pictures of it in the geography. I'd seen that too, but I knew this wasn't it. They only have that where it's awful cold, and where there's bears and leebergs, and it shines out slantin' like you see sunbeams do in pictures. What we saw was straight up and down, but all at once it seemed to bunch up together in the shape of a cross, and then I knew for certain it was a sign. Ike didn't know it was a sign, and Mort didn't either until I reminded him what we had read one time at Sunday school. When I began to tell the rest of them that this was the kind of things that would happen when the end of the world was near, Ike Hoover just laughed. But I noticed he kept mighty quiet after that, and went home before long.

The other fellows hadn't thought much about how it would be when the end of the world came but I had and I'd read lose.

The other fellows hadn't thought much about how it would be when the end of the world came, but I had, and I'd read lots about it too, so I told them what I knew. First there would be wars. That part

fellows how short their time was, so I did. Mose didn't seem to realize that he could keep the end of the world from comin' if it wanted to come, and we had to explain all over again how it was, but I had to promise to give him my

had to stuff my handkerchief in his mouth.

We got him in the corn crib finally, but we had to tie him, and it took the six of us a long while to do it. He certainly is strong for such a little kid.

Mort and Hop and Fred got scared thinkin' what Mose's father would do if he caught them, and after they had tried to make some excuses sneaked off home. Bob and Ed Ward knew how important prophecy is, so they stayed with me. They thought I ought to go and tell Mr. Mehad to stuff my handkerchief in his mouth. We got him in the corn crib finally, but we had to the him, and it took the six of us a long while to do it. He certainly is strong for such a little kid.

Mort and Hop and Fred got scared thinkin' what Mose's father would do if he caught them, and after they had tried to make some excuses sneaked off home. Bob and Ed Ward knew how important prophecy is, so they stayed with me. They thought I ought to go and tell Mr. Me-

was true, for you can read about wars every day in the newspaper. It counts if you fust hear about them. I don't think you fust hear about them. I don't think and they have to be in the United States, but Mort said they did. Then there would be signs in the sky. Even Mort finally said that this what we saw might he a sign. Most of the boys were pretty scared by this time, and I thought it was my duty to try to comfort them. I told them what Mr. McComble had said in his sermon the work combined and that he though the Scriptures clerity showed that before the Berlptures clerity showed that before the end of the work came all the chosen people will be come all the chosen people. Because my mother had told me so.

Then I happened to remember that little Mose and his folks were chosen people, because my mother had told me so.

Then I happened to remember that little Mose and his folks were goin' to move away the next day, but I didn't let on for fear of scarlin' the other fellows too much. I got Mose over to the far edge of the roof, and pretended to be showin' him how far I could jump, but really I was ask'n' him where he was goin' to move to the far edge of the roof, and pretended to be showin' him how what that meant, and I knew I ought to tell the other fellows how short the what that meant, and I knew I ought to tell the other fellows how short their time was, so I did. Mose did, Mose did the was bearn off the place exactive that the could keep the end of the world from comin' the end of the world from comin' the world from comin' the world from comin' the was goin' to move to the far edge of the roof, and only the solders stayed and kept didn't seem to remember the name of the place exactive the could be continued to the could b

they don't appreciate it.



I MHARL A MOISE DOWN STAIRS

like I wanted her to, and then he let up

lke I wanted her to, and then he let up on my arm.
When she leaned over and said: "Thomas, tell mother, did you really do these awful things?" I gulped and nodded, and then I knew I was into it for sure. Father said, "You get your clothes on, sir, in about two shakes and come with me," and she said "Oh, Robert!" but I knew that wouldn't be enough to do any good.

me," and she said "Oh, Robert!" but I knew that wouldn't be enough to do any good.

Down stairs Mose's father and Mr. McComble and four of the missionary ladles were all in the parlor. Mose's father started up, and I thought he was goin' to hit me, but he only said, "And is this the young bully?" Father said, "Just wait a minute: I don't think he's that, but we'll find out pretty shortly. Now young man you can explain your part in this outrageous affair."

Then I told them about the sign, and how we were afraid it was the end of the world, and tried to tell what Mr. McCmble had said in his sermon that Sunday about prophecy. As soon as I started on that Mr. McComble began to laugh, and laughed so hard I thought he would hurt himself. But Mose's father only looked mad and said, "I do not understand yet, why this lawless assault has been made on my son."

I explained to him that little Mose mas one of the chosen people, and that I didn't want to burt him et all but their want to burt him et all but their want to burt him et all the transite.

I explained to him that little Mose "as one of the chosen people, and that I didn't want to hurt him at all, but just wanted to keep the end of the world from comin'so soon. He began to see too, after a while, and laughed a little on the inside light along.

It was just like I thought it was. When he went to Hop's and Ike's house they got scared and told him where we had hid Mose, and said I was the one that did the most, and because I didn't come right back, Bob and Ed began to be scared too, and let Mose go, after he promised he wouldn't move to Palestine with his folk. Mr. McCombie stopped laughin' at last and said, "Well, my boy, you made a brave but vain effort to save us all. Mr. Jacobs tells me that he and his family are going to move to Parkersburg tom rrow, and not to Palestine, as you supposed."

I didn't get out of it as easy as I at

I didn't get out of it as easy as I at



### Didn't Want to Worry God

There is a young boy in a near-by city aged eight, and named Todd. He is wholly human, and he has a careful and religious mother who strives constantly to bring him within speaking distance of her ideal of what a boy should be. To this end he is admonished to pray every night that he be a better boy. One night recently he climbed into bed without saying his prayers. His mother asked him if he had forgotten to say them, and he answered that he had not forgotten, but that he did not intend to pray that night. His mother inquired the reason for his determination. Todd, from his comfortable pillow, made answer: "Well, mother," soid he, "I'll get up and say my old prayers if you want me to, but I don't want to do it a bit. Here I've been asking and asking God to make me a good boy and I think I've done it enough. God will attend to it when he gets 'round to it, and I don't think it's nice for me to make a nuisance of myself. I've pretty near worried the life out of him about it already."—Chicago Chronicle.

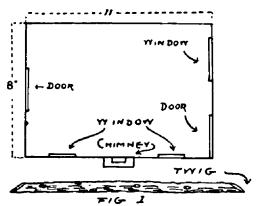
### Good Reading

Hawthorne, Ruskin, Whittier, Longfellow, Franklin, Scott, Kipling, Lewis Carroll, Dickens, George Eliot, Stevenson, Holmes, Charles Lamb, John Burroughs, Edward Everett Hale, Robert Burns, Mathew Arnold, Oliver Goldsmith, Jane Andrews, Irving, Charles Kingsley, Shakespeare, are some of the authors a part of whose writings is suitable for the use of boys from the third grade to the ninth. A generous supply of such authors should be in the home.

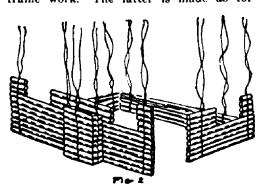
### CLEVER WORK WITH THE POCKET KNIFE JOHN L. DOUGHENY

No. 6—The Miniature Log Cabin

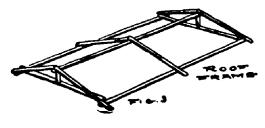
HUS far we have confined our endeavors to designs that could be made from one piece of wood. This had a good deal to do with making the work difficult, and, in whittling difficulty is fascination. This month's subject calls for a great number of pieces, but that fact does not make it less interesting. It is a subject we all know well,—the little log cabin. Who does not revere the primitive abode of our forefathers and who does not wish to perpetuate it by a beautiful miniature. Apart from the sentiment of the design, there are other points in its favor; first, the material is easily obtainable anywhere; second, the design is simple, original and beautiful. The first thing we need is a base to build on. A flat square board of any size, exceeding 12x12 will do. You can sacrifice a parlor stand for this purpose, but it is not



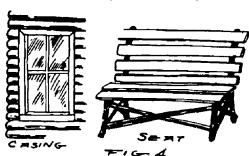
necessary. The larger the base-board, the more space you will have in which to work in detail. Our plan calls for a cabin 11 inches long and 8 inches wide. You can vary these dimensions if you wish, but it is best to preserve the proportion. If you add or subtract an inch to the length, do the same to the width and so on. The twigs used should be as near one size as it is possible to find them. The ends arecut to fit in nicely where they join at corners. Simply shave them off with a knife, the length of the flat portion being equivalent to the diameter of the twig. Fig. 1 shows a floor plan of the cabin and a twig correctly prepared. Note the space for chimney. Inasmuch as there are to be doors in the front and rear, the ends of the twigs abutting at these points are left round. The first course is tacked to the baseboard with small brads. The others are lashed to it with fine wire. The wire should be placed in its proper position on the board before the first layer is put down. Three strands are needed for the front, three for the chimney and the same for each of the two sides and back. Use enough wire to make the house soild. It is simply laced back and forth as the separate layers go on. Fig. 2 is a picture of the partly completed cabin and illustrates the method of putting together. Note that the ends of twigs at doors and windows are left round. The front door is at the extreme right corner; three inches to its left is a window. The right side of the cabin has two small windows, between which is the chimney. There is also a door in the rear. The bottoms of the doors are one-half inch above the baseboard so as to leave room for steps. The roof of the cabin is a common one point gable. When the side walls have reached their uitimate height (8 inches), shave the wire ends loose until we have laid on the roof frame work. The latter is made as folnecessary. The larger the baseboard, the



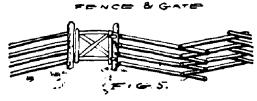
directions: After making the frame and the processing of the secondison of just as excellent work properties after simply included back and forth as the especiance is always as on. Fig. 2 is a picture of the method of putting tope-ther. Note that the ends of twigs at doors and windows extreme right corner: three inches to title left is a window. The right side of three which is the chimmey. There is alway a door and windows extreme right corner: three inches to title left is a window. The right side of three which is the chimmey. There is alway a door in the rear. The bottoms of the doors are always to be sufficient to the left in a window of the chimmey. There is always a door in the rear. The bottoms of the doors are simply maked to the window of the chimmey. There is always a door in the rear. The bottoms of the doors are simply and the process of the control of the cabbin is a common one point gable. The process is a control of the cabbin is a common one point gable. The process is a control of the cabbin is a common one point gable. The process is a control of the cabbin is a common one point gable. The process is a control of the cabbin is a common one point gable. The process is not expected to the control of the cabbin is a common one point gable. The process is not expected to the process of the control of the cabbin is a common one point gable. The process is not control of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the control of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the control of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the control of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the control of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the cabbin is a common one point gable and the process of the process of the cabbin is a common one point gable and



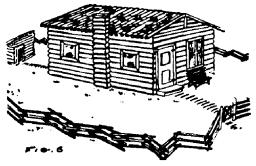
blocks whittled into the right shape. One block can be made to resemble a step built of several pieces; the top surface



extending slightly over the sides. It is well to use wood that has the appearance of age. The door and window frames can be made of twigs or dressed lumber. The ends that join are cut at an agle of forty-five degrees. In front of the cabin to the left of the doorway we will put an old rustic bench. The framework is made of rough twigs; the seat and back of twigs whittled flat. The doors of the cabin are small blocks whittled roughly to resemble panels. Small bits of ru-set leather will answer for hinges. The window frame and bench are shown in Fig. 4. Lest prowling wolves sneak in to steal our provender we will put a fence around the cabin. Not the neat, straight board fence of the city, that would be out of keeping. Ours will be made of split rails. There will be no nalls used and only two posts for the gate. The rails are laid in a zigzag row, ends crossing each other. For the front gateposts bore holes two inches apart, pour in a little hot glue and insert posts. Fig. 5 illustrates the method of fence building and shows



the gate complete. To increase the do-mesticity of the miniature you may put in outbuildings and walks leading to them. outbuildings and walks leading to them. A good effect is produced by placing soil to the depth of one quarter inch around the cabin. Then too you might add the cattle trough, the old fashioned sweep well or the windmill. I would like to describthe windmill, but it is quite another topic and space forbids it. The idea is to put in all the detail you can to make the scene lifelike and natural. To cover the window spaces you can use small swinging doors. If you prefer glass follow these directions: After making the frame and putting in the square piece of glass, paste upon the glass wooden strips at right angles to each other and crossing at the centers. This will give the appearance of



### With the Boys

BEN MONTGOMERY, Petersburg, Ill., lives BEN MONTGOMERY, Petersburg, III., lives two and a half miles from Old Balem, where Lincoin landed his flat boat and built a mill, and where he wooed and won his first love, Ann Rutledge.—ELMER H. HAYDEN, Cuba, N. Y., R. D., No. 3, sends us a copy of "The Advance," a weekly hand-printed paper, which is now in its forty sixth week.—WILLARD SMITH, Lewiston, III., has taken first prise at the County fair for drawing for the last two years.



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### AMATEUR JOURNAL-ISM DEPARTMENT

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

### Selecting a Small Printing Outfit WILL S. KNOX.

WILL S. KNOX.

Most boys seem to be under the impression that all that is required for the formation of a small printing plant is a printing press and "some type." While, of course, "some type" is an actual necessity, there are also numerous other articles and implements without which the mechanical act of printing would be very difficult, if not an impossibility.

Almost every boy, whether he knows much about printing or not, is aware that the printer's "trade-mark" is the "composing stick" and "rule"—two of the most important and useful implements of his trade. But there are others (no slang intended), without which no printing office, no matter how small, would be complete—furniture, quoins, leads, slugs, quads, imposing stone, chase, cases, galleys, etc., etc.

All these things "cost money," and one will be surprised at the number of things required and the expense necessary for the fitting up of even one of the smaller printing plants, such as a boy would require for printing a small paper and doing common, simple varieties of job printing. It may be interesting to many readers to know just what materials and implements are required to furnish a small printing office complete—a plant that will permit of the execution of just as excellent work (to the limit of its resources), too, as the faster, more expensive shops of the professional printer.

There are quite a number of reliable firms who make a specialty of supplying printing outfits to amateur printers (some of the strangent of the strangent of the supplying printing outfits to amateur printers (some of the strangent of the strangent of the strangent of the supplying printing outfits to amateur printers (some of the strangent of the strangent of the strangent of the strangent of the supplying printing outfits to amateur printers (some of the strangent of the strangent of the supplying printing outfits to amateur printers.

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paper, &c. THE PRESS CO., MERIDEN, CO.N.

Small marble slab for Imposing Stone 

### Harmony in the Amateur World

Harmony in the Amateur World

One of the criticisms urged against amateur journalism has been that those who are active in the work have been too prone to quarrel, and that much unnecessary warfare has been carriel on between the associations. There has at times been some justice in this complaint, though on the whole those who have made it have been outsiders who falled to appreciate the real comradeship and helpfulness of amateur journalism and commented only on the things that appeared on the surface. THE AMERICAN BOY is happy to chronicle the fact that a larger harmony than ever before prevails now in the amateur ranks, and that an era of general good feeling has set in together with a literary revival. One association now concedes the reason for existence of the others and accords ready recognition of their good purposes as well as useful achievements. A striking illustration of this pleasing state of affalis is revealed in the visit of Edward M. Lind, the recently elected president of the National Amateur Press Association to Ira E. Seymour ex-president and now official editor of the Unitee State. Amateur Press Association on his return home to San Francisco after his trans-continental tour. Another example of the tendency to harmony lies in the fact that many amateurs are members of at least two of the national associations, and some even belong to the Interstate, National and United. A third proof is evidenced in the fact that the editor of this department is ex-President and Treasurer of the first, Secretary of Publicity and an official critic of the second, and Chairman of the Directors of the last named. All of these evidences clearly demonstrate the existence of a harmonious and cordial feeling which ought to produce excellent results in the amateur world.

### A Young Business Man



Percy S. Morris, of Rodney, Ont., who from his picture does

Ont., who from his picture does not appear to be over ten or eleven years old, styles himself "Manager of the Rodney Newspaper Agency." out of which he says he makes quite a little sum weekly. He has made a "merry-go-round" that will really go and he is able to make something by selling tickets for rides. When he was eight years old he was the editor of a little paper called "The Rodney News."

Amateur journals to the number of about two hundred are published in the United States. Nearly all of these journals are represented in amateur journalists associations or local amateur press clubs. These associations and clubs bring about mutual criticism, exchange of ideas and products. s well as develop literary ability and concourage efforts to do better work.

Amateur papers sent to the office of THE AMERICAN BOY will be reviewed, so far as space permits, in such a way as to be fair and helpful.

### MANDOLIN LESSONS

Next month we give the first of a series of mandolin lessons for boys. The mandolin is a popular musical instrument with school boys, and many will welcome the opportunity thus given to master it.

# The American Boy

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### THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postoffice as Second-class Matter

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, ORIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, President and Editor. Vice-President and Ass't Editor. J. COTNER, JR., Secretary and Treasurer

### The Type Told a Fib

In the advertisement of Geo. B. Doan & Co., which appeared on page 52 of the December number of this paper, a typocember number of this paper, a typo-graphical error occurred by which it was made to appear that with each one of their games, ordered direct, "a five dollar atlas of the world" would be given. The sentence should have rend "a fine dollar atlas." After about forty thousand copies of the issue had been run off the error was noticed and corrected, but to those of our readers who may have received the atlas and felt that too high a value was placed upon it we wish to explain that no deception was intended by the advertisers, they were giving away a one-dollar atlas and did not mean to value it higher in their offer.

### Please Notice

Will our readers kindly turn the pages of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY and note the amount and the variety of reading matter that it contains? Not only that, will they also note the character of the matter? We feel proud of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, with its fourteen stories, its leading articles on sport, money making, journalism, history, books, magic, electricity, biography, photography, mechanics, etc., and its scores of pictures of boy life. We want to call attention to the fact that our departments, namely, photography, stamps, coins, book reviews, mechanics, electricity, amateur journalism and puzzles, are edited by experts—not by persons who know a smattering of their subjects, but by persons who know them thoroughly. We want you to note how interesting and profitable are such articles as "Clever Work With the Drawing Room Magician" series, and "The Drawing Room Magician" series, and how informing are such articles as those regarding the Indian boys of Carlisle School, the experiences of Westney, the sprinter, in his old world campaigns. Note, too, the good advice under "Boys as Money Makers," and the words of our Editor in "Just Between Ourselves." The story entitled "For the Mikado," now running in the paper, when finished will be published by Harper & Brothers in book form and sold at one dollar and a half, fifty cents more than an annual subscribtion to THE AMERICAN BOY, and yet our boys are privileged to read the story for one dollar's worth in the pages of this paper in twelve months must be hard to please; and that parent who wishes for his boy better mental stimulant than these columns give will look a long time before he finds it. Will our readers kindly turn the pages of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY

### Our New Department

Perhaps no request in our office has been more frequent than that we should make room in THE AMERICAN BOY for a room in THE AMERICAN BOY for a department devoted to mechanics and electricity. For several years we have been endeavoring to find a man who could properly conduct it—that is, a man who is a practical mechanic and electrician and is at the same time possessed of sufficient literary ability to produce matter on which we could safely depend as being both accurate and readable. Then, too, we had to find a man who could write in such a way as that the boys might understand him. You will see from this that such a man has been hard to find.

After many months of waiting we have finally succeeded in finding a man who, we believe, fills the bill, and we take pleasure in Introducing to our readers Mr. ROBERT G. GRISWOLD, who will from this time on talk to the boys about mechanics and electricity, and answer through these columns such questions as they may ask, in so far as our space will permit.

As a starter, Mr. Griswold has written a two-part story, beginning in this number, that gives accurate and full instructions as to how to make and install a wireless telegraph apparatus. Our readers will see by glancing over the first installment of this story that what Mr. Griswold wants the boys to know is how to install such a wireless system as will really do the work, and not be some mere plaything or some cheap substitute that will prove a disappointment. To the ordinary reader there is a good deal of "Greek" in Mr. Griswold's directions, but the "ordinary reader" does not even know the a, b, c's of mechanics, and it would be utterly impossible for an electrician to give him not only the directions but also the "genius" for doing the thing. There are thousands of boys that have the "genius," and it is these boys who will take advantage of Mr. Griswold's instruction. You will see right away that Mr. Griswold is not going to play with his department, but is going to play with his department, but is going to edit it in a serious, business-like way, and that what he says can be depended upon in every particular.

We congratulate ourselves as well as our boys—and adults, too, upon our success in finding a man to edit this department; from now on we expect it to be one of the best in the paper.

### A Peep Into Our Next Number

We are sure that every boy whose subscription is just now expiring, will want to renew promptly and be sure to receive the February number when we give him a peep into the probable contents of that number. February being the birthday number. February being the birthday month of two of the greatest Americans, the February number will be full of matter of a patriotic nature. There will be a lively sketch, with handsome illustrations, of the son of the man who keeps the old building at Valley Forge, which was Washington's headquarters during that awful winter of which every boy has read, that so severely tested the metal of our forefathers in 1777-78. "Washington and the Flag" will prove of interest in that it tells of the birth of our national emblem. the Flag" will prove of interest in that it tells of the birth of our national emblem. An interesting story will appear entitled, "How Lincoln's Life was Saved," with pictures of the log cabin in which Presi-



dent Lincoln was born and some views of the Lincoln farm. A fine biographical sketch of General Francis Marino—another Revolutionary hero, will appear. Then we shall have an interesting item regarding the boy whose grandfather was the keeper of Old Abe, the war eagle. There will also be an extract from a sketch by the noted editor, Henry Watterson, on "The Inspiration of Lincoln," a tale of the experiences of two young men on a thousand-mile cruise in a small boat built by themselves; A Boy's Success in Raising Angora Goats, A Plea for the Boy's Room, an interesting story of how a boy captured a pair of condors and got one hundred dollars from the Smithsonian Institute, a young middent Lincoln was born and some views the Smithsonian Institute, a young mid-shipman's adventure, a twelve-year-old Erooklyn boy who won first prize in the

### LOOK AT YOUR LABEL

The label on your paper tells you when your subscription expires. Don't let us have to do more than hint our wish to have you renew promptly. Start the year Very truly yours, right. THE AMERICAN BOY

A LITTLE GERMAND BOY WHO LERNT TOO MANY LESSONS

boys' automobile race. These with a half a hundred other items, big and little, and all the Departments full of interest will make the February number noteworthy.

### How Two Boys Built Wireless Telegraph Instruments

Continued from page 85.)

the cause of many failures in instruments where high tension currents are used.

"Bend a piece of sheet brass two inches square to a right angle and drill four holes for screws. By means of these clips the coil may be held firmly in place, as I am showing you in this sketch.

"Do you remember, boys, the little motor they had at the exhibition to operate the make-and-break, or contact maker?"

"Yes, and the little point that went up and down into the mercury?"

"Well, some such device as that is generally used with an induction coil for this

"Yes, and the little point that went up and down into the mercury?"

"Well, some such device as that is generally used with an induction coil for this work since it is more reliable than the ordinary vibrator, but the old form of vibrator will answer our purpose quite as well. You see I have shown a very simple one here. It is simply an armature of soft iron, about one-eighth inch thick and one inch in diameter, soldered to one end of a piece of one-thirty-second inch spring brass bent as I have shown here, and screwed down to the base. The flat disk should stand clear of the end of the core by about one-sixteenth of an inch. Cut out a support for the adjusting screw, which is simply a three-sixteenths inch round head brass machine screw. from a piece of hard wood or fibre. Drill a hole for the adjusting screw, also that holding the support to the base. File the end of the adjusting screw to a blunt point and screw it through the wood. I have shown a small spring held under the base screw and which is pressing on the under side of the head of the adjusting screw; to this spring is soldered one of the wires leading under the base to a b'inding screw, and the tension of the spring insures a good contact on the adjusting screw. This is simpler than passing the screw through a nut, I think."

"Don't they generally use platinum contact points, Uncle Henry?"

"Yes, but this is not necessary unless very heavy currents are used. Now I have shown you here how to make the connections, and you remember how I told you to make binding screws by soldering a strip of brass into the slot of a round head brass wood screw? The ends of the wires leading to these screws should be soldered to the under side of a brass or copper washer, through which the screw passes, and by screwing it down a wire may be held very firmly between the screw-head and the washer."

"Don't we have to place two balls on the rods above the coil for the sparks to jump between?"

the adjusting screw to a blunt point and screw it through the wood. I have shown a small spring held under the base screw and and which is pressing on the under side of the head of the adjusting screw; to this spring is soldered one of the wires leading under the base to a binding screw, and the tension of the spring insures a good contact on the adjusting screw. This is to contact on the adjusting screw, this is not necessary unless very heavy currents are used. Now I have shown you here how to make the connections, and you remember how I told you to make binding screws by soldering a strip of brass into the slot of a round head brass wood screw? The ends of the screw-head and the washer."

"Yes, I was just coming to that. It is not necessary the screw-head and the washer."

"Yes, I was just coming to that. It is not necessary to have balls on the rods, but they always give heavier?

"Yes, I was just coming to that. It is not necessary to have balls on the screw-head and the washer."

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"Yes, I was just coming to that. It is not necessary to have balls on the screw-head and the policy have the costs more than that two thousand the policy have the costs more than that two thousand the policy have the policy have the cost another hundred to have the policy have the policy have the policy have the policy hav a diameter that it will hug the eighth-inch rod tightly, and solder a piece of this coil, not over one-half inch in length, to each support directly over the hole. Thus coil, not over one-half inch in length, to each support directly over the hole. Thus you see, the rods may be moved to and fro and still be held firmly in any position. Then bend the end of the rods into a small ring about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and pollsh the faces of the rings that approach as smoothly as possible. That will practically finish the coil."

possible. That will practically finish the coll."

"That does not seem so very hard, does it, Paul? I thought we would have all sorts of trouble, but Uncle Henry has shown us how to build it without a bit of machine work."

"Ha! Ha! well, boys, I could have made you a great deal of work but your Address THE AMERICAN BOY.

Any book reviewed in our Book Review column or any boy's book anywhere published can be purchased of us at publishers' prices.

We still have left copies of the illustrated pamphlet descriptive of American Boy Day at the St. Louis Exposition. Price, 10 cts.

coil would not have been very much better, considering its size."

"Now you will need a condenser."

"You see when a coil of any considerable size is working there is always a spark between the contact points of the vibrator, and when very heavy will rapidly eat through the spring and destroy the point. The condenser is a device designed to take care of this surplus energy and store it up for the next impulse. When properly adjusted to the size of the coil and the amount of current used, there will be no spark at these points upon breaking. Large condensers are often made by laying up alternate sheets of tinfoil and paraffined paper, but that is very tedious, and you can make a very good one in this manner.

"Get mother to give you three or four glass preserving jars of the pint size, wash them perfectly clean inside and out, and dry well. Be sure that there are no little cracks anywhere in them; then go to the tobacco store and ask for several sheets of the tinfoil that is used to pack plug tobacco in. Smooth this out evenly and cut into strips about four inches wide and long enough to go around the jar. Roll the foil around a small round stick, and, after giving the inside of the jar a very thin coat of shellac, roll the foil around a small round stick, and, after giving the inside of the jar avery thin coat of shellac, roll the foil around the inside of the jar allowing the lower edge to reach to the bottom. Press it down as smoothly as possible, and then put another circular piece over the bottom in the same wavy, being rure that the two pieces come in contact. Where these two pieces join, the contact should be between bare metal, so do not put shellac on these edges. Then cover the outside of the jar for about four inches from the bottom in the same manner.

"Make a wood cover for each jar, dry thoroughly and varnish. Through the center of this cover pass a stout brass wire, and that it will press against the bare foil on the bottom of the jar and insure good contact. The wood cover should be made somewhat

"All right, Uncle a thousand times, get right to work, stove store first."
"Good-bye, Uncle "Good bye, boys. Good lunk to you."

(To be continued.)

### The Cost of a Boy

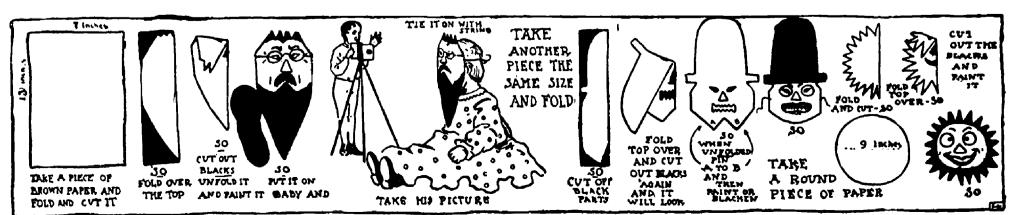
I read the other day that it cost nearly a thousand pounds to bring up a London boy and educate and dress him well I sald to myselt: "That is because every-

of ourselves, they will be poor indeed; but if we make good citizens and substantial men and women, they will feel as though they had good pay for bringing us up."

Boys, what are you worth to your parents?—In Children's Friend, written by

a boy.

### For Sale



The instructions on this picture explain everything that needs to be done to produce the funny masks shown. The only articles needed are a pair of scissors, a few sheets of stiff paper and some pins. If you have paints, they will add to the queerness and grotesqueness of the faces. If you have none, the markings can be put on with a soft lead pencil, either black, purple or red, or the faces can be made extra funny by making them of differently colored papers and pasting them on.



Address all communications for this department, Uncle Tangler, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich. Ruies 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.

deorge C. Nespital, 115 Wells St., Chicago, Ill., wins the prize for the best list of answers to November Tangles, J. Klahr Huddle, "An American Boy," Bloomville, O., wins the prize for best lot of original puzzles.

Hunorable mention

ville, O., wins the prize for best lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: M. Gray, Old Poser, Nels W. Kindgren, Richard Rundell, G. W. Repp. Lynn J. Coon, L. Roy Engle, Nora B. Wallace, H. H. Voelker, Mary S. Baker, Edward Wesley Romer. Dana G. Coe, Geo. W. Blakemore, Dolphis Zabolio, Helen E. Voorhees, Orvai Hadley, Fred R. Henkelman, J. Horace Trumbull, Win, Harding, William, Oliver and Annie McAdams, Geo. L. Harrinkton, D. Waldo Brown, John Falge, Floyd Clark, William B. Kirk, Vattel Ebert Daniel, Eugene Marius Stewart, Ray Blore, S. Ward Seeley, Jay Kienzle, Lot W. Armin, Willie R. Schoenherger, Thomas DeWind, W. Earl Berry, Robert T. Tlatcher, Cornelius Hyatt, S. Reuben Guard, Diwin C. Sharp.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by January 20, Seasonable puzzles, having for their subjects persons and events connected with the month of March, are preferred.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to the January Tangles received by January 20.

### Answers to December Tangles

74. Sleigh bells, Santa Claus, chimney, stocking, gun, sled, skates, bicycle, candy, nuts, plum pudding, oranges, ple, cake. Illustrated key words; King, bell, ring, cane, gate, sled, club, hood, kiss, pump, nest, hats, mule, cats,

lady, sign, guns, dice, nuns, keys, cape, lace, 10.

76. 1. Sir Isaac Newton. 2. William I., The Conqueror. Duke of Normandy. 3. Savannah. Ga. 4. Clovis. 5. Charlemagne. 6. George Washington. 7. Four.

. 1.	White	78. Spire
2.	TOkyo	Apple
3.	NoRth	Night
4.	Sable	Table
5,		
		Altar
6.		Cross
7.	Sofia	Ladle
8.	CAdiz	Angel
9.	Irish	Union
10.	GReen	Songs
11.	PoSen	Initials, Santa Claus.
12.	RabAt	
13.	Lanai	79. 1. S C a l d s
14.	SelNe	2. s A L m o n
15.	CuTch	3. ba N A n a
16.	BLack	4. ManTUa
17.		5. Kans A S
18.		Diagonals, Santa
		Claus

15. Cu Tch
16. BLack
17. Ogden
18. YUkon
19. MaIne
20. BoiSe
Zig-zag, World's Fair
aint Louis.

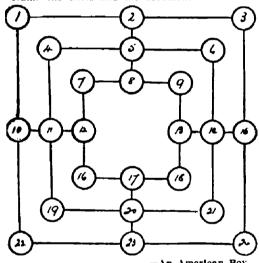
D	E	C	E	М	В	E	R
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N	G	L	E	R	$\overline{\mathbf{s}}$	۸	М
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s	T	М	Λ	$\mathbf{s}$	T	0	Y
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C	E	R	E	: <b>L</b>	Y	$\overline{\mathbf{Y}}$	O
U	R	s	s	$\Lambda$	N		

81. 1. Cove. 2. Bluepoint. 3. Shrewsbury.
4. Little Neck. 5. Birds Nest. 6. Bouillon.
7. Clear. 8. Bear. 9. Moose. 10. Partridge.
11. Pheasant. 12. Pigeon. 13. Turkey. 14. Beef.
15. Pig. 16. Chicken. 17. Beans. 18. Corn. 19. Potato. 29. Parsn.p. 21. Sandwich. 22. Bunns.
23. Roll. 24. Breadloaf. 25. Rice. 26. Sago.
27. Indian. 28. Plum pudding. 29. Pumpkin.
30. Cherry. 31. Apple. 32. Almond. 33. Filbert.
34. Brazil. 35. Coldwater. 36. Cocoa. 37. Coffee. 82. Peace on earth, good will to men.

### New Tangles

### ITINERARY TANGLE.

An American Boy started on a journey at the city numbered 1, and visited the cities indicated in exact numerical order. He found on reaching the big city numbered 24 that the first letter of the name of each city he had visited, taken in the order of his visit, spelled the name of a famous American document issued in January. Name the cities and the document.



-An American Boy.

HOLIDAY ACROSTICS.

2. HOLIDAY ACROSTICS.

All words are of uniform length. The initials spell the date of the first holiday of the year; the final letters, commencing with number 4, reading to number 12, and finishing with 1, 2 and 3, a familiar and welcome greeting common to that day.

1. A month. 2. Capital of Upolu island. 3. Islands forming the westernmost group of the Aleutian Islands. 4. A state. 5. The first (Latin) word in Virgil's Aeneld. 6. A poultry disease. 7. The cry of a dog. 8. Cunning. 9. First Czar of Russia. 10. The city where St. Paul is sad to have suffered martyrdom. 11. Present Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. 12. The city besieged ten years by the Greeks, according to legendary account.

The city besieged ten years of cording to legendary account.

—S. Reuben Guard.

JANUARY LADDER.

JANUARY LADDER.

The left upright spells a January holiday; the right upright, what are customarily made by us all on that day.

The rungs in order from the top down are as follows:

A lake on Mt. Desert island; a city, river and county of Mississippi; a town of Jack County, Texas; a mountain mentioned in acripture; an Illinois city, on the Mississippi.

—George L. Harrington.

PYRAMID.

4. PYRAMID.

Across: A letter from Copenhagen: an animal: Runic letters; discussed; an alloy of copper and tin; the first day of the year.

Down: A letter in January; to exist: moisture from the atmosphere; to trust: a Russian coin; a famous canal: a measure of length: places; alang word for father; abbreviation of a Southern state; a letter in January.

Ray Blore.

### HISTORICAL LABYRINTH.

Starting with a certain corner letter and con-tinuously moving from square to square uniti al' the letters are used once only, find an event in American history that occurred in January.

Т	N	D	E	T	A	w	ĸ
o	ī	1	T	8	A	8	A
H	T	M	D	A	8	N	H
E	ī	N	N	J	E	N	U
0	Ţ	I	N	A	E	N	D
R	N	U	H	T	E	R	T
Y	A	G	<b>A</b>	$\overline{\mathbf{p}}$	ī	х	Y
E	ī	N	D	8	E	N	0

-Nels Waldemar Kindgreen.

### JANUARY HISTORY.

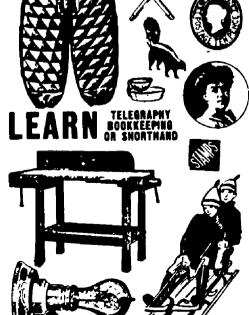
Beginning at a certain letter and proceeding in a certain direction, taking every third letter until all are used once only, find an event in American history associated with the date here

iven.			
I N	TOO	CINOOPLNRNP	E
A			S
1		January 1, 1863.	R
T			8
P			E
LA	ITM	CNANELADCMI	0
		-Thomas De W	ind.

### JANUARY ZIG-ZAG.

### AMERICAN BOY ADVERTISERS.

All of the following twelve items appeared in advertisements in the November American Boy. 1904. The first letters of the names of these advertisers, as the T in The Sprague Publishing Co., when arranged in proper order, will spell the name of a firm whose advertisement has appeared in The American Boy regularly for at least two years.



-Willie R. Schoenberger.

### SLIDE THE SLIPS.

Copy these four lines of letters on four slips copy these four lines of letters of lines sips of paper, one line on each; place the slips in the order given and slide them to the light and left until there appear six consecutive perpendicular rows of letters that spell in continuous order the names of three important cities of the United States two western and one eastern. Only twenty-four of the letters are used to spell them

MACATISGARDE
CARTHGLSHTON
QMLRNFIOOWIO
AXACSUANNOLD
—The Gopher.

### P OGRESSIVE ENIGMAS.

city.

75. To all American boys, far and near,
A merry Christmas to you this year.
Key words: Tsetse, Celt, far.naceous, Byron
Harrison, Mayo, malady, rarity, Ramah.

(1). Every 123456 my 456 and I take a tour 56
the 123. (2). On Christmas we 123 each 1234567
at 4 bountiful 34567. (3). A 1234567 of 455 Christian 1234567891011 found the girl's missing 891011
and gave 567 a bowl of 12345. —The Idiot.

### CONNECTED DOUBLE ZIG-ZAGS. 11.

. • • .	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	• Sure; sorrowful; • pertaining to • mik; capuble of • being heard; a • town at the foo;
		to frighten; to give evidence, Upper right: A disease of pe ca trees; a place
101	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	- " - isting in nam? - " only; citiz:: - " - soldiers; com- - " penation for - " - saving a ship or - 16 its cargo; a

Center: A county in Arizona; diversion; a quack medicine; a sea captain; strong feeling; to restrain; a law.

Lower left: Showy with grandeur; a command; a horse soldier; relating to stars; to supplicate; a secret; a town near Perth, Australia.

Lower right: To surround; transposition of the letters of a word; long steps; to extend; to warn; exalted in rank or public estimation; one who foretells events.

Star letters: 1 to 2, the Indian pipe of peace 3 to 4, to make vo.d. 5 to 6, a river and gulf in Siberia. 7 to 8, prominent. 4 to 11, natives of New England. 6 to 13, huge. 9 to 10, a model. 11 to 12, a layer, as of earth, 13 to 14, to impress with a stamp. 15 to 16, beginning to exist.

—Page Alden Perry.

### 12. CHANGED HEADINGS.

First, I am the unknown quantity in an algerale problem. Change my head, and I become uccessively: A small plant that grows the world over: a foreman; to fall with a thud; privation a slang name for a common domestic animal cused by Oliver Wendell Holmen; furze; to throw with the palm upward; a ditch; a hassock. Chinese idol; a promontory; to push the oug cally matter on the bark of certain trees.

—Ross Richtmyer.

### SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

One word from each of the following Bible ve ses will give the middle verse of the Bible which is found in P-alms.

(1). I. Corinthians, XIV., 7, (2). Titus III. 10, (3). II. Peter, II., 21, (4). Luke XX., 30, 5). Job XIII., 15, (6). Mark XIV., 62, (7). Malachi I., 14, (8), II. Chronides, VI., 1, 9). Psalms LXIX., 31, (10). Hosea XI., 2, (11). Psalms LXX., 2, (12). Psalms CXVIII., 9, 13). Proverbs XIV., 28, (14). Job J., 1, 1, 1, 280 Gaskill. ob I., 1. —Roy Gaskill,

### RHOMBOID

Across: A contest; a prepara tion of uncookel vegetables for the table; kingly; a dogma; a twist of threads drawn through the skin, in surgery.

Down: A letter from Christmas; an adverb, conjunction and pronoun; a salt-water sulfor; a congulated mass; a President of the United States; a native of a certain European country; permit; a preposition, adverb and conjunction; a letter from New Years.—Osborn J. Dunn.



The above characters, when properly arranged, form the name of the most delightful game you ever played. It's a game your entire family would enjoy—exciting as the old-time "Spelling Match." And there's more than enjoyment in it—you learn while you play. The fun is fast and furious! Any number play!

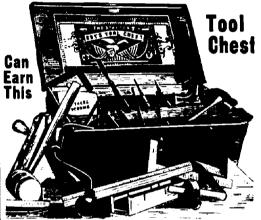
### PRIZES FOR ANSWERS.

To each of the first 100 persons who mails us the correct name of the game, we will send at once, without charge, a complete set of 112 cards, in neat case, Regular price, 50c. And to every contest...nt, we will mail a "Balancing Butterfly" and winners' addresses.

As a hint, show this offer (which will appear but once) to your dealer and ask him to show you the only game that will teach you to spell well. Send your guess promptly to

WALTER S. COLES, Mgr., 121 E. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O. Reference: Nat. La Fayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.

# EVERY BOY



containing 25 tools by selling 30 of our 10x15
Art Pictures; beautiful reproductions of famous
paintings in colors at 10c each. Pictures sent
free. Tool Chest or other premium from our
list sent prepaid, same day money comes to us.

Extra Premium: Year subscription to Littile
Extra Premium: Year subscription to Littile
PREMIUM ART CO.,
Dept. C., 1269 Broadway, New York.

This Upright Engine is Yours Very Little Work

Engine still retains its popularity and still continues to be easily the best dollar engine in the market

Dest dollar engine in the market.

In construction it is simple and sensible, and in all its parts strong and durable. Unlike other dollar engines it has no steam pipes to get filled with rust and dirt. The steam chest, steam and exhaust ports, whistle, whistle valve and throttle valve seats are all cast in one piece, and locked steam-tight to top of boiler. It is made throughout of well tempered polished sheet brass. It exhausts steam through the smoke stack as shown in cut; which no other engine does

exhausts steam through the smoke stack as shown in cut; which no other engine does.

The safety valve is the lever and ball pattern. The valve seat is made large in order that the boiler may be easily filled through it.

Every engine is thoroughly tested before packing, and fully warranted. All parts of the engine are interchangeable, and we have always on hand duplicate parts with which to supply our customers.

Each engine is packed securely in a wooden, locked-corner box suitable for mailing or expressing.

Full directions for running the engine will be found in each box, with the price of duplicate parts.

We will send to "American Boy" subscribers one of these fine

engines, all charges prepaid, for two new yearly subscriptions to "The American Boy" at \$1.00 each; or for one new yearly subscription to "The American Boy" (at \$1.00) and 35 cents in money additional. Price of the engine \$1.00. We will send it prepaid on receipt of price.

Address, THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Detroit, Mich.

# The Food Value of a Soda Cracker

You have heard that some foods furnish fat, other foods make muscle, and still others are tissue building and heat forming.

You know that most foods have one or more of these elements, but do you know that no food contains them all in such properly balanced proportions as a good soda cracker?

The United States Government report shows that soda crackers contain less water, are richer in the muscle and fat elements, and have a much higher per cent of the tissue building and heat forming properties than any article of food made from flour.

That is why Uneeda Biscuit should form an important part of every meal. They represent the superlative of the soda cracker, all their goodness and nourishment being brought from the oven to you in a package that is proof against air, moisture and dust—the price being too small to mention.

# AMCTICAN BOY FEBRUARY — 1905

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# Just Aetween Gurselves



### QUITTING SCHOOL

Dear Boys:-

THERE comes a time in every boy's life when the question arises with him "why not quit school and go to work," I know it does arise in the minds of some boys, for they have asked my advice in the matter.

The question arose more than once with me when I was a boy and, judging from the small number of boys. as compared with the whole number, who continue in school until such a time as they may be properly said to have attained a school education, I imagine that my experience was not an unusual one.

The average American boy is an active animal. He likes to be doing things. Sitting in a schoolroom reading, writing, and figuring doesn't answer his notion of "doing things." He wants to be achieving in the sense of making money, starting a business. gathering in the shekels to spend or to save, and in a word being a man; all this he is impatient for.

Unfortunately the matter of quitting school presents itself to a boy usually at a time of life when he is little able to decide it wisely. Unfortunately, too, parents, allowing themselves to be governed by selfish motives, or ignorant or indifferent as to the results of their decision, more often than not help the boy to decide-wrongly.

If a boy could realize that when he quits school e is practically deciding how much of a success he is going to make of himself, he would be very slow in laying down his books. I do not mean to say, boys, that success depends altogether upon how much book learning or how much schooling a boy may have, but I do mean to say that given two boys of equal capacity and equal natural ability, that boy who sticks to his school will be infinitely better off in the end than the boy who quits midway.

There is an education that comes from contact with men and from the actual handling of the tools of everyday life, from travel, and from observation and experience, but nothing can just take the place in a man's life of the instruction of the school—book learning, if you please.

The boy who stops school and goes into business three years ahead of his companion, other things of course being equal, has not got three years the start of that companion by any means. The chances are that the boy who starts three years later will not only overtake the other one but will speedily outstrip him in the race.

### BEASONS NOT GOOD.

For some years I have been a lecturer in one of the best business colleges in the country. I have had an opportunity to watch hundreds and hundreds of boys—the most of them boys who for one reason or another have been taken out of the public schools where they should have remained, and rushed into a business college for a "business education," in order that they may have some excuse for asking employment.

In a large proportion of the cases that have come before my observation I am sure that there has been absolutely no good reason for the boy's quitting school. In some cases the boy has grown tired of the routine of school life and begged his father to permit him to quit and earn something for himself. The father, himself perhaps not an educated man, has given his permission with little thought of the results, probably seeing only an opportunity for him to escape paying for the boy's clothes and board—a something that appealed more strongly to him than any mere consideration of good that might come to the boy later in life. Or the boy has proved an indifferent success in school. He has not kept well up with his classes; his teacher complains that he is slow, or bad; he would rather play than study; he has no "mind for books." So the parent decides that education does not "fit" Johnnie and he turns the boy loose with the hope that in business life at least he will be a success. Or the boy does not like his teacher. The two have had several little spats. In order to spite the teacher the boy is taken from school and shoved into some employment-any emplyment so it brings a few dollars a week.

The considerations that lead boys to quit school and their parents to permit it are in the great majority of cases just as silly as these.

### A CRITICAL TIME

It may as well be understood by us all that there are certain times in every boy's life when his faculties really go to sleep. Men who have made a study of child life tell us this. It is not a theory but a scientific fact, proven by the long continued study and observation of not one boy but of thousands of boys. In some cases this period comes as early as the eighth or ninth year; in other cases it comes a little later. The mind then ceases to be active and creative. The boy who used to get his lessons well now has trouble with them. The teacher wonders why he doesn't do as well as once he did. His parents, if they pay any attention to his school reports at all, notice that he is failing in certain studies where he used to be perfect. He doesn't want to study; he would rather sleep. He doesn't want to go to school; he would rather play.

Parents and teachers should understand that these things are not necessarily signs of the boy's unfitness for school work, but that they are phenomena to be looked for and expected at some period in the life of the boy, and that if that period is weathered the boy will return in due time to his active, vigorous, mental life. Boys at this period should not be urged too hard but to a certain extent humored, but not allowed to quit school, for now is department of life it worked it was trained for the the time when they most likely will seek to quit, and hence it is the danger time of school life.

### A SILLY ERROR.

Once in a while someone argues in public print that a school and college education, particularly the latter, unfits a man for active life. Don't you believe it, boys. The evidences in favor of the school-bred man are so plentiful that it seems ridiculous to make the argument. Occasionally a school-bred man fails: in fact many do fail. The fact remains, however, that the great proportion succeed—an infinitely greater proportion, than in the case of men not

It is very difficult, boys, to find a man who doesn't wish for his son more of a school education than he himself had. That ought to be evidence enough that men when they seriously consider the value of an education put a high estimate on it, for men usually want for their offspring better things, greater success, happier lives than they have had.

My own father used to say that, having himself been deprived of a college education, he had early determined to see to it that his children had as thorough an education as it was possible for him to give them. He had seen in his own experience with men and with business affairs that a man without an education is terribly handicapped when he comes into competition with men who have had an education.

I do not care how humble the work a boy is going to engage in he will do that work better for having been broadly educated. I asked a young woman who is a teacher of girls in a Brooklyn High school, why she taught the girls Latin. Her answer was peculiar. "In order," she said, "that they may become better house-keepers." I suppose many would have laughed at that answer, and yet I did not. She meant that the study of Latin broadened the mind, gave it grasp and reach, and disciplined it so that in whatever

### THE BOY WHO CANNOT GO TO COLLEGE

CONTRIBUTED

T seems to be the universally accepted theory that no young man has an education, unless he has been graduated from some collegiate institution; but such is by no means the case. The young man who has applied himself to books in the spare moments, when his daily work was over, is infinitely better educated than the boy who "skinned" or was tutored through college.

While there are many incidental advantages, the great reason why a young man should go to college is to obtain a disciplined mind. Then, having discovered what his powers are—to use the language of President Eliot of Harvard-he should use them for his own good and the good of others. But men of this character are not confined to college graduates. Benjamin Franklin may be taken as a typical example of a man of this type. One, however, may well ask: "Was he not, in the true sense of the word, college-bred?" He was the master of five languages-one more than is required by our best colleges of to-day. He was a brilliant scientific student; his experiments along electrical lines would have given him a degree in any modern university. He was always studying the social institutions of his own and of other lands. Possessing a remarkable knowledge of general subjects, and cultured by European travel, he was one of the best educated men of his time.

A. T. Stewart, though not the possessor of a college education, was a man of exceptionally disci-plined powers. He was educated for the ministry, but taught school for some time before he went into If one will look into the matter, he will find that Andrew Carnegie, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Cooper, Roswell P. Flower, and many others who were never graduated from a college, are notable examples of the success of a disciplined mind not obtained through a university training.

The youth who must be self-educated is far better off to-day than one of Franklin's time. nothing about the large number of free libraries that have lately been established, the several university extension courses, the reading circles, the night schools in our cities, the educational courses offered in connection with Y. M. C. A. work, the instruction through correspondence, etc.—all of which afford exceptional advantages to the boy who cannot go to college—the cheapness of books and of scientific and educational periodicals makes possible a degree of mental training quite impossible a century ago. Through the medium of text-books, magazines, etc., the college professor now addresses a much larger class than the few who meet with him regularly in the laboratory or lecture room.

As the training at college comes not from the spacemodic effort at examination time in order to get a passing grade, but from the daily preparation of each day's lesson; so the training received through home study is best obtained by "keeping everlastingly at it.'

While studying at home in the evening is harder. requires more will power, and lacks the inspiration of the noble professors in our American institutions, the results are the same as those of college work so far as the disciplining of the mind is concerned. It is well to remember that few men have contributed anything to the world's progress who were not educated. Whether this education be self or college matters little.

most accurate and telling service.

A Detroit lady not long ago told me that she had sent her daughter to Vassar in order for one thing that the girl might learn how to make pie. She did not mean to be taken literally. I understood that she did mean that her daughter having a thoroughly educated mind would be able to do well whatever she set her hand to do-humble though the work might be. I have seen a few persons with untrained minds who could make good pie, and I know enough of educated people to know that generally speaking they are not satisfied to do their work halfway or in a slovenly manner, whether their work be humble or great. There are exceptions to all rules, however, but we must not permit ourselves to be led away by the exceptions

All I have said may be a little difficult for you boys to grasp. What I want you to know is simply this, that the more training a mind has the better it is able to do its work, whatever that work may be, whether it be planning and building a great bridge to span a mighty river or building an apple pie.

### WHAT MEN NEED.

What boys will need when they become men is cleancut, well balanced, well regulated minds, for after all it is the mind that rules. A man with a clean-cut, dependable mind is not going to permit his hands to do what they ought not to do, nor his feet to go where they ought not to go. A well educated man, other things being equal, draws a straighter line than does an ignorant man. A well educated man drives a straighter furrow with a plow than does an ignorant man. The more mental training you get the more masterful man you will become, Quit school now if you must, but know this, that when you do so you say to yourself, "I must run the chance of taking second or third place in the world's race. I quit school now in order to get into work more suited to my tastes, but in doing so I understand that I handicap myself forever."

I do not know, boys, of a single occupation in life in which an education will not improve your chances for success.

### AN INSTANCE.

I cannot forbear giving you a single instance out of my experience. In my class in college was a young man who stuck to his course until at the age of twenty-one he was graduated and received his degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was not a brilliant student, but a plodder. During the last two or three years of his college course he conceived the notion of studying shorthand, and while the other boys were playing or idling away their spare time he practiced shorthand. On his graduation he obtained a position in the city of Pittsburg as a stenographer in the office of an oil company. There were other stenographers in the office, some of whom had held positions for some years. In the course of a little time the New York office of the oil company wanted a man who could act not only as stenographer but as confidential clerk to one of the company's officials. There were men in the Pittsburg office who were good stenographers-perhaps better than my classmate and with longer experience, but he was selected and sent to New York. That was some years ago. A few months ago, when in New York, I called at the big building on Broadway in which the offices of this oil concern are located. I sent in my card to my once college friend. I was bidden to wait. In some ten minutes I was ushered into a beautiful office and there found my old college mate looking like "a ten time winner," and to my surprise—though I don't know why I should have been surprised. I found that he was at the head of a very important department of the business, with many men under him, naving the confidence of his superiors and in a fair way to reach a still more lucrative office.

In talking the matter over he told me that he knew it to be a fact that the stenographers who were with him in Pittsburg were either still there or had drifted elsewhere and into positions little, if any, above that in which they had started.

As I said, my friend was not a brilliant man. He was what I would have called an indifferent student. He stood nowhere near the head of his class, but he was not only a stenographer at his graduation he was an educated stenographer. The result was, as I have related, when a position awaited a stenographer with a trained mind, able to grasp the details of a complicated business and do more than 'take dictation" and "transcribe his notes," he was able to fill the place; and the place came without any of his seeking.

This is only one of numerous instances that have fallen to my notice where an education, as the foundation for work in itself comparatively humble, has been the means of lifting the worker to higher planes of success that otherwise could not have been attained.

I fear I have talked a little too deep for you this time, boys, but I want you, if you have read thus far, to reread again and again what I have here said. I have a real hope that your parents and your teachers, too, will read this talk. If by this word I can keep at school one of you boys who are now dissatisfied and unhappy in your school work, I feel that my time and yours will not have been wasted.

Very sincerely yours,

M-6 Sprague

# Me American

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AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Volume 6

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Number 4

## FOR THE MIKADO

OR, A JAPANESE MIDDY IN ACTION & By KIRK MUNROE

(BEGUN IN DECEMBER)

CHAPTER V.

JIU-JITSU METHODS.

R TT is well known to every one of you," said the superintendent, addressing the cadet battalion, standing at attention before him, "that the breach of Academy discipline most obnoxious to me is that form of brutality known as hazing. Generally this is practiced upon inexperienced newcomers by those who are older and stronger. Moreover, the hazers, imbued with the true spirit of cowardice, take care to be in such overwhelming numbers that their victims have no opportunity for successful resistance to their demands. An affair of this kind was planned For last night, when the selected victim was the very latest arrival at the Academy, Cadet Matsu, who comes to us as a protege of the Emperor of Japan; and who, by all rules of courtesy, should be treated with the especial consideration due a guest. Instead of this he has been, from the very first, hailed by a designation that is particularly obnoxious to him, because he regards it as insulting to his countrymen. including the Mikado, whom he reveres above all created beings. In every instance he has carefully explained this to those using the offensive term, and courteously has requested them not to repeat it. I am happy to state that, in most cases, this entirely proper request has been respected. In one instance, however, it was contemptuously ignored, whereupon Cadet Matsu very properly refused to salute those persons who thus declared their intention of continuing to insult his Mikado, through him. For this act of defiance he, shortly afterwards, was dragged from his bed at midnight by a score of masked men, and, with his roommate, was removed to a vacant building, where he was required to make humble apology for his alleged offense. Failing to do so he would receive, at the hands of his captors, such physical punishment as they deemed adequate. Choosing, without hesitation, the latter alternative, as I trust every one of you would do under like circumstances. Cadet Matsu, unfamiliar with American methods of boxing, promptly was knocked down. In another moment the victim of this assault had regained his feet; and, adopting Japanese methods of self-defense, not only had whipped out his direct assailant, and that young gentleman's second, a man half again as big as himself, but actually had the entire party of would-be hazers on a mad scramble for safety from his furious and incomprehensible attack. What the final outcome of this extraordinary battle would have been must be left to the imagination; for at that point it suddenly was interrupted by the approach of two officers who happened to be strolling in that direction. When these reached the building, they found Cadet Matsu to be its sole occupant. In answer to inquiries, he would only say that he and his roommate, Cadet Brownleigh, had been brought to that place against their will by a party of masked men and induced to participate in a certain Japanese game. Placed under arrest, and brought before ma for examination, this morning, Cadets Matsu and Brownleigh communicated all the facts in the case. but refused to divulge the name of any other person implicated in the affair, although informed that by taking such a stand they rendered themselves liable te dismissal from the Academy. As it was, they were ordered into close confinement until such time as their assailants should be discovered, or a final decision in their case should be rendered.

"I am happy to state that, almost immediately upon this condition of affairs becoming generally known, I received a visit from two third classmen, who acknowledged themselevs to be the persons who had applied the offensive term to Cadet Matsu, the instigators of the attempt to punish him, and the principals throughout the whole affair. Having thus confessed, they stated that they had done so with the hope that they might be allowed to take the place of the two fourth classmen then confined on board the Santee, and that the latter might be given their freedom.

"I replied that, while they certainly would be punished for their share in the attempt at hazing, I could not release the prisoners in whose behalf they appeared until I had the name of every man concerned in the disgraceful affair of last night, and asked if they were prepared to furnish them. They replied that they were not; but said that, if allowed a few hours, they believed they could persuade every one of those who had been in the boathouse to make personal acknowledgment of the fact. This proposition was accepted; and now we are to learn of its success or failure. Midshipman Snelling, have you and Midshipman Lloyd succeeded in your undertaking?"

"We have, sir," answered the cadet thus addressed.
"Then I am about to request every man implicated

in the attempted hazing of Midshipman Matsu to step to the front. At the same time, I give due warning that a certain punishment awaits each one thus making confession; and that, as a preliminary to it, he will be required to salute Midshipman Matsu; which act will be regarded as an apology for the past, and a promise for the future. Hazers, Forward, March!"

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Amid a breathless silence, and under the curious gaze of the entire assemblage, a score of third classmen stepped a few paces to the front, where they were halted and formed in line.

The heart of the superintendent swelled with pride as he gazed on those sturdy young Americans, thus proving themselves willing to undergo an ignominious punishment to right and relieve those who, otherwise, would suffer for their fault. But duty required him to repress this feeling and continue to exhibit official sternness. So, instead of exclaiming, as he would like to, "My dear lads, I am very proud of you!" he said:

"So far, so good, and I am gratified by the spirit manifested in this public confession of wrong-doing. Now I request that each one of you, as his name is called, advance to within two paces of Midshipman Matsu; halt, salute him, and then continue to the position occupied by the marine guard, where he will consider himself as under arrest."

This command, issued in the form of a request, was obeyed to the letter; each one of the hazers, as

his name was called, stepping briskly forth, saluting Takahaki, who stood by himself, the observed of all, and then yielding himself to the marines who waited to receive him. The young Japanese, though inwardly trembling with nervousness at the publicity thus given him and his affairs, did not betray his feelings; but, standing in the rigid attitude prescribed by regulation, punctiliously received and returned each salute as it was rendered. At the same time he heaved a sigh of relief when, with this ceremony of reparation ended, he and his roommate, no longer under arrest, were permitted to resume their places in the ranks. As they did so, the third classmen who had just begged his forgiveness for attempting to haze him, were marched away towards the Santee, on board of which they were to undergo twenty-four hours of solitary confinement. In addition to this punishment, each received so many demerits as to keep him conspicuously upon his good behavior during the remainder of the year, in order to avoid gaining the very few more that would dismiss him from the Academy.

As one result of the episode thus happily ended, Takahaki Matsu, commonly and affectionately known to his mates as "Johnny Chopsticks," was never again called "Jap" by any person at that time connected with the Annapolis Academy. Another result was his receipt of an invitation, from the captain of the Academy football team, to become a candidate for place with that august body.

This invitation was not sent until after much discussion by the managing committee of the Academy Athletic Association. Some of the members declared that the little Japanese was too small of stature and too slight of frame, to withstand the shock of even a moderate scrimmage, much less the tremendous struggles of a big game.

"He may be quick enough," said one, "but so's a dickey bird, and what becomes of the most agile of dickey birds when he meets with a flight of hawks?"

It happened that the officer who had walked home from the club with the superintendent on the night of the recent attempt at hazing, and who was noted in naval circles as an all-around athlete, was present, as a guest, at this meeting of the committee. He listened with interest to all that was said for and against the issuing of an invitation to Takahaki to try for the team, until it became evident that an adverse decision was about to be reached. Then he begged the privilege of making a few remarks. This being granted, he said:

"Gentlemen, during a recent tour of duty in Japan I was accorded the privilege of inspecting the institution which, in that country, takes the place of this Academy with us. I mean the Japanese naval school at Yetajima, on the Inland Sea. Of course this is a place of intense interest to an Annapolis man; and, naturally, I found myself instituting comparisons between its methods and ours. In many respects they are similar, though the Japanese instructors devote more time to practice, and less to theory, than we do; but in the department of physical culture there is a striking difference. The Yetajima cadets have no gymnasium, no football team, no baseball, none of our athletic games. In place of them they have Jiuiitsu (pronounced Joo-jits), Ken-jitsu, and Botori: three methods of muscular development which, taken together, produce the most marvelous results I have ever witnessed. The first is a form of wrestling, based upon an intimate knowledge of human anatomy, in which the wrestlers are instructed, not only how to reduce opponents to instant submission by grips, twists or blows, that, if carried a degree further, would result in dislocated or fractured bones. and how to give the most tremendous falls; but they are taught how to receive similar falls without serious injury. Ken-jitsu is a violent form of single-stick fencing, in which no manner of attack is barred. But of all these stalwart athletics, the fiercest is Botori; which in itself combines the most sensational feature of a free fight and a football scrimmage on a large scale. The game is played, or rather the battle is fought, on the broad plain of the drill ground, between opposing forces of several hundred men. One half of each side is detailed for attack, while the other half remains to defend from assault a stout. eight-foot pole, held upright, with one end on the ground. At a signal the attacking forces rush past each other with loud cries, and each charges furiously the opposite body of pole defenders. The result is about the hottest fighting, outside of actual warfare, that I have ever witnessed. Everything being permitted, including blows and all forms of tackle, the most wonderful feature of Botori is that serious injuries from it are almost unknown. From early childhood, toughened and taught to protect themselves by Jiu-jitsu methods, those Japanese boys simply can't be knocked out by anything short of

sledgehammers.
"Now, gentlemen, I have told you these things for

## MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 6-From Governor Dockery of N issouri



Photo by J. U. Strauss, St. Louis.

GOVERNOR A. M. DOCKERY

State of Missouri

June 6, 1904.

I greet the American Boy so the citizen of the future.

May his career be one of continuous honor, misself an example
for future generations. His is the mission of broadening and
attempthening our country's greatness, and I leave the nature
in his hands with the full assurance that the task will be
well performed. There on be no greater honor bestowed upon
him than to be a true American Boy.

Fith assurance of my sincere sympathy in any movement which looks to his advancement, I have the honor to premin Very sincerply,

Coremet of Placount

the sake of adding that, with the chance of placing a Japanese jiu-jitsu player on your football team, you are also given the opportunity to make the name of that team respected on every gridiron of the country.'

So earnest was the speaker and so impressive were his remarks that hardly had he resumed his seat before the Committee on Athletics unanimously decided that Takahaki Matsu should be invited to try for the Academy team.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### WHY DUN BROWN HATED RUSSIANS.

Dunster Brownleigh, having been a football player ever since he learned to walk, had "made" the navy team as a matter of course, and from the first had been known as one of its most promising members. It was he who had suggested that, in spite of his light weight, Takahaki might prove a valuable acquisition, and when an invitation to try for the eleven finally came to his roommate, Dunster was jubilant over the success of his plan.

"Of course you will accept it!" he cried to the Japanese lad, who was thoughtfully staring at the note he just had read aloud. "You don't have to write an answer, you know; but just show up and report at this afternoon's practice. I'll introduce you, and the coaches'll soon find out what you are good for."

"But I may not go," suggested Takahaki, looking up from his note. "I am not sure that it would be

the right thing for me to do."
"Not the right thing to do!" gasped Dunster. "Why, man! it's about the greatest honor that can be offered to a pleb. Even third classmen consider the eleven the best thing within reach, and try for all they are worth to make it. You can't refuse it! You simply can't! To do so would be your ruin socially. You'd never be put up for another place, or asked to go in for anything again, unless it might be one of the Litt. societies, or some other mind improvement scheme."

'That might be the best thing for me," casponded the young Japanese, gravely. "Is it not for that mind improvement that I am here? I was not sent here to play games; but it is for study that I am come; so that one day I may have the knowledge how to fight and sink the ships of the White Czar, whose mouth is ever open for devouring my country. No, my friend, it is not to play amusing games that I am come to America; but it is to learn how to fight the Rus-si-an, according to the best methods of the best fighting people in the world."

"Thanks, old man. That is a very pretty compliment. But what do you mean by talking of fighting Russians? I have not heard that Japan and Russia are at war."

"Not yet are they at war; but sometime will they be; for Russia is creeping, creeping, ever creeping. eastward, with the eye of desire fixed upon Japan, like a great cat, with death and destruction in its heart, creeping towards a bird. But my country knows her danger and is preparing to meet it. When all is ready, then will there he war with Russia."

'And you will be in it?" asked Dunster, enviously. "If I live, I shall be in it," replied Takahaki,

"While I shan't," said the former, in such a despondent tone that his roommate looked up inquir-

ingly.
"No, why should you be?" he asked. "You are American, and Americans are friendly to Russia, as also they are to my country."

"Some Americans may love Russia, but others hate her. I am one of the others," replied Midshipman Brownleigh, his dark face flushing and his eyes glistening. "Also I was born with the right to hate those who made slaves of my own people. Listen:

"My mother is a Pole. Her father, my own grandfather, was Count Cassimir of Warsaw, a descendant of Polish kings. It is in memory of him that I am named Cassimir. He fought against Russia for the liberty of Poland. For that his estates were confiscated, and he was reduced to such poverty that he became a teacher in the university. The Czar issued an order forbidding the use of the Polish language in the schools of Poland, and proclaiming that only Russian must be taught or spoken. My grandfather defled this order, and continued to use in his classroom the tongue that was his and his students by right of birth. Also he secretly taught some of them English, the speech of a free people.

"About this time also he married a girl of his own rank and of equal poverty. Shortly after this marriage, without warning, the house of Count Cassimir was entered at night by a squad of soldiers, and he was torn from the arms of his bride, who was struck senseless to the floor. When she regained consciousness she was alone; nor did she ever again see her husband. Only once did she hear from him. Two nights after his arrest something was tossed through the open window of her room. It was a small block of wood, hollowed to the center and containing a note. evidently hastily scrawled with a splinter dipped in blood. It bade her flee to America that her child might be born in a free country, and it was signed with the pet name that only she had ever called her husband. How it came to her she never knew, nor did she learn certainly the fate of my grandfather; but it was rumored that he was exiled for life to the Siberian mines.

"By the aid of friends the Countess Cassimir came to America, and here soon afterwards my mother was born. My grandmother lived long enough to impress her sweet, sad face on my memory, and to show me the note written in her husband's blood. which she kept in a tiny silver box and regarded as her most precious treasure. Now my mother has it, and some day it will be mine. If my grandfather still lives he is a lash-driven slave, toiling amid the horrors of remotest Siberia. Have not I, as well as you, the right to hate Russia?"

"It is so," replied Takahaki, who had listened with intense interest to this pathetic tale of Russian outrage. "You have the right, and we are of one mind. "But," he added, smiling, "before we talked of Russia, we spoke of the ball of the foot game, and I was telling you why I might not play him."

"Of course we were," interrupted Dunster, "and you vere giving me the best reason in the world why you should go in for the team, now, at once, with all your heart and soul."

Takahaki's face showed his amazement at this assertion, but he politely remained silent until his com-

panion should finish speaking.
"You said," continued Dunster, "that Russians were your enemies, and that some day you hoped for the chance to fight them. Well, by getting on the team you can have that chance at once, or at least in a very short time."

Takahaki's narrow eyes opened wide with amaze-

"Yes, I am giving it to you straight," said Dunster, noting the other's expression, "and it's this way: You know-or rather, of course, you don't know, though anyone would who has followed Academy football-that, next to West Point, the Lversity team, 'Lu Lu's' we call them, always put up the stiffest game on our schedule. Last year we beat them-

"But last year you were not of this place," protested Takahaki.

"No; but I expected to come, and so of course kept tab on all gridiron doings in any way connected with the Academy."

Takahaki looked puzzled.

"So you see I knew all about the Lu Lu's. This year we heard, more than a month ago, that they had something in pickle for us; but we have only just found out what it is."

"What is it?" asked Takahaki, curiously.
"It is a giant," answered Dunster; "the biggest man ever seen on an American college team. They claim that he can pick up any two of our men and carry them off, one under each arm. Of course no one believes that yarn; but, from all accounts, he is a holy terror, and-

"They keep him in a pickle, this giant?" murmured Takahaki reflectively.

"Oh, that's just a figure of speech, you know. It means that he's lying low, and they are trying not to give him away. But what I was going to say is

"Also you say that he is a holy man," continued Takahaki, his bewilderment over these novelties of English speech momentarily getting the better of his politeness. "Is he then a priest?"

"Worse than that," laughed Dunster, "he is a Rus sian."

"A Rus-si-an?"

"Yes, a Russy-an," laughed Dunster. "Came to this country to study mechanical engineering in all its branches, undoubtedly with the intention of using the knowledge thus gained against your country, when you two get to scrapping. Also," and here Cassimir Brownleigh's face darkened ominously, "his name is Suwarrow Suwarrowvitch, and he is a direct descendant of that butcher Suwarrow who, a little more than one hundred years ago, murdered a city full of my mother's people; thirty-five thousand of them, men, women and little children, unarmed and defenseless, who had surrendered with Warsaw, the capital of Poland."

"Perhaps also this Lu Lu man, this holy giant, this Rus-si-an, would like to do that same thing with my city of Hakodate," suggested Takahaki, quietly.

"Undoubtedly he would," answered Midshipman Brownleigh promptly, thereby casting a most undeserved reflection upon the character of the present Mr. Suwacrow.

"I think I will be happy if I make one of what you call the bail-foot team," said Midshipman Matsu; and from that moment Dunster felt certain that the navy eleven was slated to do things that would cause com-

That very day Takahaki reported for practice and was promptly set to work under the direct supervision of his recent enemy, third classman Lloyd. Of course, as he had never seen a football game, he proved to be the most awkward member of the entire awkward squad; and at the end of the practice hour he confided to Dun Brown, who had been hard at work in another part of the field, that of all the strange things he had encountered in America this play of the "ball-foot" was the most bewildering.

"Every time when I try and do something right, I find I do him wrong," he said despondently. "To get that ball, if I run at a man, who always I try and think of as a Rus-si-an, and knock him down, or trip him up, somebody cry 'Foul! for shame!' and I may not have that ball. If I run up behind, to take that ball quick, when he is not knowing, some other body yell, 'Hi! Hof side! Drop him, Johnny!' and again I may not have that ball. Also I hear one man call very loud, many numbers. It is told that all number have meaning, and at same time that only one or two of it mean something. So, if I try do that thing what all number mean, I do not anything do; and if I am try do what thing one number mean, it always must be wrong thing. Yes, all of it is very impossible for Nippon man."

Dunster shouted with laughter at this description of his chum's earliest experience as a football player; but finally he managed to say: "Of course it is puzzling, Taki; but you are all right, and you'll catch on after a bit. Why, I heard Lloyd say that you were a corker."

Midshipman Lloyd had made use of that very expression in describing the afternoon's work to the captain of the team, Midshipman Snelling; but what he said was:

"I tell you. Cy, the Jap's a corker in a scrimmage, perfect little dare-devil, not afraid of anything or anybody, and he gets there every time, without a scratch; but he's a slugger from the word go, and,

unless his methods can be civilized, there isn't an umpire but what would rule him out at the first tackle.'

Thus it seemed that Takahaki had quite as much to unlearn as to learn in order to become an acceptable football player. So perhaps it was a good thing all around that, at the very beginning of the season, an imperative order from the Secretary of the Navy forbade the playing of any match games by the Annapolis team of that year.

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### A FORBIDDEN GAME.

The Secretary's order against the playing of match games by the navy football team, created dismay at the Academy, and was discussed with many angry comments.

"Afraid we'll get dinted, or have our paint scratched, I suppose;" said Dun Brown, scornfully. "Regards us as government property, too good for use, to be kept in storage until it rots, or becomes a back number. The idea of the American Navy being under the thumb of an old molly-coddle like that! It is enough to disgust one with the whole business; and I wish I were well out of it."

Midshipman Matsu, to whom these remarks were addressed, in the privacy of their jointly occupied room, and who was equally disappointed with his chum, at being denied an opportunity to meet a Russian on the field of battle, concealed his feelings beneath a placid smile, as he answered:

"But he must have some good reason, this wise man, or he would not do such a thing; and for us it is to obey without question."

The Secretary of the Navy did have a good reason, and, strangely enough, Dunster himself had furnished it by writing home a glowing description of the remarkable fighting tactics of his new room-mate. "He is teaching me Joo-jits," the letter continued, "and the two of us are going to lay for the 'Lu Lu's' center tackle, a Russian giant wearing the pleasantly suggestive name of Suwarrow. If we don't make a stiff of that fellow, then I lose my guess, that's all."

While Mrs. Brownleigh had no personal acquaintance with Russians, from earliest childhood she had heard such tales of their cruelty and ferocity, that to her they were the most terrible beings in all the world; and the thought of her darling boy preparing to fight one of them whom he himself described as a giant, bearing a name synonymous with savagery, was unbearable. Acting upon impulse, therefore, she carried her trouble to her husband's business partner, the gruff old congressman who always had been her stanch friend. He never had played football, never even had seen it played; but, from the casual reading of newspaper accounts, he had gathered the idea that from every game several men were borne away dead, or disabled for life. Thus he was in a mood to sympathize with the distressed mother, and readily promised to see what could be done

It happened that this particular congressman was chairman of a House Committee that, more than any other, controlled naval appropriations. Also it happened that the Secretary of the Navy just then was planning to ask for an unusually large sum of money during the coming session of Congress. Consequently, when he received from the man upon whose influence the success of his pet scheme most largely depended, a request that foothall be forbidden at Annapolis, the Secretary did not hesitate very long before issuing the necessary order.

"It is tough on the boys," he reflected as he signed this order, "and they will hate me for it: but. in this case, the end justifies the means and some day they will know how it is themselves.'

Although, on account of this order, the Annapolis team was compelled to cancel its engagements for the first month of that season, its members by no means abandoned hope of so presenting their side of the question to the Secretary as to persuade him to revoke the ohnoxious decree before November. In this hope they were encouraged by Dunster Prownleigh, who, at a meeting held in Midshipman room for an informal discussion of the situation, declared that, through a relative (he meant his godfather) who was devoted to him, and who at the same time was absolute owner of a certain high official at Washington, he believed he could procure a recall of the hateful order.

"It's such a sure thing." he added earnestly, "that I should be very sorry to see the team disband, or even to let up on its work. Some of those outside Johnnies, and especially the 'Ln Lu's,' are giving us the loud ha-ha just now. They are saying that the Secretary would never have issued such an order had he not realized that the navy team of this year was N. G., and certain to be whipped out of its boots by every fresh-water college that it played. So my idea is that we want to keen up a full head of steam, and he ready to sail in for all we are worth the minute time is called, as it surely will be within a few days."

"You see it is this way." Dunster confided to his roommate that night. "My mother never is so hapry as when she is attempting the apparently impossible to please me. Also I have a godfather with whom she is very chummy, and who delights in doing things she wants him to do. He's a funny old party, but about as fine as they make 'em, though you'd never think it, to look at him. Furthermore, my godfather is in Congress. Hence these tears; or in other words, that is how I happen to be sharing a room with Takahaki from Hakodate, here in Annapolis, at this moment. Now whatever godpapa says is listened to with respect in Washington, because, being chairman of an appropriation committee, he holds a pass key to the Treasury, which makes him king pin, as it were, over all the other

(Continued on page 108.)





HE winter of 187.. was a hard one in the mountains. Game was scarcer'n hen's teeth and it was nigh to impossible to live out o' doors. I was chummin' that winter with Dick McCann, an old hunter and trapper that I'd known from the first year I struck the mountains. If it hadn't been for him I'd a died o' the blues, or somethin' else, as you'll see. As it was, we managed to keep a-goin' by stickin' close to our shack and tellin' over and over agin hard luck stories of winters when we didn't have a snug place to sleep in, plenty to eat and drink, and two good dogs and each other for company.

We turned into our winter quarters in the fall expectin' a long, hard winter. The signs were all that way. We had built our shack snug and tight agin the side of a hill; in fact we dug part way into the hill for one side of it for better protection. A little ways off we burrowed into the ground to make a sort o' storehouse for our pervisions, some o' which was fresh meat killed in our fall hunt, and some of it was dried beef and canned goods we had brought out from Denver. We built what we thought was a good strong door agin the opening of our storehouse and felt secure for the winter.

At first it was good to jest set 'round our fire and swap yarns, many of 'em bein' made up as we went along, but after awhile that got a little tiresome. The old lies didn't go any more, so that when one of us begun to tell somethin' the other un would up and laugh at him till he hed to quit for shame.

As for books an' papers, they was scarcer'n canaries, exceptin' for one scrap of a Denver paper that had been used for a wrapper on some of our vittles, and that was near six months old, but we stuck to it like grim death. We called it our "liberary" and took turns readin' it 'till we both hed it by heart. You'll laugh when I tell yer it was an advertisement for folks that can't sleep. If there was anything we didn't need it was somethin' of that sort. Every time we waked up after sleepin' through a two or three days' snowstorm we got out that old scrap of paper and read about how we'd be cured if we took a twenty-five cent bottle of somethin'.

We warn't bothered with many visitors, that's certain, for the weather was too cold for trappers and hunters. Our two dogs was a mighty sight o' comfort to us, but afore long they got as fat and lazy and good-for-nothin' as we was, and could put in as many hours in a day sleepin' as a ground-hog.

The howlin' o' the storms, and the barkin' of starved wolves, which was the only critters that dared venture out, didn't skeer us much. When yer don't hear nothin' day in and day out for weeks, even sich things is music to yer ears. Dick used to say he couldn't sleep unless he could hear the wolves howlin' and the wind blowin'. Dick was an ole hunter, gray and wrinkled, and as brave as a lion. He reminded me so much of an old grizzly at times, I called him "Grizzly Dick" most of the time. He was one of the best guides in the Rockies

'Long toward March we saw signs o' the weather breakin' up, and we begun to get impatient to get to work. It made us a little keerless, and accounts for this story I'm tellin' you.

Early in March we made two or three long tramps through the woods and brought in nothin' but frozen fingers and ears. The bears hadn't come out o' their winter quarters and the small game kep' under kiver. We was considerable discouraged till one day we run acrost bear tracks and I never saw such marks o' jcy on a human face as on Dick's, He almost got down on all fours and kissed them tracks. The marks made by the hind feet o' the critter was smaller'n those made by his fore feet, so we knew it was a black bear, for the grizzly's feet are about the same size front and back. He was a big un for his fore feet made tracks near fourteen inches from heel to tip of claw.

Follerin' the tracks we found his winter quarters under the roots of a big tree on the side of a little hill. He'd been out foragin', that was plain, but he hadn't hed any better luck than we hed, for there was no blood marks on the snow and nothin' to show that he'd been draggin' anything.

The first thought we hed was to smoke him outp'rhaps I'd better say smoke 'em out, for it was purty certain we'd find a pair of 'em, with maybe two or three cubs, for the young uns come durin' the winter, gin'rally 'bout January or February afore the family breaks up its winter housekeepin'. The print o' his feet and the length o' his stride showed he was a big un and made us all the more anxious to get at him. Tige, the biggest of our dogs, was starvin' for a taste of fresh meat, and it was all that we could do to keep him from pushin' his way right into that hole. If he'd gone in it would have been the last o' him, for the best dog livin's not a match for a bear, if the bear can get a chance at him. One quick stroke of a bear's paw will lay out the best dog ever born. A dog's only good for findin' the critter, and then by barkin' and by snappin' at his hind legs keep him busy till the hunter can come up with his rifle. Tige, by the

#### No. 1-- Capturing a Thief

way, was the best bear dog that ever tracked a bear. He was ole and a little wobbly at times, but he hed all his teeth and they was set in a jaw like iron. He warn't such a big dog, but he was a fighter—every inch o' him. He had a way o' circlin' 'round a bear so as to keep the bear busy fer us to come up. It was peculiar and I never knowed any other dog to do it. But once he got at a bear he never let him get away, but managed allers to keep him turnin' 'round and 'round so as we could allers find him when we heard his bark.

Wal, we made up our minds to smoke them fellers out, but there warn't any dry wood or leaves or anything nearer than our shack, so, slow like, we called off the dogs and went back home, decidin' that the next mornin' we would go prepared to give sich an invitation to the big un and his family that they would come out and say "good mornin'."

That night we set long afore the fire cleanin' our guns, though it warn't needed for we'd done the same thing a hundred times durin' the winter. The dogs seemed to know what we was doin' for they lay on the floor lookin' up into our faces sort of peart and anxious, as much as to say, "Don't fergit we're in this." We couldn't help noticin' the anxious way they looked, for gin'rally they stretched themselves out on the ground afore the fire and went to sleep soon as supper was over, and not even the barkin' of a hundred hungry wolves disturbed 'em.

'Long about four in the mornin' somethin' happened that made Dick and me set up and rub our eyes. Tige was growlin'. "Lay down, Tige," Dick called out. "What's ailin' ye? Gettin' anxious?" The dog came over to where Dick was, and, to tell you the truth, he said as plain as words, "Dick, get up. There's mischief brewin' outside." Dick aimed a blow at Tige's nose, not intendin' to hurt him, for Dick would as soon hurt a little baby as Tige, but the knowin' brute wouldn't move an inch till Dick got up.

It was a cold night and the wind was howlin' outside, so as if a tree had fell down on us we couldn't a heard it. Dick went to the door and listened. Then he turned to Tige and looked mad. "You cowardly scamp, there's nothin' out there but the wind." But the dog didn't care. He meant business and not even scoldin' could prevent his doin' his duty. As plain as day he meant for Dick to open the door and he warn't goin' to stand any foolishness about it. I b'lieve he'd a bit Dick if Dick hadn't done it. It took a lot o' grit to leave

a warm fire in the middle o' the night and go out in the storm, but Dick hed grit enough for anything.

By this time I was up and gettin' ready to go out, too, for somehow I felt that everything warn't right. Dick's confidence, too, in the dog was sich that after talkin' it over he agreed with me that we'd better find out what the trouble was. so wrappin' ourselves up and takin' our guns from the pegs where they hung, we went out, led by Tige and Ben, the other dog. It was just breakin' light over the mountains, and peerin' about keerfully we saw the door of the meathouse open, and leadin' away from it the tracks of a bear. Examinin' the rnow we saw he had dragged somethin' away with him and then we turned skeered like to our meathouse.

It didn't take us long to get into that hole in the ground, fer the door was standin' wide open, and sich a sight as met our eyes was enough to make a man swar. What hadn't been eaten by that bear had been mussed all over the ground, and a big quarter of ven'zon, that we'd been savin' till the last, was every bit carried away. There warn't any use lockin' the meathouse door after that, and there warn't

any use scoldin' Dick fer leavin' it open. I've heerd of a bull in a china shop but it couldn't be worse than a bear in a meathouse. I've heerd that bears like a vegetable diet, sich as nuts, berries and fruit, and in course they do, and most bears live on 'em all the time, but this bear was a meat-eater and he'd had the meal of his life; and what he couldn't eat himself he'd dragged off fer that mate of his'n and them cubs. When a bear turns thief he's the meanest kind of a thief. What he can't eat or carry away he allers spoils.

Our dogs was yelpin' like mad way off on the mountain follerin' the bear's trail, and sooner'n I can tell it almost, we'd gathered a lot o' dry stuff and foller'd 'em. We knew where to go. It was that bear we'd tracked the day afore.

It was broad daylight when we reached the bear's hole. Our two dogs was squattin' at the entrance barkin' their heads off, and now and then makin' a dash as if they intended to go right in and give 'em a fight at close quarters. But them dogs knew too well they'd never get out alive, so they took it out in barkin' and yelpin' and pawin' up the snow.

In a few minutes we hed a fire under the roots o' the big tree, fur enough in so's to find a dry spot where the stuff would burn. Then we banked the snow up at the mouth of the hole so as to keep out the air, and made a smolderin' fire that would give out a lot o' smoke. Bears don't like smoke; as soon as they snuff it they break and run. In this case thar was only one way to run, and we knew afore long they'd be comin'.

Each of us takin' a dog with him and selectin' a tree a little ways off up the hil' in a direction so the wind was right, we waited and watched for signs of bear, havin' all we could do to keep the dogs quiet.

Wal, it warn't long afore we saw the shaggy head of one of 'em and the smoke pourin' out over the edge of the hole, showin' that he'd knocked the snow bank down and crawled through. As quick as I can tell it he was standin' out in full view, sneezin' and blowin', and mad clean through. For a minute I thought he didn't have no mate, but he did, and cubs, too, the purtiest pair I ever laid eyes on, and I tell yer they made a handsome picter, standin' out agin the white snow with their heads up snuffin' the clear, mornin' air. It seemed a pity to kill 'em, but bears have to be punished like other critters when they do wrong, and we couldn't fergit our meathouse and that haunch of

At almost the same minute Dick and me let go (Continued on page 105.)



I GAVE A LUNGE WITH MY ENIFE AT THE CRITTER'S BLAZIN' BOUND EYES

#### FOR THE MIKADO

(Continued from page 100.)

little tin gods. Thus enlightened, you readily will note the sequence. Whenever I consider a change in existing conditions advisable, for the good of the service, I merely call up mother. She gets godpapa on the wire, he passes the news on to the powers that be, they phone his, her, my wishes down here, the circuit is closed, and the good work is done. This is as it has been, as it should be, and as I have every reason to believe it will be in the present emergency. So just you peg away at your game, Johnny, and we'll get the chance to do up friend Suwarrow yet."

Upheld by Dun Brown's cheering conviction that the weight of influence, being exerted in their behalf, must speedily prevail, the team devoted itself to practice with renewed energy. Takahaki mastered the rudiments of the game, and bade fair to become a star player, while the team, as a whole, was spoken of as the best the Academy had turned out for many years. Still the coveted permission to test their abundant strength and skill in open conflict failed to arrive, and at length, with the waning season, their high spirits began to flag.

November came, and with a heavy heart Captain Snelling cancelled all dates for the remainder of that season. Then he sent in his resignation. He wrote that he could not afford to waste any more time over a hopeless proposition, and advised that football be stricken from the list of athletic games played at the Academy.

While the captain's resignation was accepted, his advice raised such a storm of discussion that the question of permanently retiring from the "gridiron" was reserved for a subsequent meeting. Dunster Brownleigh was the most ardent among those who proposed to maintain their organization, and to continue indefinitely their efforts to gain a new

ruling in favor of their beloved sport.
"It's bound to come!" he declared, vehemently. "I've already received notice that our friends are at work, and that things are looking our way. be no better than chumps if we gave up now."

The notice that Midshipman Brownleigh claimed to have received had come in the form of a letter from his mother, in which she had promised to speak about the football situation to his congressman godfather as soon as the latter returned from a vacation trip to the Pacific Coast that he then was taking

Now it happened that during his western journey, which carried him as far north as Victoria, B. C., the congressman saw in that city his first game of football, and was delighted with the graceful skill of the players. There was no slugging, nobody got hurt, and the whole affair seemed to him about as harmless as a game of croquet, though infinitely more exciting. He was not told that the game that he witnessed was played under Association, rather than under Americanized Rugby rules, nor would be have known the difference if this information had been vouchsafed. From that hour football to him assumed a most kindly aspect, and he was sorry he had ever uttered a word against so innocent a game.

When next he met Mrs. Brownleigh, and that fond mother, fortified by the knowledge, sadly conveyed in a recent letter from her boy, that all football games scheduled for that season had been canceled admitted that, after all, football might not be so dangerous as she had imagined, the congressman promptly wired the Secretary of the Navy

"Have been studying athletic games. Find football grand exercise. Believe it should be made special feature of naval training.

The Secretary's face assumed a vastly relieved expression as he read this change-of-heart message. He had been greatly worried by the numerous condemnations of his recent order against football, received from all parts of the country, as well as by requests, almost amounting to demands, that it be revoked. Now he saw a chance for gaining many political friends, by allowing each of his critics to imagine that his presentation of the case had caused the head of the navy to change his mind.

promptly was forwarded to the Naval Academy, Presently he challenged George Washington, who, tries to run matters to suit himself and to improve read at evening parade, and greeted

with rousing cheers from the entire battalion, the moment parade was dismissed.

A few minutes later, at a hastily called special meeting of the Academy team, Midshipman Dunster C. Brownleigh, was unahimously elected to the vacant captaincy, an honor never before accorded to a pleb. An animated consultation between the new captain and members of the athletic committee resulted in the immediate sending out of half a dozen telegraphic challenges to as many college teams. The very next day it generally was known that, late as was the season, two games had been arranged. On Thanksgiving day West Point would play the Navy at Philadelphia, and three days later the L— University team, the victorious "Lu Lu's," who already had defeated West Point, would visit Annapolis.

"You surely have run up against if. hard!" said ex-Captain Snelling, shaking his head, and speaking to Captain Brownleigh.

The moment there was a prospect of a game the big man had volunteered to play in his old position of center tackle, and the offer had gladly been accepted.

"West Point will give us all we want to handle." he continued, "and to play the 'Lu Lu's' only three us." days later is to invite almost certain defeat.'

else to be done. We simply must meet those fel-

lows, and the 30th is the only date they can give

"Well, of course, we'll play for all we're worth; "I know it," replied Dunster, "but there is nothing but the outlook is squally for navy blue." (To be continued.)

#### A Washington's Birthday Party By ERNEST

HE Farleys were patriotic. And it was no wonder, for little Roger's great-grandfather had been a Revolutionary hero. As soon as Roger could talk he had been told the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. He, of course, did not understand it at that time, but it had been repeated to him each Washington's birthday since then.

When he was four years old his father told him the tale of George Washington riding on his mother's pet colt-how the colt had objected, rearing, kicking, jumping and stamping until it became so oxcited that it burst a blood vessel and died. He told how sorrowful George Washington had felt and how he dreaded to tell his mother the sad news, well knowing how deeply it would grieve her. But there had been no hesitation on George Washington's part. It was right that he should tell his mother, and he told her. Naturally, she was distressed over the loss of her pet colt, but her grief was thrown into the background by her gladness over her son's truthfulness.

But now Roger was six years old and was "growing to be a man," his papa said, and he was already a patriot.

The Farleys were preparing to celebrate Washington's birthday, and Roger, full of patriotic zeal, was doing his best to help.

Over the sitting-room mantel hung a fine large picture of Washington as a Mason, in an oak frame, carved with Masonic emblems. Mrs. Farley decorated it with a beautiful vine with bright red berries. The mantel was draped with a large silk flag of the United States. Mr. Farley sent up a fine tree from the florist's. Upon this, Mrs. Farley tied bunches of candied cherries. Around the trunk of the tree, just under the drooping branches, she tied a pretty aluminum hatchet with ribbons of red, white and blue. Besides the cherries, there were suspended small guns, swords and drums for Roger and his friends.

In one corner of the room was a spinning wheel decorated with our national colors. All the portieres had been taken down and in their places hung our flags. Red, white and blue ribbons floated from the chandeliers. There were to be no regular meals served that day; instead there was to be a "continued" table, as was the custom formerly on New Year's day. The table was a delectable sight spread with all the delicacies of the season and festooned with red, white and blue.

From one until nine o'clock the guests came and went. There were a good many, for there were Mr. and Mrs. Farley's friends, grandpa's friends and Roger's friends. Mrs. Farley, with powdered hair and dressed as Martha Washington, dispensed hospitality with generous hands.

Roger was nearly wild with joy when half a dozen of his friends arrived exactly as the clock struck one. But, a few moments later, he came near forgetting his guests at the sound of patriotic music outside. He raced to the door. Ah, there were his grandpa's friends—veterans of the Civil War. They had been ushered to the very door. Later an old man came in a sleigh-he was the grandson of a Revolutionary soldier and appeared in full regimentals, "with silver buckles on his knee.

Oh, what a delightful day!

Oh, how everyone enjoyed it!

Oh, what stories were told by the veterans!

The very old man in Revolutionary costume told the story of George Washington's wrestling contest. "He was only a young fellow at that time," he said, "and wrestling was considered a manly sport. Once-during one of those wrestling bouts, Washington was sitting down under a tree reading a favorite book in which he became so interested that he forgot to watch the contest. Meanwhile the champion wrestler, who was called 'the strong man he head of the navy to change his mind.

of Virginia,' wrestled with every man who would what he did. He might have been obliged to have An order restoring football to its former status meet him in a contest and was victor over them all. said, "I can't leave him, for when I'm gone he

being still interested in his book, paid no attention to him. The "strong man of Virginia," however, soon became so offensively boastful of himself that Washington laid aside his book. He entered the ring and boldly faced the champion. This is what the bully himself said of the contest: 'In Washington's lion grasp I became powerless, and was hurled to the ground with a force that seemed to jar the very marrow in my bones."

Roger and his friends showed their liking for this story by giving three rousing cheers, after which they passed turkey sandwiches and hot coffee with loaf sugar and whipped cream to all the old gentlemen.

Someone told how Washington and his brave soldiers steered their boats among the icebergs and did not seem to care if they froze their feet, and how they swam rivers, struggling with the floating ice.

Another presented a vivid picture of Washington crossing the swollen Delaware in a blinding snowstorm-battling with the fierce current and cruel ice floes. He told, also, of the weary days and nights on the march and at Valley Forge.

One old man dwelt on Washington's bravery in penetrating the deep forests where lurked the flerce wild animals, and in climbing the mountains between the Potomac and the Ohio in the bitter winter weather.

Mr. Farley exhibited the coat of arms of the Washington family. There was an eagle at the top; below were two wide red bars, over which gleamed three stars; the words imprinted were Exitus acta probat.

"What does it mean, papa?" asked Roger. "It means, 'The event justifies the act."

The veterans played a Revolutionary game, which caused much amusement and shouts of laughter. Patriotic songs were sung and when it was getting near to nine o'clock, Mrs. Farley-or, rather, Martha Washington-sat down to the piano and began to play some music which had such a surprising effect upon the old folks that in a minute everyone was on his feet, dancing the minuet.

At last, after once more helping themselves to anything they wanted from the refreshment table, the party broke up and the happy day closed with the doxology, in which ever one-young and oldjoined.

#### THE BOY WHO IS FAITHFUL

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS

It is all right to be smart, but it is all wrong to be smart in the wrong way. I have seen boys who think that they are smart in ordering others around and boasting of what they are to do. If I had any work to be done I'd never hire a lad like that to do it.

It is true that some employers are in need of smart boys and ever on the outlook for them; but there are thousands of positions where boys of only ordinary ability are wanted. Boys that are too smart are often not desired, since they too often want to dictate and cannot be dictated to; they try to run the business to suit not their employers, but themselves.

There is a greater demand for faithful boys than for smart boys. There is nothing that one more appreciates in one under him than faithfulness. I once heard a gentleman say that he asked a friend why he paid his secretary such a very large salary when he could secure one for a much smaller sum. He replied that he could secure one for a less amount, but not one who would do the work as did this one. "When I am gone," said the friend, "everything goes on just as if I were here." Now if this secretary had been smart, rather than faithful, his employer might not have been able to say of him

> upon my methods, and it is not a partner that I want, but a secretary.' Where one succeeds because of his

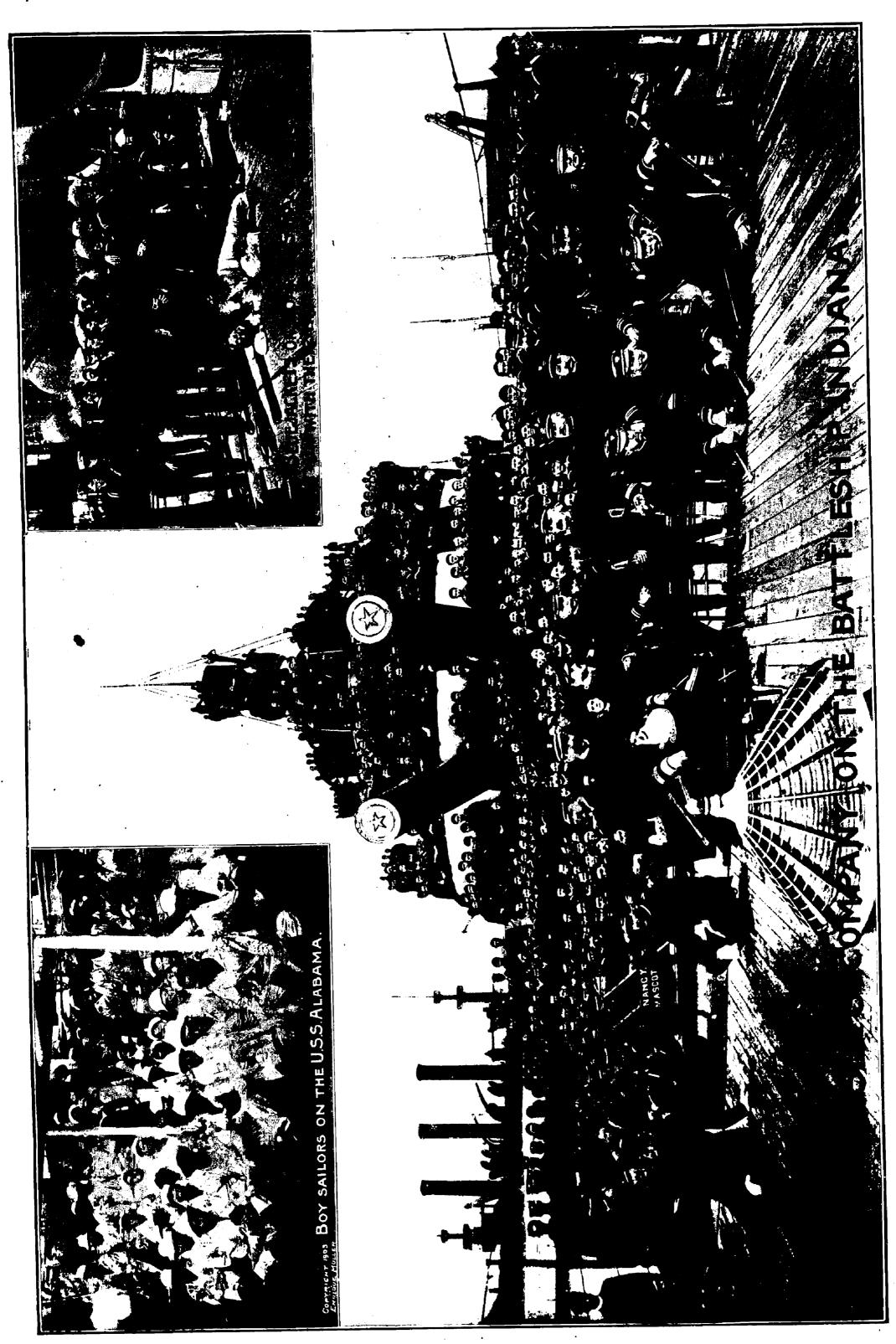
smartness, ten succeed because of their faithfulness.

And not at the boy's faithfulness alone does a would-be employer look; he desires a boy who is an all around moral boy. He knows that it is of no use to hire one who smokes cigarettes, for these muddle the brain, cause heart trouble and kill the smoker at so early an age that he will be obliged to soon secure another lad. Nor does he care for a boy who gambles, for his funds would be too handy for such and the temptation to borrow them too great. Nor does the employer desire a boy who drinks intoxicants even in the slightest degree, for he thinks there will be a possibility of his making a mistake.

It may be that the man who is thus critical indulges himself in all of these vices, but he wants the boy he employs to be free from them. He knows more than any other to what they will lead, and it is probable that a boy who is inclined to them would obtain a position with a good man rather than from a man like this, for a good man would think that he might assist the lad to give up his evil ways.



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#### WHAT HAPPENED PIETRO

ANANOH, bananoh, bananoh!"

As Pietro Girgotto pushed his handcart, heavily laden with the fruits of the tropics. through the populous streets of Brooklyn, his mind was occupied with the scenes of his early boyhood in the city of Verona, and, if the truth be told, particularly with a merry trio with whom he used to romp through its ancient streets and wake the echoes by peals of laughter; or, to be still more precise, with a member of that jolly trio, one certain Marinetta, as dark-haired, black-eyed, olive-skinned, gentle and graceful a girl as ever drew breath in sunny Italy.

What had become of her? he wondered. Where was she now? For all he knew to the contrary she might, at that very moment, be hidden in the New York Italian colony, just across the East River, like a needle in a haystack, and as difficult to find. His mind rapidly reverted to the day on which they parted-perhaps never to meet again. Two years is but a short span of time, and yet how full of incident the period had been for him. The tempestuous ocean voyage, the landing in a strange country where men spoke a barbaric language as compared to his own, his father's illness and death, his own tribulations and difficulties in the way of earning a livingthese thoughts flitted through his mind like a panorama of the past. What might not have happened to her during the same time!

Suddenly his day dreams were dispelled by the

stern reality of business.

"How much are the bananas?" asked a tall young lady in black, with one slender hand on the clasp of pocket-book.

"Fifateena centa," he answered promptly.

"Too much," she replied, making no effort to conceal a smile, for she was highly amused and well aware of the Italian love for bargaining.

His vocabulary was not large, but none the less

effective.

"Twel'a centa," he said piteously.
"No, ten cents," she persisted, still beaming down upon him, as though the sunlight of the beautiful summer afternoon was reflected in her face.

"All ri', ten 'a centa," he said, as though he was giving away some of his goods, and proceeded to

do up a dozen of the yellow fruit. But, just as he was preparing to wind the string about the bulky package, his customer emitted a scream that nearly made him drop the fruit. Looking down the street, he beheld a sight that almost froze the blood in his veins. A horse was coming up the thoroughfare at a breakneck speed, while behind it in a wildly careening carriage, with a face as pale as death and terror-stricken eyes, sat a gir' of about fourteen, vainly striving to regain control over the frenzied animal. But she was as helpless as a small boat in a hurricane, being flung from side to side, as though she were a suppet, while the carriage swayed to and fro. Pietro could see the people scramble for safety, as the horse galloped up the street. Now and then a man worked his arms like a windmill in an effort to stop the runaway and then hastily jumped aside to let the carriage pass him like a rocket. The horse was but a block away, when Pietro darted into the middle of the street, despite the warning cries that reached him from all sides, and stood there full of determination and courage, but with a heart hammering against his

By HUGO ERICHSEN

breast. The brave boy did not seem to see the danger bearing down upon him, but gazed directly at the girl in the carriage, now visible on one side of the plunging horse, now on the other. When the animal was nearly upon him and it appeared certain he would be run down and killed. Pietro, with a great leap, sprang at the bridle of the horse and clung to it with all his might. He was a big lad for his age, and, try as it would, the horse could not continue its flight under the disadvantage of his weight. In dragging the boy along, the mad beast tried to free itself of its burden. Before it could do so, however, several men ran to its head and brought it to a standstill. It trembled in every limb, while some kindhearted persons bore the unconscious and bleeding Pietro into a nearby drug store, where first aid was administered to him, while others removed the girl from the carriage. Strange to say, even when she was reunited with her mother, a somewhat portly woman who wept copiously at sight of her and embraced her ever so many times, she refused steadfastly to part from the wounded boy and insisted upon accompanying him to the hospital.

It was a long time before Pietro regained his senses. When he opened his eyes at length and beheld the girl sitting at his bedside, he held out his hand with a feeble movement and merely said: 'Marinetta.''

But there was a world of meaning in that one word-undying devotion that went straight to her

"Povero amigo." she responded, in a voice that came perilously near breaking down, while she bent over him.

Why did she call him her poor friend, he wondered. Trying to turn, so as to get a better look at her face, he was racked with pain, and then he understood.

"O come now," said the doctor cheerily, entering at this juncture, "you're all right. Only badly bruised. From the looks of it, though, it was a wonder every hone in your body wasn't broken. You'll sell lots o' bananas yet."

The boy nodded. "No go back Italee now," he said; "sella da ba-nan', maka da mucha mun."

And before long, with his hand in Marinetta's, he

fell into a sound sleep.

#### JIM TYSON'S BEAR STORIES

(Continued from page 102.)

with our guns. Each of us hit our bear, but neither of 'em dropped. I guess we was a little out of practice. I aimed at his heart, but got him too high. The funniest thing then happened that I ever saw. I hey heerd tell o' sich things, but I allers thought the feller who was tellin' it was "drawin' the long bow," as the sayin' is. Both o' them bears went up in the air on their hind legs, and with an angry snarl rushed for each other. Each o' them thought the other feller had struck him. Then there was the purtiest scuffle you ever seen, fer they was mad now clean through. I burst right out laughin'; I couldn't help it. And Dick, he, too, stood thar holdin' his sides. Them bears was mad enough to eat each other up, and all the time the cubs was dancin' 'round, tryin' to keep out o' the way o' the big uns. It warn't a good place for a fight o' that kind fer the ground was steep, and the first thing we knowed they was rollin' and tumblin' down the hill, the cubs follerin' 'em, half the time rollin' like little balls o' fur. Before they struck the bottom Dick and me and the dogs was after 'em. I didn't make half a dozen jumps afore my foot struck a loose stone and over I went, throwin' my gun twenty feet ahead o' me. I had sprained my ankle and was rollin' straight down among them bears! There was no use talkin'. I made up my mind it was all

off with Jim Tyson. No more huntin' days fer him. I heerd Dick yell at me, but I couldn't hear what he said, and it wouldn't have done any good if I hed. I was agoin' down hill purty fast, but the dogs beat me. Dick told me afterwards that Tige grabbed the big 'un by the hind leg with a grip such as only Tige's jaws could take, and at the same time Ben sprung at the other un. This made the bears forgit about each other, and, loosenin' their holds, they turned on their new enemies. This gave me time to roll out o' the way as I thought.

Then Tige let go o' his bear and made a rush fer the other un that was gettin' the best o' Ben. When the big hear found he was freed he made a start fer me, snarlin' like fury. I gave a lunge with my knife at the critter's blazin' round eyes, that seemed to be not over a foot from my face. closed my eyes and said a prayer—though it warn't a prayer, but more like "Good-bye Dick," nothin' else, and that was the last I knew until Dick was holdin' my head and callin' to me that I was all right.

Dick had caught the big fellow with a shot in a tender spot jest in the nick o' time, and there the critter lay stretched out in the snow at my feet, dead as a door nail. The two dogs had given the other bear all that she wanted to think about till Dick could get through with the big un and give the finishin' touch to her, too.

I was feelin' purty bad over that leg o' mine, but, you wouldn't believe it, I was feelin' worse over them two cubs. Maybe bears ain't got no feelin', but them little uns was worryin' a mighty sight. They knew somethin' was wrong and was whinin' a little under their breath and pokin' their noses in the snow 'round their dead mother, as if they was tryin' to wake her up.

How Dick ever got me back to shack I never jest knew, but he did, and it was a long day, I can tell you, afore I could hunt bears agin. Dick had the job all to himself of skinnin' and cuttin' up them hears, and totin' the best parts of 'em into the meathouse afore the wolves could git 'em Them cubs got to be good friends with Tige and Ben and we kep' them in the shack till summer, when we took 'em with us to Denver and gave 'em away to people we thought would take good care of 'em.

I've took a good many bear skins in my day, but never one I set more store by nor the one I seen comin' toward me all glistenin', that mornin' on the mountains when I gave myself up for a dead trapper.



WO young men of East Orange, N. J., accomplished a remarkable trip by water, last summer, in a boat of their own construction. The two their own construction. The two young men are brothers, nineteen and eighteen years old respectively. They have been interested in boating and aquatic sports since they were twelve years of age. Three years ago they built a canvas covered sailing skiff, which was the admiration of their companions. Last year, after studying the designs of various gasoline launches, they drew the plans, and built a launch twenty-one feet in length, with standing top and side curtains, as is shown

launch twenty-one feet in length, with standing top and side curtains, as is shown in the accompanying photograph.

A one-and-a-half horse power, gasoline motor was installed by the boys themselves, and they spent their summer vacation in cruising on Long Island sound. Last summer, as the result of carefully laid plans, they undertook a much longer trip.

laid plans, they understand trip.

The poat was refitted with a six-horse power, double cylinder engine, of the high speed auto type, and a new propeller, adapted to this style of motor. All this work was done by the boys themselves.

On the twentieth of July, their little launch, furnished with two beds, a cooking stove and cooking utensils, and with its

launch, furnished with two beds, a cooking stove and cooking utensils, and with its lockers stocked with provisions for the trip, left Bayonne, or Newark bay, with flags flying, and as happy a crew of two, as ever sailed the seas.

They rounded Bergen Point sailed up past the statue of Liberty, between the New York, and New Jersey shores, then along the Pallsades on the Hudson river, across Haverstraw bay, through the gate of the Highlands, and on up the river bor-

of the Highlands, and on up the river bordering the Catskill mountains. Albany was reached the third day. Here a permit from the Superintendent of Canals allowed them to enter the Erie canal, where it joins the Hudson river.

Seventy miles farther on, and the crank shaft of their motor, which had been performing its 750 revolutions per minute,

forming its 750 revolutions per minute, broke!

Here was a dilemma! A broken crank shaft, whether on a small boat or an ocean steamer, is a serious matter.

The first thing was to make port where there were machine shops. This was done by engaging a tow from a canal boat, which landed them far into the night, at the town of Little Falls. A week later, a new crank shaft arrived from New York, and was fitted up at the shops, and the boys went on their way rejoicing.

Syracuse was reached in another day, and here they entered the Oswego canad, arriving at the city of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, the following night. Early in the morning they were up and off for Clayton, on the St. Lawrence river, for the day was fine, and boats which had been waiting for a week at Oswego, for the rough water to

fine, and boats which had been waiting for a week at Oswego, for the rough water to go down, were ready to start.

This was the longest stretch of steady running the boys had; eleven and a half hours without a stop of the engine, and much of the time out of sight of land, laying their course by chart and compass. So secured was their reckening that they came in straight as a die to the dock at Clayton.

Three weeks were spent at the Thousand

Clayton.

Three weeks were spent at the Thousand Islands, which is called the Paradise of small boats. Here were cozy nooks, stretches of quiet water, safe anchorages, and beautiful scenery. At this place they were guests of Mrs. Henry Lee, the wife of the well known landscape artist of New York, and the cut here shown is a snap shot from her camera.

Leaving this delightful place on August 27, they resumed their trip down the St. Lawrence river. The boys had obtained reliable information regarding the famous rapids, and they successfully "shot" the first two, their staunch little boat taking to the water like a duck, and coming through without a mishap.

"All that is necessary." say the boys, "Is to keep to the middle of the channel, and not lose your head. Nobody need fear the rapids, if they have a good staunch boat and understand their engine." However, the safer way is to take the magnificent canals, which here parallel the river, and are navigable for the largest, as well as the smallest boats. These Canadian canals are massively built of stone, and their locks are all operated by electricity, the immense fall of water furnishing the power for generating the current.

The boys spent several days in Montreal, seeing the sights of the metrocolis of Can-

The boys spent several days in Montreal. The boys spent several days in Montreal, seeing the sights of the metropolis of Canada, and were incidentally entertained on board the Dominion line steamer Manxman. The captain of the big liner noticed the American flag floating proudly from the little boat, where all other flags were British at the time, and invited the boys on hoard. He even offered to take the craft and all on board the liner for a trip to Scotland, but the boys declined this tempting offer.

From Montreal their route lay down the

From Montreal their route lay down the St. Lawrence river to Sorel, where the Richelieu river enters from Lake Champlain. Along this river they encountered

much bad weather, and made the acquaintance of the Canadian French, their school
knowledge of the language standing them
in good stead. The weather cleared as
they entered the United States, and down
Lake Champlain to Fort Ticonderoga was a
magnificent run of eighty miles in one
day!

The scenery here is grand and rugged,
mountains from their lofty heights running sheer down to the water's edge. The

#### HOW THE BATWA PYGMIES By ALFRED W. CUTLER WERE PHOTOGRAPHED

Fair the Pygmies would not tolerate being made the victims of sly snapshots by kodak "fiends," and resented all such attempts with great ferocity, in fact the very day that I photographed them they were with difficulty restrained from seriously in-juring an innocent offender in this respect.

It was, therefore, necessary to secure special permission in order to photograph them, and even then one had to win their friendship and confidence, as they were peculiar in their likes and dislikes, refusing

District. In Central Africa, were undoubtedly the most interesting human exhibit at the Louisiana Purdians and similar exhibits at the World's treatment they have met with may have Fair the Pygmies would not tolerate being made the victims of sly snapshots by ultimate civilization of the Dark Continent.

#### When Lost in the Woods

Juring an innocent offender in this respect.

It was, therefore, necessary to secure special permission in order to photograph them, and even then one had to win their friendship and confidence, as they were peculiar in their likes and dislikes, refusing to be photographed by some people without any apparent reason.

After securing a permit from Dr. McGee of the Anthropology Department, I questioned Mr. Verner—to whose tact and persevering efforts the public is indebted for this exhibit—as to the best way to secure the goodwill of the Pygmies. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon, and he suggested that it would be a good idea to make myself known to them at once, and photograph them. This advice I followed and got along far better than I had expected with these most primitive specimens of the human race. One of them scribbled something on my cuff with a bit of pencil which had evidently been given him by a visitor. I thought nothing of it at the time, but it turned out to be quite an important event.

The next morning when I entered the enclosure in which the Pygmies were exhibited I saw at once that I was going to When a man goes out hunting where he



BATWA PYGMIES PROM THE KABAI DISTRICT, CENTRAL APRICA

have trouble. They did not recognize me and were in no mood to be photographed. Appeals to Mr. Verner were in vain; he could do nothing with them. Suddenly I bethought me of the strange writing on my cuff and showed it to the author thereof. The effect was magic. With a grin which reached from ear to ear he jabbered something to his comrades, and after that it was all plain sailing.

One cannot help but feel touched at the

One cannot help but feel touched at the implicit faith and the courage displayed by this little band of African Pygmies in entrusting themselves as they did to the tender mercies of a single man on a journey which must have presented them a situation full of superstition and terror. It is

branches, which generally are to be found longer on the south side of trees, while the branches exposed to the north are generally knotty, twisted and drooped. In the forest the tops of the pine trees dip or trend to the north.

If you find water, follow it; it generally leads where civilization exists.

The tendency of people lost usually is to travel in a circle. By all means keep cool and deliberate. Blaze your way by leaving marks on trees to indicate the direction you have taken. If you keep a cool head and a stout heart you will find that to be lost from camp is really a comedy.—Walter E. Bergman in the North American Trapper.

#### A Piratical Misadventure

"Do you refuse to obey the orders of our chief?" demanded Tim Stevens sternly.

"Yes, I do!" stoutly declared Lieutenant

"Yes, I do:" stoutly declared Lieutenant George Taylor. "I'll be a pirate all right but I'm not going to be a policeman."
"Look here," pleaded the chief, dropping his authority. "It's the chance of our lives. We'll get the \$5,000 reward and we can have a launch instead of this old." lives. We'll get the \$5,000 reward and w-can buy a launch instead of this old thing," kicking the side of the flat-bot-tomed punt which had once seemed so de-sirable, though not exactly the long, low, rakish craft of piratical fiction.

This put a new face upon the matter.

This put a new face upon the matter. One by one the band consented to engige

One by one the band consented to engage in the hazardous enterprise.

There were fourteen in the band, not counting Jimmie, George Taylor's brother, who, though only seven, was admitted to piracy because they met in the Taylor barn in the winter, and Jimmie would tell his father unless sworn to secrecy over the terrible "traitor's head," which was in reality a pumpkin covered with a towel, but which did well enough when the candidate was blindfolded.

Fourteen boys should be a match for

didate was blindfolded.

Fourteen boys should be a match for one man, even though he might be the bank burglar for whom a reward had been offered. They had found him fast asleep in the pirate's lair that they had built of poles and thatch on the little island in the lake which separated Greenville from Coons. Coons.

Taking the painter from the punt they started back to the cabin, with the exception of Jimmie, whose tearful protests threatened to arouse the burglar.

The man was sleeping the heavy sleep of one who is thoroughly exhausted, and the boys had his arms bound before he

The man was sleeping the heavy sleep of one who is thoroughly exhausted. and the boys had his arms bound before he was aroused sufficiently to protest. At his first shout, five of the boys promptly sat upon him; and thus handicapped, it was impossible for him to make resistance to further operations. When he had been securely tied at last from shoulders to ankles, the boys who had been sitting upon his chest arose and enabel him to speak.

"What are you little rascals up to?" he demanded wrathfully.

"That's all right," explained Tim soothingly. "We are not going to hurt you. We're just going to sell you for \$5.000."

The stranger made a powerful effort to rise, but soon perceived the impossibility of doing so, and sank back. "You won't get any \$5,000," he protested, "but I'll give you \$5 if you'll let me up."

"We're not thieves," indignantly exclaimed the chief. "We're pirates. You're the man who robbed the Greenville bank."

"I'm nothing of the sort," declared the prisoner. "I'm just on a trip. My boat is on the bank here."

The chief smiled. "We looked all around the island," he said. "and we didn't find any boat. We know your pal has gone after food or something."

"I'll make you smart for this when I get loose," panted the prisoner. "I suppose you've stolen my boat."

"I'l you call us thieves we'll kick you," threatened the chief. "Come on, boys, let's take him down to the boat."

Selzing their prisoner by the should rs they dragged him over the rough ground, through brambles and over stones to the shore where the valiant rear guard, frightened by the noise of their advance, I ad

shore where the valiant rear guard, fright-ened by the noise of their advance, lad selzed the oars and rowed a safe distance from the shore.

It took them almost an hour to coax the

frightened youngster back to shore, while the prisoner alternately stormed and pleaded; and another ten minutes were

Just as they were about to shove off another boat came around the point of the island with a canoe in tow. "Hello, boys!" shouted the shoriff, spying them. "Hav-

"We got something for you," announced the chief importantly.
"Ish?" asked the sheriff, heading to-

ward them.
"No!" indignantly exclaimed the chief.

"No!" indignantly exclaimed the chief.
"We've got the bank burglar here in the boat. Just captured him."

The sheriff laughed. "I've had him in jail since 10 o'clock this morning."

Together they slipped the bonds from the captive, and when all explanations had been made the promised thrashing was declared off, and the stranger laughingly paddled off in his recovered cance, vowing never again to occupy a deserted pirates camp.

camp.
The Greenville Pirates' Association has a handsome black flag with skull and bones hidden in a corner of the Taylor

It is a memento of their capture, but they dare not fly it. Pirates' parents are sometimes awfully queer about such

#### Mosley Commission Displeased

During the visit of the Mosley commission to Chicago the members visited several public schools, seeking pointers to eneral public schools, seeking pointers to enlighten Englishmen. One of the schools visited was at Palos Park, a little frame building where about thirty youngsters were cultivating their gray matter. The youngsters gazed awestruck at the Englishmen and were made speechless when they heard the visitors speak. There was one youngster in the crowd who had his nerve with him and his tongue in trim, and he answered to the name of Richard O'Connell. After some commonplace questions as to the methods of the school, Dick O'Connell made himself famous in the following dialogue: lowing dialogue:

"The boy in the third seat back, what's your name?"
"Richard O'Connell." "You have studied history. What did we have in 1776?"

"The revolution."
'Against whom was it?'
'The British redcoats."

"What did we do to them?"
"We licked 'em."

"We licked 'em."
"Did we ever have any more trouble with hem?
"Yes, in 1812; we licked them again."
"If we ever have any more trouble with them would we lick them?"
"You bet."
At this point one of the commissioners lost patience and remarked:
"How perfectly ridiculous to teach a child thing like that."—Denver Times.

Which Will

YOU

Sleep on To-night

-a mattress stuffed with the hair of dead horses or

cattle, or the clean and

Ostermoor Mattress \$15

The Ostermoor Mattress is built (not stuffed) with a product of Nature as pure as

The Ostermoor Mattress is built (not stufied) with a product of Nature as pure as Nature herself—snow-white cotton, treated and prepared by a mixture of brains and machinery in a way that has made Ostermoor the mattress par excellence—moisture-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof, vermin-proof—everlastingly resilient, soft and fresh. Ostermoor, the only mattress that never requires renovating or renewing—an occasional sun bath its only renovator, and under no condition does it sag or become lumpy or uneven. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of the mattress is in the sleeping. We allow you to sleep on it 30 nights free, and refund your money if you are not satisfied in every way.

Beautiful 136-Page Book FREE

If you ask, we will send you our handsome, beautifully illustrated book, "The Test of Time"—136 pages of interesting information and valuable suggestions for the sake of comfort, health and success—with over 200 fine illustrations. Write for it now while it is in mind. REGULAR SIZES AND PRICES 2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs., \$ 8.35 3 feet 6 inches wide, 85 lbs., \$11.70 3 feet wide, - 30 lbs., 10.00 4 feet wide, - 40 lbs., 13.35 4 feet 6 inches wide, 63 lbs., \$15.00 All 6 feet 3 inches long EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID in two parts, 50 cents extra Special sizes at special prices

Special sizes at special process.

Look Out! Dealers are trying to sell the "just-angood" kind. Ask to see the name "OFTERMOOR" and our trade-mark label sewn on the end. Show them you can't and won't be fooled. "It must be Observator."

OSTERMOOR & CO. 173 Elizabeth St., New York Canadian Ageory: The Alaska Feather and Down Company, Ltd., Montreal.

#### General Stoessel: Thorough down the strictest sanitary regulations to guard the health of his men. "What I order can be done," he says; and Soldier and Hero

No figure has come forward since the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia more noteworthy than General Stoessel,



GENERAL STOESSEL: HERO OF PORT ARTHUR

the defender of "The Gibraltar of the East." The long-continued slege of the city and its stubborn defense has mad that corner of the big battlefield famous forever, and

when officers declare they cannot accomplish this or that, Stoessel puts himself at the head of their men—and goes and does the thing. Often he works sixteen hours a day, and many a night has slept in the trenches of the town. trenches of the town.

#### A Peasant Who has Become a Power

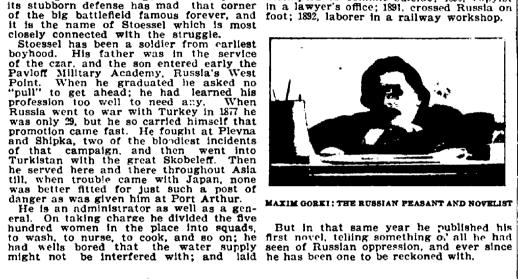
In the heart of St. Petersburg stands a hotel called "The Patkins." As large as an American "skyscraper," and gorgeous as a palace, its charges are so high that only the richest can afford its luxuries. Not long ago there entered its gilded vestibule a young man, fine-looking but meanly dressed—and the door-tender promptly put him out. On the very next night this same visitor, still dressed more like a ploughman than a frequenter of the brilliant hostelry, was seated in its parlors, surrounde, by

than a frequenter of the brilliant hostelry, was seated in its parlors, surrounded by well known men who paid respectful attention to all he said—for on that day it had become known that Maxim Gorki was a personal friend of the Czar.

Gorki has lived a hard life, but he is a power in Russia. If greater freedom is to be given the people, as now seems certain, it will be Gorki who must be thanked for some of the gain. He was born of lowly parents, and has lived like a tramp, but he loves all humanity, and his stories have influenced not only his fellow peasants but "The Great White Father" himself. Here is his eventful life as the man himself has written it:

is his eventful life as the man himself has written it:

In 1878, I was apprenticed to a shoemaker; 1879, apprenticed to a designer; 1890, scullion on a packet boat; 1883, worked for a baker; 1884, became a porter; 1885, baker; 1886, chorister in a troupe of strolling players; 1887, sold apples in the streets; 1888, attempted to commit suicide; 1890, copyist in a lawyer's office; 1891, crossed Russia on foot; 1892, laborer in a railway workshop.



#### Christmas for Paroled Boys

Justice Deuel in the Childrens' Court of New York City, on December 24th summoned forty boys who were out on parole to appear before him so that he might receive reports on their conduct. Unknown to the boys he had prepared beautifully illuminated certificates to present to such as had been doing well. There were two kinds of certificates, one bearing a gold seal and the other a sliver seal. The first meant discharge from parole and the other meant that while the boy had been doing well yet his record still did not permit of full suspension of sentence. The boys were called before the justice one by one and given a word of commendation and encourgiven a word of commendation and encouragement. Seventeen received gold certificates and twelve silver. The certificates were 8x10 inches in size and read as fol-

HONESTY, TRUTHFULNESS, INDUS-TRY AND POLITENESS.
The elemental virtues of manhood, and the only sure foundations of success.
Special Sessions, First Division, City and County of New York, Children's Part.

dren's Part.

At a regular Session of the Children's:
Court, held the twenty-fourth day of:
December, in the year nineteen hundred and four, this
CERTIFICATE OF SPECIAL APPROBATION
Was awarded to

Was awarded to
Was awarded to
Master.....

for his Excellent Record at School, at this Home and among his Neighbors while on Parole.

JOSEPH M. DEUEL, Justice.

After the boys had been disposed of Chief

Clerk Lee gave to the Justice a unique present. It seems that while Justice Deuel present. It seems that while Justice Deuel is hearing cases he is in the habit of drawing sketches on memorandum slips that happen to be lying on his desk; these sketches include a wide variety of subjects. Mr. Lee had for the preceding month been gathering up these sketches when the Justice was not looking. Selecting ten of them he had them mounted and framed, together with a card which read as follows:

Pen Sketches by one of the Children's Friends.
HON. JOSEPH M. DEUEL.

HON. JOSEPH M. DEUEL.

Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, :
First Division, City of New York.

While presiding at the Children's Part:
during the month of December, 1904.
Drawn while considering how to mingie the plea of guilty with law. duty, :
mercy and compassion, and render decisions that will prove to be for the best
interests of the poor, unfortunate, misguided and uncared for little ones waiting at the bar of justice in the sight of ing at the bar of justice in the sight of God and man.

Result. "Discharged to mother."

The Justice accenting the present said:
"It is the best thing you could have given me and it shall occupy a prominent place in my home—provided my wife when she learns that I am the artist and producer of these things will give it shelter."

#### A Successful Young Hunter

TEIMINI O OUR



CHARLIE EINNEY

but before he had covered two miles of the distance, he had killed so many squirrels that he decided to turn back fearing he could not carry more. On his way back he shot several more, making seventeen in all. Charite also often hunts opossums. He has twenty-four of the furs of these animals.

An old Scotchman said of a preacher "that he was invisible six days of the week and incomprehensible on the seventh."

Daniel said when he found himself among the lions: "Heaven knows I have done nothing to deserve this."

#### Carol of Roumania, King and Bear Hunter



Carol, of Roumania, who has served that little kingdom down in the southwest corner of Europe as its monarch for 49 of his 65 years, is one of the most enthusiastic huntsmen on the Continent. Happily married, surrounded by children and grand-children, with a stately palace in his capital of Bucharest, and an annual salary of \$237,000, this old rentieman is never so happy as when in his hunting-box, "Sinia," up in the Carpathian Hills.

There he goes whenever possible, regardless of season and weather. With him go two guides, though they act more as carriers of his guns and yame, for the king by this time knows every foot of the ridges along which he stalks his quarries. The Carpathians are full of wiid animals; red deer and chamois, wolves and lynx and boars, and bears especially. The Roumanian bruin is smaller than his cousin here in the Rockies, but he is as sly and wary as any bear that wears fur, and, once cornered, is the hardest sort of a fighter.

King Carol is as fearless, however, as he is enthusiastic, and not long ago his Mannlicher brought down the one thousandth bear he has killed. As he started to keep count in 1881, that is a record of more than 43 skins a year—in spite of which the highlands of his country seem still to offer what Mowgli called "Good hunting."



AUSTIN DUFF WINS IN HIS HOME-MADE AUTO

HIS is the story of a twelve-year-old Brooklyn boy who won the first prize in the boy's automobile race, in a home-made auto. The modern "Darius Green's" name is Austin Duff and he lives at No. 126 Alabama avenue.

When the race was called at the bicycle path in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, young Master Duff received many a laugh at his odd-looking machine, but the laughter gave way to cheers when the home-made auto-



with Austin. The only thing new about this machine is the horn and Austin had to buy that.

Austin made the machine with the help of his father and he says there isn't a toy auto in New York that can beat his speed.

The prize given for winning the race was a miniature touring car, a three-seated French car equipped in the manner of a fifty horse power Panhard, but Austin says that even this swell new machine cannot supplant the work of his own hands. There were six contestants in the boys' automobile race in the same heat with young Duff, but there were 250 entries in the entire event. All the crack automobilists in Brooklyn assembled to see the race and there were mounted policemen, bicycle policemen and plain policemen on hand to keep the crowds of children along the line in place and to help in case of accidents. But there were no accidents, for though a furious pace was kept up amid the honking and chugging of the automobiles the boys had their cars under perfect control.

The fact that the diminutive autos were

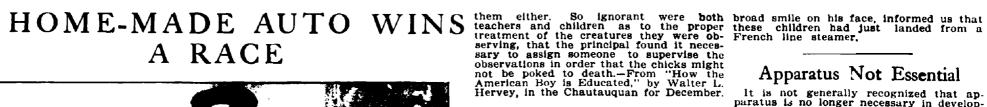
der perfect control.

The fact that the diminutive autos were propelled by pedals operated by small boys sitting in the miniature cars may be accountable for the absence of the list of fatalities that usually accompany auto

racing.
When Austin Duff was awarded the prize there was an indignant protest from the boys with "swell" autos, but the judges not only gave the prize to the boy with the home-made machine, but they compil-mented him upon his ingenuity.

#### A Barnyard Curiosity

Any one who has taught in a school whose children live on treeless streets and



#### Notes by the Schoolmaster

In one of the public schools of New York city the boys are required to originate designs for the box covers which they make in the workshop. One boy developing a great liking for the work, devoted some of his leisure time to planning designs to cover various kinds of spaces. The decorative value of his designs attracted the attention of his father who holds a position in one of the large publishing houses of the city. The father took four pieces of the boys work and submitted them to his firm for use. Two were accepted and now adorn use. Two were accepted and now adorn the covers of widely circulated books, and what is of great importance to the boy—a check, in payment for services rendered— came to him through the mail. Now this

check, in payment for services rendered—came to him through the mail. Now this boy has a new way to make pocket money and he is justly proud of his ability.

The instinct of genius which biographers so delight to dwell upon in writing the lifehistory of famous men, often makes itself very manifest in boys, said a New York city school teacher the other day.

I had a boy last year, direct from an upstate farm who was constantly scheming about how to apply certain devices used in perfecting farm implements. One day he came to me with a match box so constructed that by lifting a slide one match and one only would be deposited upon a little receiver. The thing was ingenius and certainly invited the match-using public to practice economy. Asked to explain the boy said he got the idea from closely observing a corn planting machine at work on his father's form. Whether this



It is not generally recognized that apparatus is no longer necessary in developing strength by exercise. The United States Army was the first to realize this. In the "setting up" exercises to develop the body, which are practiced in the army, no apparatus of any sort is used.

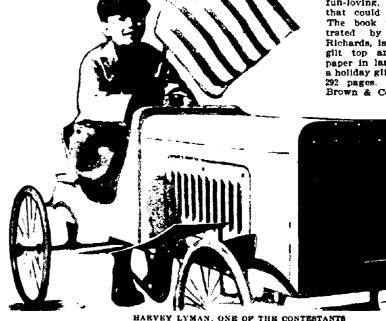
#### Boys' Books Reviewed

STORIES OF COUNTRY LIFE, (Eclectic School Readings), by Sarah Powers Bradish. The teacher of the fourth grade in search of supplementary reading will find this little book to be most suitable. The country with all its charm and variety of life and labor is set forth in attractive and interesting form. It tells also about coal and mining, lumber and saw-mills, iron ore and the many forms and industries where they are used. The young reader will add greatly to his knowledge by a perusal of this already well-known book. 170 pages, with many illustrations. Price, 40 cents. American Book Co. Book Co.

Book Co.

MAKING THE NINE, by A. T. Dudley. We took pleasure in commending a former work of the author, "Following the Ball," and having read the present work have no hesitation in recording our satisfaction with it in every respect. The story teaches without preaching all that a healthy, pure-minded boy should be. While athletics occupy a prominent place, the lessons of honesty, uprightness, friendliness and fair play round out a most fascinating book, a modern "Tom Brown's School Days," and no better book could be placed in a boy's hands. It is nicely illustrated by Charles Copeland, and by views of Exeter. 332 pages. Price, \$1.25. Lee & Shepard.

EIGHT COUSINS, by Louisa M. Alcott. We are glad to renew our acquaintance with one of the nicest books for young people that Miss Alcott has written. Rose is as fascinating and as tender and loving as ever, while Uncle Alec is the best of uncles and the seven cousins are the happiest, most natural, healthy, fun-loving, kind-hearted boys fun-loving, kind-hearted boys that could be found anywhere. The book is handsomely illus-The book is handsomely illustrated by Harriet Roosevelt Richards, is finely gotten up with gilt top and printed on good paper in large type. Will make a holiday gift that will be prized. 292 pages. Price \$2.00. Little, Brown & Co.





THE FINISH OF A BACE

#### BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS

#### Boys, How About Your Finances?

By CHARLES F. WADSWORTH

There are quite a number of subjects to be considered in connection with boys, and

be considered in connection with boys, and one of the most important is that of his finances. I regret to say that the financial instruction received by the average boy is not greatly to the credit of his parents, otherwise nearly every boy, when he reaches his majority, would have accumulated capital enough to start himself in business, establish a little home, or at least provide himself with an education commensurate with the demands of these strenuous days.

There is no good reason why the average boy should not be able to accumulate a thousand dollars or so by the time he is steadfast aims of all boys, and the parent who fails to impress upon the youngster the importance of cultivating habits of thriff and economy will be held to account the son reaches the age which enables him to appreciate the common sense features of a boy's financial opportunities. For a boy to gard for if not, he should consider that if he is not to receive be the more easily paid for: if not, he should consider that if he is not to receive help from the thing itself, it would be reasonably sure to increase in value from reasonably are to increase in value from reasonably are to increase in value from reasonably sure to increase in value from reasonab

basiness, establish a little home, or at least provide himself with an education commensurate with the demands of these strenous days.

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be made to take the place of a cash asset in the placing of investments and the carrying on of trade. The boy should not hesitate to inquire about things he wishes to know and impress upon himself the importance of close observation as he goes through life, keeping his eyes and ears open all the time, and his mouth closed most of the time.

Many men make it a rule never to go

"THE AMERICAN BOY" IS ALL WAYS READ

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#### "The American Boy" is Always Read

The accompanying diagram will be found both interesting and instructive. It illustrates in a curious manner the well-known fact, that THE AMERICAN BOY is always read in all directions, whether, it be north or south, east or west.

Commencing with the letter T in the center, try and figure out how many different ways there are of reading "THE AMERICAN BOY" in this peculiar arrangement of letters.

Every time a new square is included, it counts as a different reading, so that those squares containing stops must not be overlooked. We'll tell you the result a little later on. You'll be surprised when you see how many different ways one might have read it.

## Look BOYS!

A chance to make EASY MONEY



Have you got the notion it's hard for a boy to make money after school hours? If you knew how thousands of boys make all the money they need by a few hours' easy work a week, wouldn't you jump at the chance of doing it yourself? There's no secret about it—these boys sell

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Friday afternoon and Saturday. Some make \$15 a week. All make something - depends on the boy. It won't cost you a cent to try it, anyway. Ask us to send you the complete outfit for starting in business, and to free copies of The Pwd Sell these Posts at 5c the copy, and with the soc you make buy furtae. supplies at wholesale price. Besides the profit made on every copy we give prizes when you have sold a certain number of copies. Further,

#### \$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

each month to boys who do good work. Your chance of getting some of this money is just as good as that of any other boy who sells The Post.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 1960 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

wears a silk hat sometimes owes the price of it to a man who does not wear one; that often a fashionable club is the means of a young man having his common sense beaten out of him; that the "draw" of too many and too expensive cigars will draw his whole salary; that when he pawns his watch or ring his self-respect and definiteness of purpose are pawned with them; that he wants nothing so badly but that there will come a time when he will want something else more; that inactive dollars are like a big family of strong boys who are allowed to loaf while the father does all the work; that industry keeps a boy out of mischief, and keeping out of mischief is often equivalent to keeping out of the penitentiary; that however difficult the task, make a try at it—that it is infinitely better to try and fail utterly than never to have tried.

Interest Paid on Deposits Compounded Semi-Annually.

"BANKING BY MAIL" ON REQUEST.

EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN CO. BEO. A. SMITH, Pros. MACON, GA.

\$10.00 a week can be easily earned by willing to work during their spare time. Make the buttons for the dressmakers, tailors, etc., in your

THE "HANDY" BUTTON MACHINE Interesting work. No experience necessary. will tell you how. Write us today. INDEPENDENT BUTTON AND MACHINE CO.,

297 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

MEN WANTED-GOOD PAY Wanted Everywhere men to distribute advertis matter, tack signs, etc.; no canvassing. Previous perfence unnecessary. Address NATIONAL AUVER' ING CO., No. 107 Oakland Bank Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

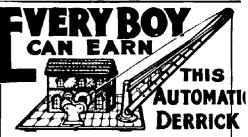
Girls

Do you want to earn \$3.00 to \$5.00 a week? Does not interfere with your schooling. Write us at once. OSMIC CHEMICAL CO.,

The INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALLREVIEW Containing pictures of all college feature, captaint, trainers and consches. Review of each tenin and of areaon. Early other features. Agents Wanted. Send 20 cents for sample copy INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL REVIEW, Box 2105, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Montello Station. BROCKTON, MASS.

Every Boy Interested in Foot-Ball Should Own a Copy of Advertise in The American Boy for Results



For Twenty of Our Famous Fast .....SELLING 100 ARTICLES.....

which we send free. They are easy to sell, and as soon as the \$2, obtained from their sale, comes to us we send the great Anionalle heriels, entirely prepaid. We take back any articles which cannot be sold.

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## Che Great American Boy Army

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#### Company News

STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends its twenty-fourth regular company report, from which we note that during November it held five constitutional meetings consisting of literary, musical and dramatic entertainments, also two outings, one being to Glendale, N. J., An alarm of fire in the neighborhood brought unexpected guests

#### 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 Manilness in Muscie, Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among beys; 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. worthy endeavor.

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



MUSKINGUM VALLEY CO. No. 49, ZANESVILLE, ORTO

in the shape of firemen to its Halloween entertainment. This company is most prosperous and has \$30.00 in bank drawing interest. TWENTIETH CENTURY COMPANY, No. 32, Canastota, N. Y., elected on November 16, '04, the following officers: Alfred Gleason, Capt.; Davil Dobson, Secty, and Treas.; William Moyer, S. A.; Hugh Brown, Lib'n. Meetings are held on Friday evenings. It is gradually furnishing its clubroom, having recently added too bracket lamps and one reflector lamp. The members in turn furnish oil. We trust that the programs we furnish each month will be enjoyed by the members. GEN. U. S. GRANT (COMPANY, No. 17, St. Louis, Mo., has the following officers: R. Herminghaus, Capt.; Wm. A. Vormehr, V. C.; Milton Scheckner, Sect'y; James L. Mackay, Treas; Herb. Mackay, Lib'n. Meets twice a month, at the homo of one of the members and has an entertainment on alternate meeting nights. SANGA-MON RAY LEASE COMPANY, No. 24, Gay-lord, Kans., has the following officers: R. Gompany in the capt. The PRAIRIE COMPANY, No. 24, Gay-lord, Kans., has the following at members, v. C.; Gay-lord, Kans., has the following officers: PRIDE OF THE PRAIRIE COMPANY, No. 24, Gay-lord, Kans., has the following at members, v. C.; Gay-lord, Kans., has the following officers: PRIDE OF THE PRAIRIE COMPANY, No. 24, Gay-lord, Kans., has the following at the clowding officers: PRIDE OF THE PRAIRIE COMPANY, No. 24, Gay-lord, Kans., has the following at the clowding officers: PRIDE OF THE PRAIRIE COMPANY, No. 24, Gay-lord, Kans., has the following at members, new officers in the following officers: Herb. D. Litt-Mondon of one of the members and has an entertainment on alternate meeting nights. SANGA-MON RAY LEASE COMPANY, No. 25. The PRAIRIE COMPANY, No. 24, has the following officers: Herb. D. Litt-Mondon has an entertain the programment of t

COMPANY, No. 17. St. Louis, Mo., has the following officers: R. Herminghaus, Capt.; Wh. A. Vormehr, V. C.; Milton Scheckner, Secty; James L. Mackay, Treas.; Herb. Mackay, It expects to raise following officers: R. Herminghaus, Capt.; Wh. Mecis twice a month, at the homo of one of the members and has an entertainment on alternate meeting pilkhs. SANGA-MON BAY LEAF COMPANN, No. 45. Deem interest of the members and has an entertainment on alternate meeting pilkhs. SANGA-MON BAY LEAF COMPANN for the pilkhs. SANGA-MON for the pilkhs and twenty-filkhs. SANGA-MON for the pilkhs and the pilkhs and twenty-filkhs. SANGA-MON for the pilkhs and the pilkhs and twenty-filkhs. SANGA-MON for the pilkhs and the p

"Every day is a fresh beginning. Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain; And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning And puzzles forecasted and possible pain, Take heart with the day and begin again."

Take heart with the day and begin again.

By the time this letter is read at your meeting, you will all have received the January American Boy and I should like very much to know what you think of it. Does it come up to your idea of the kind of reading a boy should have? Do you think it an improvement on past numbers? Above all does it interest you and does it help you? It is for boys that the paper is published and I am mest anxious that it shall contain just what they want. I confess I am proud of the January number. I believe there is something in it for slow who have the desire to be and do something worth while. All of the stories are interesting, and the departments are full of information as to the special things that boys like to work at, while the pictures are just about the best you could look at.

I sincerely trust you have carefully read the O. A. B. page and especially the item headed "1905 a Banner Year for the O. A.

headed "1905 a Banner Year for the O. A. l

mes in Muscie, Mind and Morals.

ded: To promote mutual and holpful wider circulation to high clars boy hysical, mental and moral courage, intellectual and moral intellectual and moral courage, intellectual and moral intellectual and moral courage, intellectual and moral courage, intellectual and moral intellectual and moral courage, intellectual and moral intellectual and moral courage, intellectual and moral courage, intellectual and moral intellectual intellectual intellectual and moral with the country, and to stimulate boys to all anies may obtain a Pamphlet from us ra 2-cent stamp.

January Company Letter

Detroit, January 6, 1965.

My Dar Captalins and Brothers of Out of the country, which is considered in the part of the country member a very happy and prospersous New Year in all his undertakings, is suppose a great many of you have already such and conduct for the year 1966. If 80, I most sincerely commend such, for even the resolving shows determination to do gomething shows and the shows and the short of the tops of the short of the short

Our Photograph Gallery

We are about to install a portrait gallery at headquarters to be composed of the photographs of all the companies of the O. A. B. and for this purpose are having large frames made to hold groups of pictures. If you desire that your company picture have a place in this gallery, after being reproduced in THE AMERICAN BOY. do not delay sending it to us. Let us have photographs that are clear and distinct so that they may be suitable for reproducing. We shall reproduce all photographs of companies that we receive, where they are well taken, but you must not expect to see your company photograph in THE AMERICAN BOY within a month after it is received. We can reproduce only one or two each month.





LITTLE GIANT CO. No. 20, AUGUSTA, WIS.

#### Francis Hampton, the Proud Little Lad of Valley Forge By H. WINSLOW FEGLEY



FRANCIS HAMPTON (6 YEARS OLD) THE PRIDE OF VALLEY FORGE

RANCIS HAMPTON is the six-yearold son of Ellis Hampton, the overseer of Washington's Headquarters
at Valley Forge, the famous Revolutionary camping ground, where the sollutionary camping was Mrs. Roosevelt with
the lad, that she requested and the photo graph
the lad, that she requested and the photo graph
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the lad, that she requested and the photo graph
of the bright boy, and he has since been
induced to enter a photo-studio and have
the lad, that she requested a photo-studio and have
the lad, that she

overseer and has a welcome for every one



## The Young Midshipman's Adventure

By FRED MYRON COLBY

N the long ago summer of 1771, a slender, sickly-looking English lad of thirteen, son of a Norfolk rector, shipped as a midshipman on board this Majesty's ship the Race-horse, bound on a voyage of exploration towards the North Pole. The captain was the boy's own uncle, a bluff, hearty English seaman, who had promised the boy's father that he would have his nephew in watchful keeping.

The rigging with ice, and made the decks so slippery that one could scarcely stand on them. The sharp frost froze the toes of many of the men. Often they were and at last they were shut up quite help-less in the midst of the frozen seas.

With the darkness and the cold and the would have his nephew in watchful keeping.

ne would have his nephew in watchful keeping.

Although so young it was not the midshipman's first voyage. He had already seen service in the West Indies, and had shown the mettle in him in a naval encounter with the French in those western waters. In fact, he had had a rough apprenticeship, but Raty, as they called him, had come safely through all the dangers and privations of a sea voyage in those carly days.

The lad was positively fearless, and they tell a story of him in his childhood that is quite characteristic. There was a severe freshet in his fifth year, and during the height of the storm Raty was missing. He was found, after an anxious search, sitting by a swollen stream tossing pebbles into the rushing tide.

"I wonder that fear did not drive you home," said his grandmother.

"Fear!" said Raty, inquiringly.

"Yes fear." cried the grandmother prob-

"I wonder that fear did not drive you home," said his grandmother.
"Fear!" said Raty, inquiringly.
"Yes, fear," cried the grandmother, probably in no gentle accents.
"Fear," repeated Raty, thoughtfully. "I do not know what fear is; I never saw it."

would have thought it a dull, anxious time enough for the young midshipman. But it was not all gloom and despondency on board the Racehorse, and Raty's spirits were hard to dampen. In the short Polar days there was work to do, and during the long evenings the crew sat around their cozy cabin and told stories of their far-

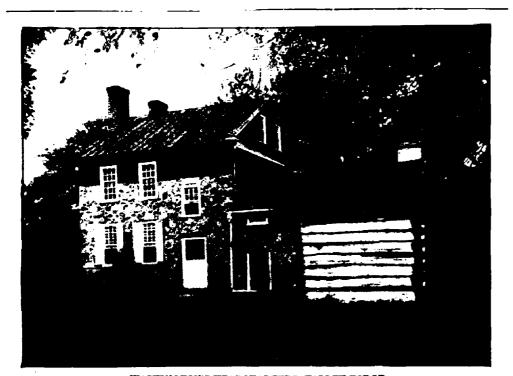
away English homes.

There was more or less adventure, too, and Raty had his share of danger, you may be sure. Whatever was done he was always sure to be the first, and he experi-

ably in no gentle accents.

"Fear," repeated Raty, thoughtfully. "I do not know what fear is; I never saw it."

But Raty's hardihood was taxed to its utmost in that venturesome and hazardous voyage into the Northern seas. There were cold, sleety rainstorms that coated to the bear, when a figree and desperate



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY FORGE Washington's Office was on the Ground Floor to the Left of Door. From the Log Cabin Annex Shown, Secret Cellars were Reached Where Safety Could be Found in case of Serious Seed.



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in order to place our Catalogue of Noveliles, Tricks, Books and every thing a boy will want into you hand, we will send this Wonderful Dancing Skeleton Free. This skeleton is a jointed figure 14 in. high. It will dance with music, and perform various movements while the operator may be at any distance from it. The skeleton may be examined by the audience who can not discover the motive power. When it is handed back to the operator, it can be placed on a chair or table when it will seemingly become imbard with life and begin to more to the actonishment of the audience. At the command of the operator it will lie down, stand up, dance and perform various symmestic feats. Full Secret Instructions will be sent with each skeleton. The above offer is made with the understanding that you agree to hand five of these offers which we send with the skeleton to five young lends and that you will send THREK owns to pay for postage and packing. If you do not wish to do this, please do not send for this Wonderful Dancing Skriston. Address H. W. Hardesty & Co., 1180 Central Ave., Newport, Ky.



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struggle took place. The boys soon exhausted their ammunition, and when the morning dawned the brute stood confronting them with only a chasm in the lee between them.

As often as the bear tried to leap the crack he was sent staggering book by a

crack, he was sent staggering back by a blow from Raty's clubbed musket which fell like a sledge hammer on the animal's

"Come on, let the creature go," cried his companion, who was getting wearled of the struggle. But Raty was just warming up

struggle. But Raty was just warming up to the encounter.

"Stop a minute," he cried, "do but let me get a blow at this brute with the butt end of my musket, and we shall have him."

Meanwhile the absence of the two lads had been discovered, and the captain sent out a party to find them, and guns were discharged on the ship as a signal to return. The day was just breaking when the boys were seen at a distance in close conflict with the bear. Fortunate, indeed, it was that help came at that time otherwise the history of Europe would have been changed. always sure to be the first, and he experenced more than one narrow escape. His shipmates named him 'Reckless Raty,' because he was so venturesome.

One day the captain sent out a party to hunt for game on the floes, as provisions were getting low. Raty was one of the party, and when returning to the vessel he saw a large Polar bear at a distance. The boy could not sleep that night, for he had been discovered, and the captain sent out a party to find them, and guns were discharged on the ship as a signal to return. The day was just breaking when the boys conflict with the bear. Fortunate, indeed, it was that help came at that time, otherwise the history of Europe would have been changed.

In giving his last blow at bruin Raty slipped and fell on the ice, and the feroclous beast, maddened by his wounds, comrades stole from the ship, and taking advantage of a fog set out on the ice in pursuit of bruin. The chase was a keen one, but the boys at last came up with the bear, when a figree and desperate

leaned back across the cleft in the ice and

took to flight.
"Why didn't some of you shoot him?"
asked Raty. "That bear's skin would have
made the handsomest rug in the world."
"You young dog!" exclaimed the captain. as Raty clambered upon the deck, pale and nearly exhausted from his long and desperate encounter. "what on earth did you want of that bear?"

"Sir," answered the boy, pouting his

want of that bear?"
"Sir," answered the boy, pouting his lip as he was in the habit of doing when excited, "I wished to kill the bear, that I might take the skin home to my father."
The captain's grim face softened, for Raty's father was his favorite brother, and his stern voice trembled somewhat as he said:

"Well, you are a brave lad, and I will not be too hard with you; but I think your father would rather have you safe than to get the finest bearskin in the world, Mas-ter Horato" ter Horatio.

For Reckless Raty was Horatio Nelson, long years afterwards the hero of the Nile and of Trafalgar, and Great Britain's bravest naval commander, who by his skill and daring won a peerage and a burial place in Westminster Abbey.

#### Additional to the 1904 Roll of Honor

ROBERT HENRY, Kenosha, Wis., age 11, saving a lad from drowning.

MAYNARD POTT GOUDY, Waverly, Kan., age eleven years, recently passed the county examination for rural school di-



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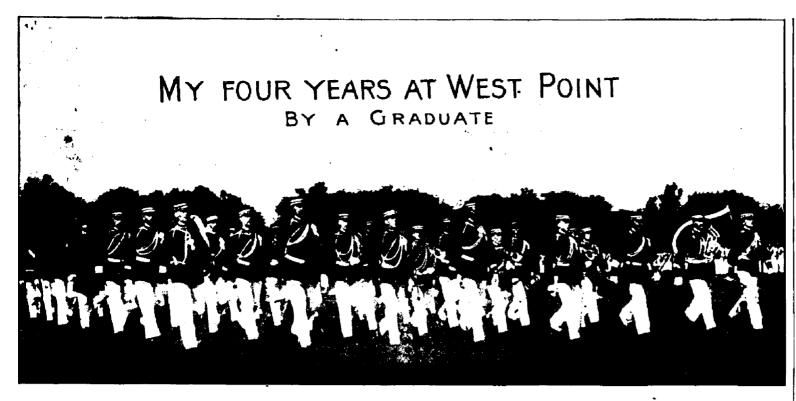
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#### (BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER)

XI.

#### FOURTH OF JULY EVENING IN CAMP.

TE had an extra dinner that day in honor of the Fourth of July, and wound it up with a surfeit of excellent ice-cream. Every one seemed to be good-natured, and we plebs were not molested at all. Looking over to the Colonel's table, what was my surprise to see him lean back in his chair and induge in a ringing laugh!

On our way to camp, we were reminded in the usual fashion that we were still plebs.

On our way to camp, we were reminded in the usual fashion that we were still plebs.

I was Sam Jackson's rear rank file, and the file closer directly behind us devoted so much time to Sam that I was let alone, and had a good opportunity to study the physical effects produced on Jackson by an old-time jumping.

After breaking ranks in camp, Silkins and I went to our tent to take a comfortable nan after our hearty dinner. Corp sat around a while on the locker, wondering how people could sleep in the day-time.

and I went to our tent to take a comfortable nan after our hearty dinner. Corp sat around a while on the locker, wondering how people could sleep in the day-time,

morrow. Nearly all of the old cadets, who had any pretensions to being ladies men, attended the hop. A few, mostly year-lings, stayed at home. A considerable minutes after return from breakfast, came attended the hop. A few, mostly year-lings, stayed at home. A considerable number of these third-classmen banded to-gether and started through camp, with the

to the east of us and the yearings started to leave. Ours was the next in order. At that moment, I raised the rear flap of the tent and slipped out into our "back yard," where I could witness without being a par-

ticipant in the proceedings.

On the arrival of the yearlings at the entrance, Silkins and Corp sgrang to "attention." When the preliminary forms had been observed, one of the visitors remarked:

"H'm! Only two plebs in this tent?"
"No, sir; there are three of us," Silkins replied.
"Well, where is the other man?"

Silkins hesitated a moment, then said:
"He just went out at the back."
"What's his name?"
"Mr. S—."

"Hey, you Mr. S--, come in here!" "Hey, you Mr. 8—, come in here!"

I hesitated a moment, and then made my entrance, looking sheepish, I am sure. An explanation was demanded. I became more confused in rendering it, and was obliged to do penance by sitting on the point of a bayonet. Silkins gave a rendering of his famous song, "Only a Pansy Blossom," Corp spoke his piece, "The boy stood on the burning deck," after which the procession moved on, and I sprang from my uncomfortable chair.

comfortable chair.

The party halted at the next tent, where they made things lively for the inharmoni-

ous trio.

At tattoo, all the fourth-classmen were present, but most of the upper-classmen, being at the hop by permission, were reported "absent." After tattoo roll-call, we made down our beds, and turned in, but with no thought of going to sleep. It was the first day that plebs were on guard, and we wanted to see the fun. The second relief was to go on shortly before tattoo, and we had learned that the sentinel of that relief, in the post adjoining and runting parallel to our company street, was a ning parallel to our company street, was a

We waited impatiently for taps. Having answered "All in, sir," to the cadet officer in charge of the company, we settled back in our beds and awaited developments.

They were not long in coming.
"Who comes there?"

"Patrol."

"Advance, patrol, with the countersign."
"What's the matter with you anyway, dister? That's not the way to advance—"
"Who comes there?"
"Corporal of the guard."
"Advance, patrol, with the countersign."

At nine o'clock there was a general turn-

the—"
"Who stands there?"

"Who stands there?"
"Officer of the guard."
"Advance, of—"
"Who goes there?"
"Friend with the countersign."
"Advance, friend. Halt, everybody.
Corporal of the guard, number—,"
"Well, here I am."

drill, mechanical maneuvers, etc., for the first class, artillery drill, small-arm practice, and dancing for the third class, and artillery drill, swimming, and dancing for us.

Our programme for drills was as follows: Squad drills, from 7 to 7:45 a.m., post, Number One at the guard tent called troop parade (of our own, as we had not yet joined the battalion) at 8, guard mounting immediately afterwards (for those interested), foot battery from 9 to 10, swimming from 10:30 to 12:30, dancing from ming from 10:30 to 12:30. When one had to face this list in addition to his police duty, orderly work, cleaning of guns, trimduced triangle and testifying to his general worthlessness. Mr. Stultz finally succeeded in getting all of the parties off his post, except the corporation of his relief, who tarried a while to jump him for becoming so rattled. Short-to impossible for him to do it gracefully. Number One was never a striking success, for his eyes would wander from the would have the back of his hand up when it should be down.

At these drills, the cannoneer who handles the sponge and trammer staff. Inasmuch as it is difficult for a pleb to do a thing correctly, and next to impossible for him to do it gracefully. Number One was never a striking success, for his eyes would wander from the would straighten up on the wrong foot, and he would have the back of his hand up when it should be down.

At these drills, the cannoneer who handles the sponge and members and members and next to impossible for him to do it gracefully. Number One was never a striking success, for his eyes would wander from the would straighten up on the would be down.

At these drills, the cannoneer who hand to fif the parties off his post. Number One at the guard tent called to impossible for him to do it gracefully. Number One he would straighten up on the would be down.

At these drills, the cannoneer who hand to timp member one a very sound and error post. The corporation of the post. The corporation of the parties off his post. The corporation i

had to face this list in addition to his police duty, orderly work, cleaning of guns, trimmings, writing explanations, etc., he felt that he fairly earned the \$1.50 a day which went to his credit on his check-book.

On returning from supper, we went as usual directly to our tents. We had a new subject for discussion in the drills for the morrow. Nearly all of the old cadets, who

the 7 o'clock drill, which consisted of the setting-up exercise with a good deal of double-timing. Then came our own little apparent intention of getting from us the double-timing. Then came our own little fun they missed by not attending the hop. troop parade, while the corps was having The first intimation that I had of their the real thing. Our formation at this time, approach was when they reached the tent however, consisted of a rigid inspection, so to the east of us and the yearlings started rigid, indeed, that not one man in twenty double-timing. Then came our own little troop parade, while the corps was having the real thing. Our formation at this time. was found in form to escape comment from the inspecting officer.

XII

"Corporal of the guard."
At nine o clock there was a general tunning out of the whole corps for the particular drills awaiting them. The different squads were formed in rank from right to "Officer of the guard."

"Advance, of—"

At nine o clock there was a general tunning out of the whole corps for the particular drills awaiting them. The different squads were formed in rank from right to left, and the Officer of the Day stood in from to superintend the formation. Twelve front to superintend the formation. Twelve first-classmen were detailed to act as chiefs of detachment at our artillery drill. Our class was divided into two equal parts, forming a couple of batteries, each of which was divided as nearly as possible into six detachments. The respective chiefs "fell out" a man for his gunner. Since as yet there was no standard of fitness, the gunner was generally from the same state as his chief, or was selected because of his fine personal appearance.

Sikins and Fletcher were in my detachment, and, when the chiefs had taken their

ment, and, when the chiefs had taken their places, according to rank, we found the Colonel presiding over our destinles for the hour. The instruction for the first day was mostly theoretical, consisting mainly

sat around a while on the locker, wondering how people could sleep in the day-time, and then sauntered off on an aimless ramble on cadet limits.

At parade a long order was published specifying the drills for the rest of the month. We were drawn up in rear of the battallon in order that we could also hear. The orders provided for troop parade at 8 o'clock in the morning, engineering drill, mechanical maneuvers, etc., for the first class, artillery drill, small-arm practice, and dancing for the third class, and itee, and testifying to his general worthlessness.

Mr. Stultz finally succeeded in getting all of the parties off his post, except the corporal of his relief, who tarried a while to impossible for him to do it gracefully, the delivering his orders for challenging, at a rate that fairly hummed.

"Yes, slr," and mr. Studending and an intercent the explanation of the explanation of the nomencature of the delivering his orders for challenging, at a rate that fairly hummed.

"Yes, slr," and mr. Studending at a rate that fairly hummed.

"Now you've got lots of time. Advance and the

other numbers, although their duties were not so difficult as those of Number One, had enough opportunities to do them wrong, and they rarely missed the chance. On our return from this trying drill in the hot sun, we longed for the next thing on the programme.—swinning. The roll of my squad was called by Mr. A.—, who

of my squad was called by Mr. A—, who became so overcome by his new responsibility that the Officer of the Day "skinned" him for "slow calling roll."

It was a long tramp to the bathing grounds, which are located near "Target Hill," on the line of the West Shore Railway, about three-quarters of a mile from camp. To reach the place we had to descend the plateau on which West Point stands to the river, and then follow the line of the West Shore Road to the north for the rest of the way.

Arrived at the grounds, we found a number of the way.

the rest of the way.

Arrived at the grounds, we found a number of bath-houses, into which we rushed.

After disrobing, I donned the gaudy bathing suit furnished by the commisary department, went outside and joined the procession of plebs. We waded through a marsh and a long stretch of shallow water and reached headquarters, which a marsh and a long stretch of shallow water, and reached headquarters, which consisted of a double-decked raft, holding, among other things, the instructor in gymnastics and swimming (generally known as the "gym flend," a civillan), and the officer who was in charge of us at artillery drill. He was evidently on hand to make sure we did not "run It" on the "gym flend." [The idea of a



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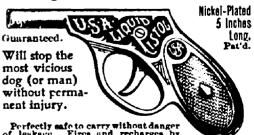
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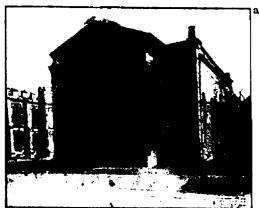
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CHAPEL

cadet, at this embryotic stage, running it on any one!]

We grouped ourselves around the raft. and the instructor ascertained the names of the men who did not know how to swim. They were taken separately and attached to a rope, the other extremity of which was held by the instructor. The proper move-ments were explained to the rope-girdled pleb, who strove bravely to execute the evolutions, until his head dipped under water, when he was fished up by the watchful teacher in the second story of the

I had learned the art of swimming several years before, and therefore (scaped the lassoing experience. Each of us who understood the natatorial art had to report to the "gym fiend" and swim ten minutes by the watch, after which we were said to have qualified and were entitled to swim wherever fancy prompted, provided we took care not to drown.

The long tramp homeward, along the railway track, under the flaming sun, and the arduous climb to the top of the hill, more than counterbalanced the refreshing coolness of the bath, and by the time we reached camp we were sighing again for a plunge in the delightful Hudson.

plunge in the delightful Hudson.
We entered our tents at about 12:30. There was hardly time for the pleb who had been detailed for that day as mail carrier to "drag" the mail. After looking over my daily newspaper, and reading a letter from home, the first drum sounded for dinner.
Of course we dropped everything and tracked to the president property.

rushed to the parade ground, so as to avoid

a late.

I was on the parade ground in ample time to save myself from a late. At the messhall I found the cadets were not in as good humor as on the previous day. The yearlings at my table told me that I had to "qualify" on bread and molasses, and I willingly made the attempt.

The cadet slang for molasses is "sammy," and it is customary at present not to allow a pleb thus to designate it, until he

allow a pleb thus to designate it, until he has eaten a certain number of silces of bread smeared with the sweet stuff. The yearlings at my table insisted that in my case this number should be four. Being quite hungry, it was not difficult for me to

meet the requirements.

A few minutes for rest in the shade of our tents, after our march from dinner, and then came the first drum-beat for dancing. The ranking pleb (Mr. A—, of course) called the roll. We fell in as usual at the second beat of the drum. Mr. A—— gave the command "Left face," and then discovered that his class-roll was in his tent.

Mr. Smith, the captain of my company, was Officer of the Day and had taken his place in front to superintend the formation. He demanded the cause of the delay. Mr. A—— attempted to explain, but his remarks were cut short by the more pointed ones of Smith, who sent the delinquent to

his tent for another list.

While A—— was calling the roll, the Officer of the Day was occupied in keeping us "braced." Before the roll-call was finished, we had assumed our best attitudes, and the men in the rear rank had learned that front-rank files were no pro-tection from the eagle eyes of Captain

When A—— had reported the result of the roll-call to the Officer of the Day, the latter impressed upon the terrified delinquent the momentous responsibility that rested upon him as a squad marcher, concluding his remarks with the warning: "If you don't keep all those pleak bread or if

cluding his remarks with the warning: "If you don't keep all those plebs braced, or if I see any talking, I'll skin you."

A—— was a nervous little fellow and was frightfully rattled. He knew where we were to be marched, but could not tell whether to give "fours right" or "left" until he had studied a while and turned all the way round, so as to face the same way as the men in ranks. Then he failed to get it right, for he commanded "fours right." We all executed "fours left" to a man, and were marching off, when the man, and were marching off, when the watchful Mr. Smith yelled:

"What do you mean, sir, by letting all these men disobey your command? Bring these men disobey your command? Bring them into line again and start them off

One would naturally think that when One would naturally think that when there are only two ways of doing a thing, a pleb will accidentally hit on the right way once in a while,—but he is sure to miss it nine times out of ten. Accordingly, A—— commanded "fours left." Warned by our first experience, we executed this command, and on we went in a rolld line of two ranks, bearing down upon the tents and their drowsy occupants, leaving the 

'I don't know, sir."

"What do you know, sir?"
"I don't know, sir."

"I do. You don't know anything. Give the command Fours left about."

Mr. A——gave this command, and we were ready to try it over again. This time we got off smoothly, and no more difficulties met us, until we were nearly across the post of Number Six, when the sentinel roared at our squad-marcher: roared at our squad-marcher:

Why don't you salute me?" A—— did not stop to see who it was that called for a salute, but raised his fingers to his cap and delivered what might be called

a general salute for any one who felt the

LEARNING TO DANCE.

We were marched, or rather we marched ourselves, to the gymnasium, broke ranks in front of the door, and rushed into the fencing academy on the ground floor at the north end of the building. There we found the Professor, an elderly foreigner, his assistant (Adolphus his son), the planist. and an officer of the guard, who was present evidently for the purpose of seeing that we did not "run it" on the professor, who as well as the assistant and the pianist, were civilians.

The professor paired us off as well as he could, and, taking the "odd lady" himself, led us through the mazes of a grand march. Finally, he gave the command "Drop hants," and we were quite evenly distrib-

nants, and we were quite events distrib-uted about the academy, with about room enough to learn the preliminary steps. Whether the Professor was imbued with the mathematical ideas of West Point, or whether it was a method be surgiced with whether it was a method he pursued with civilians as well as with cadets, I cannot say-but our first "math" lesson came with our early instruction in the waltz.

He fished a piece of chalk from his rear

coat-pocket and described a circle with himself as a center. He then drew a north and south diameter and another one per-pendicular, thus dividing the circumference into arcs of ninety degrees, and he did it as prettily as you please.

He then raitled a pair of clappers that he had held unobserved in one of his hands. Immediately, the pianist started a waltz to the Professor's monotone of "oney" "twoey" "tree," while the latter, starting from the south end of one of the diameters. capered about the circle, until he came to the starting point again on "tree," He did this several times for us, and

then the clapper caused the music to stop.

A short explanation was given to us, and we all began to waltz to slow music.

I know that the normal state of plebs is

awkwardness, but I think every man in the room felt unusually awkward that day; the men who could dance because the fact was not recognized officially by the professor, and the men who could not dan for obvious reasons. Of course it came hard to the latter, but they made it much harder for themselves.

Some of my companions were notably awkward. I recall one from Ohio who had

awkward. I recall one from Ohio, who had as yet but a single grievance in his milas yet a single grievance in his mil-itary career, but it was a sore one. The authorities would not recognize his right to wear cowhide boots; they compelled him to stow them away in the trunk room, and, to cap the climax, constrained him to weir the regulation low shoes.

Naturally he was embarrassed and in hot water all the time. He had never "reck-oned" that such things formed a part of the course of instruction at the Point.

It is hardly necessary to state that we were allowed to carry our hands naturally and slouch to our heart's content while in the dancing academy. We all described our steps on imaginary circles with something like uniformity. Our Ohio friend however, required one of the Professor's chalk diagrams to be marked out specially for him. When the rest of us had made a complete turn, the Buckeye was sure to be facing in the opposite direction, the palms of the hands to the front, and heads of perof the hands to the front, and beads of perspiration on his brow.

But the professor was accustomed to such cases, for he stepped behind the embirrassed fellow, grasped him by the shoulder, and guided him around. He then rolled up two wads of paper and placed one in either of the pleb's hands,—a clever idea that had the desired effect.

After practicing for some time in the

After practicing for some time in the way I have described, the Professor allowed us to waltz about the room at will.

Our dancing lessons were kept up all summer, and, by the time we went into barracks, there was not a man in the class who was not a fairly good dancer. All graduates are professor in this correction.

graduates are proficient in this accomplishment. Not only that, but they understand thoroughly how to guide a lady in a crowded ball-room. This is probably be-

crowded ball-room. This is probably because each cadet has often acted as "lidy" himself, and also to the friendly rivalry in learning the art.

There is a uniformity in the style of dancing by cadets, You never see a West Pointer assume that linguid, indolent, stooping position, considered so English and "swell" in certain circles. He stands perfectly erect, keeps to the floor, and holds bis partner at a respectful distance from is partner at a respectful distance from him.

I have often heard the question. "How is dancing a part of a military training?" The answer is, it greatly assists a young



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man to acquire that grace and ease of carriage characteristic of the true gentleman. West Point is a school of and for the peo-ple, and much of the material that goes thither requires a vast degree of polis ing.

A half hour after our return from dancing

A hair nour after our return from dancing police call was sounded, and all through the camp rang the cry, "Turn out; company police detail." I was a member of this detail for the day, and I "turned out" promptly, swept the company street and "dragged" it (i. e., drew the broom over the gravel so as to cause it to lie uniformand assisted in policing the tents whos-

occupants were on guard.

Then came the 4:30 drill under the hot July sun, with parade at 6, and my first day's work was over. After supper the "festive yearling" went forth, and another night of pleb-devilling opened, the particulars of which need not be given here, as it has been sufficiently referred to in what it has been sufficiently referred to in what I have related about hazing.

Day after day our drills went on as I have described, Saturday and Sunday excepted of course. Saturday was not much of a holiday for me, as the programme was about the same as that for the Fourth, with the exception of the exercises. Sunday was the longest of all the days of the week.

Immediately after breakfast, on the Sab-Immediately after breakfast, on the Sabbath, we set to work getting our tent rendy for inspection. The floor had to be sw pt, the bedding carefully piled, the wash-bowi cleaned, the tent walls rolled, the cleaning-box renovated, etc. At eight o'clock, in lieu of parade, was an inspection under arms. This inspection was about the same as that at parade, but perhaps more rigid if nossible. if possible.

After breaking ranks, every one

After breaking ranks, every one proceeded to his tent, put his gun in the rack in the rear, and repaired to the front of his tent. When all the cadets had thus appeared and had taken their proper places. Captain Smith "dressed" us; and, as the commandant and tactical officers approached, gave the command "about face." We stood in this position until the inspection was over, when ranks were broken. broken.

broken.

The next thing on the programme was chapel exercises at 10:45, preceded by another inspection. All the cadets were side arms and gloves, and we were marched over at "attention." As there was plenty of room downstairs, we were allowed to sit there.

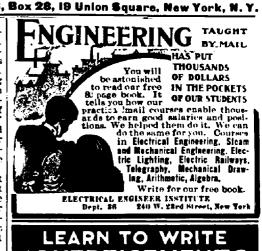
The seats on either side of the center aisle, and those on both sides of the chan-cel, were reserved for the cadets. All the other seats were then open to viritors. The "cadet girls" were generally there in force. (To be continued.)

The "Boy Courier" a Good Boys' Book

The New-Church Messenger, in its issue of January IIth, gives in its list of books approved by the New-Church Sunday School Library Committee the name of "The Boy Courier of Napoleon." a new boys' book by the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY. The New-Church Messenger is the organ of the church known to many as the Swedenborgian Church.



THAYER HALL IN CULLUM MEMORIAL HALL. HERE HOPS ARE MELD AND DANCING TAUGET



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## ONE BOY'S SUCCESS WITH Taking the essay from his jacket pocket, Tom assumed an impressive attitude and read: ANGORA GOATS

York, there recently took place the first annual poultry show of the Association of Poultry and Pet Stock Breeders of New York. One of the features of the exhibit was the display of rare Angora goats. There were three exhibitors, Homer Davenport, the well-known contents who has taken to goats, breeding cartoonist who has taken to goat-breeding of late as a fad that yields at once pleasure and much profit. The other leader in the competition was a young lad of seven-

WILLIAM J. COHILL AND HIS PRIZE CUP

teen, William J. Cohill, by name, hailing teen, William J. Cohill, by name, hailing from Hancock, Maryland, and it was his exhibit that not only won the one hundred dollar silver cup for the best specimen of Angora, but he was the object of much curiosity on the part of the tens of thousands who visited the show, and the recipient of much admiration and many congratulations from young men of his own age who admired his enterprise.

Young Cohill comes of a distinguished

T Herald Square Exhibition hall, New first annual poultry show of the Association of Poultry and Pet Stock eders of New York. One of the featers of the exhibit was the display of Angora goats. There were three externs, Homer Davenport, the well-known confist who has taken to goat-breeding at as a fad that yields at once pleasand much profit. The other leader in competition was a young lad of seven
This is the first year that I have had the courage to make an exhibit outside of our own country fairs," said the boy breeder, "and I must say that I am gratified at my success. I have just returned from St. Louis where, at the Exposition display, I won one hundred dollars in gold, and more than that, received an order from Hagenbeck, the great animal trainer, for eight of my best Angoras, to be sent to Hamburg for starting a goat herd there on the principles which I have found so successful at my Maryland home. This additional cup winning pleases me also more than I can tell, for it brings me in contact with people who can hap file in my work, for I am a novice and want to learn all I can.

learn all I can.
"It was one day a few years ago that my father read in some paper, published either at home or abroad, that Angora goats fed very well on underbrush, whereeither at nome or abroad, that Angora goats fed very well on underbrush, whereas sheep required grass. I wonder, said he, 'If that would not be a good way to clear my hundred-acre tract, to prepare it for an apple orchard?' 'Get me the goats, father,' said I, 'and I will try it.' That was the beginning. I began breeding the Angoras, and they began to increase wonderfully. Our lands lay along the foot hills of the Alleghenies. Acres and acres were covered with brushwood which is hard to get rid of, but the goats got at it, nibiled away the leaves and tender branches, and of course the brush died, while the goats thrived. Naw I have two hundred and fifty goats, and my father has five hundred acres of reclaimed land planted with apples and other fruit, apples being one of the leading products of our section of country.

"As to profits, I need only say that while "As to profits, I need only say that while the goat is prolific and there is a good return in the sale of fine goats, there is also other income. The average goat will yield about six pounds of mohair a year, and this is worth thirty-five to forty cents a pound. This pays for the winter keep. Every goat is worth two dollars a year as a brush-clearer, for that is what labor performed as efficiently by human hands would cost. Angora meat is sweeter and juicier than lamb, and there is a market for it (not always under that name, perhaps), at any time, Then a thoroughbred Angora for breeding purposes is worth four hundred dollars, one prize-winning buck bringing me thirteen hundred dollars though this is a rare occasion even in the bringing me thirteen hundred dellars though this is a rare occasion even in the Angora market. The goat does not like the dame, but he does not mind the cold and he is a splendid pet. I am now branching out into another goat industry, having taken my winnings and invested them in out into another goat industry, having taken my winnings and invested them in Swiss Toggenburger goats, exhibited at the St. Louis fair, for the purpose of raising them for their milk. Goat's milk is of very fine flavor and much prized for invalids, being much richer than cow's milk, and yet easier digested. One Washington man offered to take 250 gallons a day from me, if I could supply it, paying me one dollar a gallon. I understand that the Toggenburgers are as easily raised as the Angoras, and I am determined to try them, for they would especially suit our climate. Altogether I may say to young men of my age, if you have the 100m and who admired his enterprise.

Young Cohill comes of a distinguished old Maryland family, and his people have been stock breeders for many generations. He is a clean-cut, unassuming youth, with a cool, steady eye and a complexion that

#### DOWN BROWNLOW HILL

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD D'VYS

ING, ding, ding, ding!
Ding, ding, ding, ding!
"Fifty-five! Hurrah, no school!"
shouted a young boy lustily, as the town bell ceased its ringing. "No school," he repeated, "so I guess I will right about face and forward march home. Maybe I can earn some money shoveling snow!"
What a morning it was!
Though cannon boomed, and bells pealed forth joyously, but few persons were out to share in the gladness they bespoke.
Snow—snow—everywhere, and a beautiful sight it was with all about clad in virgin whiteness!

The great storm had raged furiously

excellent essay, that you were a fine writer and a good scholar, but it was too bad you and a good scholar, but it was too bad you and a good scholar, but it was too bad you fault spoiled all."

"What was that?" eagerly asked Tom.
"That no one could tell you anything. That was your failing, nor could you yield fair estimate of other people's abilities."
Those other fellows are her pets, that's all, the more glory for me in winning out, I say. Don't you say so, too? But let me read you my essay, will you? It isn't long, only two pages. Mother can hear it again, too."

Jimmle noted the amused look that flitted across the parent's face, so with an an-

signt it was with all about clad in virgin whiteness!

The great storm had raged furiously throughout the night, and now it was over but the roads were unbroken, so the supertintendent of schools decided to give the "No School" signal.

100.

Jimmle noted the amused look that flitted across the parent's face, so with an answering smile, he replied valiantly; "Bathaughtily, "No wonder it got the prize is thaughtily, "No wonder it got the prize is thaug

And wasn't it cold!

"No School" signal.

And wasn't it cold!

Just the morning a wide-awake boy likes, for each footfall was music to his ears as it pressed upon a crust so hard that not even the bootheels left an imprint.

Jimmle Saunders soon stopped before a house. "I guess I'll run in and see Tom a minute," he muttered. "What ails him anyway—here's his walks not shoveled yet.

Maybe I can get the job."

"Well, well, Tom Perkins," he exclaimed, as the latter entered the kitchen where he was in waiting. "You're a good one, you are. Haif-past 8 and your walks not shoveled. I had mine done an hour ago:"

"Oh, well, you're the smartest boy in Northville, you know," was the rather ungracious response.

"Ha! ha! That's a good one. But I say aren't you a bit cross this morning, Tom?"

Jimmle asked laughingly.

"Yes, I am, and I've good cause to be!"

Tom answered savagely. "I am on the program for the school exercises this morning and, just think, fifty-five has sounded so all my plans are spoiled."

"But you read the same thing at the opera house tonight, don't you? I should think that would be glory enough," the

"But you read the same thing at the opera house tonight, don't you? I should think that would be glory enough," the caller ventured mildly.

"Well, it isn't, just the same!" was Tom's vehement reply. "Joe Welch, Dick Metcalf, Ned Young and all the other fellows I beat out, won't come to the big patriotic meeting tonight. They'd have to be at our school exercises and so would have heard my essny. They are fealous because I won and I'd set my heart on showing them that not only can I write well.

sause I won and I'd set my heart on showmg them that not only onn I write well,
but I can read well also!"
"Oh, vanity!" laughed Jimmie, "Surely
you have a modest valuation of your own
powers! But I say, Tom, that reminds me
of what I heard Miss Turner tell my
teacher yesterday. She said you had ap william ...

"The Glorious Seventeenth of March.
"Born and reared, as we are, in the vicinity of those historic eminences, Dorchescinity of those historic eminences, Dorchester Heights and Nook Hill, the strongholds from which Washington drove out of Boston the British soldiers who had so long ruled the people with the iron hand of oppression, what wonder that we are imbued with the spirit for which his army fought and died, and that on this day each year, patriotism is removed in our rules!

and died, and that on this day each year, patriotism is rampant in our midst:

"Bells ring, cannon boom, our streets are magnificently bedecked, there is but the morning session of school for patriotic exercises, and patriotic ardor alone swells each heart, as well it might, for it was one of the grandest of military achievements, accomplished as it was, with but small loss of life.

"We know the events that quickly followed the daring of the heroic band who on the night of December 16, 1773, threw into the waters of Boston Bay every chest of tea aboard English ships, in bold defiance of Parliament, which had imposed exorbitant taxes in order to maintain an army here. Aye, we know of each event. The Boston massacre, the fights at Lexing-The Boston massacre, the fights at Lexington and Concord, and the glorious battle of Bunker Hill:

of Bunker Hill!
"Thereafter, daring not to again sally forth, ten thousand troops under Gage remained in Boston, while outside, Washington's genius was surely moulding into a well organized, disciplined army, what the British jeeringly termed a mob of half-clothed rustics."

'And this army was so encamped about

"And this army was so encamped about the peninsula that Boston was besleged! Yes, the British were hemmed in, yet Washington was not satisfied; he wanted the town freed from red coats, and he went to work to accomplish the task. "At dusk of March the fourth, his Colonists began cannonading the British and the fire was returned with zeal, Gage, not knowing that under cover of this operation, eight hundrd men as guards, with twelve hundred workmen and three hundred ox carts, were crossing the frozen marshes and securing a position on Dorchester Heights overlooking both town and hester Heights overlooking both town and harbor.

The firing ceased, and unconscious of danger the British went to peaceful slum-ber, but the toilers worked on with the ber, but the toners worked on with the strength and quickness of pioneer muscles, backed by strong wills, determined hearts and a righteous cause, 'American Liberty,' and at the next dawn the besieged gazed with amazement upon the formidable forti-

with amazement upon the formidable fortification which crowned the Heights, allke a menace to army and fleet!

"Gage realized he must do one of two things, drive the Colonists from the Heights, else himself evacuate Boston. He resolved to attack, and Percy with twenty-four hundred men was sent forward.

"It was the fifth of March, 1775, just six years after the day of the Boston massacre, 1770, and as Dewey at Manila Bay on that memorable May first, 1898, spurred on his men with the slogan.

"Remember the Maine!"

'Remember the Maine!'

so had Washington animated the Colonists 'Remember the Fifth of March!'

"Ready and eager to avenge their breth-"Ready and eager to avenge their breth-ren, the Colonists awaited the attack but a storm arose and Percy was compelled to postpone operations; while the Americans continuing to strengthen their works, so fortified themselves that the British soon realized that to attack would be madness! "So Gage faced the alternative; he would evacuate!

"But Washington was impatient that Gage should move out quickly, not knowing when more red coats might reach Boston; so on the night of the sixteenth of March, his army crept still nearer the town and on the morning of the seventeenth, Gage beheld the Colonists strongly fortified on Nook Hill!

"That was Evacuation Day!
"Consternation seized the British and so

"That was Evacuation Day!
"Consternation seized the British and so precipitate was their flight that many valuable stores were left behind. Hurrah for that seventeenth of March! Hurrah for Washington! And hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the grandest of all institutions, American liberaty!"

"There! How's that?" asked Tom, as he ended with dramatic effect.
"Pretty good, Tom," replied Jimmie



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ground or in the logs, trees and walls of his father's farm that he had not examined critically. When first shown a mouse trap he proceeded to insert a finger, touch the bait and get caught. This was a revelation, and negotiations were at once entered upon with his father by which he was to rid the premises of rats at one cent

lation, and negotiations were at once entered upon with his father by which he was to rid the premises of rats at one cent a head. A rat trap proving unequal to quick money making he hung up in a bin at the barn, which contained ground feed for the horses, a number of baited steel hooks. On that night he went to bed dreaming of wealth and believing confidently that the next morning he would find a rat dangling on each hook. Grog's father returned with the team after nightfall from a trip to town and, proceeding to get the feed for his horses, was greatly surprised to find himself on the end of one of Grog's hooks. It did not take very long for Grog's father to understand and for Grog to suffer the consequences.

Grog early learned that the low land along the river, some half a mile away, was good trapping ground and also that

was good trapping ground and also that the smell of muskrat on a boy's clothing was a mark of distinction. Then he began was a mark of distinction. Then he began studying up the comparative merits of the various kinds of traps. Finally deciding that the single steel trap was what he wanted, he borrowed one, swung it over his shoulder and sought the trapping grounds where he carefully laid his plans, allowed his trapping areas and sought the trapping grounds where he carefully laid his plans, allowed his trapping areas. grounds where he carefully laid his plans, placed his trap under water and secured the chain to a stump. Grog hastlly swallowed his next morning's breakfast and ran all the way to his trap in his eagerness, and what was his joy to find a large muskrat that had drowned itself in endeavoring to escape. After great effort he succeeded in removing its skin and proud of the odor that encompassed him about he

ceeded in removing its skin and proud of the odor that encompassed him about he hastened to school before it should evaporate. He was the hero of the school that day, but his lofty pride had a fall when he marched, odor and all, into his home. Encouraged by his success in muskrat hunting he tried his hand at something else. One day in his rambles he found a large hollow oak tree with an opening near the ground that had a peculiar worn appearance as if from friction of something

passing over it frequently. Grog was eager to know what it meant. The hollow was too small for a coon or a pole-cat, and too far from the water for a muskrat; he hoped that it was a mink-hole. Fetching his trap and securing it he waited until the following day when on examination he found that he had caught a weasel, thus exploding the theory among his school-mates that a weasel is so spry he can dodge a bullet and that he is quicker than a steel trap.

mates that a weasel is so spry he can dodge a buillet and that he is quicker than a steel trap.

But he was bound to catch a mink. He knew a boy who had sold a mink skin for four dollars. Grog had never seen a mink and knew nothing of its habits. One day while closely examining a bank that hung out over the river he discovered a hole nearly concealed by the long grass. Securing his trap to an old root he went away to dream of how he was to spend his money. Alas the next morning brought only dismay and mystery! The ground adjoining showed violent struggle, the trap was gone and only a short piece of the chain remained. The trail led away into the swamp where it was impossible for Grog to follow. Great were the discussions had in school that day as to what sort of an animal could be powerful enough to break so strong a chain and to this day the mystery has never here colved.

so strong a chain and to this day the mystery has never been solved.

One day while crossing a fallen sycamore tree Grog discovered that it was hollow. He had learned that minks usually inhabit hollow logs and that to catch the next transfer from scent, must be used. inhabit hollow logs and that to catch them a new trap, free from scent, must be used; but a new trap was beyond Grog's reach. Some one suggested that he dip the old one in melted beeswax. The required beeswax was found in his sister's sewing bisket and the work was done; then, with great care he set his trap. The next morning brought disappointment. Nothing daunted, however, he left his trap baited and waited for another day. What was his joy on returning the following morning to hear as he approached the log the rattle of the chain. Springing forward his eye caught sight of a splendid looking animal; it was wedgeshaped with a snake-like neck, small head

ters, with a distinct dark line down its brown back. Instinc-tively he knew it was mink he had so long distinct the mink he had so long sought. After repeated efforts in vain to kill it with a stick he searched until he found a strong forked stick with which he succeeded in pinning it down on its back; in this position he easily dispatched it.

and broad hind quar-

it.

Grog is now an old man with bent form and gray hair; life has brought to him business successes, but he has never had the feeling of wealth and distinction that he experienced when the money he received from the sale of the mink skin was in his pocket and the smell of mink was on his garments. on his garments.

#### The Mystery of the Orator's Power

"The orator must be an actor who knows how to tune himself and his sentences to the middle notes which all men possess, and then, once again to his listeners, to lead them on to any point he chooses. When he can combine this ability with wisdom and with statesmanship, he becomes a great man, but he often gains reputation through reciting the ideas of other people. In many cases the first channel through which an idea is sent falls as a medium for reaching the people. When it is revived and trumpeted forth by a more forceful or more fortunate orator, it has all the elect of originality.

of originality.

"That oratory depends in a measure upon the mental condition of the listeners has been proven over and over again. A congregation of many minds, all thinking upon the same subject, has been the foundation of strange experiments. The 'children's crusade,' which destroyed the flower of France in the middle ages, was one of these waves of feeling, incomprehensible to those they control, which arise from this same human source. We are reminded of some historical instances by the events of the past few months in our own country.

"The other day at a Maine camp meeting, staid, sensible people were so excited by the speech of a foreign missionary, who told them nothing they did not already know, that they gave away their last pennies, and stripped themselves of jewels to donate to a cause which had been familiar to them all their lives.

nles, and stripped themselves of jewels to donate to a cause which had been familiar to them all their lives.

"The study of oratory should be regarded as a scientific pursuit. The man who makes public speaking an exact science, and who learns how to run the scale until he strikes the dominant note, may have incalculable power over his fellow-men. Without this careful study, eloquence ranks as an intermittent and almost fortuitous gift, like that of the hypnotist."

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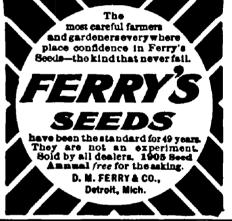
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#### A CARRIER PIGEON THAT TRAVELED LITTLE PETE 8.000 MILES TO REACH HOME

OME time ago a consignment of homing or carrier pigeons left San Francisco for Auckland, New Zealand, to be used in carrying communications between Auckland and Great Barrier Island; and among the little feathered messengers was a bird named Pete, which helonged to me. Pete was always known as a wise fellow, his intelligence at times causing people to marvel. But Pete was a tramp; that is, he could not be depended upon if sent on a long trip, often loitering on the way to hunt food or to play, perhaps staying out hours when he should have been absent only minutes. So Pete was shipped away to be used as a loft bird—one which stays at the home loft to attract returning messengers. Well, he went this time because he couldn't help it; but his cunning played a fine trick on his new owners. This bird was taken 2,000 miles by land to San Francisco; 2,089 miles by water to Hawaii; thence 2,240 miles by water to the Samoan Islands; thence 1,600 miles by water to Auckland—in all nearly 8,000 miles, and—now Pete is at home again!

The home-coming of this bird is little short of marvelou4, and

The home-coming of this bird is little short of marvelous, and this is how he accomplished it. Watching carefully for an opportunity to escape, after landing at Auckland, Pete took to his wings, and finding in the harbor the vessel which had carried him so far from home, he radiated from its masts in every direction, searching for a familiar scene or object, which, of course, he could not find so many thousand miles away from his American dove cote. However, he stayed near the ship, perhaps thinking it would return to America; but when the vessel finally steamed out, headed for Australia instend of the United States, Pete descried his perch and struck out straight toward his home land. So it happened that the Lucy Belle, an old-fashioned salling vessel laden with lumber from the Samoan Isles, when three days from Christmas Island, was boarded by an almost exhausted stranger: and the stranger was The home-coming of this bird days from Christmas Island. Was boarded by an almost exhausted stranger; and the stranger was nobody in the world but Mr. Pete. As the old sailor is a very supersitious being, Pete was welcomed amid cries of wonder at encountering a homing pigeon in the middle of the Pacific ocean, and was allowed to ride wherever he chose on shipboard. The bird was kindly treated and fed. and one day, during a storm which

frightened him and drove the little tramp to shelter on deck, it was discovered that he carried a small tag on one leg, bearing a number and his name. He was placed in a box with slats for bars, and in this

in a box with slats for bars, and in this condition came into San Francisco Bay with the Lucy Belle, just as happy at sight of land as any member of the crew, who considered him a mascot.

The story of the Lucy Belle's mascot soon spread among the shipfolk along the wharves, and in a few hours Pete was identified as having been shipped some weeks before for Auckland. Then it was



GROG DISCOVERED & HOLE MEARLY CONCRALED BY THE GRASS

that the people understood that the crafty

that the people understood that the crafty fellow was homeward bound.

All this is wonderful enough; but the fact that Pete reached home unaided over 2.000 miles of land route is, perhaps, only less wonderful. But he did.

It was argued on the Lucy Belle that a bird possessing a brain wise enough to figure out an ocean voyage could reach his home on land; and after some debate the sailors securely fastened a little story to Pete's leg, reciting his adventures so far as known to them, and turned him loose. How the dear little wanderer found his way home he alone can tell.

It took Pete nine days to travel the 2.000 miles, in covering which, of course, he must have stopped often; for, if he could have gone straight home, the distance could have been made in thirty or forty hours. We who had sent him off to Australia had not the slightest idea that he was this side of the equator, or of the world, when, one morning, not long ago, Mr. Pete quietly hopped down from the home loft, and, without any fuss whatever joined his mates at a breakfast of corn, wheat and crumbs!

Now, what do you think of him?

He will never be sent away again, for

Now, what do you think of him? He will never be sent away again, for there is not sufficent money at the dis-posal of any one man to secure him.—Ross B. Franklin, in December St. Nicholas.

Evidences are multiplying that "For the Mikado," Kirk Munroe's story now running in THE AMERICAN BOY, which is on of two in the preparation of which Mr. Muntwo in the preparation of which Mr. Mun-roe made a trip around the world some-thing over a year ago (it having run in this paper in the numbers, December, 1903 to September, 1903 inclusive) is the best story that ever appeared in our page.

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HELESTHE EDIT

By M.A.C.



HE editor of The Budget failed to escape the rage for "Women's Editions," which swept over the land a few years ago. The ladies of a local society for the amelioration of something or other descended on him and he surrendered, took two pipes, a pound of smoking tobacco, a fishing rod and decamped, leaving The Budget in their charge for one week, with the privilege of making all the money they could out of it. His printer was supposed to stay, but, being by classification a tramp, and having a heavy board hill hanging over his head by a single hair, he embraced the opportunity two hours after the editor had gone to depart by way of the railroad track. This left the mechanical end of the office at the mercy of the inky imp called Tatters. The ladies were a good deal disturbed at the disaffection of the printer, but bravely decided to go ahead with Tatters and attempt to get out the paper. They called him in to give him some instructions. He stood before them wearing, as usual, a long apron stiff with ink, paste and unknown substances. The only thing which saved his face from being in the same condition as his apron was the fact that he was in the habit of constantly twisting



WHAT IS IT, SPRING POETRY ? "

it into many shapes, so that the ink, paste and other substances on it never had time to stiffen. His hair pointed in all direc-tions, like that of a jack-in-the-box, and in his left hand he carried a section of

wet type.

"What are you doing, Tatters?" asked the lady who was the president of the amelioration society, with some dignity.

"Throwin' in," answered the imp.

"Throwing in what?"

"Type."

"Into what?"

"The case. Think I was throwin' it into my hat?"

The lady looked at him coldly and he

went on:

"But I'm 'most through an' you'll hear me hollerin' for copy in 'bout a quarter of an hour," and he retreated into the composing room and slammed the door.

The ladies were indignant, but there was

The ladies were indignant, but there was clearly nothing to do but grin and bear it. A few moments later there came a most dismal, long-drawn wall from the other room, which, after much effort they managed to interpret as the promised "hollerin." It was followed by the appearance of Tatters' head at the door. "What is it?" asked the president, who had been chosen editor-in-chief, a little sharply.

the table.
"We shall certainly do as we see fit,"
interposed the editor-in-chief, with great

interposed the editor-in-chief, with great dignity.

"I resign!" cried Tatters, again tearing off his apron and throwing it behind him, where it stuck in the city editor's lap, greatly to her dismay. "I resign my position, that's all. Here, if you want it in ink, gimme a pen. Lemme write it out in black and white: Dear madam—I hereby resign my posish. (Signed) Tatters. Gimme a pen, I say."

"Tatters, be calm—act reasonable," said the editor-in-chief in a soothing tone. "What shall we put on the editorial page?"

"Editorials, of course," he answered, slightly mollified.

"On what subject?"

"The danger in great political majori-

"The danger in great political majorities.

"But we do not know anything about

"But we do not know anything about politics."

"Neither does the boss, but he writes two columns 'bout every week. But, if you can't do it, write 'bout automobiles."

This struck the ladies favorably and one of them began an article on "Will the Automobile Supplant the Horse?" while the city editor handed Tatters an item, which he took, wrinkling up his nose and remarking that her question marks looked like button hooks, and retreated to the composing room. composing room.

composing room.

For the remainder of the day they kept him pretty well supplied with work. When not so provided he spent his time perched on a high stool blowing a wheezy mouth organ, and occasionally shouting. "Copy," in an agonized tone. Once or twice something offended him and he threatened to resign, but, as the ladies immediately surrendered, nothing came of it.

The next two days passed in a some-The next two days passed in a somewhat uneventful manner. By giving him plenty of work, he was kept reasonably quiet. There was not much trouble Thursday, either, though shortly after noon he set up a loud roar, saying that he had been taken suddenly sick and was in mortal agony. The ladies asked him if they could not do something for him, and he only howled the louder, and finally lay down on the floor upon his back and and he only howled the louder, and finally lay down on the floor upon his back and began pounding the boards flercely with his heels. A doctor was called, but as soon as Tatters saw him he got up quickly and went back to his work.

"What's the trouble with you, young man?" inquired the doctor.

"Antimony polson from the type."

"What's the trouble with you, young man?" inquired the doctor.

"Antimony poison from the type." answered Tatters, dismally. "I'll go off with it some day just like—'scat!' All good printers die of it sooner or later."

Tatters may have told the truth about his illness, but a different cause was given later.

Friday was press day and the ladies arrived at the office early. Tatters rushed into the front room and addressing himself confidentially to the city editor, said: "Say, want a bully item of news?"

"Why, yes. Tatters; what is it?"

"Dog fight," answered Tatters. Jim Beasley's dog and Deacon Ketcham's. Down by the post office. The deacon didn't want his dog to fight, but Jim didn't care. Set down and get your pencil—tell you all about it. You see the dogs met, and Jim's dog sort of walked around the deacon's dog once or—what's the matter? Ain't you goin' to use it?"

ong sort of walked around the deacon's dog once or—what's the matter? Ain't you goin' to use it?"

The editor said she thought not.
"What!" cried Tatters, in consternation. "nothin' about it, after I watched it and got all the facts for you?"

"No, I don't think we care for it."

"Now, see here," said Tatters, dropping his voice into a still more confidential tone, "act reasonable, as you said to me, I saw last night your paper was goin' to be dull, that it needed livenin' up—it ain't all your fault, it's a dead week—I saw this, I say, and what do you think I did this morning just to help you out?"

"I don't know, Tatters, what was it?"

Tatters came closer, sank his voice to a whisper, and said: "I drove the deacon's dog around to the place and then sicked? Jim's dog onto him. All to give you an item!"

The lady was deeply touched by his devotion, and said as much, but was forced to add that they could not mention a common dog fight in their edition.

mon dog fight in their edition.

Tatters drew back and stood silently gazing at her. She expected nothing else but a final resignation on the spot. But his face showed sorrow rather than anger. The young lady thought she detected a tear, but this is not probable. For half a minute he did not move, and then he said "You couldn't use it in a funny way, either. I spose. It was funny. The deacon pulled on his dog's tail, and Jim pulled on his dog's tail, and Jim didn't do

"Copy," said Tatters. "Did you think I was singing the Doxology?"

"There is no copy ready yet. Can not you be doing something clse?"

"I can that," and he snatched off his apron and started for the door. "I can be goin' fishin' just as easy as not."

"Tatters!" cried the frightened editor, springing to the door, "don't you dare desert us. You stay here until some copy is ready for you."

Tatters retreated and put on his apron in an agitated frame of mind.

A moment later one of the young ladies, who had been appointed managing editor, took a roll of daintily-written manuscript from her hand bag, and said:
"Here. Tatters, is something you can begin on."

Tatters took it, sniffed, glanced at it and calced." "What is it—spring poetry?"

any hard pullin'—Jim may have pushed a little when the deacon wasn't lookin' his way. You wouldn't let me write it up, either, I 'spose?"

"No, Tatters, I'd like to, but I can't."

Tatters turned back to the composing room and not a sound was heard from him for an hour, except the steady click of his type.

It was about 11 o'clock when the editor-in-chief came into the office and said to the city editor: "I think there is an item of news for us out at Tarbox's, on the Coopersville road. I hear that Mr. Tarbox has been injured by an unruly cow. It is but a mile and a half out there—can't you go out in your auto and get the particulars?"

There was a loud shout behind them, and Tatters burst in and ran through the room, shedding his apron in his flight, and

Tatters took it, sniffed, glanced at it and asked: "What is it—spring poetry?"
"No, it is the essay that I read at the commencement. We shall put it on the fourth page."
"What! the editorial page," shricked Tatters. "Put such stuff as that on the editorial page of The Budget! Not much," and he tossed the manuscript on to the table.
"We shall certainly do as we see fit."

There was a loud shout behind them, and Tatters burst in and ran through the room, shedding his apron in his flight, and room, shedd like the wind and shouting for everybody to get out of the way of the wild cow editor. What shall we do now?"
"I'll see if I can catch him in your auto, and I'll go on and find out about the accident, anyhow."

But though she knew how to handle the muching to get the most greed out of the

machine to get the most speed out of it, she might as well have tried to overhaul an express train as the wild cow editor. Leaning forward, he tooted the horn continuously and never slackened his pace for thuously and never slackened his pace for the whole distance. When she arrived at Tarbox's she found that Tatters had got the facts, gone down a lane and started back by another road. She saw Mr. Tarbox, got his version of the affair and returned herself. Tatters was in the office, looking innocent and hard at work. "Don't say anything to him," cautioned the others. "He'll surely resign if you do."

She wrote a paragraph about the accident and it was sent in to Tatters with the last of the copy. In a few moments he came out holding the sheet of manuscript in his hand. "See here," he said, "are you going to print such stuff as that about that cow fight?"

"What is it Tatters?" asked the editor-"What is it, Tatters?" asked the editor-

"What is it, Taiters?" asked the editor-in-chief.
"Just listen," answered Tatters. "She says: 'Yesterday afternoon Brookdale's worthy milkman, Mr. Tarbox, had a narrow escape. He had just separated a calf from its mother, when the latter became enraged and attacked him with her horns. He was badly shaken up, but escaped serious injury.' Do you hear that?"
"Yes, it seems to me all right. Put it in just as it is."
Tatters uttered a howl. "I re—" Then

Tatters uttered a howl. "I re—" Then he paused and was silent. He looked at the floor a full minute, then said half to himself: "No, I'll stick to it. After all I've lived through this week, it's too late to go now."

He went back to the other room and re-

He went back to the other room and resumed his work.

It was after supper that night before they got to press, but with the prospect of a goodly sum for ameliorating the unameliorated heathen, the ladies did not complain. Tatter's friend, Jim Beasley, had been engaged to turn the crank of the press, while Tatters himself fed in the blank sheets and superintended the work. He seemed remarkably meek and pleasant, and the ladies all observed that they had not seen him in so amiable a frame of mind during the whole week. The auto ride did Tatters good they remarked. He appeared, however, to be in a great lurry, and conhowever, to be in a great lurry, and constantly urged Jim to turn faster, and advised the ladies to make haste with the folding and get the papers ready for the postoffice.



TATTERS UTTERED A HOWL

accident," said the editor-in-chief, glancing over the first page.

over the first page.

The city editor opened another copy and began to run her eye down the columns. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Why what's this down in the corner?"

"What is it?" asked the others in chorus.

She read aloud:

"TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!

"TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!

"Yesterday forenoon, as old Bill Tarbox, the milkman, went into the barnyard to put a handle on his pump, the old one being entirely worn out, he was attacked by a wild Texas cow. The critter had hydrophobia and was gnashing her teeth like a hyena and was bellowing like an elephant. She was a large cow, higher than a horse, and had horns nearly a rod long. Tarbox hit her with the handle, but she tossed him fifty feet into the air and then caught him on the fly and histed him up again. This time he lit in a tree and was rescued by the hook and ladder company. The cow jumpred a sixteen rail fence and took to the woods. The mad cow editor of The Budget

woods. The mad cow editor of The Budget



BUT TATTERS HAD ESCAPED BY A REAR DOOR

followed her and last saw her tearing up large hemlock trees with her horns. Tar-box is not expected to live. Full account of an interesting and important dog fight ext week."
The ladies ran into the back room, but

Tatters had escaped by a rear door.

#### Books Received for Review

THE ROCK FROG, by Harriet A. Cheever, 106 pps. Hiustrated. Dana, Estes & Co.
ROSE IN BLOOM, by L. M. Alcott, 344 pps. Hiustrated. Price \$2.00. Little, Brown & Co. THE ISLAND CAMP, by Capt. Ralph Bonehill. 321 pps. Illustrated. Price \$1.25. A. S. Barnes & Co.

HOMOPHONIC VOCABULARY, by C. B. Waite, A. M., 162 pps. Price \$2.00 net. C. V. Waite & Co.

THE WHITE CRYSTALS, by Howard R. Garle, 243 pps. Illustrated, Price \$1.50. Little, 243 pps. II Brown & Co.

THE MERRYWEATHERS, by Laura E. Richnrds. 281 pps. Illustrated. Price \$1.25. Dana Estes & Co.

THE PHOENIX AND THE CARPET, by E. Nesbit, 257 pps. Illustrated. Price \$1.50. The Macmillan Co. IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS? by Jacob A. Rija. (Illustrated.) 30 pps. Price 75 cents. The Macmillan Co.

The edition was off a little before 11 p.m., and Tatters began taking the forms off the press.
"I do not see the item about the Tarbox Harock, 151 pps. Price \$1.25 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE ADVENTURER IN SPAIN, by S. R. Crockett, 338 pps. Illustrated. Price \$1.50. F. A. Stokes & Co.

JOEL, A Boy of Galilee, by Annie Fellows
Johnston. (Illustrated.) Price \$1.50. 253 pps.
L. C. Page & Co.
LOYALTY ISLAND, by Marian W. Wildman.
(Cozy Corner Scries.) 90 pps. Price 50 cents.
L. C. Page & Co.
ON A TRID TO THE DIANTORS.

ON A TRIP TO THE PLANETS, by Frances
T. Montgomery, 180 pps. Illustrated. The
Saalfield Publishing Co.

THE MINUTE BOYS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, by James Otis, 350 pps. Illustrated Price \$1.25. Dana Estes & Co.

Price \$1.25. Dana Estes & Co.
THE ROY CAPTIVE OF OLD DEERFIELD.
by Mary P. Wells Smith, 304 pps. Illustrated.
Price \$1.25. Little, Brown & Co.
COMEDIES AND LEGENDS FOR MARIONETTES, by Georgiana G. King, 203 pps. Illustrated, \$1.25. The Macmillan Co.
STORIES OF LITTLE ANIMALS—Phyllis'
Field Friends, by L. E. Mulets. (Illustrated.)
279 pps. Price \$1.00. L. C. Page & Co.
SOME AFTER DINNER SPEECHES. ANEC.

279 pps. Price \$1.00. L. C. Page & Co.
SOME AFTER DINNER SPEECHES, ANECDOTES AND TOASTS, 221 pps. Illustrated.
Price \$1.00. The Book-Keeper Publishing Co.
LITTLE PETER, from Captain Marryatt's Peter
Simple (Famous Children of Literature), 157
pps. Illustrated. Price \$1.00. Dana Estes &

I.TTTLE PAUL, from Charles Dickens' Dombey & Son (Famous Children of Literature). 141 pps. Illustrated. Price \$1.00. Dana Estes

THE BOOK OF INDOOR GAMES for Young People of All Ages, by J. K. Benson. (400 illus-trations.) 354 pps. Price \$1.50. J. B. Lippin-

BPALDING'S ATHLETIC LIBRARY. (1) Physical Education and Hygiene, by Prof. E. B. Warman. (2) Racquets. by Frederick R. Toombs. (3) Dumb Bell Exercises, by Prof. G. Bojus. (4) Official Basket Ball Guide for 1904, by Geo. T. Hepbron. Price each, 10 cents. American Sports Publishing Co. SPALDING'S ATHLETIC LIBRARY.





NCE a year the city of Cheyenne, Wyoming, dons its holiday attire and, decorating in the true western style, opens itself for the celebration "Frontier Days." Four days were given over to the carnival last year in the early fall and were patronized by some 30,000 people from all over the country.

As early as daylight the streets began to fill with the bright red and yellow shirtwaisted cowboys as well as the cowgirls of less gaudy inclinations, with their glittering spurs tinkling to the movements of prancing horses. At night vast crowds lined the thoroughfares and with yelling and tooting of horns and playing of bands made the town seem like a community of Indians on the warpath.

of bands made the town seem like a community of Indians on the warpath.

The special events of the carnival took place at the fair grounds about a mile from the city. Near the west end of the arena two large strong corrals were built, and a fence, running from these to the center of the oval, started the steer or wild horse in the right direction.

Probably no sport of the American public is fraught with more danger than the feat of roping, saddling and riding a horse that has never felt the touch of human hands. He may fall and roll completely over, crushing the rider; or he may rear and fall backwards carrying the rider with him, or try any one of a dozen other little tricks which, unless the rider is prepared, quite often results in severe injury and sometimes death.

Each rider is allowed one assistant, mounted, and together they enter the corral and rope what to the rider seems the worst horse in the bunch, for the successful rider of the hardest horse to "bust" takes the money. The horse is dragged to the arena in front of the grand stand, where the fight for supremacy between man and beast begins—and man does not always win. A blindfold is first fastened over the broncho's head and the saddle blanket adjusted, then comes the first fight of the day, for the moment the horse feels the weight of the saddle on his back he is up in the air like a rocket and tugging at his ropes with the strength born of fear. After several attempts the girths are tightened and the rider springs into the saddle, his helper removing the blindfold at the right moment. Then begins the fight, the horse springing high into the air to land with legs as stiff as four posts; but the man does not leave the saddle listting as steady as though a part of into the saddle, his helper removing the blindfold at the right moment. Then begins the fight, the horse springing high into the air to land with legs as stiff as four posts; but the man does not leave the saddle, sitting as steady as though a part of the animal. Far across the arena and back, over fences and ditches, through crowds of horsemen, scattering them like chaff before the wind, the horse and his rider fight, one for liberty, the other for the prize and the accompanying honors.

Rider after rider performs this feat, some successfully, some to go to their quarters

crippled but happy with the generous cheers of the crowd ringing in their ears.

The steer roping contest, though not so dangerous, requires quite as much skill as the "busting," and the success of the winner depends as much on his horses as on himself for a trained correct will do himself, for a trained cowpony will do much to help the rider.

When the word is given a steer is let out When the word is given a steer is let out of the corral and like an arrow starts for the open arena. The moment he crosses the one hundred-yard line a fiag is dropped. At this signal the roper starts, and, slowly circling his lariat around his head and closing the gap between himself and the steer to ten or fifteen yards, watches his chance for a throw. The instant the throw is made the horse stops and braces itself for the pull that long ex-



GOING OVER BACKWARDS, A TRICK OF THE HORSE IN WHICH THE RIDER BARELY ESCAPES INJURY

perience on the range has taught him is to

The steer goes high in the air, bellowing

#### Farmer-boy Co-operators

Co-operation has enabled fifteen thousand Co-operation has enabled fifteen thousand boys in Illinois to increase the productive capacity of their soil ten to twenty percent. Within the last three years. Fifty young men organized the Illinois Farmers' Club as a parent organization, and auxiliary clubs were formed in nearly every county in the state, with educational cooperation as the central idea.

Working in conjunction with the Illinois experiment station, the Central Club outlined work for the County Clubs, and each of these county organizations made several trips to the experiment station during the

trips to the experiment station during the farming season, where they were taught the scientific side of farming. These modern ideas were applied to the farms of the young men with wonderful results the very

These auxiliary clubs are made up of bys eighteen to twenty-two years of age, who are now loud in their praise of co-operation. They have all worked together to produce definite results and have won a glorious victory. This movement has been extended to Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin, where the farmer-boy cooperators are setting a new pace in agriculture and all its branches.

#### How Fishes Breathe

By means of their gills fish breathe the air dissolved in water. The oxygen consumed by them is not that which forms the chemical constituent of the water, but that contained in the air which is dissolved in the water. Fishes transferred to water from which the air has been driven out by a high temperature, or in which the air absorbed by them is not replaced, are soon suffocated. They require aerated water to maintain life, and they take it in constantly through their mouths and expel it through their gills, retaining the air. It follows that if the water in a lake should be completely cut off from contact with the air long enough to exhaust the supply of air, the fish in the lake would die.

—St. Nicholas.

#### Holiday Greetings From Missouri School for the Deaf

Fulton. December 17, 1904.

Fulton, December 17, 1904.

Editor of "American Boy."
Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sir:—Three hundred and forty-six deaf pupils in this school hall you with the season's greetings. May you live to enjoy many returns of this glad Christmas season, and may each one come to you freighted with increased pleasure from the consciousness of duty well performed.

Very respectfully yours,
D. C. McCUE,
Librarian M. S. D.

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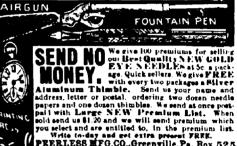
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COWGIRL BACE. THE COWGIRL IS AS DARING A RIDER AS ARE ANY OF THE MED



VIEW OF THE LINCOLN SPRING ON THE LINCOLN FARM

he had rescued the president who figures foremost in his nation's history.

Austin Gollaher was born seven miles east of Hodgensville, the county seat of Larue county, Kentucky. He was two years older than Lincoln. That part of Kentucky was at that time embraced in the territory known as Hardin county. In a division of Hardin county, the site upon which Lincoln was born, three miles south of Hodgensville, and the farm upon which Gollaher first saw the light of day, seven miles east, were included in a county named Larue, called so from the fact that Benjamin Larue was the most prominent citizen at the time, and one of John Rogers Clark's assistants in planting this wilderness. wilderness.

ers Clark's assistants in planting this wilderness.

The Lincoln farm is in a poor, barren part of the county. The land is rolling and abounds with hills. Many years ago, so the older citizens say, the cabin in which Lincoln was born was torn down and the logs removed to a neighboring farm, where they were used in building a small barn. But A. W. Dennett, of New York a millionaire, went to Hodgensville, purchased the Lincoln farm, bought the old barn in which the logs of the Lincoin cabin had been used, and had a cabin constructed on the original site, as near like the original as possible. It remained there but a short time when it was removed to the Nashvillo exposition and placed on exhibition there. It was removed from there to New York, where it may be seen today. To the south of the cabin site a few feet, the hill slopes gently into a large basin. In this basin is "Lincoln Springs" the name by which the farm is familiarly known. This spring is without doubt the finest in central Kentucky, the water flowing from it in great abundance and being clear and cool the

old, and the wood decayed, visitors to the farm carried it away, piece by piece, until farm carried it away piece by the number of the larger stones have by far. Dennett, workmen unearthed the foundation of the chimney which stood at the southern side of the original Lincoln cabin. Some of the larger stones may be seen there today, discolored by the intense heat to which they had been subjected.

When Lincoln was six years old his parnets removed from this farm to a point on Knob creek, east of Hodgensville, and but a mile from the farm upon which live la about the open door. "And we went to school together over on that hill at the turn of the road. My carliest recollection of Abe was when his father moved down there on the creek where Frank Dawson of Abe was when his father moved down the schoolhouse, and it was here the with her. I had to go alone. We always had good times together, and spend the day the balance of the time in which to play. The wind may mother went over the halance of the time in which to play. The wind may be seen and the was here the months during each year, and as the two boys were hardly strong enough to do in anual labor on the farm, they had the balance of the time in which to play. The nests; the small stream which ran near the new home of the Lincoln's was full of fish, and the two made good use of their time.

To reach the Gollaher home one must frive over a hilly unsettled part of Landon's was full of fish, and the work of the series of

N a quiet country cemetery in Central Kentucky is a newly-made mound, and beneath this repose; the body of Austin Gollaher, who, when a boy, saved Abraham Lincoln's life. He was bore the stamp of truth. It was plain to Lincoln's playmate and boyhood friend and but a week before he passed away at the age of ninety-three years, he related in a clear and concise manner the story of how waters of Knob creek with a sycamore limb, little thinking then, and paying practically no attention since, to the fact that he had rescued the president who figures foremost in his nation's history.

Austin Gollaher was born seven miles east of Hodgensville, the county seat of Larue county, Kentucky. He was two years older than Lincoln. That part of Kentucky was at that time embraced in the territory known as Hardin county. In a division of Hardin county, the site upon which Lincoln was born, three miles south of Hodgensville, and the farm upon which collaher first saw the light of day, seven miles east, were included in a county named Larue, called so from the fact that Benjamin Larue was the most prominent citizen at the time, and one of John Rogers Clark's assistants in planting this wilderness.



bon't look up, nor down, nor sideways, but look right at me and keep on coming. It lost his hold and fell off the log.

"I ran up the bank, and found a sycanore limb which had fallen off one of the recs nearby. Reaching it out to him he aught hold of it and it was only a minted te until he was safely landed on the ank, but he was about gone. It was now time before he came around all right, and for several minutes he threw up mudy water in a stream. Then we sat down to talk it over. He pulled off his clothes at him to dry. I knew if Abe's mother found it out she would whip him, and, besides, she would tell my long soul, and I never mentioned it until long time after the Lincolns moved way.

"One day my mother told me that the saw him. The next time I heard of him he saw him. The next time I heard of him he saw him. The next time I heard of him he was running for president, and I had hard time finding out if it was the same Abe I had played with and fished out of the creek. I told all the nelghbors that it was the same boy, and that I was going either. And I dld. After he was elected president he sent me word by Dr. Jesse Rodman, over at Hodgensville, who was up on the to come up there and visit him. I never went, but I expect if I had he would be to come up there and visit him. I never went, but I expect if I had he would be to come up there and visit him. I never went, but I expect if I had he would wing the hold of his clothes to come up there and visit him. I never went, but I expect if I had he would have given me a nice place as judge of some court here in Kentucky."

Exhausted, though with a merry twinkle in his eye, the old man sank back on his pillow, little thinking that he had recited the true story of the rescue of the martyred president's life; never dreaming that within one week from that Sunday morning his soul would wing its way beyond the blue to rest throughout eternity with "Honest Abe." "I ran up the bank, and found a syca-more limb which had fallen off one of the trees nearby. Reaching it out to him he caught hold of it and it was only a mincaught hold of it and it was only a minute until he was safely landed on the
bank, but he was about gone. It was
sometime before he came around all right,
and for several minutes he threw up muddy water in a stream. Then we sat down
to talk it over. He pulled off his clothes
and hung them in the sun to dry. I knew
if Abe's mother found it out she would
whip him, and, besides, she would tell my
mother, and then I would get a whipping. mother, and then I would get a whipping. We finally agreed that we would go on home and not say a word about it to a living soul, and I never mentioned it until a long time after the Lincolns moved

old piece of tree and some short rails had been thrown across by workmen in the neighborhood, and we decided that we could get across all right on them.

"I was the older, so of course I went first. I made it across all right. Then Abe got down on the rails to 'coon' it over. When he was just about in the middle of the stream his courage falled him. He commenced to cry. I shouted to him, Don't look up, nor down, nor sideways, but look right at me and keep on coming. He lost his hold and fell off the log.

"I ran up the bank, and found a syca"I had played with and fished out of

#### A NATION'S HONOR AT THE PEN'S POINT

ance, by a professor of pedagogy in

THE writer recently heard a lecture seemed to him almost a miracle, as it must on the possibilities of human endurto us at this day. He proposed to the genance, by a professor of pedagogy in theman that the United States should de-

on the possibilities of human endurance, by a professor of pedagogy in a great university, which reviewed one of the most signal instances of that quality ever recorded. The story has been told before, but it is not as much known as it ought to be, for it teaches several important morals.

In 1862 Charles Francis Adams, our minister to the Court of St. James, discovered that an English firm of shipbuilders was constructing two powerful armored war vessels at its yard in Birkenhead, near Liverpool, which were to be delivered to agents of the Confederate States at an unfrequented West India island, as soon as completed. Then they were to be sent upon missions of destruction like that of the Alabama. It was one of the greatest dangers that had arisen to menace the Union cause.

Mr. Adams secured the most ample proof that such was their destination and laid it before the proper British authorities, demanding that the vessels he prevented from

An experienced messenger removed the bonds from in front of the revister as fast as he affixed his signature to them. A capable army surgeon was in attendance constantly, and administered such food and stimulants as were deemed best calculated to insure the greatest possible endurance of physical strength and will.

During the first sevel hours three thousand, five hundred signatures were made. In the first half of the eighth hour great muscular agitation and strain were felt. In the forenoon of Saturday every muscle of the right side connected in any way with the movements of the hand and arm became seriously inflamed and the pain was almost unendurable. In the afternoon of Saturday the pain diminished. A feeling of numbness took possession of the hand and crept up the arm to the shoulder, making them seem dead. The fingers became distorted. It was necessary to shift the pen and hold it between the first finger and the thumb. Changes of position were frequently made. Walks were taken in the open air. The surgeon advised, during the night of Saturday, that the register's strength could hold out but two or three hours more at hest. He thought the resignation should he sent to the president. But with the objections to a change before his mind the official continued the painful and horribly monotonous work. When Sunday morning came there were only a few and norring monotonous work. When sunday morning came there were only a few more than two thousand signatures yet to be affixed. The surgeon advised that to continue the task would seriously endanger

the officer's life. But he determined to continue the work to the end if possible.

He did so, and about noon of Sunday the last bond was signed. The last hundred signatures required more time than the

signatures required more time than the first thousand.

The fairly Herculean task was accomplished. When the bonds were laid on upon the other without folding, and packed for shipment, they made a stack six feet

for shipment, they made a stack six feet and four inches in height.

They reached the ship in time for the Mendry noon sailing, and reached London in time to redeem Mr. Adams' pledge to our great and mysterious benefactor, and keep the faith of a Christian nation.

The intended destroyers never soiled upon

The intended destroyers never sailed upon

The intended destroyers never sailed upon their mission.

The register's feat was one of the most signal acts of patriotism during that period which so tried men's souls. The pen did the country more service in that eventful forty-eight hours than the sword has after here permitted to do in the same often been permitted to do in the same length of time.

And that little group of great events pre-

sents to history the extreme alertness and firmness of our faithful servant abroad, as well as an astonishing incident which seems like an interposition of Divine Providence in behalf of our national cause. It also recalls those changed conditions which would now enable a minister, under the same circumstances to make known the situation to the Washington authorities and

situation to the Washington author uses and receive his advices in a few minutes.

For five years after his great achievement Mr. Chittenden could never promise to perform any professional duty during any particular day. He suffered greatly as a consequence of the task which he imposed upon his physical organism for the sake of his construction and the honor. sound sit bus country and its honor.





ONE VIEW OF THE PANDOR SPRING ON THE PARM WHAT OF MRICE PROOFN'SY'S STREET

NO see the scarlet tanager is to remember him always. He canhim always. He cannot be confused with any other bird. Many times I have been asked. "What bird is that about the size of an oriole, with red body, black wings and tail?" The body of the male scarlet tanager is a flaming red. His wings and tail are jet black. There is no mixing of colors. Among all the feathered folk this bird is easiest to recognize, bird is easiest to recognize, remember and

Tanagers are found only in America, and

Tanagers are found only in America, and there are about three hundred and fifty species in all, most of which make their home in South and Central America. Five of these species find their way north in summer to rear their young and enliven our woodlands with their bright colors. If the United States were bisected north and south by the half-desert that skirts the Rockies on the east, and also east and west by an indefinite and varying line somewhat north of its middle, the summer homes of these five species would be roughly outlined. The scarlet tanager claims the north-cast section, and nests from the Missouri to the Atlantic. The crimson-headed or Louisiana tanager claims the northwestern portion, and is found from the eastern foothills of the Rockies to the Pacific. The summer red-bird or rose tanager is found in the southeastern portion; and the western summer redbird or Cooper's tanager, and the hepatic tanager claim the southwestern portion.

The scarlet tanager claim the southwestern seems like a



the thrushes and the cuckoos.

The first nest of this bird that it was my good fortune to discover was found on July fourth while enjoying a picnic party with a number of friends in central Iowa. My interest in birds was then only just begun, and it was not easy for me to pay proper attention to my friends on account of my interest in the well-made baskethome which held the family treasures of this tropical visitor. The male flitted about somewhat nervously from tree to tree, uttering his peculiar alarm notes, ti-kla, ti-kla, and flashing his flaming body, now here, now there, among the dark green follage. I pointed him out to my friends, but, to my surprise, they did not manifest any great interest, but seemed to take for granted that such beautiful feathered creatures might be found any day. From this

granted that such beautiful feathered creatures might be found any day. From this indifference I learned what every bird-lover so well knows, that interest in bird life becomes a passion and a joy only after a number of birds have become known, their ways and habits studied, and they themselves regarded as one's friends.

The nest of this pair was placed about twelve feet from the ground on the horizontal bough of a small oak, about two feet from the trunk. My observation of a number of nests would indicate that the scarlet tanager prefers the oak for nesting purposes, and that the nest is usually placed on a horizontal bough, about ten or twelve feet from the ground. John Burroughs makes the observation that, "A line five feet from the ground would run above five feet from the ground would run above more than half the nests (of all birds) and one ten feet would bound more than threeone ten reet would bound more than threefourths of them. It is only the oriole the
wood pewee, the tanager, the warbling
vireo, and two or three warblers, that, as
a rule go higher than this." Of all the
birds he names as building in this upper
strata, I think the scarlet tanager builds
nearest to the ten foot line. The nest is
placed, on, the climb talesce as few small

year. The first one contained four eggs, and was robbed. The third

less, and almost holds his breath. He fears lest too much noise or the slightest provocation send him away to his tropical home.

The bird, in habits, actions, and even in song, seems not quite at ease. There is an elusiveness in his ways, a translency in his appearances, an uncertain quality in his appearances, an uncertain quality in his song, as though he were aware of being away from home, and dare not presume too far. This will-o-the-wisp quality keeps one in fear of losing such a beautiful creature. This effect, however, may be due more to one's cagerness to hold and enjoy such a preclous treasure, than to actual qualities or actions of the bird itself.

Many have heard of the scarlet tanagers who have never seen them. Their favorite haunts are not about our homes, but in open woodlands. They are not numerous, like the orioles, grosbeaks and thrushes. A single pair may be found in a grove or neighborhood. A sight of the male is something which one mentions to his friends and writes of in his diary.

The female is a bird of modest colors—colive-green dusky and vallowish below. This will-o-the-wisp quality keeps one in fear of losing such a beautiful creature. This effect, however, may be due more to one's eagerness to hold and enjoy such a precious treasure, than to actual qualities or actions of the bird itself.

Many have heard of the scarlet tanagers who have never seen them. Their favorite haunts are not about our homes, but in open woodlands. They are not numerous, like the orioles, grosbeaks and thrushes. A single pair may be found in a grove or neighborhood. A sight of the male is something which one mentions to his friends and writes of in his diary.

The female is a bird of modest colors—ollve-green, dusky, and yellowish below—and attracts no special attention.

The scarlet tanagers are among the last of the feathered procession to arrive from the south, coming in May with the last of the thrushes and the cuckoos.

The first nest of this bird that it was my good fortune to discover was found as the cuckoos.

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young bird, I thought, so taking him to a suitable place, I made two exposures, only to find, when the plates were developed, that my tripod had slipped a trifle, and that the upper edge of my four by five plate in a five by seven camera had not be the contract of the c



"WEST AND BOG OF SCHELLET TANAGER

SERIES BY CRAIG 5.THOMS SCARLET N THE TANAGER.

> not a triumph of musical art, is nevertheless very art, is nevertheless very pleasing. The bird's plumage is a song in color, and this is quite sufficient in itself. One feels that the tanager's vocal performance is overplus measure. When one knows that our

itself. One feels that the tanager's vocal performance is overgins measure most gifted songsters are plainty claff the the very and wood thrushes, the bard most gifted songsters are plainty claff the tear of the nest itself is a neat, shallow basket. The nest itself is a neat, shallow basket is not so fine a north plee of basket-making as that of the gross property of the rose-breasted grosbeak's. Little milven ors.

In the nest itself is a neat, shallow basket. The nest itself is a neat, shallow basket is not so fine a north plee of basket-making as that of the gross property is not all the plant of the rose-breasted grosbeak's. Little milven ors.

In the plant of the rose-breasted grosbeak's base of edgs. They were of dusky, greenish blue, the plant of the plant is plant of the gross plant is plant in the gross plant is plan

## "Old Abe" Again Long time readers of THE AMERICAN

Long time readers of THE AMERICAN BOY know that we have taken occasion to mention Old Abe, the war eagle, and in at least two numbers gave his picture, in one case using it on a front cover. Early in November we received a letter from Neil Barrett, a Wheaton, Minn., boy, saying that his grandfather, J. O. Barrett, who in the seventies resided in Wisconsin, and charge of Old Abe when the bird was at the Centennial at Philadelphia and also when he was at the old South Church in Boston; that his grandfather wrote a book on the life of Old Abe as well as sold photographs of the famous bird.

Neil is 16 years of age and a member of the sophomore class in the Wheaton high school and has a perfect record for attendance as well as the highest standing of any one in his grade. He is captain of the North Star Company, No. 15, of Til.:



we again can our readers attention to the fact that we have handsome pictures of Old Abe, being halftones from his photographs, size 10½x13½, suitable for framing, which we will mail to any ad-dress at ten cents each.

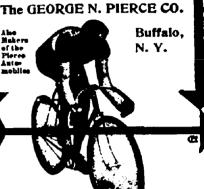
#### Parkman's Deed of Justice

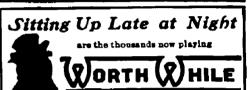
A story is told about Francis Parkman, the historian, which shows that in spite of impaired eyesight he was not blind to of impaired eyesight he was not blind to injustice. A friend met him walking along the street, howing two street boys by their coat collars. In reply to his friend's request for an explanation Parkman said: "I found this boy had eaten an apple without dividing with his little brother. Now I'm going to buy one for the little boy, and make the big one look on while he eats it."

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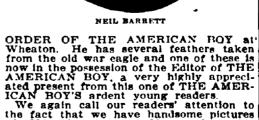
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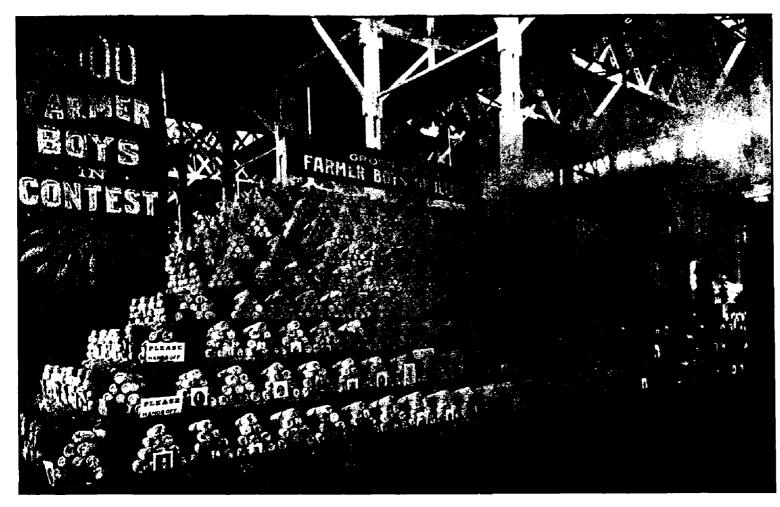
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After reading this incident, we should expect fairness of treatment in sarking to the American Boy ide Results his The American Boy ide Results his The American Boy ide Results

## THE BOYS' CORN EXHIBIT AT THE ST. LOUIS **EXPOSITION**



PARTIAL VIEW OF BOYS' CORN PAVILIONS AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION REPRESENTING THE EFFORTS OF FARMER BOYS IN ILLINOIS. THE PAVILIONS CONTAIN THE PRIZE WINNERS-1,250 IN NUMBER. THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF OVER 600 BOYS APPEARED IN THIS EXHIBIT.

HEN I was selected by the Illinois State Commission to have charge of the Illinois Agricultural Exhibit at the World's Fair at St. Louis, I determined that the farmer boys should play an important part in the display-and they certainly have.

they certainly have.

I laid my plans before Governor Yates, and he not only cordially endorsed them, but handed me fifty dollars as a "starter" on the premiums. It is not my intention to go into a long description of this contest. I got up a list of three thousand five hundred dollars in premiums, consisting of cash, machinery, live stock and newspaper subscriptions. Then I printed the premium list and the rules governing the contest and mailed them to one hundred and twenty thousand farmer boys in Illinois. Eight thousand boys sent for the sample packages of corn and went to work.

The Prize Corn, more than one thousand

ages of corn and went to work.

The Prize Corn, more than one thousand exhibits of ten ears each, was beautifully and plainly installed in the Illinois section of the Palace of Agriculture at St. Louis and remained upon exhibition the entire summer. More than six hundred of these boys sent me their photographs and I placed them upon their corn.

Above these two vast pyramids of white and yellow corn, each twenty by thirty feet, was a handsome satin banner, inscribed, "Grown by the Farmer Boys of Illinois."



W. B. OTWELL

The corn was of fine type, quite uniform in appearance and measurement, and with the significant sign above it and the bright open-faced photographs upon it, it was a sight worthy of the admiration of the whole world. I doubt if there has been another exhibit at the World's Fair, before which more admiring people have stood, than at these Boys' Corn Pavillons.

It is not simply the large exhibit of corn but it is the personality behind the exhibit that compelled the passing thousands to stop and gaze with wonder. I have often wished that somewhere upon the prairies of Illinois could be gotten together these eight thousand farmer boys. What an inspiring sight it would make!

And as I sit and think of these eight thousand clean, honest farmer boys, scattered over almost every county in Illinois, I am sure that their concentrated efforts along such praiseworthy lines will make of them better farmers and better men. And the agricultural interests of the state will, in a measure, feel the throb of these young hearts, for in the future more even than in the past, the farmer boys, as they grow into strong young manhood, will have largely to do in the shaping of the world's affairs

Very sincerely, WILL B. OTWELL.

Bas-Relief of Washington at Valley Forge

Our front cover this month is from a photograph of a bronze tablet showing Washington at Valley Forge, that was recently unveiled in the West Side Y. M. C. A. at West Fifty-seventh street. New York, by Miss Helen Gould. The bronze tablet was executed by J. E. Kelly and represents Washington at prayer in the woods near Valley Forge. It is designed according to Isaac Pott's generally accepted story of that event. The tablet is the gift of John J. Chancy. The presentation speech was made by Major-General Joseph Hayes of the Washington Continental Guard. At the conclusion of Gen. Hayes speech Miss Gould lifted the flag from the tablet and a speech of acceptance was made by William E. Kingsley. In sending us this picture Mr. Kelly wrote: "I am especially glad to do this, as my favorite declamation as a boy was entitled "The American Boy." It is appropriate that this picture should appear in your paper because the donor of the bronze, Mr. John J. Clancy, said that his morne, Cone on—lively!"

That's all right, mother, nothing will happen. Don't you worry, I'm big enough to look out for that I guess. I'll look out for my clothes all right, too. Gool grappriate that this picture should appear in your paper because the donor of the bronze, Mr. John J. Clancy, said that his morne, Cone on—lively!"

That's all right, mother, nothing will happen. Don't you worry, I'm big enough to look out for that I guess. I'll look out for my clothes all right, too. Gool grappriate that this picture should appear in your paper because the donor of the bronze, Mr. John J. Clancy, said that his morne, Cone on—lively!"

Cone on—lively!"

Thomas do change into your school clothes, presisted his mother, "for I know you faither cannot afford another suit for you this year, if anything soils your Sunday one."

That's all right, mother, nothing will happen. Don't you worry. I'm big enough to look out for that I guess. I'll look out for my clothes all right, too. Gool graphy is the proposed that the form

C. A. was that no boy hereafter should be ashamed to be caught at his prayers.

"Oh! who shall know the might Of the words he utter'd there? The fate of nations then was turn'd By the fervor of that prayer.

"But wouldst thou know his words, Who wander'd there alone?
Go, read enroll'd in heaven's archives
The prayer of Washington!"

#### Take Care of the Nickels

"Careful saving and careful spending incareful saving and careful spending invariably promote success," says Marshall Field. "It is not what a man earns, but what he saves, that makes him rich. John Jacob Astor once said that the saving of his first \$1,000 cost him the hardest struggle. As a rule, people do not know how to save. The average young man of today when he begins to earn is inclined to when he begins to earn is inclined to habits of extravagance. He gets the idea that he must indulge in habits corresponding to those of some other young man, without regard to what he earns; and he imagines he cannot be manly without. The imagines he cannot be manly without. The 5, 10 or 15 cents a day he squanders, while apparently a trifle, would if saved in a few years amount to thousands of dollars; and go far toward establishing the foundation of his future career. Too few realize that in order to acquire dollars one must take care of the nickels. The young man should begin to save the moment he begins to earn be the saving ever so little and to earn, be the saving ever so little, and if he does so the habit will be of incalculable benefit to him in after life."—Frank Carpenter, in the Record-Herald.

#### Down Brownlow Hill

(Continued from page 114.)

That was the prize! Miss Turner told us the committee would have a place on the the committee would have a place on the programme for the best essay from the Grammar School and that the writer could read it. What a prize to win! Just realize what it means sitting upon the platform with all those notables, and the big supper afterward! Um! I wouldn't miss it for anything; it was an opportunity of a lifetime, so I set to work, for Joe Welch does say one true thing, 'If there's anything worth having, it is worth working for.' Halloa! Here comes a mob!"

At least a dozen lads came tearing into the yard and seeing Tom at the window.

one shouted:

"Hi there, Tom, get your sled; we're all going over to Brownlow hill. Come on!"

"Won't you clear the walks before you go off consting, Tom?" said Tom's mother as the boy went to the door.

"Hold on just a minute, boys." Tom stelled. "Jimmie is here, too. We'll be right out. Mother," he said, as he again

O, it was glorious sport!
Old Brownlow was like ice, and the fields beyond its slope were in prime condition, making the coast one of the longest the boys had ever known.

The fun was fast and furious and the morning wore quickly on.
There was double runner racing and single sled contests till it would seem a boy could not ask for more, and yet Tom Perkins was not satisfied. He was ill at ease, for who can be truly happy with a guity conscience, and Tom knew he was acting contrary to his mother's wishes.

"Say, boys, did any of you see that pungual under the shed at the mill, when we passed?"

"What of it?" asked Ned Young.

"It will, mother, honest. Here they come, let them in please "
The boisterous shouts ceased at the gate and quictly the group of schoolboys entered the sitting room where Tom Perkins was pillowed upon the lounge before the

"What of it?" asked Ned Young.
"Just this," Tom replied. "The mill is closed so why not borrow the pung, drag it to the top of Brownlow, and then ail get on. Catch on, do you? That would be coasting, eh? The whole crowd of us together! We'll the the Cartery we'll the the coasting.

It sounds all right." said Dick Metcalf quietly. But if you should hit the—"
"Oh, bother, I won't hit that rock, I tell
you. Pile on boys, those not afraid," called

you. Pile on boys, those not afraid," called Tom, as he placed his sled between the thills and seating himself, firmly grasped them in either hand.

"All ready—push, Ralph!" he shouted.

Every one of the boys scrambled upon the pung and Wintersvale gave it the needed start.

Away it speeded down the long steep incline, each moment adding to its terrific flight and as well, to the wild shouts of loy! A hundred eager young Indians in war paint could scarcely equal such yells! On, on, they speeded, and as they neared the gate which was the entrance to the fields, with cool head and steady hand. Tom steered for the space between the two posts.

Whiz!
"Hurrah!"
They cleared the gate!
"Bravo, Tom, bravo!"
Crash!
It was the work of an instant. The gate was but a few rods beyond the fork along the turnpike road, and where this left the road which skirted the river, was a large loulder and narrow indeed was the space actween it and the fence.
Tom had tugged hard and strong on the right thill, but the pung was slow in retip nding, then came the crash!
A few inches and all would have been well. Indeed so nearly had he come to escaping mishap that the left runner of the pung cleared the rock, and it was only a protruding corner of the platform that struck. Yet, this was enough to send the platform high into the air. The transient bolt pulled out, and thills, runners. Tom and his sled swung vlolently around the roadway and plunged heavily upon the ice ten feet below!
Crash, crash!
Even thicker must be the ice that could stand such a shock.
"Help! Help!"
It was a terrified cry, then all was still.
"Where's Tom?" shouted Dick.

"Help! Help!"
It was a terrified cry, then all was still.
"Where's Tom?" shouted Dick.
"Where's Tom?" echoed Ned.
The boys had been hurled with great force from the platform and although there were many bruises and scratches, wild shouts of laughter rang out as they scrambled to their feet.
"Where's Tom!" called Joe above the uproar.

roar.
"Help!"

For one moment each face lost its rully

"The river. Quickly, boys!" shouted Ned Young, leading the way across the read and all reached the stone wall in time to

and all reached the stone wall in time to see their schoolmate disappear beneath a small area of broken ice.

"To the rescue!" shouted Ned Young. "Hang and drop, we've got to do it!" "Than running farther along the wall, he dropped upon his knees and throwing all his weight upon his open hands, he swung over and then lowering himself gently he let go, and struck the ice squarely on his feet.

His companions followed his lead. "Quick, boys, make a lifeline! All in a row, the light end first, everybody's left hand in the next fellow's right. Line up!"

"Me, too!"

It was Jimmie Saunders who called from

"Me, too!"

It was Jimmie Saunders who called from the wall. He had coasted down the south side, the pung having started before he had climbed old Brownlow.

"Cot your sled?" called Ned.

"Right here!" answered Jimmle, dropping it stern first over the wall and the next moment he was with the boys.

"You're the lightest, Jimmle, sit on it. We'll push it back to the open, then you grab Tom and hang to him! We'll do the rest. Dare you?" Ned asked swiftly.

"I dare!" said the plucky little fellow. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye.

eye.

The light end of the "life-line" held the

rope of the sled to which Jimmie clung with his left hand, while his right seized and gripped Tom's collar firmly.
"Steady now-pull!" shouted Ned. and step by step the life-line moved to the right and slowly the limp form came upon the solid ice.

the solid ice.
"He's dead!" wailed one of the younger boys.

"Not if I know it!" answered Ned. "Stay "Not if I know it!" answered Ned. "Stry on your sled, Jimmle. We'll lay him on his stomach across your lap and two of us will trot him over to Centerville. The hospital is the place for him. Come, Joe," he called and face downward, these two placed the prostrate form as Ned had suggested and it was they who caught up the rope and started swiftly away on that life or death mission. mission.

tered the sitting room where Tom Perkins was pillowed upon the lounge before the open grate, and on all sides the greeting was most cordial.

"We missed you at school today, Tom!" exclaimed Dick Metcalf heartily, "and we're all glad to hear you'll be back with us in a few days and that's honest Indian! Joe read your essay at the big meeting last night, and everyone said it was the best

get on. Catch on, do you? That would be consting, eh? The whole crowd of us together! We'll take the South side, go through the turnpike gate and skim along the river road as far as we can go. Who says aye, first?"

There was a grand chorus, all voices calling "aye" and although it was actual labor bill, what of that! Wasn't it play?

"I will steer." said Ned Young. "I'm the biggest and weight counts."

"No you don't, I will," said Tom. "You nor no other fellow can steer like me. I'll sit on my own sled between the thills and have one in each hand. How's that?"

"But hold on!" called Joe Welch. "How about the big rock at the turnpike! Steering a pung clear of that will be different than steering a sled or double runner, and just there is where Ned's weight would count. Tom, you'd better let him steer."

"Huh, You've always got a kick coming, Joe," said Tom, sneeringly. "I wasn't born last year nor the year before, either, I'll make the gate all right, then swing in and keep to the fence till we reach the road. How's that!"

"It sounds all right," said Dick Metcalf quietly. But if you should bit the side of the sounds and the force in the force



## Washington and the Flag

"Once, ah once, within these walls, One whom memory oft recalls, The Father of his Country dwelt. And yonder meadows broad and damp, The fires of the besieging camp Encircled with a burning belt. Up and down these echoing stairs, Heavy with the weight of cares, Sounded his majestic tread; Yes, within this very room Yes, within this very room Sat he in those hours of gloom. Weary both in heart and head."

Longfellow wrote these lines in commemoration of the time when Washington was once an occupant of the house in which

once an occupant of the house in which Longfellow himself once lived for so many years and in which he died.

Washington left Philadelphia on the twenty-first of June in the year 1775. He was accompanied by General Lee and General Schuyler, and he was on his way to Cambridge in Massachusetts to take command of the American Army. We are told that General Washington presented a very commanding appearance as he left Philadelphia in an open carriage drawn by a span of snow-white horses.

Philadelphia in an open carriage drawn by a span of snow-white horses.

The Philadelphia Light Horse also acted as escort to Washington. The cavalcadewas everywhere greeted with shouts and cheers, to which the General responded in a very dignified way. He reached Cambridge on the third of July and took charge of the American Army under an cim tree, still standing and pointed out to visitors to the town as the "Washington Elm." The American Army numbered about fifteen thousand at this time.

Washington made his headquarters for a

Washington made his herdquarters for a short time on the campus of Harvard College in a house still standing and known as Wadsworth House, From here Washington removed to the house now so familiary the standard of the house now so familiary that the standard of the stan ous as the Longfellow House because it was for so many years the home of the gentle poet and it was here that he died.

The memory of Washington was very saved to Longfellow and he often made cred to Longfellow red to Longfellow, and he often made eference to the Father of his Country in his poems.

Those were busy and anxious days for Those were busy and anxious days for Washington. Indeed, they were stirring days for every patriot. The people realized that there was to be a real struggle for American independence, and they were determined that that independence should determined that independence should be theirs. The red ensign of the king was flaunted in their faces and the British troops were daily growing more insolent. Washington said of his own troops that they were a "mixed multitude of people, under very little discipline."

This was very displeasing to a "born soldier" like Washington, and his first duty was to bring order and discipline into a somewhat chaotic war camp. That he suc-

This was very displeasing to a "horn printed Many ama cup printers when the state of the state o

This flag was of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and was supposed to be emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies, but the Union Jack was still on it in recognition of the sovereignty of England. land, for the people were still unprepared to break absolutely away from the mother country, and the retention of the Union Jack was perhaps a plea for a harmonious adjustment of the differences existing be-

tween the two countries.

The next day after Washington had flung The next day after Washington had flung this flug to the breeze a letter was received from the King in which he expressed such kindly and even tender sentiments for his American subjects, that many were deceived by it and they rejoiced that the Union Jack had been retained on the new flug. Others, with "long heads," were not at all deceived by the King's honeyed words, and they resented the appearance of the Union Jack on the flug, declaring that it was a sign of continued submission to the King.

But this flug, unfurled by Washing-

sion to the King.

But this flag, unfurled by Washington on the second of January of the year 1776, continued to float by land and sea as the American emblem for a year and a half. Then came the time when it was utterly incongruous for an American flag to float the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and on the fourteenth of June of the year 1777 Congress ordered that the American flag should consist of thirteen alternate strines of red and white and that there be added to it thirteen stars on a white ground; and some one has told in rleasant rhymes of how Betsey Ross made this flag in Philadelphia—

"A woman sat in the silent room.

Lit by a candle's flickering flame.

Sewing on through the shadowy gloom.

While glorious thoughts with the stitches came.

A glow of crimson, a gleam of white, As the banner lay across her knee. The colors catching the candle's light. In their longing to fly to the breezes free.

Blue as the breadth of the boundless sea, Flecked with the blazing stars of night, Glad with the light of the sunshine free, It waved a promise blessed and bright."

#### AMATEUR JOURNAL-DEPARTMENT

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

#### Practical Points for Young Printers

Practical Points for Young Printers

A printing press as a gift has brought joy to many an American boy, and has likewise brought the problem of how to use it so as to get the best results. Very often a press fails to give satisfaction because the boy who is handling it is inexperienced. The rather condensed directions which accompany printing presses require to be supplemented, and it is hoped that the points treated in this article will enable the fortunate possessors of new presses to secure the most good out of them.

One of the first things is to unpack the press very carefully and put it together slowly, step by step, in accordance with the directions. If a new press does not give satisfactory service ten chances to one it has not been properly set up, and it will be profitable to have a man who understands machinery to take it apart and put it together, strictly following the original directions.

To print well it is necessary to have the form in compact and present and present and presents.

who understands machinery to take it apart and put it together, strictly following the original directions.

To print well it is necessary to have the form in compact and perfect shape. The form is the body of type, engravings, etc., imposed or set in the chase, which is the metal trame used to keep the type in position. To fit the forms into the chase, an imposing stone or table is needed. This may be an even marble slab or a planed board, and the surface must be absolutely smooth, if the face of the type is to be even enough to make a good impression. When the forms are in the chase the latter must be locked to prevent the type falling out. More difficulties beset the amateur printer on account of careless locking than from any other cause. The form must first be secured in the chase by using "furniture," which are pieces of wood of various lengths and breadths, of proper size to fill up the vacant spaces. Some chases are locked by screws, others by quoins or metal wedges furnished with the press. The keyn-ite to a successful locking of the form is to do the operation very gradually. Care must be taken not to lock too tight, and, of course, common sense warns against a chase so loosely locked that type fall out. The lines of type must, of course, be set evenly in the chase. This is called justifying, and if not done accurately the columns will all project a bit under each other, giving a lopsided effect when printed. Many ame eur printers wonder why some letters p.int very black and others are not seen on the pape. This is because the form is not planed. This important operation comes in just before the final tichtening turns are made in locking the chase, and is done by hammering down the type-faces with a planer, consisting of a har-twood block two inches thic't and a mallet. If the type is justified, and the surface even, a good impression is sure to result.

letting the cure project the sides.

The amateur printer is prone to use too much ink. A very small portion will suffice if it is evenly rolled. The use of too much ink turns out black and heavily-printed work and fills the interstices of the type with ink which dries and cakes, rendering it almost useless for the

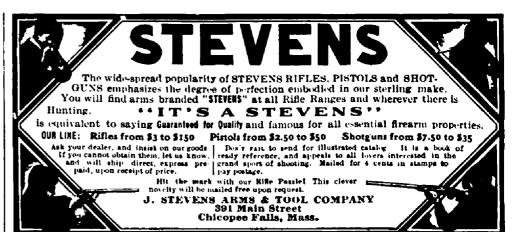
#### The Reviewer

A remarkable contrast is shown in the December. 1903, and November. 1904, issues of "The Flea." The paper is increased to double the original size and the printing of the latter issue is free from the "offset." and uneven registration of the earlier. The style of the November issue is very pleasing. Of course, there is considerable improvement from the literary standpoint. The paper is humorous in contents, which are all written by the editor, and pub-(Continued on page 126.)

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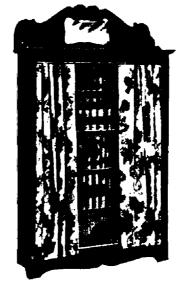
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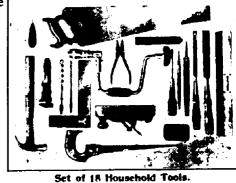
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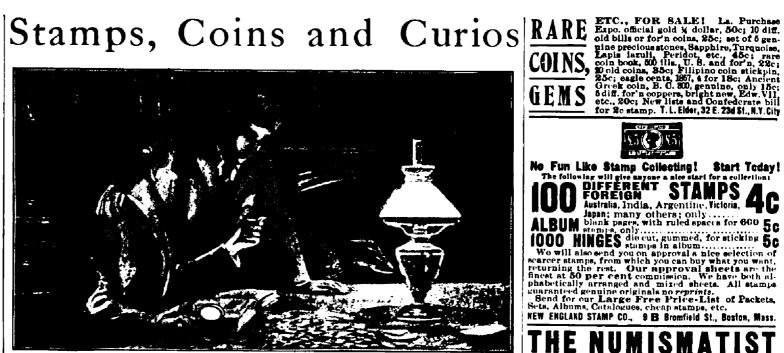
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fc. 100 reis cats. 3c, 200 reis cats. 8c. Canadi 1868 %c cats, 18c, 1c cats, 30c. British offices in the Levant 1887 cats, 2c. The Mexico Official

1868 4c cats, 18c, 1c cats, 3uc. British official the Levant 1887 cats. 2c. The Mexico Official cats. 3c.

C. H. R.: Do not soak your stamps in too hot a water as it is liable to make the color runbut if they are soaked in lukewarm water and taken out as soon as they are free from the paper it will not cause this trouble.—C. M.: No. 1 cats. 3c. No. 2 is not listed but sells for 5c. No. 3 cats. 15c. No. 4 is from Montenegro and cats. 2c, No. 5 sells for 3 or 4c.—P. C.: The St. Louis are water-marked the same as the 1898 issue.—A. S.: The collection of Japan stamps will cat., if genuine, several hundred dollars. There is a firm in Japan which makes these books of stamps, most of the stamps heing counterfelts. These collections can be obtained for very little money.—C. K.: No. 1 cats. 3c. No. 2 cats. 1c. No. 3 cats. 3c.—R. J. W. Hayti 1881—7c cats. 50c, Hayti 1882—20c cats. 20c, Japan 1874—1c blue cats. 15c, Corrientes 1856 pink cats. 50c, Baden 1868 3 Kr. cats. 2c. Buenos Ayres 1860 4 R green cats. 33, New Foundland Triangle cats. \$2.50, New Foundland 1887 3 pence cats. 4c, Allen & Powers' Rev. 1c blue cats. 20c.

#### Stamp Notes

Salvador, according to Whitefield Kings re-cently issued, has a stamp product of 450 varie-

The Scandinavian countries are a good field to specialize in, as nearly all these stamps can be bought for a small sum.

The total issue of St. Louis stamps to November 3, were as follows: 1c, 79,233,500; 2c, 191,ber 3. were as follows: 1c, 79,233,500; 2c, 191 298,500; 3c, 4,389,500; 5c, 6,674,300; 10c, 3,860,600.

The postal exhibit will not be returned to Washington, but will journey into the far northwest in attendance upon the Lewis and Clark

Since postage stamps were invented, 19,242 varieties have been issued, and the collection of them is one of the most fascinating and instructive of fads.

C. A.—A watermark kindly employed by the printers of British colonial stamps. It means "comes after" and shows the stamp to be of a later issue than C. C.

Owing to the dampness of the climate in Fiji it was recently discovered that all of the letterards on hand had become stuck together and had to be destroyed.

The portrait of Columbus has appeared on the stamps of Chile ever since this republic issue i stamps, but the new series now in preparation will contain other portraits.

In the future the stamps of Australia will be printed on A. Crown paper. It will be nearly a year before the paper can be put into use as it must be manufactured abroad.

The largest perforation known is the "Susse" perforation of France, 1853-60. The smallest is on the 1864-70 Tasmania. Neither perforation is official, both having been done privately.

Lithographed stamps differ from those that are engraved, in that they are smooth, the ink of the printing appearing level with the paper, as in the case of any surface printed stamps.

Since the boundary dispute between Chile and Argentine Republic has been settled, Chile sends all letters to the latter republic on the basis of inland rates, so long as the letters are sent by land.

The 1846 ten-cent stamp of Baltimore has brought as high as \$4,000. The St. Louis twenty. cent stamps issue! in 1845 are more valuable still. The last one to exchange hands brought a little over \$5,000.00.

To Remove Hinges -In

geria is prognosticated by those who read the signs in the stars. Whether this means the abo-lition of one set of stamps or the a dition of an entirely new one, time alone will tell.

A good stamp to watch for, but one which with likely sellom be found, is the recently discovered error, "Fignt" for eight in the current 81 stamps of South Australia. This is said to be a true error and not a case of faulty printing.

Many hinges attach themselves so firmly to the stamp that a quick pull upon them is liable to tear the stamp, or at least to bring away enough of its back to cause a "thin spot." In removing the hinge, draw it slowly, pulling it off sideways, and not down. It should be peeled off, not pulled off.

Early issues are best and most interesting Early issues are best and most interesting from the collector standpoint, for in old days the thought of securing revenue by the sale of stamps did not occur to the small governments of the world. Therefore the varieties which ap-pear in specimens which are found in fine con-dition are becoming increasingly rare and there-fore desirable. fore desirable.

The American Glass Stamp Mount, patented July 5th, 1904, by Massachusetts interests, has heen placed on the market. In different sizes. These mounts consist of two layers of glass, ingeniously fitted together, with enough space between to allow of easy incress and excess of the specimen. A stamp, fitted between the two layers of glass, assuredly is protected from fineers, dirt, and other enemies to good condition.

As the term signifies, remainders are the surplus atock left on hands of the postal authorities after the stamps have become obsolete. Genuine remainders are those which are actually issued for postal duty, but which are no longer required, having been superseded by new series of stamps. Some of the British colonies and

many foreign states have had, at times, large quantities of remainders. These they either sell to the highest bidder or destroy. Needless to say, with the less wealthy governments the former is the favorite method.

It is said by some philatelists, who are also photographers, that photography will detect the alteration when the cancellation of a stamp has been removed by a fakir. If the cancelling mark has been obliterated the blue or green color mark has been conterated the blue or green colorwill make no impression on the plate, while the black traces of obliteration can be seen with great distinctness. Even where the stamps have been well washed and no traces of obliteration can be seen by the naked eye or through the microscope, the photograph will show the tell-tale marks of use with perfect clearness.

There exists a curious postal regulation in France whereby letters addressed to the President of the Republic, to the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber and to the Prefect of Police are not required to be stamped. The Matin has taken advantage of this to organize a new system of petitioning in favor of penny postage. With every paper sold a post card is inclosed addressed to the President of the Chamber of Deputies. The readers are asked to sign it and drop it in the nearest post-box. The postal authorities are the only people who may not fully appreciate the beauties of a scheminvolving the collection and distribution of perhaps half a million cards.

#### The Numismatic Sphinx

Milton J. Harnist: The five-cent silver coins Milton J. Harnist: The five-cent silver coins of 1845, 1866 and 1868 command no premium. Edward Shultz: Your rubbing is from a Turkish 20 para coin of 1255 A. H. (1861 A. D.). It was struck in the 19th year of the reign of the Emperor Abdul-Medjid. It is common. H. M. Mesher: The cent of 1801 in good condition sells at the dealers for seventy-five cents, Harry South: Your 50-cent scrip of the series of 1875, if in fine condition is neverth seventy-five cents. South: Your 50-cent scrip of the series of 1875, if in fine condition, is worth seventy-five cents. Benj. C. Harris: The half-dollar of 1810 in good condition is worth seventy-five cents. Your others, face value. A coin so poor that you cannot make out the inscription is worthless. Russell C. Noble: Your rubblings are from common U, S. silver coins. Oral M. Hutto: An 1821 half-dollar sells for seventy-five cents at the dealers. The ordinary quarter and half-dollars of 1858 will bring no premium. Edw. McGowan: The 1877 dime is worth only face. Harrison J. Wolfe: The 1798 dollar, if in good condition, sells for about three dollars. It is one of the commonest of the old dollars. Neal R. Clark: The dime of 1874 was struck at three mints, Carson City, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. All are very common. Lynn Boyjan: Only the dime of 1884 issued at the San Francisco mint is valuable. The mint may be determined by the small letter very common. Lynn Boyjan: Only the dime of 1884 issued at the San Francisco mint is valuable. The mint may be determined by the small letter S on the reverse or back of the coln. Herbert is Knowles: The island of Antigua, one of the West India Islands, has issued but one coin, and that was a farthing in 1836. It wills for a half-dollar. Ed Volck: If your half-dollar of 1853 is the one without the arrow points by the date and without the rays around the eagle on the reverse, then it is a very rare piece. Your rubbing is not plain enough for us to decide this inatter positively. H. H. H.: Only the eagle cents of 1856 bring a premium worth mentioning. A good 1856 will sell for about ten dollars now. M. E. S.: The old Spanish sliver is very common, and unless it is in extra g od condition will not bring a premium. We suspect your piece to be a Mexican 8 reals issued under Charles IV. of Spain. Jarvis Wright: The twenty-cent pieces were only issued during the years 1875, 1876, 1877 and 1878. The last two years they were struck only in proof and they are the only dates that will bring a premium. F. W. Jones: A sixpence of Elizabeth (England) dated 1574 is worth a deliver and 1878. period one from a stamp, do not give it a sudpence of Elizabeth (England) dated 1574 is worth den pull. Many a good specimen has been torn by so doing, and it need hardly be remarked that a tear decreases value enormously.

The consolidation of Lagos and Southern Niggria is prognosticated by those who read the girls in the stars. Whether this means the abo. The explicit details of these Perry Marks: The earliest dated coins dated after the Christian Era were issued about the middle of the afteenth century. Harold Briggs: The coinage of the gold dollar ceased in this country in 1889. They were issued in large numbers most of the years they were issued, and while very many have been utilized by the jewelers, and in the arts, the prices maintained today must be base! more upon sentiment than reality.

#### Coin Zoology

Pex B. Floyd is collecting stamps from an animal standpoint. He calls it his zoological collection, and is trying to get one of each kind of animals as represented on the stamps, and he asks if such a collection could be made of coins. Of course, and a very interesting line it would make extending from the tortoise of Aegina, 700 B. C., down to the eagle of our day. Now we are going to ask our boys to help us make out a list of the lower animals to be found on coins. Give us the names of the animals and on the coins of what countries they may be found. For the best list we will present a Judean mite similar to the one the widow cast into the treasury so many, many years ago. Besides this we are going to ask you to send us in a brief concise answer to the question. "What advantages are to be derived from the collecting or study of coins?" swer to the question. "What advantages are to be derived from the collecting or study of coins?" For the best answer to this question we shall be glad to present a large Egyptian coin struck by Ptolemy III., 247-222 B. C. This coin will weigh about two ounces and a half. Thus we will give as premiums one of the smallest and one of the largest coins of antiquity. We want these answers in our hands by April 1st. and will ask you to send them to Coin Editor, care of The American Roy. Detrot. Mich. American Boy, Detro.t, Mich.



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Edited by DR. HUGO ERICHSEN



SECOND PRIZE PROTO; "WINTER IN A NORTHERN NEW YORK TOWN" By E. E. Trumbull, Plattaburg, N. Y.

#### Winter Photography

Winter Photography

At this season of the year camera-work is practically confined to indoor flashlights and snow scenes. For interiors, that is to say taking pictures of rooms, flashlight photography is very satisfactory, but it is not adapted to portrafture, a purpose for which it is of in used. The so-called flashlight cartridges are very convenient, but care must be taken not to burn one's fingers in handling them. In illuminating rooms, it is better to light them from the top, that is to set off the flashlight on top of a stepladder, out of range of the camera.

For photographing snow scenes, use a slow plate and a small stop. Avoid photographing a perfectly smooth surface, as it does not look well. A picturesque roadway would be preferable. If necessary, walk around in the snow in front of the camera. The best time to take a view is in the afternoon or evening, when the shadows are long. Do not attempt to include too much. In order to produce the soft effects that are most satisfactory, employ a weak developer and carry development farther than usual.—The Editor.

#### The Art of Retouching

SECOND. The contrast between the pictures SECOND. The contrast between the pictures could not possibly be greater, the one having been taken in midsummer and the other when Plattsburg. N. Y., was snowbound. Both possess artistic as well as technical merits and our readers will do well to study them. The first-prize photograph was taken on a very bright day, on an Eastman plate, stop 64, exposure 1 second.

#### The Letter-Box

R. J. Wagner, Fostoria, O.-It would do no R. J. Wagner, Fostoria, O.—It would do no harm to try it, out I have my doubts as regards success. Better make new exposures, repositive. E. A. Stifel, Pittsburg, Pa.—I. Kind of plate employed, length of exposure, number of stop, name of developer and variety of pape; 2. The Photo-Era, Boston, \$2.50 a year; The Photographic Times, New York, \$1 per annum; both are monthlies, M. H. Potter. Newark, N. J.—We are pleased to learn that you are greatly interested in this department and that you propose to favor us with a picture of a cat's paw having two extra toes.

#### Honorable Mention

The December issue of The Practical Photographer (Boston Photo-Era Publishing Co.) is exclusively devoted to the retouching of the negative and will, therefore, prove of great interest to professional photographers and advanced amateurs. It contains many artistic and useful illustrations.

Our Prize Pictures

Our Prize Pictures

The lucky prize winners this month are: H. D. Lippincott, FIRST, and E. E. Trumbull,

#### Current Comments

Current Comments

Eugene Walker, Lawnsdale, Hamilton, Bermuda.—Your "Street in Bermuda" is intercesting, but too indistinct. Apparently it is out of focus. Try again. John L. Hopper, Highland, N. Y.—Your photograph of a bird would be excellent, if it, too, were not out of focus. Morgan Calhoun, Madison, Fla.—Your name was included among those entitled to honorable mention on account of "The Thresher" and photograph of a group, but your work is very unequal; some of your photographs are badly toned and poorly mounted. E. D. Mitchell, Sidney, Ia.—"Replenishing Polly's Wardrobe" lacks definition and has too much contrast; if it had been taken in the shade and a longer exposure had been given the result would be more satisfactory. Ivan Kirlin, Watertown, S. D.—Your photo is undertoned. E. Losterin, Racine, Wis.—Your "Lake Mich. Light House" is flat, which appears to be due to lack of density. W. Kittleberger, Detroit.—Leave your plates in the developer longer and note result. G. L. Hurrington, Langdon, Minn.—Apparently your print failed in the toning-bath and should have been taken out sooner. L. A. Case, Carbon la c, Pa.—"The Cascades" is undertoned. C. Richards. Benton Harbor, Mich.—Your photograph is real good, but too large a subject for so small a plate. H. Warne, Bellevue, Pa.—Cyko print seems to have been slightly underexposed. Try aguin and send us another print. D. Thomas, Jr., Reading, Pa.—Too much contrast; whites are chalky. Harry Stouts, Adrian, Mich.—Print remained too long in toning-bath and was completely ruined in mounting.

#### Useful Hints

To fix a graduate, the bottom of which was broken off, I procured a collar to a lamp, inserted the broken and of the graduate into the small opening of the collar, turned it upside down and filled the collar with plaster of Paris. After it had set, my graduate was as useful

as ever.
I develop my plates with Eikonogen and Hy-drequinone, and this is the way I make my developer:

#### Water ... 8 ounces. Eikonogen ... 4 ounce Hydroquinone ... 4 ounce.

No. 2. Carbonate of potash..... 

#### A SIMPLE PASTE RECIPE.

Gurney.

Take as much water as paste is needed, stir in any good starch until it is creamy, not too thick, and place it over a fire. Stir constantly until it begins to thicken, but not boil, then remove and stir until a nice smooth white paste is obtained. Squeeze through a cloth and it is ready for use. Let it cool before straining.

#### The "Good Old Boys' Paper"

Osmond, Nebr., December 3, 1904.
I enclose \$1.00 for that good old boys' paper for another year. I earned my money for THE AMERICAN BOY by buying old rubber and metal and shipping it away to LeMars. Ia. Wishing good luck to THE AMERICAN BOY, I am, Yours very truly—Joe W. Leedom.

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 pain 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.

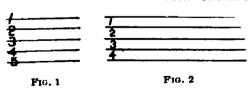


PIRST PRIZE PHOTO; "AT REST"

By H D. Lippincott, 4926 Wakefield Street, Germantown, Pa.

## How to Play the Mandolin

The first thing is to understand the notes. The first thing is to understand the notes. A staff is composed of five lines (Fig. 1) and four spaces (Fig. 2). Fig. 3 is called the treble cief, the only one used in mindolin playing. A note corresponds to each line and to each space. The notes on the lines are e, g, b, d, f (Fig. 4). E is on the first line, g on the second, b on the third, d on the fourth and f on the fifth. The notes on the spaces are f, a, c, e (Fig. 5). There are different kinds of notes. The whole note is an open note without a stem. 5). There are different kinds of notes. The whole note is an open note without a stem, as in Fig. 6. It gets four counts. The half



note (Fig. 7) is an open note with a stem. It gets two counts. The quarter note, a black note with a stem (Fig. 8), gets one count. So much for the notes.

We will now take the mandolin. There are eight strings on this instrument, namely, two g's, two d's, two a's, and two e's. The coarsest wound strings are g's and d's, the finer a—and the very fine strings, e.

Seating yourself on a chair, cross the right leg over the left, so as to rest the mandolin on the lap; hold the neck of man-

mandolin on the lap; hold the neck of man-

dolin with the left hand, between the thumb and first joint of the first finger.



The mandolin pick is held with the right hand, between the first finger and thumb. Bending the first finger, lay the pick on and clasp it with the thumb. The other fingers being nicely curved; rest your arm on the lower end of mandolin. Now with your pick, begin to stroke the strings, beginning with the gentings, a quick stroke. ginning with the g strings, a quick stroke,-



#### TAUGHT IN EIGHT LESSONS By LILLIAN STANDIFORD

not let the pick sound the two strings separately, but give one quick stroke so that they sound as one, down and up strokes alternately. Then play 8 g/s, down and up strokes, 8 d/s, 8 a/s and 8 e/s.

Play it over and over until you make the strokes with case. Then practice the following exercise on the open strings (open strings because no fingers are used to hold them down). Try to keep the eves on the music; not looking on the instrument any more than necessary; do not memorize, but



F10 7

keep your eyes on the music if you wish to become a fast reader.

Notice the first note in the music is g; it is always three spaces below the staff. There are four g's, down and up stroke. The second measure has four d's. The d string is the first space below the staff. The next measure has four a's. The a string is the second space of the staff. The next measure has four e's. The e string is on the fourth space of the staff. Practice until you learn how to skip from one string to the other with ease.



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## The Boy Mechanic and Electrician Electric NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES II II's Electric We have it.

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boys, be answered in these columns

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

"Is that so? Well, I'm very giad that you had so little difficulty. And now i suppose you are ready for the other parts."
"Indeed we are, and we came in to see if you could spare enough time this morning to show us how to build them."
"Why certainly; let me see, it is the sending key that you want now, isn't it?"
"Yes, and the coherer, and relay and sounder."
"Well, I will make you a material."

sounder."
"Well, I will make you a perspective sketch showing the arrangement of the instruments on the base board of the coll, and then draw the connections in with dotted lines, showing how the wires lead underneath the base.

"The key is easily made. Cut a strip out of 1.2" inch hard briggs head it to the obstance.

"The key is easily made. Cut a strip out of 1-32 inch hard brass, bend it to the shape I have indicated here, and drill a couple of holes in one end for the holding-down scrows, and one hole in the smaller end to fasten the knob on by a small screw, Make this knob out of some hard wood. Solder the connecting wire to the large end and allow it to pass down through a hole in the base. Then put in a screw directly underneath the knob and clamp the other connecting wire under its head. File off the top of this screw, which should be brass, until the key strikes it on a flat surface and not a small point. The key should not lift off the screw head when the pressure lift off the screw head when the pressure of the finger is relieved, more than a sixteenth of an inch."

Adjust the screw so that when a current is sent through the coil and vibrator, connect-

Adjust the screw so that when a current is sent through the coil and vibrator, connected as shown, the armature will tap the glass tube at every vibration.

"And now for the relay. I would like to have you make an electrolytic detector, but they are very hard to adjust and keep in good condition, and you will understand this one piore readily. It is extremely sentitive and quite easily made. Make the magnet of a piece of one-fourth inch round iron, annealed as I told you to do the core of the coil; bend it into a 'U' about one-and-a-half inches long and of the same width. Insulate the legs with paper as in the case of the vibrator magnet, and wrap e.c. with fifty layers of No. 30 single covered cotton magnet wire, making each coil about one-and-one-eighth inches long. It will be well to make small flanges to wind between; cut them out of heavy pasteboard, drill a hole slightly smaller than the core and force them on, giving each a coat of shellac afterwards and allowing them to dry thoroughly. They will then be very hard and will hold the wire at the ends nleely. The wire on these magnets will have to be wound on by hand, unless you want to go to the trouble of making separate pole pieces and a yoke, Try to have the same amount of wire on each spool.

"The armature of this relay oscillates and is mounted on a small steel shaft, sharneed to a sharn point at each ord."

With the tension of this relay oscillates and is mounted on a small steel shaft, sharneed to a sharn point at each ord.

I a bounder are connected so that they take urrent from the same wires. Do not compass through one before going to the other or you will have the sounder beating time to make an audible click. "You will nate the turner will have to pass through one before going to the other or you will have the sounder beating time.

The armature of this relay oscillates and is mounted on a small steel shaft, sharneed to a sharn point at each ord.

The armature of this relay oscillates and is mounted on a small steel shaft, sharneed to a sharn p of the finger is relieved, more than a sixtienth of an inch."

"What size of wire shall we use for the
connecting wires underneath the base, Uncle?"

"I think about No. 16 or 18 bell wire will
he large enough and it is pretty well insulated."

will have to be wound on by hand, unless
you want to go to the trouble of making
separate pole pieces and a yoke. Try to
have the same amount of wire on each
spool.

"The armature of this relay oscillates
and is mounted on a small steel shaft,
sharpened to a sharp point at each end.

How Two Boys Built a Wire
less Telegraph

Ry ROBERT G. GRINWOLD

CHAPTER 11.

NCLE HENRY, we have finished they came into the study a few days later, "and they work arm at they work arm at they work and so little difficulty. And now i suppose you are ready for the other parts."

"Indeed we are, and we came in to see if you could spare enough time this morn
"Indeed we are, and we came in to see if you could spare enough time this morn
District Time And Time Indeed we are, and we came in the see of the parts and the latter should be so placed the magnet, or poses, in the directions, just as I have shown in approach the class of the magnet, or poses, in the should approach the class of the magnet, or poses, in the simply another vibrator like that on the coil, only it is intended to tap the glass tube placed over it with a quick succession of shocks so as to shake the filings loose from one another. The adjusting series in sticking to the poles with a thin coat with a quick succession of shocks so as to shake the filings loose from one another. The movement of the armature should be very single at the coils. The movement of the poles with a thin coat will persist in sticking to the poles will persist in sticking to the poles with a thin coat will persist in sticking to the poles will persist in stick the circuit is broken in the coherer, consequently breaking the circuit for the tapper and sounder. These are then ready for the next signal. The tension of this spring may be adjusted by turning the screw with

or you will have the sounder beating time

the coil on a separate circuit also because that requires a much heavier current than the receiving instruments.

current than the receiving instruments. "You are now ready to connect up your stations. Both of you climb two tall trees and stretch a wire between them to support your aerial wire. Before drawing the wire taut, hang your aerial wire to it by a series of insulators. These are the little white ones used in putting up electric lights and you can get three or four from any electrician. I have shown you in this sketch how to thread them. The aerial wire needs very good insulation. You could sketch how to thread them. The aerial wire needs very good insulation. You could improve the sending and receiving qualities of your stations by hanging three or four wires in this manner and connecting them at the lower end where they enter the house. Be sure that they do not touch anything where they pass through the wall, except the insulating tube which should be of either glass or percelain, such as is used

rooms in different parts of the house to try them out and adjust before setting up so far apart. Just hang a small wire from the ceiling by a pin and silk thread to act (Continued on page 126.)

with the tapper,
"I have marked the binding screws so that you can easily tell how to make the connections to the batteries.

You could use one battery for both the relay and the tapper, but I think you will get better results with them on different circuits. I have put the could on a way way and the could be connected to the country of the could be connected to the country of the country of the connected to the connected to the country of the connected to the connecte

except the insulating tube which should be of either glass or porcelain, such as is used for electric light wiring.

"To the inside terminal of the aerial wire, attach the little spring clip that I have shown attached to one of the terminals of the coherer. It is slipped over this clip when you are receiving, and slipped over one terminal of the coil when you are sending. The other coil terminal is connected with a grounded wire, that is, a wire nected with a grounded wire, that is, a that is buried in the earth outside house. The binding screw man soldered to the adjustable clip, while the house. marked



whow to make the instruments of connect them up.

Now you need a coherer. The coherer the little instrument that detects the issage-wave as it strikes the aerial wire, one civing instruments may be operated. It is calling this the 'message-wave' so that is composed of some very fine in I speak of the impulses received by elevated wire outside. This little insument is composed of some very fine the little filings, enclosed in a glass tube tween the ends of two metal rods. The islatince of these filings, in their normal its conormously high, but after that little insument is sent down through them from a perial wire, they immediately drop in the resistance to a point which will allow for current to pass freely. But once this meetion has been established, it will resistance, the high resistance.

You can get two mall pieces of glass bear and with a 14-inch hole through them. "Now you need a coherer. The coherer is the little instrument that detects the message-wave as it strikes the aerial wire, and forms a connection through which the receiving instruments may be operated. I am calling this the 'message-wave' so that you can better understand what I refer to when I speak of the impulses received by the elevated wire outside. This little instrument is composed of some very fine metallic filings, enclosed in a glass tube between the ends of two metal rods. The resistance of these filings, in their normal state, to the passage of an electric current is enormously high, but after that little current is sent down through them from the aerial wire, they immediately drop in their resistance to a point which will allow the current to pass freely. But once this connection has been established, it will remain so unless the tube is tapped and the filings scattered, when they will again present the high resistance.

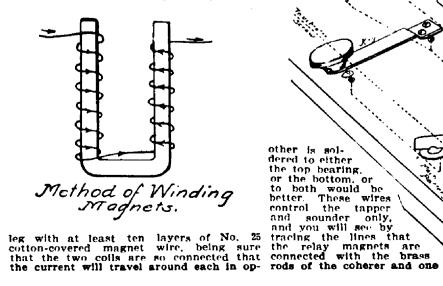
main so miness the tube is tapped and the fillings scattered, when they will again present the high resistance.

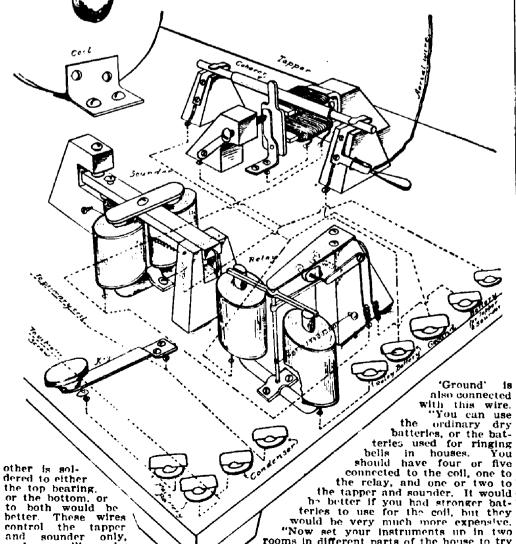
"You can get two mall pieces of glass tubler from the druggist, about two inches long and with a 4-inch hole through them. Then get four pieces of brass wire that will just fit the bore of the tubes snugly, and file off the ends perfectly square; these wires should be about two inches long. Go to some electrical store and get a small piece of nickel wire, and also a small piece of silver wire. Then with a fine file make some fillings of these two metals and mix them in the proportion of one part silver to three parts nickel. The wires are now ready to be placed in the glass tube; push one into place and from the open end of the tube introduce a very small quantity of the mixture of fillings. Then push the other wire in until it leaves a space of about 1-32 of an inch. This space should not be more than half full of the filings, otherwise they will pack and cannot be shaken loose.

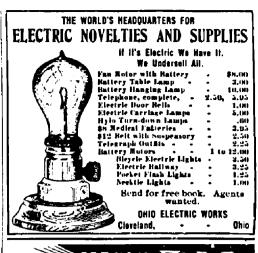
"Now make two little pedestals like I

shaken loose.

"Now make two little pedestals like I have shown here and fasten to the baseboard. To the top of each secure the little clamps made of spring briass, into which the coherer may be slipped and a good contact secured. One of these clips has an extension for attaching the aerial to when receiving. Then make an electro-magnet by bending a piece of 1/2 inch flat soft iron into a 'I'' about one-and-a-quarter inches long and three-quarters of an inch between the legs, the strip of iron being one-half an inch in width. Drill a hole in the back so that it may be fastened to the support by a screw. Wrap some writing poper around the legs and secure it with a coat of shellac. When dry wrap each shaken loose. "Now mak







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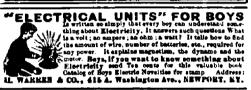
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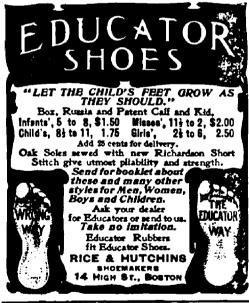
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#### CLEVER WORK WITH THE POCKET KNIFE JOHN L. DOUGHENY

No. 7—The Life Buoy and Anchor

N choosing subjects for the first part of this series I have carefully eliminated designs of a complicated character. The purpose of these articles is to teach those fundamental principles common to all problematical whittling feats. The "chain idea" has been used frequently, for the benefit of new and inapt readers and to illustrate its numerous different applications. It is by far the most important. ers and to illustrate its numerous different applications. It is by far the most important principle for the amateur to master. Those who have followed the articles from number one should understand it by this time and be able to design work involving its application. This month's plan will make it plain to the beginner. For want of a better name we call it "The Life Buoy and Anchor." As usual the-material recommended is any soft, easy to cut wood that happens to be handy. We start work on a block six inches long, six inches wide and one inch thick. Find the center of the piece and draw a circle just inside the outer edges (which will be a little less than six inches in diameter). From the same center inscribe another circle, whose radius falls short of touching the circumference of the first by three-

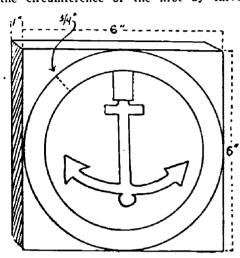
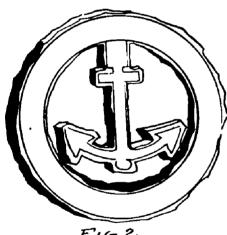


FIG. 2.

quarters of an inch. These two concentric circles constitute the diagram for the life buoy. The anchor is suspended from it at the center of the top, so before going any further we will decide on its size and position. A ship's anchor is usuany larger than a buoy but in this case we will forget conventionality and make the anchor the smaller. If any one sneers at the proportion, tell them the anchor is for a rowboat and the life buoy for the giant Goliath. Draw the anchor inside the smaller circle, taking care to allow space for the ring (which is not part of the anchor), at the top, and to leave ample room for knifeplay between the arrow-shaped ends and the inside of the buoy. Fig. 1 shows how the block is marked. Exercise great care quarters of an inch. These two concentric



F162.

in this part of the work and the work on the balance will be comparatively easy. In cutting out the portions marked it is well to keep a little distance from the lines. There is time to do the finishing later on and a wrong cut at this stage will spoil the whole job. There are several different ways of taking out the waste material. One good method is to bore several holes and connect them with lines; then take out the intervening piece by sawing. A good sharp knife is sufficient tools to do the work with. Much depends on the grain of the wood you are using; the best way of getting at it will no doubt suggest itself. Fig. 2 shows the block after the first cutting is



FIG. 4.

locked rings that will swing freely and still be inseparable. This is the so-called "chain principle." The body of the piece is one-half inch square; its length is three-quar-ters of an inch. Draw two parallel lines, from top to bottom (one inch) on the center of each of the four sides. Cut away the margin outside of each line, to a depth of one-eighth of an inch. The piece is now margin outside of each line, to a depth of one-eighth of an inch. The piece is now shaped like an elongated cross. Divide it into two parts overlapping each other halfway. Fig. 2 is a picture of the parts we are working on removed from the rest. Part 1 shows how the piece is marked uppart 2 shows the margins cut away. Note that the edge of the top ring faces front while the edges of the bottom ring face right and left. In the case of an ordinary chain the links would be oval-shaped, that is longer one way than the other. In this case they are made perfectly round. Fig. 4 shows the way they are finished. Before making the final cut that loosens the ring it is well to finish the shaping of the others. The life buoy to look like the real article must be rounded off. Leave several cle must be rounded off. Leave several raised portions on the front to resemble straps. Shave off the sharp corners with



F16. 5.

a knife and smooth with a piece of broken glass. The anchor is finished in much the same manner. From point to point it measures about four inches, its length is about four and a half inches. The crossbar on the top is delicate and easily broken on account of its short grain. If, by any mischance you happen to break it, drill a small hole at that point with a gimlet and insert a piece of wood, which will look quite as well. When you have done all you can with the knife, give the whole thing a thorough sandpapering and dip into linseed oil. The oil will lessen the chances of warping or cracking. Fig. 5 is a picture of the complete design. It is a neat an impropriate ornament for a boy's room, but will not stand much handling. It is hung will not stand much handling. It is hung on the wall by means of a piece of narrow ribbon.



#### Helpful Exercises

The following exercises, given by Dr. Latson, in "Success," if carefully and perseveringly practiced, will uplift and expand the collapsed body, will restore to normal activity the cramped and unused muscles of respiration, and will inculcate a habit of normal breathing at all times.

Exercise No. 1.

Take a slow, full breath, at the same time raising the hands straight up above the head. Clasp the hands together, and stretch upward toward the ceiling. Then, still holding the breath, walk slowly up and down the room.

Exercise No. 2.

Inhale breath, at the same time raising the hands so that, when the lungs are full, the arms will be extended straight upward. Then, without holding, exhale the the breath, allowing the arms to sink slowly.

#### Exercise No. 3.

Place the hands at the waist. Sink the head upon the chest, and bend forward, at the same time inhaling a slow, full breath. Notice that the waist under the hands is expanded with inhaled air. Rise as you slowly exhale.

Exercise No. 4.

Stand easily, with the feet well apart. Now exhale the breath in a gentle sigh, and, at the same time, sink the body down to a crouching position, with the head bent forward and the finger tips lightly touching the floor. Then rise suddenly, stretching the body up to its full height, with the arms extended toward the ceiling. At the same time take a full breath. After a moment of firm stretching upward, exhale the breath easily, and sink back to the crouching nosition. back to the crouching position.

back to the crouching position.

Exercise No. 5.

Stand easily on both feet, with the head and chest up, and the arms hanging by the sides. Inhale a full breath through the nose, as slowly as possible. Then exhale, also as slowly and gently as you can, to the sound of 'sh' as in 'hush.''

These exercises are fundamental. The first straightens the spine and uplifts the chest, the walls of which are at the same time expanded and made more flexible. Then, also, the head is thrown backward, so that the chest walls are free to expand and contract. The second exercise does all this, and, in addition, teaches the exact movements of normal respiration. The third exercise develops the lower part of the lungs, the diaphragm, and the waist muscles. The fourth movement develops the lungs and every important muscle in the body, and adds to the working efficiency of every organ. The fifth is an exercise especially adapted to the development of the voice in speaking and singing, also to resting the body when fatigued.

#### Daddy and Me

My dad he often looks at me My dad he often looks at me And says how very glad he'd be If he could only be a boy. I guess that it's so long ago Since he was one, he doesn't know That being boys ain't so much joy.

Now you just bet, I'd be real glad. To be grown up as big as dad, And have a beard and never do A thing 'less I just wanted to.

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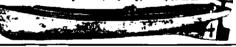
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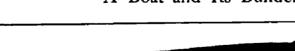
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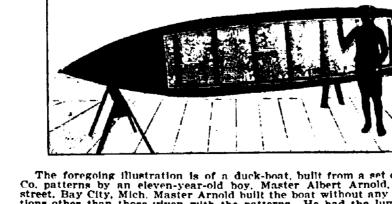
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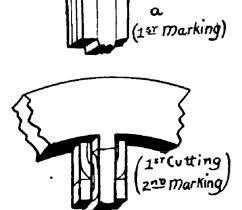


Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements





The foregoing illustration is of a duck-boat, built from a set of Brooks Boat Mnfg. Co. patterns by an eleven-year-old boy. Master Albert Arnold, residing at 1400 11th street. Bay City, Mich. Master Arnold built the boat without any assistance or instructions other than those given with the patterns. He had the lumber properly dressed according to the bill and worked four days building the boat. We think this a pretty good showing. Arnold and his boy friends used the boat all summer, and it is tight and serviceable, comparing favorably with any of the boats of this class. He has since added a small sall and although he experiences difficulty in working to windward, the boat sails well with the wind free. Arnold now intends to get to work on a larger boat. He has earned almost enough money to buy the patterns and material. He says in a letter to us that almost any boy with ambition enough to stick at it can build a pretty rowboat if he wants to, and that his father says, if a boy has to earn the money to buy his patterns and material he will appreciate his boat all the more. Arnold has been a constant reader of THE AMER-ICAN BOY for several years, and his idea in writing us was that perhaps other boys would like to know how he was able to build and own his boat.



ELENS

## The American Boy

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#### THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postolice as Second-class Matter

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 32 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.50, New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE. President and Editor. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS. Vice-President and Ass't Editor. Secretary and Treasurer. J. COTNER, Ja.,

#### Our Washington's Birthday Number

We feel proud of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY. And do you not think our pride is justifiable? There have been numbers of our paper that did not beg n to measure up to our ideals; this one is at least some approach to it. We submit to you boys the question, is there anywhere a better collection of boy literature in thirty-two pages that surpasses it in live interest, in educational value, in healthful inspiration? We submit to you fathers, mothers, teachers, employers, friends of boys the question, do you know of any influence that can come into a boy's life giving promise of more easily winning lift over to a love for good reading than is this paper? Honestly, now, have we not reason to be proud of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY? Can we improve on it? Yes, in many, many ways. Will we? Of course. You do not know us if you think we are content to rest satisfied with present attainments. We expect to kee, on growing and improving. Good as THE AMERICAN BOY is today, it is not as good as we intend to make it tomorrow.

#### How Two Boys Built a Wireless Telegraph

(Continued from page 124.)

as an aerial, connecting your ground wires to the water pipes, or gas pipes. Now see if you can get signals from one to the other by carefully adjusting the distance between the ends of the brass rods in the coherer, or perhaps changing the amount of filings between them. Everything depends upon the proper action of these filings.

"When you get them so that the roles."

pends upon the proper action of these filings.
"When you get them so that the relay will respond every time one of you makes a signal with his coil, then adjust the tapper so that it will shake the filings apart as soon as the relay closes the circuit. You will then have no trouble with the sounder as it works on the same circuit as the tapper. You will hardly need the sounder, in fact, since the buzz of the tapper will indicate the signals just as well, but if you wish to put the sounder clsewhere, you can take it off the base and mount it separately. An electric bell can be put in its place, or connected in the same manner from some other part of the house to be used as a call signal, the aerial wire clip being left connected to the coherer at all times while not sending; then either of you can call the other.

times while not sending; then either of you can call the other.

"And now for the alphabet. The alphabet used is the old Morse code, although there have been some changes made so that the dashes may be more easily transmitted. Unless one has an electrolytic detector, it is difficult to distinguish between mitted. Unless one has an electrolytic detector, it is difficult to distinguish between the short and long dashes. I will print for you, below this sketch, the Morse code as it is used by telegraphers. The dots are made by pressing the key down for just a short period, while the dashes are made by holding the key down for a longer period, the long dash being equal to two short dashes, and the short dash about twice as long as the dot. The spaces between the dots and dashes are about as long as the dots, and those between the letters about as long as the long dash.

"Now let me know when you have the

be great."
"Good bye, boys."

"Good bye, Uncle Henry."

#### Morse Code.

a · —	u
b — · · ·	v
c · · ·	w · — —
₫ —··	x · — · ·
e ·	y
f ·	z
g	& '
h	, ·—·—
i ··	? —··—·
j	• · · ·
k —·—	1
1 —	2 · · — · ·
m — —	3
n — ·	4····-
0	5 — — —
p	8
q · · — ·	7 — — · ·
r	8
<b>s</b> · · ·	9
t	0 —

(The end.)

#### Amateur Journalism Dept.

(Continued from page 121.)

(Continued from page 121.)

lisher. A specimen quip is "The printer and not the Editor made all the mistakes!" Don Otto Herald, Bloomfield, Ind., gets out "The Flea."—"The National Star" is a worthy beginning. We suggest the use of smaller type for the heading and for titles. Wm. Barton. Chicago, is the publisher.—"The Sport." published at Vacaville, Cal., by Burleigh Bashford, has the editor's own name misspelt, but is otherwise free from typographical errors. The impression on the inside pages is very even, and there is no reason for the poorer appearance of the front and back pages. A typographical treat is the only description which fits the beautifully printed Christmas issue of "The Lucky dog," which Tim Thrift, of 61 W. Roy street, Cleveland, has just malled.—An amateur paper, ated January, and received in November, is a rarity indeed. The distinction belongs to "The Pansy Magazine," published by Howard G. Brooks, of New Brunswick, N. J. The publisher has remarkably full advertising columns and this affords proof of what we have more than once asserted, namely, the enterprising amateur can make his paper self-supporting with advertising matter. "The Pansy Magazine" has a musical poem by L. M. Ayres, one of the leading amateur poets; a striking essay on "Pawn Shops," by Frank Bucksiew, local Y. M. C. A. secretary, and interesting miscellany and editorials. It has the admirable motto. "Watch the Pansy Grow," which it has lived up to during the past year, being now twice its original size.

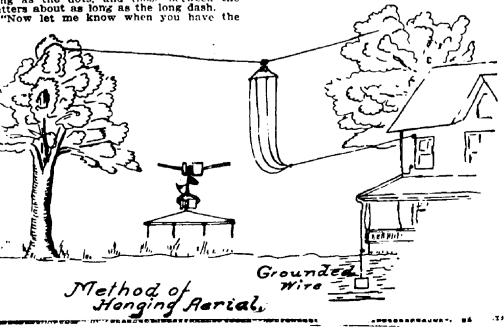
#### The Bulletin Board

The Bulletin Board

The Western Amateur Press Association held a successful and lively convention on Thanksgiving Day in Milwaukee. Ira E. Seymour, of Kansas City, Mo., was elected president. His home city was selected for next convention seat.—A second transcontinental tour is being taken close on the heels of that of President Lind, of the National A. P. A. Jas. F. Morton, Jr., an ex-president of the N. A. P. A., is delivering a series of literary and philosophical lectures throughout the country, and in each city is stirring up the amateurs.—J. W. Smith has resigned as official editor of the United and I. E. Seymour, a former president, now holds the office.—Thos. A. Edison, the great inventor, formerly published an amateur paper when he was a new shoy on the Grand Trunk R. R. The baggage car was his print shop, and he sold his little journal to the passengers.—The Blue Proci Club has been recently organized in New York City.—Lynn Pritchard, the 11-year-old editor of Grand Rapids, Mich., has discontinued "The News" after three years of publication.

#### The Question Box

John Hughes: 1. The price of 8-point body type is 52c per lb. 2. To ascertain amount of type required for a publication, divide the number of square inches of the desired page size by 4 and the quotient "ill be the number of lbs. required. About 25 per cent should be added to the weight for dead letters.—Fred L. Cowles: Several reliable printing-press manufacturers advertise in our columns. We believe that credit is given by some houses if good bank reference is furnished.—T. G. Meyer: There are three national amateur press associations. If you write enclosing stamp full information of the Inter-state will be sent you. The average yearly dues in each association is \$1.00.—



instruments finished and I will help you set them up."

"Oh, will you, Uncle Henry? That will be great."

"Good bye, boys."

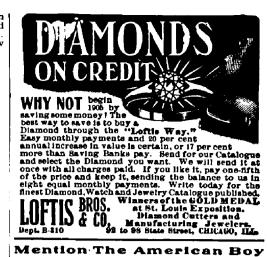
"A. Jest": The National Amateur Association will convene next July in Cleveland. The United will meet about the same time in Kansas City. The Inter-state will meet on Labor Day in New York City.

#### Courage

Be courageous! Do not falter
In the task you've set to do;
If the work seem hard and prosy,
All the future may be rosy
Yet for you.

If the game be worth the winning—Whether health or gold await—
If you're in the strife to win it,
Oh, improve each precious minute
Ere too late.

Be courageous! Ever hopeful
That there'll be a smoother way—
That your burden may be lighter,
And that time will bring a brighter, Sweeter day.



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## YOU DON'T NEED A GUN JUJ

If you would know how to defend yourself, unarmed, against every form of violous attack and render helpless your assailant with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing-if you would possess that physical strength and power of of endurance which characterize the Japaness sold er-you must learn Jiu-Jitsu. Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense the world has ever known. Its practice develops every muscle, every tissue and strengthens every organ of the human body. It makes men "strong as steel," and women the physical equal of men of their own age and weight. As a means of self-defense, it is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. The Science includes a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and teaches how to produce temporary paralysis by a slight pressure exerted at one of the many vulnerable points. When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds," it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a woman to overcome and render powerless the strongest man.

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For over 2000 years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an Imperial edict the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States, has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath-bound secrety, and all the secrets of the Japanese National System of Physical Training and Scif-Defense are now being revealed to the American people for the first time by the YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSI, at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Jiu-Jitsu has formulated a correspondence course which contains full instructions in Jiu-Jitsu. It is identical with the course taught in the leading school of Japan.

#### FIRST LESSON SENT FREE

An intensely interesting book which explains the principles of Jiu-Jitan has just been written by Mr. Yabe. As long as the edition lasts this book together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with full page half-tone engravings and shows one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jisa for disposing of a dangerous antagonist. If you desire to know more about the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science, you should write to-day for this free book and specimen lesson. They will be sent you by return mail, postpaid. Address

#### THE YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU.

145 S. REALTY BUILDING.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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 undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to letters.

The prize for the best list of answers to the December Tangles is won by the Gopher Tangle Club, Hastings.

"Sperm O. Filus," George V. Jehu, "Pocket Gopher," and Joseph M. Heinen, "The Gopher."

Special mention must be accorded the list of C. Roland Kerbaugh and Henvis S. Roessler, jointly, which crowded the winner closely. special mention must be accorded the list of C. Roland Kerbaugh and Henvis S. Roessler, jointly, which crowded the winner closely. The prize for the best lot of original puzzles goes to William Felder Howell. Hatch Bend, Florida, "'Way down upon the Suwannee river." Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Conger Roads, Gideon Buchanan, Arthur Lovdahl, Harry B. Mayer, Mary S. Baker. Morton L. Mitchell. Allert Brager, Thomas Coughlin, L. Roy Engle, Jay Kienzle, Burke Lincoln Bigwood, Claude Baker, Thomas Hellier, Fred R. Henkelman, Eugene A. Scanlon, J. Horace Trumbull, Emelle L. Wollpert, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Leonard Steburg, Howard S. Currier, Arthur Bevan, Dwight C. Hoover, Rex Holley, Daniel Killion Jr., Kathryn Holden, Russell Vhalley, Cyril Hrbek, Ludwig Schreiber, Myrta Aatthews, F. Harold Goodrich, Jas. Curry, Leroy P. Morrison, Harold J. Westcott, Arthur Yingling, Vattel Elbert Daniel, Vernor Lovett, Old Poser, Bam Turrentine Jr., Sarah Gilles, Alfred W. Robertson, Floy Davidson, Edward R. Stone, Edward Hendrickson, Max Tharinger, J. Wilmer Stevens. Dickie J. DePree, Hollis J. Wyman, John H. Seamans, Jay S. Whitmore, Roy Jeffries, George C. Nespital, Felix Mac-Swalm, Richard Rundell, John H. Jones, Wm. B. Leitch, Carl Behring, Dudley B. Kimball, Robert D. Holmes Jr., Cornelius Hyatt, Harry M. Sawver, Roger Barr, Harry Berg, Donald Avery, Whitney Shepardson, S. Ward Seeley, Lawrence Drobisch, Verne J. Stocking, William J. Adair, Harry Dinges, Henry Masten, Adam G. Quandt, Katherine Haren, Leo Dale Dunlap, Harry Slade Carter, Arthur Frieholin, Herbert M. Cass, Arthur Schieber, Frank N. Blanchard, Walker J. Hamilton, M. Grav, D. Waldo Brown, Ryder Lannon, Joseph Harold Eisenwein, Fred Barthalonani, Belah Harbauet, Cowanny, Cthans whe Arthur Schieher, Frank N. Handhard, Walker J. Hamilton, M. Grav. D. Waldo Brown. Ryder Lannon. Joseph Harold Eisenwein, Fred Bartholonnal. Raiph Herbert Cowdery. Others who wrote in pencil or on both sides of the paper, or who sent in copied puzzles as original. or cut the Tangles out of THE AMERICAN BOY and sent the pieces to us, cannot receive mention in

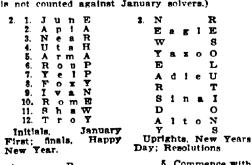
Read across and down this department. A prize of a new book will be given for the heat list of answers to the February Tangles 12. Reserved by February 39.

H

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by February 20. As these will appear in April it will be wise to use subjects pertaining to that month. This reply to one of our country boy solvers may explain to others as well our position with reference to Tangles requiring research. We feel that it would not be fair to the intelligence of our Tanglers to confine our puzzles to the ilmitations of the first reader or the common school geography. We want the Tangles to be just a little over your head, and not so simple and vapid as to cease to be puzzles. We want to make you reach up, and to learn a little something you didn't know, while you are enjoying the pleasure of the contest. That's why we use the best authorities and the best books in proving up all our contributors' puzzles before publication, and in making alterations freely in original matter to reach our high stan lard. Bible, atlas, history, standard literature, the classics, mythology, dictionary and encyclopaedia, all are called into requisition to make our Tangles worth while. Many of our best original puzzles and most complete sets of answers come to us every month from R. F. D subscribers. Every country home should have—many alrendy have—an up-to-date atlas, a good unabridged dictionary and a set of encyclopaedias, containing the class of information imparted in the Tangles. If the Tangles spur the country boys to acquiring such a library they have done much of good. Keep THE AMERICAN BOY intact from month to month, compare the published answers carefully with the original Tangles of the mouth previous, and you will find you are unconsciously acquiring an enlarged view on many subjects. We use chiefly the Century atlas as authority for geographical names, but any standard authority is admitted.

#### Answers to January Tangles

1. (Owing to the incorrect illustration which inadvertently appeared with Itinerary Tangle, number 1 of January, precluding the possibility of its intelligent solution, this Tangle is repeated this month, as number 18, with the correct illustration, and the answer, in consequence, is withheld one month. Failure to solve number 1 is not counted against January solvers.)



Day; Resolutions RAM
RUNES
DEBATED
BELLMETAL
NEWYEARSDAY

5. Commence with K in the corner: Kansas was ad-mitted into the Union in January eighteen - hundred eighteen - hun and sixty-one.

Begin with the tenth letter on the top line and read to the right: President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

7. 1. PriNceton
2. ButlEr
3. CoWpens
4. Hayes
5. NEWOrleans
6. MichigAn
7. FRenchtown
8. MillSprings
9. PresiDent
10. KansAs 8. S. H. Burns & 19. (ring). Diamond Match Co., (matches). Richard-son Mfg. Co., (strain-er). Andersch Bros. (skunk), Union Stamp Co., (stamp), Standard Stamp Co., (stamp). S. J. Allen

9. PresiDent dard Stamp Co., (atamp). S. J. Allen Zig-zag, New Years Day. Business Institute, (I-arn telegraphy). Friend Supply Co., (foot ball pants). Grand Rapids Hand Screw Co., (bench). Corona Mfg. Co., (photo brooch). Ohlo Electric Works, (electric lamp). First letters, Strauss Mfg. Co.

The

9. MACATISGARDE
CARTHGLSHTON
QMLRNFIOOWIO
AXACSUANNOLD
Commence with C in the top line and read
downward through six perpendicular rows;
Chicago, St. Louis, Washington.

10. 1. Season, son, on, sea. 2. Eat, eatable, a. able, - 3. Brother, the, Brotherhood, hood, her,

11.	CertaiN	Yellows
	bAlefUl	rEtreAt
	LacteaL	NominaL
	aUdibLe	mllitla
		SalvagE
	Mascall	
	tErrify	pEnnaNt
	TestifYavap	alntrusT
	pasti	Ме
	Nostr	u M
	вКірр	
	Emoti	
	rEpre	
	TEPTE	
	PompouStatu	TEUALLON
	m AndaTe	a NagrAm
	TroopeR	Strides
	sTellAr	sTretCh
	EntreaT	ApprisE
	aRcanUm	eMineNt
		PropheT
	NorthaM	Frohuer

Zig-zags: Calumet, nullify, Yenisel, sal'ent, Yankees, immense, pattern, stratum, enstamp, nascent.

12. Coss, moss, 14. MATCH
boss, goss, loss, SALAD
hoss ("one-hoss ROYAL
shay"), goss, toss, TENET
1088. SETON joss, noss, poss, ross. Read across and down.

13. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. Psalms CXVIII., 8.

#### New Tangles

#### CHERRY TREE TANGLE.

All the cherries are to be interpreted by words of the same number of letters. When picked and arranged in correct order the initials will spell a personage connected with February.



-William Felder Howell.

#### FEBRUARY ACROSTIC.

The initials and the central starred letters, read downward each spell the surname of a great American born in February. The 4. - \* - American born in February. The final letters are uniform.
6. - - 1. Where the Joneses come from. 2. Otherwise. 3. A native of a certain European republic.
9. - - 4. Abraham Lincoln's mother's maiden name. 5. Ancient Peruvian rulers. 6. The ninth day before the ides, in the Roman calendar. 7. One-hundred and forty-four. 3. Cultivates. 9. Scents. 10. 9, 9, 9.

#### CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

The numbered letters, taken together in order, spell the surname of a President bern in February.

-5 - Upper left square: A division of the brain; was indebted; a leguminous plant; a female name.

-8 - 10 - Upper right square: A native prince of India; the New Testament spelling of the eighth son of Jacob; the son of Jehoshaphat who became king of Israel; a genus of plants.

Center square: The word Christ employs in

Center square: The word Christ employs in speaking of God as His Father; an oblique line; Adeadly poison; at sea.

Lower left square: A Buddhist priest; the Amalekite king whom Samuel hewed in pieces; a

Lower right square: An exclamation of sorrow; to fasten with a key; an eruption of the skin; a snow-shoe for coasting.

—Cornelius Hyatt.

#### ITINERARY TANGLE.

An American boy started on a journey at the city numbered 1, and visited the cities indicated on the map in exact numerical order. He found on reaching the big city numbered 2 that the first letter of the name of each city he had visited, taken in the order of his visit, spelled the name of a famous American document issued in January. Name the cities and the document.—An American Boy.

#### FEBRUARY GEOGRAPHY.

The horizontals are all found in a state name!

for a President born

for an other president born

for an other President born

1. The highest mountain in the state. 2. The body of water on which the largest city is situated. 3. A "Port" on an arm of the above. 4. A city in the northwest part. 5. A cape. 6. A county. 7. The third largest city. 8. A mountain near the center of the state. mountain near the center of the state.
—Morton L. Mitchell.

#### FAMOUS NICKNAMES.

The initials of the required names, taken in order as given, spell the surname of one always associated with February in the American boy's

mind.

1. Expounder of the Constitution. 2. Old Man Eloquent. 3. Vice-President of the Confederacy.

4. The Superb. 5: Jonathan Oldstyle. 6. City of Elms. 7. The Teacher President. 8. Rock of Chickamauga. 9. Andrew Jackson's sobriquet.

10. The Little Corporal. —Bert S. Barney.

#### MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC.

The initials spell the name given to a February day, celebrated in all Christian lands. The words are of unequal length.

HATCHET TANGLE.

Substitute the required names for the numbers forming the hatchet. Then commencing with a certain letter and taking every third letter once around the hatchet in a certain direction, find a February holiday celebrated by every American

1 to 3, a county of Idaho: 1 to 4, a man men-

1 to 3, a county of Idaho; 1 to 4, a man mentioned in scripture; 4 to 8, Secretary of War under President Polk; 13 to 8, U. S. Senator from Connecticut since 1881; 13 to 15, present Secretary of State; 13 to 17, a President of the U. S.; 18 to 21, an American Revolutionary officer, defeated at Briar Creek in 1779; 19 to 27, a great American General, hero of a famous ride 3; to 27, President McKinley's first Secretary of War; 34 to 32, Christian name of President Grant's last Secretary of the Treasury; 34 to 37, President McKinley's Secretary of the Navy; 40 to 37, the thirteenth Vice-President of the U S; 43 to 40, the second Secretary of Agriculture; 43 to 38, an eminent English writer of the nineteenth century; 44 to 49, President Garfield's Secretary of State; 2 to 57, a recent Secretary of State, afterwards U. S. Supreme Court justice; 56 to 53, signer of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey; 55 to 50, a Vice-President of the U. S. who became President.

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA.

My whole has 19 letters, and is the title of a play by William Shakespeare. 14-3-10-17-7-19 is the opening scene of the play. 9-16-11-12-10-17-12 is a character in the play. 4-12-1-2 is a character in "Love's Labor's Lost. 13-6-12-11-8 is a character in "Measure for Measure." 8-15-6-12 is a character in "Much Ado About Nothing." is a character in "Much Ado About Nothing." 2-5-18-1-12-6 is a character in "Troilus and Cressida." —The Idiot.

ANAGRAM STORY.

All blanks to be filled with words made from the same five letters transposed, without repeti-

tion.

Milton says: "Bring the \*\*\*\* primrose that forsaken dies." Every country on \*\*\*\* has need of first-rate men—not men who \*\*\* has need of first-rate men—not men who \*\*\* or M, or Z, but real first-raters. A man with a brave \*\*\*\*, who is a good \*\*\*\* of evil, and willing to go to \*\*\*\* even, if his country demands it, is the true patriot. Our own America! Look \*\* \*\*\*! Why was it the poet, \*\*\*\*, left her to live in England? Was it for \*\*\* edd it? Like an old salt \*\*\* \*\* salled across the deep, and like the proverbial \*\*\* \* left the ship at port. Two words stan for true manhood. Their initials \*\*\* \* .

The words are Truth, Honesty, American boys \*\*\* \* and T from the alphabet of manhood and wear them in your bosoms.

and wear them in your bosoms.

33-32-3/-30-29-28-27-26-23-24-23-22

-Allert Brager.

54·55 53

52.5/

43

50

Cressida."

35

44.43.42.41.40

36

37

38

#### BATTLE CHESS.

Find the names of 19 or more famous battles on the following chess board, by the king's move, which is one square in any direction, using each letter as often as needed, but repeating no letter until after moving from its square

I	0	N	A	н	0	٨	E
v	H	Y	В	В	0	N	N
R	A	T	T	E	บ	I	G
Y	M	I	В	R	G.	r	N
R	A	N	E	L	A	w	I
C	E	G	н	т	o	: [	Y
Y	J	ន	o	A	$\overline{\mathbf{a}}$	O	L
P	L	A	5	E	N	v	A

-Frank C. McMillan.

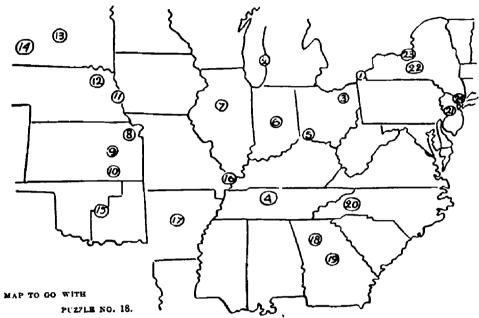
#### HIDDEN WORD SQUARES.

Two four-word squares are concealed in the

Two four-word squares are successful or following sentences.

Give Jane a ride in the new cart, Sam. Claire, a little girl, lost a reader going to school. Some boys led a horse to the captain, who in a rage demanded, "Is our hero dead?"

—Osborn J. Dunn.



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# 1. The king of Corinth who for his wickedness was compelled in the lower world ever to roll a stone up hill, only to have it tumble down again. 2. A son of Neptune, half man and half fish. 3. The goddess of the hearth. 4. The goddess of the dawn. 5. The Trojan who tried to prevent the entrance of the wooden horse into Troy. 6. The muse of lyric poetry. 7. The goddess whose fourteen children were slain by Apollo. 8. The great Greek bero and kink who conquered the Amazons. 9. The sister of the Harples, and the personification of the rainbow. 10. The gol of the sea. 11. The muse of love sings, 12. The Roman god of agriculture. 13. The mald who was changed into a laurel tree while being pursued by Apollo. 14. The great hero of the Highlis. The Hindu god who rules in heaven over the blessed. —Richard Rundell.

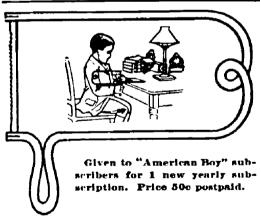
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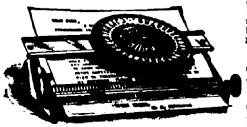
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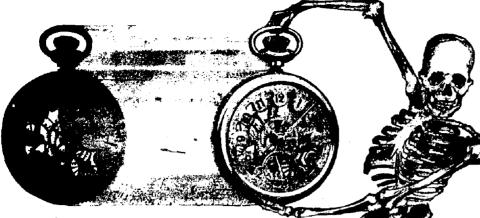
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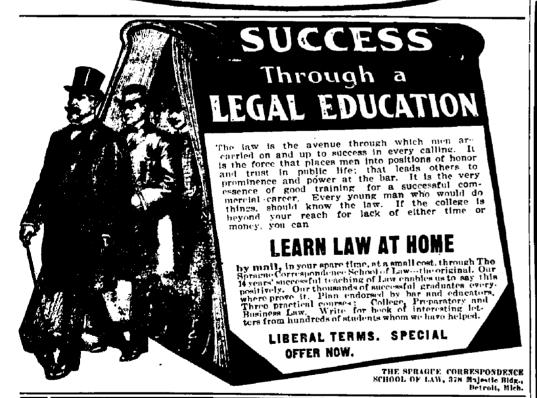
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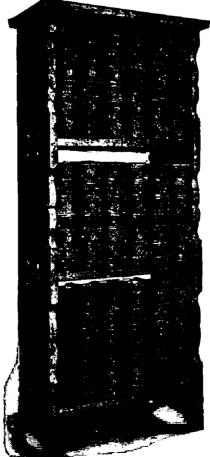
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MARCH

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Number 5

## FOR THE MI

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(BEGUN IN DECEMBER)

CHAPTER VIII.

TAKAHAKI FACES THE FOE.

THE GREAT THANKSGIVING game between Annapolis and West Point, witnessed by ten thousand spectators, including a special trainof army and navy people from Washingload resulted in a tie of six to six, each ton. scoring a touch-down and goal. There a strong wind blowing down the field, and the goal in each case was made by the team having it behind them. There were many brilliant plays, and so much desperate fighting in scrimmages that both sides were pretty well done up at the conclusion of the game. From it, however, West Point went home very well content, for their information concerning the strength of the navy team had caused them to fear a crushing defeat at its hands. Annapolis, on the other hand, retired from the battle in a despondent frame of mind. Cy Snelling, their heaviest man, had a dislocated ankle, and so, of course, was out of the L-- University game that must be played three days later. Also the L. U.'s had defeated West Point 11 to 6, while Annapolis only had tied the score.

And what had Takahaki done in this, his first match game? He simply had succeeded in getting himself ruled off the field at the very beginning of the first half, on the charge of striking a foul blow. He was making a beautiful run with the ball, dodging the would-be tacklers in a manner to arouse the envy of "Eel" Lloyd himself. Only one man remained between him and a touch-down, and the young Japanese warded off his interference with an open-handed defense that was so effective as to leave the other for a moment incapable of further effort. He at once claimed to have been struck by a clenched fist, and an umpire, judging wholly from the effect of the blow, allowed the claim, thereby disqualifying Takahaki from further play during that game.

Captain Brownleigh vigorously protested against this decision, but with so little effect that Takahaki, muffled in an ulster, was compelled to view the remainder of the struggle from the side lines. Smarting under the unfairness of his treatment, sitting there alone, and as he thought unnoticed, he was extremely unhappy. Why had he allowed himself to be tempted to join in this silly game, so cumbered with rules that one might as well be blindfolded and have his hands tied behind him? If it were only Botori, unhampered by regulations of any kind, how he could enjoy the mad rush and flerce struggle! But this football, with its umpires eager to rule one off the field if he so much as lifted a hand against an opponent: Bah! it was a game for girls or little children, and he would have no more of it.

All at once the lad's bitter musings were interrupted by a scrap of conversation that came to him from the bleachers but a few feet away.

'It is a fool thing to allow a dwarf like that on a football team where he must meet real men, and it is well for him that he was ruled out before he got smashed like a grasshopper," said a harsh voice.

"Oh, I don't know," replied another. "It seemed to me that he was doing first-class work, and was in a fair way to make his touch, when they ruled him off for slugging."
"Slugging!" retorted the first speaker. "That is

a good one! Why, that infant couldn't slug a flea. No; it is more to be believed that he was ruled off at his own request, to save his wretched little life. I only hope they will take him out of their team, for I should hate to meet him in a game. I might

step on him without knowing it."
"Have a care, Suwarrow!" laughed the other. "Remember the story of David and Goliath, that is if you ever heard it. There is always the chance that a little man may have something unexpected

up his sleeve.' At this moment, Takahaki, attracted by the sound of a name that he had learned to hate, rose to his feet, turned squarely about, and stared at the speakers. They were young men, evidently students, and one of them was a pleasant-faced chap who reminded him of Dun Brown, and whom he felt that he could like. The other was a blonde giant, with a mane of tawny hair, whom he hated on sight, as instinctively as a dog hates a wolf. A single glance of bitter defiance flashed between them, and then the Japanese lad moved away.

"That is the very chap we were talking about! I hope he didn't overhear what we said!" exclaimed the smaller man of the two, recretfully.

"I care not if he hears all and as much more, the Makaki!" responded Suwarrow, savagely.

That night Captain Brownleigh planned the rearrangement of his forces made necessary by the loss

of Snelling. He himself had played at right guard and had looked forward, not without considerable trepidation, it must be confessed, to facing the giant who played left guard on the L. U. team. Now he must take Snelling's place as center rush and snapback. Who should he put in as guard to face the big Russian? He had plenty of fairly heavy men to choose from, but no two of them put together seemed heavy enough when his mind pictured the giant of the opposite side. He made a diagram showing the relative positions of the players of both teams, and studied it with knitted brows. "Lloyd, of course, will continue at quarter, and you, Taki, will play at right half as you have done. Hall, Jones and Abercrombie must stay where they are," he said aloud, though not addressing anyone in particular; "but who to put in for guard opposite that infernal Russian, beats me.'

"Dun Brown, if you would let me play on that guard," began Takahaki hesitatingly.

"You, Taki!" cried Dunster, looking up to see if the other were in earnest. "Why, you are the lightest man on the team, while I am looking for the heaviest. Of course, you don't mean it, though."

"Yes, Dun Brown, I mean all right. I am make this ball play for only catch that Rus-si-an, and would be where I may meet him most quick, and most time. If you would make of me guard I will be very glad."

"Why, man, he would eat you alive at one mouth-

"Maybe, if he can open his mouth; but also maybe it will stay too tight shut."

'Honest, Taki, do you think you could do a thing to him?"

"Yes, Dun Brown, I think maybe so."

"By George! I've half a mind to let you try it. There isn't anyone else who would have half a show against him, and it may break him all up just to see a little chap like you facing him. Perhaps he'll be afraid to tackle you hard for fear you will explode or something."

So it was settled, in spite of amazed protests from Snelling, from members of the athletic committee, and from half the team. Captain Brownleigh listened patiently, but refused to be moved from the position he had taken; and thus Takahaki gained his heart's desire.

During the next two days the team devoted every spare minute to practice in their new positions, and poor Taki was banged about unmercifully. Even the members of his own eleven felt aggrieved that he should occupy a place for which he seemed so eminently unfitted, and gladly would have seen him forced to resign it. But the Japanese lad took his punishment with smiling good nature, and seemed none the worse for it in the end.

"All I can say of him is that he's a tin wonder on steel springs," remarked "Eel" Lloyd during a heated discussion of the situation, "and though I don't believe he can do a thing to the Russian, it will puzzle the latter to know what to do with him."

Although the crowd of spectators assembled to witness the second and last Navy game of the season was not nearly so great as that at Philadelphia, it was a notable gathering, and filled Annapolis to overflowing. Special trains were run from Baltimore and Washington, and one of them brought the gruff old congressman whom we know as Dunster Brownleigh's godfather.

The L-- University team was the first to trot out from under the grand stand and make its appearance on the field. It was accorded a hearty welcome by the assembled thousands of spectators. many of whom exchanged comments on the extraordinary size of one of its players. A minute later, a thunderous round of cheers greeted the advent of the Navy team, which, losing the choice of goal, promptly lined up for the kick-off, with their eager opponents tacing them.

As the two teams thus assumed position, a sudden roar of laughter broke from the spectators, and with it were mingled cries of:

"David and Goliath!"

"Give the little one his sling."

"Jack and the giant!" "Hold him up, so we can see him."

"Baby mine!"

"Where's his nurse?"

These expressions, and hundreds of others like them, were called forth by the amazing disparity in size of two opposing guards; and they irritated the Navy team until there was hardly a member of it hut what wished Midshipman Matsu back in Japan at that moment.

"Never mind. Taki, don't let them jar you," said Dunster Brownleigh. "I have no ears,"

replied Takahaki, looking up with a quick smile. "I have only eyes for see that

Across ten yards of open space the "Lu Lu's" big guard glared incredulous at his direct opponent. Heretofore he had always been faced by men as nearly of his own size as could be found, and the bigger they were the more pleased he had been, since he thus was given a chance to show off his own prodigious strength to advantage. Now to be faced by a pigniy, a dwarf, a Makaki, as he termed the Japanese, was bewildering. It was even worse than that, it was maddening, for he knew not how to act. How could he use his strength against a thing like that? Perhaps it was only a joke, though, and in another minute the little chap might be replaced by someone more nearly his own size. He glanced into the faces of his comrades to see what they thought of the situation. They were laughing at his predicament. Again he glared at the opposing line. Yes, there was the little man crouched. ready to spring forward, and with eyes narrowed to merest slits, that seemed to pierce him like knives. Then the big man became filled with a terrible rage.

OR, A JAPANESE MIDDY IN ACTION & By KIRK MUNROE

'It is an insult!" he hissed to himself, "but dearly shall they pay for it. And he, the Makaki, I will break him into little pieces."

As these thoughts flashed through Suwarrow's mind the referee's whistle blew. Dun Brown snapped the ball back to quarter, who instantly passed it to a waiting half. The two lines of crouching forwards sprang at each other like unleashed tigers, and the game was on.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"now do you do, six to two?"

As the great game between Annapolis and L-University was played under old rules, several kinds of interference were at that time permitted that since then have been forbidden. Consequently the game was a much more savage affair than would be possible at the present day. From the first crashing collision of the opposing forces, a human figure, projected violently through the air as from a catapult, sailed over the heads of the Navy men and dropped heavily to earth behind them. It was Midshipman Matsu who had thus been picked up and flung bodily by his big antagonist. One of the Navy backs punted at the same moment, and the ball, sailing at such a height as just to clear all heads, struck the human projectile so fairly that they came to the ground together.

Takahaki, holding the ball for a "down," instantly was buried and ground into the earth by the ton's weight of flercely struggling humanity that fell on him with the force of an avalanche. Moreover, as he was judged to have been "off-side" when he caught the ball, his down was not allowed, and his team was compelled to forfeit ten yards of precious territory.

"For Heaven's sake! send that man to the side lines, Brownleigh," demanded Hall. "He's no more good in this game than a child, and if he isn't promptly killed, or taken off the field, he'll ruin us in no time."

'All right," answered the captain, "I'll consider your suggestion. Look out! Here they come!"

The L. U's played a flercely aggressive game and charge after charge, each led by the giant Russian, crashed with relentless force against the Navy line. which slowly but surely was forced backwards. Five yards were lost, ten, fifteen, twenty, and the ball was getting perilously near the Navy goal. Desperately as the middles fought, they could not withstand the cruel weight hurled against them. struggle was on the Navy ten-yard line, when suddenly "Eel" Lloyd emerged from a scrimmage, and running like a hare, with Dunster Brownleigh beside him to ward off interference, succeeded in carrying the ball back into L. U's territory before he was caught and downed.

In the meantime these two had left behind them a terrific scrimmage that raged about a center composed of Takahaki and the big Russian. Never for a moment had the former lost sight of his chosen opponent, nor let slip a chance to attack him. Never again, since the very first, had the big man been able to seize his annoying enemy. The latter eluded his clutch like a drop of quicksilver, and seemed to rebound from him like a rubber ball. Repeatedly the Japanese lad was hurled breathless to the ground and crushed beneath a writhing, prodding, kicking pyramid. Always Suwarrow formed one of its component parts, and for a time he and Takahaki were invariably found grinding against each other at its very bottom. After a while, however, it was noticed that the Russian seemed a trifle less eager to plunge into the very heat of the scrimmage, but contented himself with throwing his great weight against its outer rim. Now, too. Takahaki no longer sought the fate of a grain of wheat between an upper and a

nether millstone, but seemed to float buoyantly to the surface of the plunging mass of heads, legs and arms, always appearing as close to Suwarrow as though he were a steel filing attracted by a magnet. His attacks upon his bulky antagenist were like those of a king-bird against a hawk, and for a long time they seemed equally productive of annoyance, but without other visible effect

Again was the Navy line forced slowly back yard after yard, fiercely but impotently fighting for every inch until they found themselves in the very shadow of their own goal. Then in desperation Captain Brownleigh flung himself across the fatal line with the ball clasped tightly in his arms. He had made a "safety" and might carry the ball out anywhere within his own twenty-five yard line, for a free kick; but at the same time ne had given his opponents two points, the first thus far scored by either side. This was greeted by a joyous roar from the L. U. rooters, and by an ominous silence from those who sympathized with the Navy.

Don't look to me like it was fair to pit a bantam 'gainst a big Shanghai rooster," remarked a certain gruff old congressman, occupying a seat in the grand stand, to a stranger sitting at his left.

"But," replied the latter smiling, "the bantam has the spurs of a gamecock, and if I am not very much mistaken he is using them to good effect. Does the Shanghai appear to you to be quite as aggressive as he did at first?"

"No, I can't say as he does; but what mortal man would, after a solid half hour of rough and tumble fighting? for 'taint nothing else that I can see. I tell you, my friend, there's soemthing wrong about this business. They may call it football as much as they please, but it's nothing of the kind. I've seen the real thing, and I know. Football is a gentleman's game; but the riot these boys are engaged in is more like real fighting than anything I've gazed on since the Civil War."

"Where did you see football played?" inquired the stranger.

"Up in Victoria City, British Columbia, and a prettier game of any kind than that was, I never want to watch."

"Probably played under Association rules," suggested the stranger.

"It certainly was played under rules of some kind, which is more than you can say of the death struggle taking place before our very eyes at this minute.

"There you are mistaken, sir," replied the stranger, who was a naval officer recently returned from Japan. "This game is played under a number of most carefully considered rules that are strictly enforced. For instance, a blow from a clenched fist is not allowed, throttling is not allowed, tackling below the knees is not allowed, nor is tripping, off-side play, or—By Jove! but that was great!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet and joining in a wild outburst of cheering from the Navy side.

"What was it?" asked the congressman during a partial subsidence of the joyful racket.

"Didn't you see the bantam throw the Shanghai

over his head?"

'I saw the big man go down like he'd been shot, but I didn't see who done it. Isn't there any rule against killing a man that way?

'Oh! he isn't killed," laughed the other. "He's only sick at the stomach and wishing the whistle would blow before he has to get up and take more medicine. There it is now! Well, he's in luck this time."

The end of the first half found the score 2 to 0 in favor of L. U., and both sides thankful for a short respite from their tremendous exertions. It also found the middles clamorous for Takahaki's withdrawal from the game, in favor of their heavi-

Only "Eel" Lloyd, stripped to the skin and undergoing a brisk rubbing at the hands of a trainer, entered a protest. "Don't you listen to them, Brownleigh!" he cried. "I've been watching that chap from the very first as anxiously as any one, and if he isn't doing great work then I'm awfully mistaken.'

"But we've got to score in the next half," objected Abercrombie.

"Of course we have, and with the help of our

friend from Japan we can do it, too."

"How is it, Taki?" asked Captain Brownleigh, addressing his room-mate, who was lying prone on the floor stretched at full length and inhaling long, deep-"Can you stand the strain another drawn breaths. half? How are you feeling?'

"I feel pretty fine, Dun Brown, and very glad for catch that Rus-si-an," was the smiling answer.

"Then you wouldn't like for me to put a heavier

man in your place?'

"No, Dun Brown! No!" cried Takahaki in distressed accents, at the same time springing to his feet with the elasticity of a rubber ball. "I am very happy with that Rus-si-an, and pretty quick he will be of the ball-foot tired if I may play with him. No, Dun Brown, if you take me off I so ashamed that maybe I hara-kiri do. If you please!"

'All right, old man, you shall stay in it till the bitter end; but, remember, we've got to score or die a-trying.'

"Hei (yes), Dun Brown, I think maybe we shall score make," replied the lad from Japan, again smiling contentedly.

Apparently, however, he had small cause for content during the earlier portion of the second half, when he might have been the football itself, so terrible was the punishment he received, principally at the hands of the L. U.'s big guard. The latter devoted his entire energy to the annihilation of his small adversary. Once he flung him through the air for a nerve-racking fall; and several times he fell on him with pointed elbows digging viciously into Takahaki's anatomy. Finally the two were lost to sight in the most desperate scrimmage of the game. From it darted "Eel" Lloyd with the ball

tucked under his arm and sprinting like the wind. Fleet runners were at his heels, but he was fleeter than they. Outstretched fingers clutched vainly at his canvas jacket, his neck felt scorched by the heat of panting breaths. A mighty roar from grand stand and bleacher filled the air, but he heard it not. In his ears, to the exclusion of all other sounds, rang the words heard in the dressing room: "We've got to score or die a-trying." A figure loomed ominously before him. He dodged it and fell plump into the arms of another. The next instant he was buried deep beneath a falling mountain, and something snapped. He was vaguely conscious that a sharper pain was added to his already innumerable aches and smarts, but he did not care; all lesser evils were lost to sight in the overwhelming bitterness of his disappointment. Five yards more and he would have scored a touch-down. Now his great run would go for naught. There would be another line-up, and again the L. U.'s, headed by that terrible Russian, would buck, buck, buck, with resistless weight forcing the middles back yard by yard, as they had done over and over, until all that he had gained was again lost.

As the mountain above him was lifted he slowly regained his feet and tried to brace himself for the coming struggle. He was in great pain, and wondered if there was any go in him. All at once he became conscious that the roar of cheering was continuing without abatement, and he wondered what it was for. He glanced back up the field, and in an instant all his pain, all his discouragement were forgotten. The big man of the L. U.'s, their invincible battering-ram and chief bulwark, was being led from the field so completely done up that his head swaved weakly to and fro, and already a substitute, seemingly not more than half his size, was running to take his place opposite the ever-smiling

These two, the Japanese and the Russian, had been found at the very bottom of the scrimmage locked in an embrace so fierce that it took the strength of half a dozen men to separate them. Takahaki was underneath, and it was feared that he was killed; but the moment the Russian was pulled from him he scrambled to his feet and ran to join his comrades who were streaming far down the field in the wake of Lloyd's magnificent run. But Suwarrow had to be helped to his feet, and then was led slowly from the field, incapable of further effort.

So, thanks to the little man from Japan, there no longer was a giant to batter the Navy line. At last they were faced only by men of ordinary stature. a knowledge so cheering and so strengthening that at the crisp signal of quarter-back Lloyd they sprang upon their weakened antagonists and swept them from the earth. At least they rushed them across their own goal line like autumn leaves before a gale, and scored the first touch-down of the day. Then, for one breathless minute, the tremendous riot of cheering was hushed as Dunster Brownleigh took position for a place kick for goal. Lloyd, lying at full length, held the ball just clear of the ground. For an instant the young captain sighted keenly the imaginary line from ball to goal; then he sprang forward and kicked, apparently without effort. Released from Lloyd's hands at the moment of impact, the brown ball, lifting from the ground like a swallow in swift flight, skimmed cleverly over the bar, midway between the sentinel posts, and the goal was won.

"How do you do, Six to two? That is the score We give Lu Lu!"

chanted the Navy rooters, beside themselves with joy. Nor were they later obliged to alter a single note of their jubilant song; for only five minutes of the half remained, and during that interval the exulting middles easily held their own even against the most strenuous efforts of their desperate antag-

So six to two, in favor of Annapolis, remained the score of the fiercest game ever played on the Academy grounds; and that evening, while talking it all over, every member of the team acknowledged that but for Takahaki of Hakodate it certainly would have been 2 to 0, and perhaps much more, against

"It simply was the first battle of a Russo-Japanese war, fought here on American soil," vehemently remarked the gruff old congressman, as he prepared to leave the grand stand; "and I am going to see if something can't be done to put an end to such violations of international comity.

#### CHAPTER X.

#### A FRIENDSHIP WITH THE BUS-SI-AN.

So the football season ended in a blaze of glory at the Naval Academy, and Captain Brownleigh was showered with congratulations upon the success of his administration. The heroes of the great game, Midshipmen Lloyd and Matsu, were laid up for repairs, the former with a fractured collarbone and the latter with two broken ribs but little they cared for such trifles since they were so covered with glory as to be envied by every other member of the team. In her western home, Mrs. Brownleigh was agitated by conflicting emotions. She trembled when she considered the danger to which her boy had been exposed, through her ignorance that games might still be played even after an entire schedule had been cancelled, and at the same time she so glowed with pride at his prowess that she carefully treasured every newspaper account of the great game. It was a comfort, however, to remember that for a year at least there would be no more football.

As for the gruff old congressman, whose indignation, at what he considered the brutality of the

game he had witnessed, caused him to make another effort to have football suppressed at the Academy. he only was laughed at and told that the administration could not afford to vacillate.

After the game, during the very first conversation between Dunster and Takahaki, the former said:

"How you did make that Suwarrow chap hate you, old man! Do you know in the dressing-room, after it was all over, I heard him sputtering to himself, in his own tongue, that some day he hoped to have the pleasure of helping to wipe every Japanese off the face of the earth. I shut him up quick, by answering in Polish, which he evidently understood, that possibly the wiping out might be done by the other side. You ought to have seen him glare at me! Weren't you afraid he would

kill you in some one of those scrimmages?"
"No, Dun Brown," replied Takahaki, scornfully.
"I not any 'fraid of that Rossky; but he of me was very 'fraid, and but for those ru-als (rules), I would have make him so that he could not finish even one half. Many thing I could do to him, but for those ru-als; and they make me 'shamed for be so long to at length put him from the game. It is those ru-als that I do not like so much that never ary more will I the ball-foot play. Much better I like Botori, with no ru-als.'

"Never play again!" cried the captain of the team, in dismay. "Oh, come, Taki! You surely don't mean that. Why we are already counting "Oh, come, Taki! on you with your jiu-jitsu tricks for next season's work."

"Yes, Dun Brown, I mean. Without jiu-jitsu am I not any good in ball-foot play; and with ball-foot ru-als, jiu-jitsu not any good. So next when I fight with a Rossky it must be that no ru-als come in between us."

So decided was Takahaki's stand against a game whose rules forbade him to attack even a Russian according to his own benighted ideas of what was right and proper, that though he continued to be active in all other athletics, the memorable struggle with L. U. was his first and last match game of football. It had, however, done him the good service to firmly establish his social position at the Academy, where his dash and fearlessness. combined with gentle manners, unfailing cheerfulness, and exquisite courtesy, rendered him a prime favorite. Between him and Dunster Brownleigh there sprang up a love like that of David and Jonathan, and the influence of the lad from Japan over the happy-go-lucky young American was most salutary. Of course Dunster could not allow a 'Jap" to outrank him as a student, though to hold his own he was forced to work as never before in his life. Nor could he get into much mischler; because Takahaki, having implicit confidence in him, insisted on following his lead in everything, thus making him directly responsible for whatever troubles they might encounter.

The Japanese government having instructed Midshipman Matsu to gain, while in America, all possible knowledge concerning the construction and management of submarine boats, he spent his second year's furlough in the yard and shops of a torpedo boat construction company that made a specialty of submarines, and Dunster Brownleigh accompanied him.

"Not but what I'd a heap rather be up in the "Not but what I've a near rather as a spending the Adirondacks where my people are spending the summer, and have you go along with me, marked the latter. "But, as I can't persuade you to do that, any more than I could persuade the moon to come down out of the sky, and as I want to know just as much about submarines as you do, there's nothing for it that I can see, but just to tag after you, and spend the only vacation I've had in two years at a measly old shipyard among a lot of greasy shops."

"So Dunster followed Takahaki; and his parents, leaving the Adirondacks for his sake, took rooms in a great seaside hotel not far from the shipyard, where they did everything in their power to give the two young fellows a good time out of working hours. Because the Brownleighs were there the gruff old congressman, now become a senator, also put in an appearance at the seaside hotel; and about the same time the Japanese Minister, desirous of seeing for himself how the protege of his Mikado was getting along, ran down for a week, and all these people became drawn together by a sympathetic bond, the name of which was Takahaki.

Mr. Brownleigh spoke of him as one of the most remarkable young men he ever had met; while Mrs. Brownleigh already loved him on account of his friendship with her boy. The senator, who had seen him on the football field, admired his fighting qualities, and the Minister naturally was proud of the lad who not only had achieved distinction in his own country, but had in so short a time gained an enviable reputation among strang-

There were a number of pretty girls at the hotel, every one of whom declared herself to be intensely interested in torpedo boats, and most anxious for further knowledge of the subject. As the senator, still connected with naval appropriations, and desirous of learning something of their expenditure, had a government launch at his disposal, in which to visit the shipyard whenever he felt inclined, all these young ladies made love to him, with the result that launch parties to the shipyards became the most popular form of that season's entertainment. So the senator's launch always was well filled with a bevy of girls, sometimes chaperoned by Mrs. Brownleigh, sometimes gathered in a flattering group about the grave-faced Japanese Minister, but never for a moment neglecting the senator himself; and when they reached the shippard Dunster and Takahaki, appearing very manly in their working suits of oil-stained canvas, were in instant demand as guides and explainers of the bewildering sights

(Continued on page 135.)



## Just Aetween Gurselves



#### GOING TO CHURCH

THANK YOUS.

Dear Boys:—

HAVE HAD so many "thank yous" from you for what I have said from time to time under the heading of "Just Between Ourselves," that I am encouraged to keep on. I have had ample evidence, too, of the fact that some of the advice I have given has been seriously taken by you, and a knowledge of this makes me sure that the space devoted to these talks is not wasted.

Then, too, I have had much encouragement from parents and grown-up friends of boys. Parents say in some cases that their boys take advice from me sooner than they take it from them. This is not strange because somehow or other we get to feeling that persons with whom we are on terms of intimacy are not much wiser than ourselves. I have even heard of boys who think they know more than their parents do. Yet these same boys will often give a respectful hearing to some stranger, although his advice may not be a whit better, or wiser, than what they get at home.

And I do not forget that there are many thousands of boys who do not get advice of any kind, except such as they get by way of a scolding or punishment. Nor do I fail to recall that there is a great deal of bad advice given to boys, for all parents are not wise to know what is best for their boys, nor are all solicitous about whether their boys have good advice or not.

To such boys as would rather take the advice of a stranger, to such boys as get no advice at home, and to such boys as get evil advice, I am glad to be able to talk.

SOME REASONS FOR GOING TO CHURCH.

I was recently asked by a young man whether it was to a boy's credit that he attended church when he did it simply for the purpose of getting in with good people and thus perhaps the more easily getting ahead in the world. I answered "yes." "But," I added, "the motive that takes a boy to church simply that he may appear to be good and win the favor of good people is not the highest motive for going to church, by any means.

Boys ought to go to church for many reasons. The highest reason of all, of course, is that to worship God is right, and that the church form of worship adopted generally by christian people is productive of the best results and is, we may well believe, pleasing to God. One can, of course, worship God without going to church, and thousands of people are doing that who have no churches to attend; but where it is possible one should not only go to church but should, as early as possible, get the church going habit. People who say they can worship without going to church may be right, but they are adopting a very dangerous plan, for private worship in most cases degenerates into no worship. Let a church die and see how soon the members grow irreligious.

Then, too, among the reasons that should induce a boy to form the church-going habit is that in the church he may obtain a certain degree of mental and moral culture by hearing good instruction from good men, on good subjects; he may there hear and take part in good music, which in itself is educative, and he may there put himself into a thoughtful state of mind which always tends to a higher kind of living. From whatever motive one may go to church he cannot listen to a thoughtful sermon, hear inspiring music, and the reading of the "Book of Books" without being helped mentally and spiritually.

THE CHURCH-GOING BOY HAS THE BEST CHANCE.

But I am going to leave out of account all of these higher motives and argue along the line that the church-going boy stands a better chance of succeeding in life than does the non-church-goer.

There are many things that go to make up success in life. I am not going to enumerate them, nor indeed any large part of them. I am just going to call attention to a few and leave the rest for the preacher.

#### APPEARANCES COUNT.

Say what we will about appearances being deceitful, and not judging persons by their looks, the fact remains that appearances have a great deal to do with one's success. Boys and men, of course, have made a success in life, who have had no regard for appearances, have been careless in dress, careless in manner, careless in speech, careless in companionships; but these are only exceptions. Other things being equal the boy who is careful in dress, careful in manner, careful in speech, careful in companionships, will succeed better many times over than will the boy who is not. The very fact that every Sunday finds a boy at church is a big argument in his favor. No matter what he is there for, the very fact that he is there gives people a good impression of him-an infinitely better one than if he were seen at church time loafing about his home, or on the street corners, or engaged in some sort of amusement.

#### HE GOT THE JOB.

I could give you many instances of where a good appearance has led the way to success. The other evening at a banquet I heard a preacher tell this story out of his own experience. He said that once when he was preaching in a small town not far from a large city, the manager of a large establishment in the city, with whom he was personally acquainted, wrote him asking if he knew of a young man of certain qualifications, saying that if he knew of such

an one he could give him employment. The preacher answered saying that he could not think of anyone in the town who filled the requirements, but that every Sunday morning at a certain time a young man passed his house on the way to church whose earnestness and regularity had impressed him, at the same time suggesting that perhaps he would do. The business man replied asking him to look up the young man in question and report again. The result was that the young man was employed and put in the way of great success in life. Appearances in that case was the sole stepping-stone by which the boy obtained a position. Had he been seen every Sunday morning carrying a baseball bat and directing his steps toward the ball field, no such letter would have been written by the preacher. Every business man wants earnest, conscientious helpers. The chances are that the boy who finds a place every Sunday in the house of God is earnest and conscientious; appearances at least are in his favor.

THESE BOYS DO NOT GET THE GOOD JOBS.

About the doors of a certain theatre in Detroit every Sunday afternoon is a crowd of young men and young women waiting for the doors to open. Can you imagine a business man of Detroit seeking in that company to find persons to help him in his business, if his business is an honorable one? Would you not rather expect an employer to keep away from such places, and to pass by any applicant for a position whom he has once seen amid such surroundings? Certainly! Every man of right mind believes that the church on Sunday is the best place for not only men, women, and girls, but boys.

#### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 7-From Governor Chamberlain of Oregon



GOVERNOR GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN OF OREGON

To the Boys of America:-

In the United States every avenue is open to you. There is not a position in the religious, political or commercial world that is not open to you if you begin now to lay the foundations necessary to attain it. To do this, my savice to you is:

First: Be honest with yourselves. If you are, you will be honest with every one. However much you may deceive others you cannot deceive yourselves. First of all, then, be honest with yourselves.

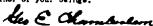
\*To thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou came: not then be folse to any man.

Second: Whatever you do, do well. There never was a time in the history of our country when young men thorough in their work were so much needed as now. Every thing that is given your hand to do, give it your best effort, and you can rely upon it that your services will always be in demand.

Third: Do the hard things first. Do not lay them saids expecting to take them up when the easier tasks have been dompleted. If you will make this the rule of your lives you will be surprised to find how light your work will become and how much of leisure will be left for you to improve your minds and bodies.

Last but not least, do not neglect those duties which every human being owes to God: Be caroful to cultivate all those virtues which bring you nearer the Supreme Author of your beings.



Governor of Gregon.

FRIENDS COUNT.

Another great element in success in most lines of work is acquaintanceship. Other things being equal, the man with the largest acquaintanceship will be the most successful man. Now you and I can both think of exceptions to this rule. Men have been successful who have shunned society; yet we must recognize that this is not the rule. The greater part of a physician's capital is his acquaintanceship and his reputa-tion among people. The best physician in the world would starve without clients. The best lawyer on earth would be minus a practice if he were minus friends and acquaintances. But there is no one who recognizes the value of acquaintances and friends quite so much as the young man who is out of a job. A young man recently came to me and asked me to assist him to get a position. My opportunities for helping him were small. I asked him who were his friends. Shamefaced he replied that in the three years he had been in the city he had made no friends who could help him. In all that time he had not made the acquaintance of a single individual of influence, unless I might be considered as one. And where do you think I met him? By the chance invitation of an acquaintance he happened into a Bible Class one Sunday afternoon when I was teaching. Upon the strength of that slight acquaintance he called upon me for help, during the following week. Suppose that in that three years he had allied himself with some good institution-we will say, for instance, a live city church. Suppose that he had made himself conspicuous there for his earnestness and his desire to help. Young men in churches and Sunday Schools can always find work to do and in doing it they always become conspicuous. The result would have been that at the end of three years he could have counted a large number of influential acquaintances to whom he could have turned in an hour of need. As it was he was satisfied with spending his time and his money with companions who in an hour of need were not only no help to him, but an absolute detriment.

#### THE CONCLUSION.

My advice, then, to every one of you boys is this: if you want to succeed in life put on the appearance of being what you ought to be. The very effort to appear to be what you ought to be will help you actually to be it. A simple illustration will show: You know that business men generally disapprove of the use of cigarettes by boys. It goes without saying that you ought not to smoke them, but if you will smoke them don't smoke them where business men will see you. Your very effort to keep from it at certain times and under certain circumstances will help you to overcome the habit entirely. Go to church because you ought to. If the ought doesn't appeal to you, go to church because you will appear better there than any place else, and because you will find more opportunities there of meeting and becoming acquainted with the kind of people who can help you to success, than anywhere else. If you go for these purposes, later you may go for other and better ones.

I have been arguing, you will understand, along a very low level. In other words, I have been telling you to go to church, not because it is right but because it is expedient. You will perhaps not hear this preached from pulpits, but I think the idea is worth a sermon by a layman. Don't you?

Very sincerely yours,

M-6 Sprague

The Cost of Wrong-Doing

An incident related recently by a wealthy pror of a department lesson on the cost, even in this life, of wrong doing. The proprietor and his partner had both been poor boys, and had risen by hard work and careful attention, to the head of the business. They determined to find, from among their employees, a boy whom they could advance in the same way, and eventually take into partnership. They had several conversations on the subject, and ultimately selected one who was very bright, active and industrious. Both partners liked his appearance and habits, and agreed between themselves to watch him closely. If he proved to be the right kind of boy, his promotion was to be rapid. The head of the department was instructed to watch him also, and report. He did so from time to time, and his report was always favorable. After a few weeks the partners consulted, and agreed to give the boy six months' trial, and if at the end of that time he had still a good record, his promotion would begin. Of course no intimation of his good fortune was given to the boy, and the scrutiny was continued. The last week of the six months' probation arrived, when one morning the superintendent saw the boy slip something slyly into his pocket. He insisted on knowing what it was, and ultimately the boy confessed that he had stolen a quarter of a dollar. He was of course dismissed, and never learned how near he had been to the highway of fortune. He had sold the fine position that was in store for him, and his magnificent fortune, for a quarter of a dollar. Every one will agree as to the folly, as well as the wickedness of his act; but how few realize that to sacrifice the eternal future for the sake of some worldly advantage, is just as foolish.—Christian Herald, New York.

## SCHOOLBOYS THEN AND

% T WAS DRIZZLING the other morning when school on the back of a camel of the desert. my youngest boy—he's 10—was ready to start for school," observed Stoutsome, "and his mother was on hand, of course, to see that he didn't make any mistakes.

"It's wet out this morning, son," she said to him, "and you must put on your cravenette and your rubbers.

"And the kid, of course, put 'em on—that is, he permitted his mother to help him on with the things. 'She slipped his shoes into the rubbers and slid his arms into his nice warm raincoat with the ulster belt at the back, and handed him his stack of books. Then the tyke strolled out into the hall, took his pick of the umbrellas in the rack and off he went whistling and ready for any old kind of weather.

'Gosh, but that boy looked trig and comfortable! And it pleased me to see the little tyke that way,

"But as he strutted down the street, perky with the knowledge that things were just about coming his way-well, I looked the shaver over, and I fell to thinking of what a dead snap that boy's got compared to what drifted my own way out in the queer little old Western town where I hung out when I was his age.

"The only overcoat that ever I owned as a boy, or, for the matter of that, that I ever owned at all before I began to buy overcoats for myself, was like that one Simeon Ford has described so entertainingly-that is to say, it was whittled down from my dad's old Army of the Potomac overcoat. It was a sort of heirloom in our family, and it was also a holy show.

"Every boy that appeared in our family had to take his regular whack at wearing that overcoat, and the boy who showed a contumacious spirit wearing it, on account of the riflicule of his schoolmates, as exhibited by their hoarse hoots of 'Sojer!' and 'Coffee Cooler!'-well, that boy just had to go without any overcoat at all.

"And rubbers for a boy! Well, I'd just like to've seen the expression on the faces of the old folks if any such crazy suggestion had ever been made to them -rubbers to cover the regular footgear of a boy going to school!

"We wore topboots. Sometimes they were boots approximately of the size of our feet, but not often. I don't remember ever having had a pair of boots that were originally devised, designed or intended solely for my own wearing.

"As a rule, the boots that I wore to school were about four sizes too large for me, so that I had to be mighty wary in walking or running in muddy and sticky paths, lest I pulled my feet right smack out of my boots and landed in the mire in my stocking feet. I had that dismal experience several times before I picked up the necessary skill that finally enabled me to take chances even on wading in a duck pond without being in any danger of losing my boots.

"But, overlarge as all of the boots were that came my way when I was a tyke, they were mighty hard to get into when they were frozen stiff in the winter time. I used to try to work this fact as an excuse to stay home from school on extremely cold days, but never managed to get by with that. There'd been a lot of boys in the family before I got along, you see, and my mother had all of those little boy dodges so pat that I had no chance in the world to spring any new ones on her.

"It's foolish, by the way, for a boy to permit himself to be born into a family in which a number of other boys have preceded him. He hasn't got much chance in such a situation. The other fellows have taught his mother too much.

"Nope, I never managed to stay home from school on account of my boots being frozen. When I'd try that on my mother she would say to me, calmly and placidly:

"I know your boots are frozen, son-but there's plenty of mutton tallow, you know."

"And I knew what that meant, of course. Meant

that I'd have to grease my boots before going to bed that night.

"My mother 'ud put a lump of tallow on the back of the kitchen stove—the receptacle for the tallow was usually the lid of an old tin shoe blacking box. Then she'd see to it that all of us boys placed our hoots on a line near the stove, to sort o' thaw them

"Then we'd take turns dipping into the tallow dish with our fingers, and then it 'ud be a case of each boy using his own elbow grease to get the kinks and dents and contrariness out of those boots. We'd have to rub and rub and rub the tallow into the leather, our mother standing by with her hands on her hips, and a kindly interested expression on her face, watching to see that we did the work well, and then we'd plant the boots alongside the stove, in a row, so's to keep them sort of warm during the night and not have the tallow cake on them-and thus we'd settle our own chances of being able to crawl out of going to school on the following morning on account of frozen boots.

"And umbrellas! A boy of my day and date going to school of a morning under the shelter of an umbrella! Why, he'd have attracted just as much attention that way as he would have if he'd gone to

"There was only one umbrella in our family, anyhow, and that was a huge, greenish, parachutish affair, that looked suspiciously like it had been cribbed from a wagon-you know those big front-seat-ofa-wagon umbrellas—and that one umbrella was strictly sacred to the grown-up folks. Us younkers

would as soon have thought of taking it out, to school or anywhere else, as we would of taking the old daguerreotype of our grandmother out into the "Oh, we just plugged along, and got wet and then

dry again, and caught colds and got over 'em again, best we could, and certainly as well as our providers could afford. And here I am, at that, sound enough, and glad enough, when it comes to that, to see my own youngster a-sailing along to school in rubbers and raincoat, bought especially for him to fit his sizes, and any old umbrella he may please to take out of the umbrella rack.

"Only I wish the self-contained little midge wouldn't take it all as such a dead straight, it's-coming-to-me matter of course."—N. Y. Sun.

#### THE BOY WHO IS "GOING TO"

By J. L. HARBOUR

Y THE STREETS of 'By and By' one arrives at the house of Never."
"Harry, have you been down to see how the furnace fire is?"

"No, sir; but I'm going to in just a minute."



"HE READS THE BEST"

in front of the house?

"I'm going to in just a few minutes." "Have you rolled the ash barrel out of the cellar so that the men can get it when they come for it? You know that this is their day, and I told you an hour ago to roll out that barrel.

"I'm going to just as soon as I finish this chapter in my book. It has to go back to the library to-

This conversation took place in the home of Mr. Vale one morning very recently, and I do not wonder that Mr. Vale stepped forward and took the book from Harry's hands and said sharply

"Harry, you will go now-this moment-and do everything I told you to do. Wait a moment. Did you mail those two letters I asked you to run out and mail last night?"

Harry looked a little aghast and said:

'Why, I-I-was going to, but-but-well, I wanted to just look over the evening paper, and then forgot it. I'll run out and mail them now.

"You careless boy! It was imperative that one of those letters should reach its destination by noon to-day, and now it will be six to-night before it can do so. Your 'going to' weakness may cost me more than a hundred dollars in this one instance, and it has always been a source of trouble and annoyance to me. It will be a source of positive mischief to you if you do not overcome it. I'm going to have something printed in big, black letters and put in your room where you can see it every day, and I want you to heed it."

And this was what Harry found printed on a large

sheet of white cardboard and fastened on the wall above the foot of the bed in his room:

"Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day."

'Benjamin Franklin," said Mr. Vale at the supper table, "was a wise man, and this is one of the wisest of his sayings. It would be well if every boy in the land would heed it. The boy who is always 'going to' do things can never be depended upon to do anything when it should be done, and in time he is numbered among the men who 'By one delay after another spin out their whole lives, till there is no more future left for them."

This is true. You will find it to be sadly true in your own experience if you allow the "going to" habit to become fixed. I call to mind at this moment a man of real ability whose life has been very much of a failure simply because he cannot be depended upon to do a thing when it should be done. And it was but the other day I heard a business man say of one of his employees who had just died:

"He was not a man of any great business ability, but I paid him just as much as 1 paid some of my other employees of far greater ability, because he was so absolutely trustworthy when it came to doing a thing when it should be done. If I told him to do a thing at such an hour, I could rest assured that it would be done at that hour. I do not think that I ever heard him say, 'O, I forgot,' a single time in all the twenty years he was in my employ. The word 'procrastination' was not in his vocabularv.'

It is a word all boys should fight shy of if they would attain the highest degree of success in life. It will be sure to make mischief if you allow it to influence you to the extent of thinking that tomorrow will do just as well as to-day for the doing

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to-day. The "just going to" habit has caused more than one man to lose the oppor-tunity of a lifetime. The dawdler is sure to be left in the race of life. Now is the time to do the thing that must be done and that you have agreed to do. you will do this or that to-morrow? Read this: "To-morrow! it is a period nowhere to be found in all the hoary registers of time, unless perchance in the fool's calendar. Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society with those that own it."

#### The World's Oldest Inhabitant

Several years ago, when the son-inlaw of Karl Hagenbeck, the animal trainer, was looking for interesting specimens, he learned of the existence on an island of Seychelles, off the coast of Madagascar, of a giant tortoise, that was celebrated among the natives not merely for its great size—it weighs 970 pounds-but for the fact that there was documentary evidence that it had been living on the earth for over 150 years and probable evidence that it was from 100 to 150 years older than that. After careful investigation, he was satisfied of the truth of the statement, and set about to secure the loan of this animal (which, by the way, is held in the highest esteem and respect on the island), for exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair. Not until the strongst assurances were made that the venerable curiosity would be returned to the Seychelles did the native population consent to part with him for his long vacation. We are informed by Mr. Hagenbeck that when the tortoise reached this country, it was found that a tiny palm tree was growing from the back of the creature. The tortoise loves the mud, and it is evident that soil was washed into a deep scar on his back and that the seeds of the palm, mixed with the earth, took root and the tiny growth had thrived in its portable field. The tortoise is the

"Have you cleaned the snow from the pavement longest-lived animal, exceeding even the elephant, which frequently exceeds one hundred years of life. The fact that 150 years ago the Seychelles natives began to take particular pride in this tortoise because of its age makes it certain that it must have been at least one hundred years of age at that time. This is borne out by the condition of the shell, which is a guide to determining the age. Further evidence is its most abnormal size. It possesses extraordinary lifting strength. While it was in its heavy cage at the World's Fair express office, it became impatient, and proceeded to break its way out. It smashed the heavy 2 by 8 inch timbers with ease.—Scientific American.

> The Queer Beggar Boy One day the queerest beggar boy He came to our back door; He was the raggedyest one I ever saw before. My mother told him, "Come right in And sit down here and rest,' And gave him lots of buttered bread. And cake, and turkey breast. And then she gave him my old coat, And hat that's almost new And then she said, "Poor child, poor child," And gave him playthings, too. But 'stead of being happy, then, And nice and satisfied, As I'd 'a' been, that beggar boy

Jus' cried, and cried, and cried!

Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Magazine.



A PRESIDENT WHO BELIEVES IN BOYS ON THE POURTH DAY OF THIS MONTH (MARCH) THEODORE ROOSEVELT ENTERS UPON HIS SECOND TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

### FOR THE MIKADO

(Continued from page 132.)

and sounds encountered by the fair visitors on

With those alleviations, Dunster Brownleigh's "working" vacation became such a pleasant affair that he deeply regretted its termination with the arrival of the day when he was compelled to return to the exacting routine of the Academy. His regret was strengthened by the fact that his roommate was to be left behind. This was brought about by the Japanese Minister who seemed to think that Takahaki was acquiring at the shipyard an experience too valuable to be interrupted for the present.

Thus Dunster, going aboard the steamer that was to carry him to Annapolis, was separated for the first time in two years from the chum who so decidedly had influenced his own life during that time. As his boat was beginning to move from her moorings and he was exchanging last farewells with Takahaki, who remained on the wharf, the latter suddenly pointed to an approaching launch. It was that of the senator, filled with a greater number than usual of pretty girls, come thus early on purpose to bid the departing Middy good-bye. Of course the latter's whole attention instantly was diverted in that direction; and as the outgoing steamboat passed the incoming launch, he, leaning far over a guard rail, exchanged merry salutations with its fair occupants. All at once he became filled with amazement; for, sitting beside his godfather, was a well-dressed stranger, whom, at the moment of passing, he recognized as the young Russian, Suwarrow Suwarrowvitch.

Of course there was then no opportunity to gain the slightest information concerning this unexpected and decidedly undesirable presence, and as

he was swiftly borne away he could only speculate uncomfortably as to its meaning. On reaching Annapolis he promptly wrote to the senator and to Takahaki for information, and from the former he received the following brief reply:

"Dear Boy:-In answer to yours regarding Mr. Suwarrowvitch, would say that I don't know what call you have to be so worked up. He seems to be a gentleman even though he is a Russian, and he is most popular with the girls. He came to me with a note of introduction from the Russian Ambassador which of course I was bound to honor, America and Russia being the good friends they are. No, your mother did not meet him. she having left before he arrived. Try to have a little more charity for those so unfortunate as to be born in other countries, and believe me to be as always,

"Your Affectionate Godfather."

Takahaki wrote: "Yes, the big man about who you ask some question is here at work and I make with him much friendship. More of him I will tell you when we may sometime meet again.'

Of course this was very puzzling, and Dunster was not at all pleased that his friend should be on friendly terms with a man whom he considered to be an enemy to both of them. No enlightenment of the mystery came to him until some months later when, on the night before Christmas, as he was dressing for a ball to be given by the cadets in the old symnasium that evening, the door of his sitting room was quietly opened and in walked his long absent roommate.

"Hurrah! old man," cried Dunster, springing forward and grasping his chum's hand. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming? I suppose you have run up for the ball, and you are here just in time, too. So hurry up and jump into your dress

togs."
"The ball?" repeated Takahaki, looking puzzled.

"Is it a game?"

"Game? No, of course not," laughed Dunster. "It is the Christmas Eve hop in the Gym., you know, to which you are one of the heaviest subscribers. Don't you remember, I wrote you all about it, and you sent back twenty-five dollars? Awfully sorry that I can't stop for more 'chin-chin;' but I must run up to the hotel to escort a young lady from Baltimore who-But, I say! What's the matter with you coming along? There's more than one of them, I don't exactly know how many, in the party and they'll be pleased as pie to have another man in buttons."

Always ready to follow Dun Brown's lead, Takahaki promptly accepted this invitation, hurried into his dress uniform, drove with his chum to the Maryland, where he was introduced to half a dozen of the jolliest and prettiest of Baltimore girls, and from that moment until the conclusion of the ball he was the life of the party. Never had he shown such sprightly wit: never before had he ap-

peared so contagiously happy, so bubbling over with irrepressible joy. Always a good dancer, on this occasion he danced to perfection; and long before the hop was ended, Takahaki of Hakodate was unanimously voted by the fairer half of the assemblage to be the very dearest little cadet they ever had met.

He received a score of invitations to forthcoming balls and parties to be given in nearly as many different cities during the next two weeks, and he gravely promised to accept every one of them, always provided that he could obtain permission from the authorities. He was loaded with cotillion favors, and when finally, to the softly lingering strains of "Home, Sweet Home," the brilliant affair came to an end, the lad from Japan knew that he had gained a beautiful memory, to be treasured so long as he lived.

An hour later, Dunster Brownleigh, returning from a little supper engagement, was amazed to find his roommate hard at work packing a trunk.

"What on earth are you doing, Taki?" he cried. "I am make ready for a travel," was the smiling

reply. You surely aren't going

"Travel! Where to? back to the shipyard?" "No; it was there I got my order to come here and arrange to start with all hurry for San Fran-

cisco.' "San Francisco! And what are you going to do

there?

"Take the steamer of Saturday for Yokohama." "For Japan! Then you have been recalled?"

"Yes, Dun Brown." "Do you know why?" "No, I do not know. But, Dun Brown, I think

maybe," here the young fellow stood up with a gleam of intense excitement in his eyes, "I think, almost sure, that pretty quick, my country and the country of that Suwarrow

are at war.' "You don't mean it!" gasped Midshipman Brownleigh. "A war with Russia! and you will be in it, while I shall be left behind? Oh, Taki! can't you take me with you? I would give half my life to be in that fight."

"For have you fight with me, I too would give half of the years to come,' replied the other. "But such a thing may not be. For this time, only Nippon Denji (man of Japan) may fight the White Czar Also it is perhaps a war most dreadful: for it will be the fight for life of one little man against three very big man; forty poor millions against one hundred and twenty millions, very rich.'

"Taki, what did you mean when you wrote that you had made a friendship with Suwarrow?"

"That Rossky come to learn the submarine. I not like that anyone else teach him. So I make much friendship and show him everything. Oh, yes, I teach that Rus-si-an many thing most val-youable for-Japan."

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES

NAME.	NATIVE	AMCESTRY	RESI-	INAUGUR- ATED. Yr. I Age		5	PLACE OF DEATH
Rutherford B. Hays. James A. Garfield Chester A. Arthur. Grover Cleveland Benjamin Harrison Grover Cleveland Wm. McKinley	Mass. Va. Va. Va. Mass. Mass. N. Y. Va. Va. V. N. C. Va. N. Y. N. H. Pa. Ky. Ohio. Ohio. N. J. Ohio, N. J.	SCOT-IRISE DUTCE ENGLISE ENGLISE. SCOT-IRISE ENGLISE.	N. Y Ohio Va Tenn. La. N. Y N. H. Pa. III Tenn. Ohio	1789 1787 1801 1809 1817 1836 1839 1837 1841 1841 1845 1849	57 62 58 58 59 59 55 55 56 55 56 57 47 56 56 48 56 56 48 56 56 48 56 48 56 48 56 48 56 48 56 56 56 56 56 56 56 56 56 56 56 56 56	Fod	Mount Vernon, 1799 Quincy, Mass., 1826 Monticello, Va. 1826 Montpelier, Va., 1836 New York City, 1841 Washington, 1848 Hermitage, Tenn, '45 Kinderhook, N. Y., '62 Washington, 1841 Richmond, Va., 1862 Nashville, Tenn, 1849 Washington, 1850 Buffalo, N. Y., 1870 Concord, N. H., 1869 Wheatland, Pa., 1868 Washington, 1855 Greenville, Tenn., 1875 Mt. M'Gregor, N. Y., '85 Fremont, Ohio, 1893 Long Branch, 1881 New York City, 1885 Indianapolis, Ind., '00 Buffalo, N. Y., 1901

# SCHOOLBOYS THEN AND

क् T WAS DRIZZLING the other morning when school on the back of a camel of the desert. my youngest boy-he's 10-was ready to start for school," observed Stoutsome, "and his mother was on hand, of course, to see that he didn't make any mistakes.

"It's wet out this morning, son," she said to him, "and you must put on your cravenette and your rubbers.'

"And the kid, of course, put 'em on-that is, he permitted his mother to help him on with the things.

"She slipped his shoes into the rubbers and slid his arms into his nice warm raincoat with the ulster belt at the back, and handed him his stack of books. Then the tyke strolled out into the hall, took his pick of the umbrellas in the rack and off he went whistling and ready for any old kind of weather.

"Gosh, but that boy looked trig and comfortable! And it pleased me to see the little tyke that way,

"But as he strutted down the street, perky with the knowledge that things were just about coming his way-well, I looked the shaver over, and I fell to thinking of what a dead snap that boy's got compared to what drifted my own way out in the queer little old Western town where I hung out when I

"The only overcoat that ever I owned as a boy, or, for the matter of that, that I ever owned at all before I began to buy overcoats for myself, was like that one Simeon Ford has described so entertainingly-that is to say, it was whittled down from my dad's old Army of the Potomac overcoat. It was a sort of heirloom in our family, and it was also a holy show.

"Every boy that appeared in our family had to take his regular whack at wearing that overcoat, and the boy who showed a contumacious spirit wearing it, on account of the riflicule of his schoolmates, as exhibited by their hoarse hoots of 'Sojer!' and 'Coffee Cooler!'—well, that boy just had to go without any overcoat at all.

"And rubbers for a boy! Well, I'd just like to've seen the expression on the faces of the old folks if any such crazy suggestion had ever been made to them -rubbers to cover the regular footgear of a boy going to school!

"We wore topboots. Sometimes they were boots approximately of the size of our feet, but not often. I don't remember ever having had a pair of boots that were originally devised, designed or intended solely for my own wearing.

"As a rule, the boots that I wore to school were about four sizes too large for me, so that I had to be mighty wary in walking or running in muddy and sticky paths, lest I pulled my feet right smack out of my boots and landed in the mire in my stocking feet. I had that dismal experience several times before I picked up the necessary skill that finally enabled me to take chances even on wading in a duck pond without being in any danger of losing my boots.

"But, overlarge as all of the boots were that came my way when I was a tyke, they were mighty hard to get into when they were frozen stiff in the winter time. I used to try to work this fact as an excuse to stay home from school on extremely cold days, but never managed to get by with that. There'd been a lot of boys in the family before I got along, you see, and my mother had all of those little boy dodges so pat that I had no chance in the world to spring any new ones on her.

"It's foolish, by the way, for a boy to permit himself to be born into a family in which a number of other boys have preceded him. He hasn't got much chance in such a situation. The other fellows have taught his mother too much.

"Nope, I never managed to stay home from school on account of my boots being frozen. When I'd try that on my mother she would say to me, calmly and placidly:

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My mother 'ud put a lump of tallow on the back of the kitchen stove—the receptacle for the tallow was usually the lid of an old tin shoe blacking box. Then she'd see to it that all of us boys placed our hoots on a line near the stove, to sort o' thaw them

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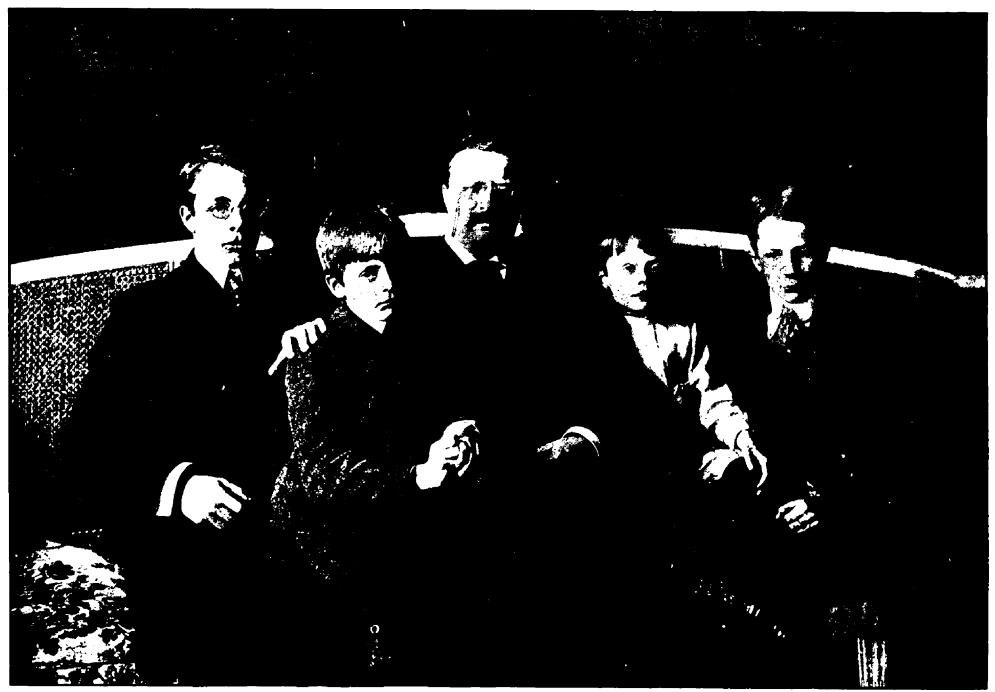
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and sounds encountered by the fair visitors on

With those alleviations, Dunster Brownleigh's "working" vacation became such a pleasant affair that he deeply regretted its termination with the arrival of the day when he was compelled to return to the exacting routine of the Academy. His regret was strengthened by the fact that his roommate was to be left behind. This was brought about by the Japanese Minister who seemed to think that Takahaki was acquiring at the shipyard an experience too valuable to be interrupted for the present.

Thus Dunster, going aboard the steamer that was to carry him to Annapolis, was separated for the first time in two years from the chum who so decidedly had influenced his own life during that time. As his boat was beginning to move from her moorings and he was exchanging last farewells with Takahaki, who remained on the wharf, the latter suddenly pointed to an approaching launch. It was that of the senator, filled with a greater number than usual of pretty girls, come thus early on purpose to bid the departing Middy good-bye. Of course the latter's whole attention instantly was diverted in that direction; and as the outgoing steamboat passed the incoming launch, he, leaning far over a guard rail, exchanged merry salutations with its fair occupants. All at once he became filled with amazement; fe or, sitting beside his godfather, was a well-dressed stranger, whom, at the moment of passing, he recognized as the young Russian, Suwarrow Suwarrowvitch.

Of course there was then no opportunity to gain the slightest information concerning this unexpected and decidedly undesirable presence, and as

he was swiftly borne away he could only speculate uncomfortably as to its meaning. On reaching Annapolis he promptly wrote to the senator and to Takahaki for information, and from the former he received the following brief reply:

"Dear Boy:-In answer to yours regarding Mr. Suwarrowvitch, would say that I don't know what call you have to be so worked up. He seems to be a gentleman even though he is a Russian, and he is most popular with the girls. He came to me with a note of introduction from the Russian Ambassador which of course I was bound to honor. America and Russia being the good friends they are. No, your mother did not meet him, she having left before he arrived. Try to have a little more charity for those so unfortunate as to be born in other countries, and believe me to be as always,

### "Your Affectionate Godfather."

Takahaki wrote: "Yes, the big man about who you ask some question is here at work and I make with him much friendship. More of him I will tell you when we may sometime meet again."

Of course this was very puzzling, and Dunster was not at all pleased that his friend should be on friendly terms with a man whom he considered to be an enemy to both of them. No enlightenment of the mystery came to him until some months later when, on the night before Christmas, as he was dressing for a ball to be given by the cadets in the old gymnasium that evening, the door of his sitting room was quietly opened and in walked his long absent roommate.

'Hurrah! old man," cried Dunster, springing forward and grasping his chum's hand. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming? I suppose you have run up for the ball, and you are here just in time, too. So hurry up and jump into your dress togs."

'The ball?" repeated Takahaki, looking puzzled. "Is it a game?"

"Game? No, of course not," laughed Dunster. 'It is the Christmas Eve hop in the Gym., you know, to which you are one of the heaviest sub-Don't you remember, I wrote you all about it, and you sent back twenty-five dollars? Awfully sorry that I can't stop for more 'chin-chin;' but I must run up to the hotel to escort a young lady from Baltimore who—But, I say! What's the matter with you coming along? There's more than one of them, I don't exactly know how many, in the party and they'll be pleased as pie to have an-

Always ready to follow Dun Brown's lead. Tahaki promptly accepted this into his dress uniform, drove with his chum to the Maryland, where he was introduced to half a dozen of the jolliest and prettiest of Baltimore girls, and from that moment until the conclusion of the ball he was the life of the party. Never had he shown such sprightly wit; never before had he ap-

other man in buttons."

peared so contagiously happy, so bubbling over with irrepressible joy. Always 2 good dancer, on this occasion he danced to perfection; and long before the hop was ended, Takahaki of Hakodate was unanimously voted by the fairer half of the assemblage to be the very dearest little cadet they ever had met.

He received a score of invitations to forthcoming balls and parties to be given in nearly as many different cities during the next two weeks, and he gravely promised to accept every one of them, always provided that he could obtain permission from the authorities. He was loaded with cotillion favors, and when finally, to the softly lingering strains of "Home, Sweet Home," the brilliant affair came to an end, the lad from Japan knew that he had gained a heautiful memory, to be treasured so long as he lived.

An hour later, Dunster Brownleigh, returning from a little supper engagement, was amazed to find his roommate hard at work packing a trunk.

"What on earth are you doing, Taki?" he cried. "I am make ready for a travel," was the smiling reply.
"Travel! Where to?

You surely aren't going back to the shippard?"

"No; it was there I got my order to come here and arrange to start with all hurry for San Fran-

"San Francisco! And what are you going to do there?

"Take the steamer of Saturday for Yokohama."

"For Japan! Then you have been recalled?" "Yes, Dun Brown."

"Do you know why?" "No, I do not know. But, Dun Brown, I think maybe," here the young fellow stood up with a gleam of intense excitement in his eyes, "I think,

almost sure, that pretty quick, my country and the country of that Suwarrow are at war.'

"You don't mean it!" gasped Midshipman Brownleigh. "A war with Russia! and you will be in it, while I shall be left behind? Oh, Taki! can't you take me with you? I would give half my life to be in that fight."

"For have you fight with me, I too would give half of the years to come," replied the other. "But such a thing may not be. For this time, only Nippon Denji (man of Japan) may fight the White Czar Also it is perhaps a war most dreadful; for it will be the fight for life of one little man against three very big man; forty poor millions against one hundred and twenty millions, very rich.'

"Taki, what did you mean when you wrote that you had made a friendship with Suwarrow?"

"That Rossky come to learn the submarine. I not like that anyone else teach him. So I make much friendship and show him everything. Oh, yes, I teach that Rus-si-an many thing most val-youable for-Japan.'

(To be continued.)

NAME.	NATIVE STATE.	ANCESTRY	RESI- DENCE.	INAUGUR-		POLITICS	PLACE OF DEATH
				Yr. I	Age	<u>&amp;</u>	
George Washington	va	ENGLISH	va	1789	57	Fed.	Mount Vernon, 1799
John Adams		ENGLISE .	Mass	1797	62	Fed	Quincy, Mass., 1826
Thomas Jefferson	Va.	WELSIL	Va	1801	58	Rep	Monticello, Va. 1826
James Madison	Va.	ENGLISH	Va	1809	58	Rep.	Montpelier, Va., 1836
James Munroe				1817			New York City, 1841
John Quincy Adams		ENGLISH		1826			Washington, 1848
Andrew Jackson		ECOT-IRISE		1829	62	Dem	Hermitage, Tenn, '45
Martin Van Buren			N. Y	1857	55		Kinderhook, N. Y., '62
William H. Harrison			Ohio .	1841	58	WAIG	Washington, 1841
John Tyler		ENGLISH	<u>v</u> a	1841	51	Dem.	Richmond, Va. 1862
James K_Polk	N. C.	Scor-Inish	Tenn	1845	60		Nashville, Tenna 1849

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES

James K Polk.
Zachary Taylor
Millard Fillmore.
Franklin Pierce
James Bucknann
Abraham Lincoln
Andrew Johnson
Ulysses S. Grant.
Rutherford B. Hays.
James A. Garfield
Chester A. Arthur.
Grover Cleveland
Benjamin Harrison
Grover Cleveland
Wm. McKinley.
Theodore Rossevalt. 60 Dem. Nashville, Tenna 1849
Waig Washington, 1850
Waig Buffalo, N. Y., 1870
49 Dem. Concord, N. H., 1869
60 Dem. Wheatland, Pa., 1868
57 Rep. Washington, 1865
57 Rep. Greenville, Tenn., 1875
47 Rep. Mt. M'Gregor, N. Y. '85
55 Rep. Fremont, Ohio, 1893
49 Rep. Long Branch, 1881
51 Rep. New York City, 1885
48 Dem.
54 Rep. Indianapolis, Ind., '00
55 Dem.
54 Rep. Buffalo, N. Y., 1901 SCOT-IRISH Tenn
ENGLISH Ls.
ENGLISH N. Y.
ENGLISH N. Y.
ENGLISH III.
ENGLISH III.
ENGLISH Ohlo
ENGLISH Ohlo
ENGLISH N. Y.
ENGLISH N. Y.
ENGLISH IN Y.
ENGLISH N. Y.
ENGLISH N. Y.
ENGLISH N. Y.
SCOT-IRISH Ohlo
DUTCH N. Y. N. Y. N. H. Pa Ky... N. C. Ohlo 1857 1861 1866 1869 1877 1881 1886 1889 1893 1897

# THE CHAMPION CORN PLOWER

By MOTT R. SAWYERS

HE SONOROUS VOICE of the sheriff, calling, "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!" had declared court adjourned for the term, but the train on which the judge expected to leave was not due for several hours, so he with a group of lawyers remained in the court room discussing cases and telling stories. The conversation gradually took a reminiscent turn and at length one of the attorneys appropriately asked, "Judge, what do you call the most important event in your life?" The courtly man deliberated a moment, and then replied, "It's quite a story, but I will tell you."

All prepared to listen to a narrative of unusual interest, for few things had been more talked about during that term by the more talked about during that term by the members of the bar than the judge's rapid rise and prospects for further advancement. He had had unprecedented success in his early practice and because of conspicuous fitness was now serving his second term on the bench, though still a young man. Men more prominent than himself had given him high praise and one eminent jurist had declared that while most lawyers were made only by practice.

one eminent jurist had declared that while most lawyers were made only by practice, Judge Wilson was a finished product the day he was admitted to the bar.

"I will tell you," he continued, "It was almost twenty years ago out in Iowa. It was more fruitful than any dozen days I have had since and I am still making money out of it. It happened this way. We had a large farm which my father, my brother fifteen years old and myself were taking care of. We planted one hundred and twenty acres of corn that spring. I was eighteen, strong and tireless, saving I was eighteen, strong and tireless, saving every cent I could to go to college, but not making much headway toward it for we thought forty acres of corn enough for one man to handle, so that I had but little opportunity for making money. The weather being unfavorable we got behind with our work and the weeds were about to take the corn, when father, who had been away from home care in one even to take the corn, when father, who had been away from home came in one evening and said, 'Boys, I've got some one to help plow tomorrow. Pierre Lecarde will be here.' We started with surprise and pleasure. Pierre Lecarde was a Frenchman who lived about six miles distant. Neither of us boys had ever seen him, for he lived alone away from the road and never took any part in the neighborhood festivities. No one knew much about Pierre. He had come into the community unannounced, secured a plece of land, paid for it and gone on living his solitary life. But they do not ask foolish questions about the past in a new country. Buyers would just as soon purchase from solitary life. But they do not ask foolish questions about the past in a new country. Huyers would just as soon purchase from Pierre as from any one else, so he prospered. One thing, however, everyone knew and that was that Pierre Lecarde was the champion corn plower of the county. Time after time ambitious youngsters and even older men had competed with him, but always with the same result. Pierre beat them by rods. So father's announcement put us into a state of great excitement. While we were still discussing the matter one of the neighbors came over to see about a mowing machine which he and father were talking of buying in partnership for the coming hay harvest which promised to be unusually heavy. Of course we told him about Pierre's expected coming. He was well acquainted with the Frenchman and aroused our curiosity still more. 'You fellows will see some plowing tomorrow,' he said, 'you will have to hump if you keep in sight of him,' and then he went on telling of Pierre's achievements—how he had tended eighty acres with one team and how the best men in the county had tried to beat him and failed. Just team and how the best men in the county had tried to beat him and failed. Just before he left he described him to us with

before he left he described him to us with a sly wink at father which I did not comprehend till later, as 'a great, big man, with a team of little, scrawny Indian ponies that looked like they never had seen a currycomb, and an old cultivator that rattled like it would fall to pieces.'

"I slept but little that night as I pictured over and over to myself the ideal champion—a great, big man.' of course, anyone would know that! 'Little, scrawny Indian ponies!' What a combination! 'An old, rattling cultivator!' I laughed at the idea. Many a time I had heard the folks tell of a famous coup at the county fair idea. Many a time i had near the torse tell of a famous coup at the county fair years before. On that occasion a queer-looking old man and a ragged boy came driving in with a rattle trap of a buggy and an ungainly old horse. A mid the description of the description of the state rision of the crowd they had insisted on rision of the crowd they had insisted on entering the beast for the running race. It was great sport for the spectators and the owners of the other horses, but no sooner had the entry been recorded than the boy appeared in a silk 'jockey suit' and the horse was transformed into a wide-awake thoroughired which easily won the money of those who had been foolish enough to bet against it. That couphad been the theme of neighborhood talk for years. Those who had witnessed it seemed never to tire of teiling it, with ademed never to tire of telling it, with additions, for their own mutual enjoyment and the instruction of those whose lives had been narrowed by missing it. And now in Pierre and his little Indian ponies plowing more than the brag big teams I

was to see something like it.
"In the morning as I was getting my team ready for work I heard a great clatter in the yard. I stepped to the barn door to see what was up. The sight I beheld fairly took my breath away. Standing hitched to a newly-painted cultivator was the handsomest team I had ever seen. They were fit for a picture—smooth-coated, rangy bays—brighteyed, full of power, and polished as if they were out for a parade. Their harness was in perfect condition, freshly-oiled and lavishly ornamented with brilliantly colored rings. A dapper little man, with a bright blue hand-kerchief around his neck, and boots well blacked, was shaking hands with father and talking loudly about corn, hay, plowing and the weather, all in the same breath and gesticulating with his free arm. The meaning of the neighbor's sly wink dawned upon me—this was Pierre. He was so different from what I had imagined a champion to be that I immediately conceived a great contempt for him and re-

solved to take him down a peg before "I hitched up my team and without fur-

ther preliminaries we went to the field. And cultivator. As I passed by him to get 'Now,' said father to me, 'here is a man who knows how to plow corn. I want you to watch him and learn all you can. And I Pierre, I want you to show him whenever you see he needs it.' The little coxcomb at once entered a protest in a manner that did not at all raise him in my estimation. 'No sir-ee' he exclaimed in broken French, 'I don't want to fool wiz boy. He bozer my team. You got pay me two dollar and half today, I do zat. I carn that by ze acre.' 'All right,' replied father apparently taking his protest as a matter of course, 'Go ahead.' And 'Go ahead' we did. Pierre screamed at his bays and started off almost at a trot, clucking and talking to his horses at every step, speaking first to one and then the other. All this fuss and noise gave him another drop in my estimation. 'Champion': I thought, 'I'll show him.' I was getting along well, I supposed, when suddenly the Frenchman stopped came back to me and over and take him the money. I set out thought. 'I'll show him.' I was getting along well, I supposed, when suddenly the Frenchman stopped, came back to me and burst out vociferously, 'Zere, look at zat' Vere you learn to hill ze corn? Zees ze vay, see me!' On we went again. Again he stopped. That time he fairly yelled, 'See ze end of zat row. You lazy! You stop too quick!' We started again and I begun to entertain hopes of keeping up with him all day when I had to stop to change one of my shovels, while he went clattering on and soon had gained a whole row on me. Thus it was all forenoon—frequent stops, accompanied by what seemed

"We had been instructed to quit early and off went Pierre, clucking and chattering, without a word about his pay. After supper father who was always particular about such matters told me to ride over and take him the money. I set out at a good gallon and covered the six miles

solely by whip and lines and turning the rows with the same motion every time. Pierre's expression, 'Vat ze deeference vat I say, so I get ze corn plow,' stuck to me. I had a purpose in this silence and was determined to maintain it. At the end of the hour I took the team from the field, covered with sweat and blowling hard, unlarnessed them, gave them a good rubcovered with sweat and blowing hard, un-barnessed them, gave them a good rub-bing down, put them in the barn an i re-turned to work with my regular horses. I worked on until noon, making no attempt at speed but doing my very best to make my land look at least as well as Pierre's neatly kept field. In the afternoon i re-peated the performance, and every day during the week, lengthening the time for the blacks each trip until they fully un ler-stood that when we went to the field everything was to go on the jump until we got back.

"I worked on the farm the remainder of

everything was to go on the jump until we got back.

"I worked on the farm the remainder of that year, saving what I could, using the blacks whenever I could and always making them walk at their best gait. The next spring came the important event. One day in February I told father of my plans for college and then I added, 'If I will tend sixty acres of corn this spring and beat Pierre plowing you will give me the black team, won't you?' He laughed and said, 'On those two conditions, yes,'

"The tract of land which he estimate! for me as sixty acres, measured only fifty-five, so I rented twenty-five more and prepared to manage eighty. The way I worked that spring was not to be laughed at. Having no chores to do I was in the field at sunrise and plowed as long as I could see. Whenever I used the blacks I pushed them along, never saying a word, until the manner in which they silently reeled off acre after acre was astonishing even to me. One Saturday evening I lai my last field by I felt that I was good. pushed them along, never saying a word, until the manner in which they silently reeled off acre after acre was astonishing even to me. One Saturday evening I lai my last field by. I felt that I was gool for another week of hard work, and good care had kept my team in excellent condition. I, therefore, began making inquiry for some one who had late plowing that I might add to my college fund and perhaps be brought into competition with Pierre without a direct challenge, for I now believed my blacks invincible. That evening word came that one of the neighbors had been injured in a runaway and would be confined to the house several weeks. Hired help was scarce and it was suggested that the neighbors gather in and plow his corn for him. I did not welcome the suggestion, for I was anxious to get wages, but I had been brought up to be neighborly and reluctantly agreed to give one day's work. The next morning at meeting, our minister, deeming it a work of mercy and therefore proper, had the details arranged by the leading men. I had nothing to do with the arrangements but if I had had entire control could not have had them more to my liking. Five men were selected to do the plowing. To make things more interesting, a purse amounting to four dollars and fifteen cents was made up among those present, to be given to the one who should excel. The work was to be done on the following Wednesday. Pierre Lecarde was to be one of the plowers, I was to be another. I paid but little attention to the others, merely noting that they were men whom Pierre had beaten. We kept Sunday religiously at our home, so my blacks were not touched that day. The next morning I took them out and plowed vigorously about three-quarters of an hour, and while rubbing them down inspected them thoroughly from the tips of their ears to the ends of their tails. After dinner I took them to the blacksmith and had their feet carefully trimmed and their shoes reset. On my return, I went over my harness, piece by piece, oiling and repairing—and them to the blacksmith and had their feet carefully trimmed and their shoes reset. On my return, I went over my harness, piece by piece, oiling and repairing—and then my cultivator. The next day I gave the horses a warming up, just to get them accustomed to their shoes and any changes I might have made in the harness. That afternoon I went to the field where we were to plow, and examined it from all points, walking around it and through it were to plow, and examined it from all points, walking around it and through it in different directions, deciding just how i would plow each part should that part be asigned to me. I had made Pierre's motto mine and was determined to have everything ready. After supper I wrote out a list of the things which I ought to do to make my preparation complete. I checked the list over repeatedly and could find nothing that I had left undone. I was ready. My team was ready. My cultivator was ready. I could see no reason why I

was ready. I could see no reason why I was not in a position to go 'fass.'

"As I set out Wednesday morning I flattered myself that my shining blacks presented fully as fine an appearance as Pierre's handsome bays; but his words were in my mind. 'Vat ze decerence how I look, so I get the corn plow, and I had no intention of letting a regard for appearances keep me from winning though I was secretly pleased with the looks of admiration which were given my outfit as I drove into the neighbor's yard. A good many persons were already on the ground and our parts had been assigned to us. Promptly at the hour appointed we drove into the field and the contest was on into the field and the contest was on. Pierre was clucking and talking with un-usual vehemence but I said nothing. I intended by my silence to mislead Pierre in-to believing that I was not going 'fass,' and I knew that the blacks would make good speed regardless of noise. My expectation was that Pierre would suffer from overconfidence. He had beaten the others in contests and knew nothing of me except what he had seen the year before, and that was not such as to cause him any alarm. I stationed my brother where he could watch Pierre and report to me. Everything went as I had planned except that Pierre made better speed than I had anticipated. My intention was to get such a lead on him in the beginning before he realized it that he could not catch up. At the end of the first hour I was one row At the end of the first hour I was one row ahead of him and three ahead of the others who strangely enough were even. By noon I had increased my lead over Pierre to four rows and no longer regarded the others as competitors. I was sure Pierre did not know how we stood and if I could only hold my own I would win. I took the noon hour as did Pierre in working with my team and cultivator. My ex-(Continued on page 159.)



to me merciless ridicule. As we went in alry. The other was a for dinner I looked over his work and my cellence in mathematics. contempt was considerably lessened. There was not only a good stretch done, but there was a neatness and finish to it that was a revelation to me. I knew at once that it was the art of a master and I gazed upon my own furrows with a good deal of the self-concelt taken out of me. When we reached the barn I led my horses to water, threw in their feed, jerked off their bridles and went to the house, according to our custom; but Pierre unharnessed his, rubbed them over with a cloth, sponged out their nostrils as I had seen the men do at the county fair and carefully wiped the sweat from the collars and backpads.

"During dinner I perceived that father was taking advantage of Pierre's talkativeness to gain information about corn-plow-ing, and though I felt humiliated by my treatment during the forenoon I determined to learn all I could. 'Of course I am ze boss cornplower, ze shampeeon,' he blustered, 'for I am ze only one vat goes at it scientif. Ze science, zat ze zing! Ze gran secret ees to have everzing ready be-fore you begin; zen you can go fass. No one ever hear me stop to fix anyzing. My plow ees right. I knows how high ze corn, how long ze row, how rough ze groun. I knows it all. And zen ze team—ze team, zats it! Man can stan ze vork, but ze team not so vell. shoulders, feet, legs, I watch everzing. I takes no chance. I knows how fass and far I go—ten row, eighty rod, zat one acre. Zat ze firs hour, zen fasser. Have everzing ready before you begin zen you can go fass, zat ze science. Zat my

alry. The other was a certificate of excellence in mathematics. 'Yes,' I said to myself, 'that is where he gets the science. Leaving him asleep I went out to look at this corn field. The way every the part of the corn field. his corn field. To my eyes it was a mar-vel of beauty. The rows were as straight as an arrow, and as clean as a floor, while the ends were rounded as carefully as a fop could tie a necktic. I studied the scene until I was sure I knew just how the result had been attained. Then as darkness had been attained. Then as darkness was coming on I returned to the house, waked Pierre, gave him his money and left. In that ride home my life plan was made. Pierre's motto was pounding like a triphammer in my head, 'Have everything ready before you begin, zen you can go fass.' I had intended to go to college that fall, take one year, remain out the next while I carned money and then take an-other and so on until I had completed the course; but Pierre had knocked that idea skyhigh. I would wait until I could see my way cl start at all. clear through before I would

"The next morning father left to be gone a week. Without saying a word to anyone. I went out into the pasture and brought in a pair of four-year-old horses that had been idle nearly all spring. They had been used some but they were so unmanageable and restless that it was next to impossible to do good plowing with them, and as a result they had never been pressed into service when anything else was fit. They were coal black and almost fass and far I go—ten row, eighty rod, zat one acre. Zat ze firs hour, zen fasser. Have everzing ready before you begin zen you can go fass, zat ze science. Zat my motto. Some fool say I talk too much and dress too fine; but vat ze deeference how I dress or vat I say, so I get ze corn plow? Yat ze deeference? "When we were through eating, my brother and I stretched out for the noon rest, but Pierre was busy with his team

# THE IROQUOIS INDIANS!

By J. GERTRUDE MENARD

These savages, whose name for a hundred years was the synonym for death hundred years was the synonym for death and disaster, and who belonged to an aggregation of five tribes important enough to be dignified by the title of "Nations," conducted a species of warfare against mankind that gave them great prominence in the annals of their time. Not only upon the people of their own race—the less powerful tribes of the Hurons and Algonquins, fell the weight of their pitiless onslaughts, but the settlers of early New France were their constant prey; and even the distant New England colonists, lying unprotected on their lonely frontier farms, became the frequent victims of their tomahawks and torches.



BAPTISTE, THE INDIAN PILOT

As wily as they were brave, as treacherous as they were sagacious, the Iroquois owed not to these qualities alone the supermacy they maintained over their contemporaries. They were acknowledged to possess the highest form of Indian intelligence. Their country, which stretched from Niagara Falls to the present city of Albany, and thence to Lake Champlain, contained solidly built, permanent "lodges." Their crops were well planted and well cared for. They had formed the habit, unpracticed by other tribes, of storing provisions against a time of want. Then, while their neighbors were weakened and decimated by frequent famine, the Iroquois fortified by their abundant supplies, grew in numbers and strength.

Of the 16,250 Iroquois living at the present day, 5,300 still reside on reservations in the old fatherland, now the state of the support of having his head, set in the distinction of stately feathers and wampum, printed on the ten-dollar notes of the Dominion of the ten-dollar notes of the Lachine Rapids each year at the opening of navigation, a thing that has now become one of the time-honored ceremonials of the country. As soon as the ice has broken before even the hardiest Canadian dares venture upon the familiar waterway, "Big John" in his faithful canoe tests the safety of the trip. When he has given his word that danger waterway, "Big John" in his faithful canoe tests the safety of the trip. When he has given his word that danger waterway is a sound that the

fortified by their abundant supplies, grew in numbers and strength.

Of the 16,250 Iroquois living at the present day, 5,300 still reside on reservations in the old fatherland, now the state of New York.

But in that Canada, the flercest rapids of whose rivers they shot triumphantly, whose wildernesses they haunted like terrible spectres, whose pleasant farms they

whose wildernesses they haunted like terrible spectres, whose pleasant farms they laid waste at will, the majority of the Iroquois find a congenial home, changed by time and circumstance into a law-abiding, people, content to turn their strength to whatever "ignoble" task may gain them a subsistence and a home.

Of the three Iroquois settlements in Canada—Caughnawaga, St. Regis and Oka, by far the largest and most important is a prey always to the terrible heat and to Caughnawaga, a village beautifully situated on the St. Lawrence just above Mont-

THE AVERAGE boy perhaps no class of persons are so interesting as are the Iroquois Indians.

These savages, whose name for a undred years was the synonym for death and disaster, and who belonged to an agregation of five tribes important enough be dignified by the title of "Nations," and that pave them great prominence the annals of their time. Not only upon the people of their own race—the less powit being the custom of the Iroquois house-wife to clean her abode only upon feast-days, which occur two or three times a year. The wigwam fire, that shrine indis-solubly connected with Indian home life, has degenerated into a commonplace stove; upon the walls in place of tomahawk and scalping knife hang cheap prints of the present King of England, or gaudy chromos purchased from prodering poddlers; and purchased from wandering peddlers; and when one looks eagerly for an odd gar-ment of buckskin, or the remnant of an eagle-feather headdress one sees only an old felt hat or the most prosaic of shabby coats thrown carelessly upon chair or ta-ble

ble.
The women sitting in the little bare rooms, however, have not been altered by civilization so markedly as have their sur-roundings. The swarthy skin, the high cheek-bones, the piercing black eyes fulfil the ideal of the Indian countenance. The principal labor of the female portion of the village is the making of moccasins and beaded articles to sell in the city of Montreal. The attire is ordinary except that no hats or bonnets are worn. A black shawl, not inartistically draped, is the inseparable headgear and wrap of the Iroquois woman, as is a string of beads around the neck her as is a string of beads around the neck her ever-present adornment. The mothers still retain the ancient custom of strapping their bables to boards, and it is a not uncommon sight to see a rigid, brown-faced bundle leaned conveniently against a nearby wall or doorpost while the unencumbered parent plies her needle among the gay colored beads.

One glory the Iroquois braves still retain

One glory the Iroquois braves still retain in their fallen state, however, and that is their ancient skill as pilots and voyageurs. The mighty river, whose flercest fury of ice or flood was in former days unable to check or flood was in former days unable to check their course or daunt their courage, still owns them masters. The wonderful feats in this direction performed by "Big Baptiste" has procured for him the distinction of having his head, set in the dignity of stately feathers and wampum, printed on the ten-dollar notes of the Dominion of Canada. "Big John," another pilot of note, has gained fame and money by his hazardous shooting of the Lachine Rapids each year at the opening of navigation, a thing that has now become one of the time-honored ceremonials of the country. As

the quiet homes of their native village, from the shores of their familiar river, fifty-five men under the leadership of one of their most skillful woodsmen, rafters and pilots, set forth with the contingent



IROQUOIS INDIANS IN FESTAL ARRAY

Lachine. The name Caughnawaga signifies "near the rapids." and from the bridge which spans the river at this point one may see the white line of foam which marks the treacherous currents of the Lachine

real and directly opposite the township of sufficient here to state that these sturdy northmen came very near saving the day. By the success or failure of the Indian experts in taking the heavily laden loats up the cataracts of the Nile, Lord Wolseley proposed to decide whether the relief party should go by way of the river or around by the Red Sea. At Alexandria 20,000 men waited impatiently while the Indians made Rapids.

The settlement, which is the outgrowth of one of the early missions, was founded in 1696. It contains a population of over two thousand, inhabiting houses numbering about four hundred. The government of Canada allows the Indians only the land, sufficient for dwellings and garden plots, together with the sum of three hundred dollars yearly for the purpose of securing an instructor in the English language. All the buildings therefore, school, cottages,

"Stop that, you Stupid Renovator

-you've opened my splendid OSTERMOOR. Don't you know yet that the Os-TERMOOR never needs remaking? Sew it right up again and put it back in the sun where you found it. A sun-bath is all it requires. It is those dirty



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week; the city had fallen, and General Gordon was dead. Had Lord Wolseley trusted the Iroquois without the month's delay of the trial trip, one page of English history would have been different.

But to the dauntlers pilots came, nevertheless, full measure of praise and recognition. The Royal Engineers who planned most elaborately on paper, the advance up the stream, and shouted their orders from some safe vantage point only to see boat after hoat hurled to destruction, came facility to discover the wisdom of retiring boat after hoat huried to destruction, came finally to discover the wisdom of retiring from the foreground of the campaign, and of bringing out the humble voyageurs who said nothing but did much. And to the governor-general of Canada, Lord Wolseley sent this message: "I desire to place on record not only my own opinion, but that of every officer connected with the management of the boat columns, that the services of these voyageurs have been of the greatest possible value. They have shown not only great at the services of these records and the perceable and harmless. It is only when that old enemy of the red man, the pernicious "fire water," makes its appearance that disturbances take place. The community is as far as possible self-governing, the executive body called the minds that once sat in solemn conclave to decide the fate of powerful nations, now give their attention to the mending of roads or the sinkless.

dles stand quiet in the chimney corners; when the steamboats and lumber rafts that ply the wonderful northern rivers and lakes wait idle at their moorings, when all the icy world, in fact, is wrapped in silence and desolation, the braves of Caughnawas: sit around the fires and relate through clouds of tobacco smoke the thrilling story

f their adventures in ancient Egypt. It must not be supposed that the two It must not be supposed that the two thousand Indians now resident in Caughnawaga are of unmixed Iroquois blood. During the time when this powerful people gave their wavering allegiance, now to the English, now to the French, now to the Dutch, it was their wise custom to adopt each year a large number of the captives secured in the various wars with hostile nations. The prisoners thus appropriated were forced to assume the manners and customs of the tribe and became in a short time thorough Iroquois. Even remote New England added its bitter contribution to the ranks of these savages, and to the infusion of Puritan blood Caughnawaga owes such incongruous names as Rice, Williams. such incongruous names as Rice, Williams, Jacobs, Hill, Stacey, McGregor and others. A few statistics will show the importance of this system of adoption:

of this system of adoption:

Eunice Williams, seven years old, daughter of Rev. John Williams, minister at Deerfield, Mass., was taken to Caughnawaga in February 1704. She was called by her captors, Karenstenhawi, "She brings corn." She married an Indian chief, Arosen, "the beaver," and her descendants now

Jacob Hill, twelve years old, taken near Albany, known by his captors as Karonheintawi, "heaven given," married in 1766 a captive girl, and had four children. His descendants are eleven hundred in number.

John Stacey, fourteen years old, Hill's companion in captivity, surnamed Aionwatha, "the maker of rivers," is the ancestor of over four hundred of the Caughnawara.

of over four hundred of the Caughnawaga

on oringing out the humble voyageurs who said nothing but did much. And to the governor-general of Canada, Lord Wolseley sent this message: "I desire to place on record not only my own opinion, but that of every officer connected with the management of the boat columns, that the services of these voyageurs have been of the greatest possible value. They have shown not only great skill, but also great courage in navigating their boats through difficult and dangerous waters."

It was many months before the term of their African service expired, and the newmade heroes were allowed to return to their Canadian homes. Since that time, during the long winter season, when the canoes lie inverted on the snowbanks outside the cottage doors, and the trusty paddles stand quiet in the chimney corners.

It is not the possession of money that constitutes wealth, that gives the highest satisfaction, and awakens the consciousness of noble achievement, the assurance that one is fulfilling his mission and that he is reading aright the scaled message which the Creator placed in his hand at birth.—"Success Magazine."



NEW YORK BASKET-BALL TEAM WINNING PROM CHICAGO IN THE ST LOUIS EXPO-

# WITH THE BOYS



sounds like a joke, but we are prepared to believe anything that comes from the great West. He says that the rabbits cost his father's ranch company more than \$100 last year through their eating growing oats. The ranch company has six dogs, two of them being shepherds, one a Newfoundland, whose name is "Jack,," and three hounds, two being staghounds and the third a registered greyhound. Jack has caught and killed five coyotes and Christy's father is tanning the skins for a coat. During the summer vacation Christy helps to irrigate the farm, cocks hay, picks potatoes and shocks grain. The Yellowstone National Park is not far away, and Christy thinks every American boy should visit it.

### TOO MUCH ABOUT CITY BOYS

ELMER NICKELL, Cordell., Okla., thinks we are publishing too much about city boys and city life, and he is afraid we are going to take the boys away from the farms. He says he is going to attend Agricultural College and in that way become a first-class farmer. We hope that his criticism is not just.

### A YOUNG HUNTER

J. BAILEY HENDLEHART, Gettysburg, J. BAILEY HENDLEHART, Gettysburg, Pa., admired very much our December cover because he loves hunting. He is 15 years old and in the junior class in High School. He takes especial interest in the pictures of ships and the stories and articles regarding the sea that appear in THE AMERICAN BOY.

### A JAP CELEBRATION

W. PIERCE JAMES, Spokane, Wash, tells us about a Japanese celebration that took place in his city January 7th, the celebration being in honor of the capture of Port Arthur. The fireworks, he says, were on the bomb order, the bombs being shot from apparatus to great heights. When these bombs burst they sent out into the air heautiful designs, such as fish, storks, butterflies, dragons, dogs, Japanese and American flags. As these emblems fell to the earth the boys were ready with umbrellas, sticks and canes to catch them. There was an evening celebration indoors and everyone who attended received a present in the way of a silk handkerchief, or something else of Japanese make. W. PIERCE JAMES, Spokane, Wash.,

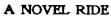
As these emblems fell to the boys were ready with umbrellas, sticks and canes to catch them. There was an evening celebration indoors and everyone who attended received a present in the way of a silk handkerchief, or something else of Japanese make,

TEN YEARS WITHOUT A MISS

MILLARD D. GROOT. Hackensack, N. J. who has recently become a subscriber of THE AMERICAN BOY through the efforts of GEO. H. FLINT, another of our subscribers, has earned distinction for having attended every session of the Sunday School of the First Reformed Church of his city during ten years. At the 1901 Christmas exercises of the Sunday School he received a handsome set of books in recognition of his faithfulness.

HUBRE E. FABIANO, Nueva, Caceres, Camarines, P. I. writes that he can hardly wait for the issues of THE AMERICAN BOY. He wants to he known as a friend of American boys. "Six years ago," he says, "I heard no English spoken, while now thousands of Philippine men and women can read, write and speak it. I feel desperately interested in all American boys for the working hard to get my friends to read H. H. AMERICAN BOY."

WHAT LIP AMERICAN BOY."





NORMAN RYDALL is the little son of one of the managers of the great Cawston Ostrich Farm at Los Angeles. Our picture shows Norman riding an ostrich.

A LONG WAY FROM HOME

L. K. ARMSTRONG, Cologne, Germany, writes us a long letter telling about himself. He left America June 4th last to study German and music in Cologne. When he was living in America he didn't quite understand, as he does now, what a fine country he lived in. He sends us part of a birthday letter written him by his father. We are going to print it because it gives such good advice. It reads: "My boy, it looks to you a much longer line from fifteen up to sixty than it does from nearly sixty down to fifteen, and you may think I am only trying to hurry you—but as the days, weeks and years roll by you will see that each one secres to grow shorter, and there are so many things to do and so little time in which to do them. The motto 'Do it now' is good all the time; I hope you will always live up to it. Do all you can to-day; to-morrow will be full of things for itself, and so with every succeeding day. The more you conquer to-day the more you will to-morow. Give your whole life to whatever task you have in hand and never doubt but what you can do it. The farther up you get to-day the higher you can get to-morrow. Do everything in the most thorough manner. Get at facts and the reasons for them and you can then reason out other things. Never do a mean thing. They may be slow in coming back to you with shame, but they are sure to come. Stand for truth, honesty and clean morals always. Never do a thing you would be ashamed to tell your mother of. Be kind, just and true. Remember the other fellow has the same rights you have. Be prompt in all things. Make friends and keep them by being loyal to them whether they be rich or poor. Work while you work and give your whole being to it, and when you play do the same with that. Think good thoughts by shutting out bad ones. There is always a hright side if you only look for it."

The boy says he went to Europe alone and that he was not seasick in going over nor has he been homesick. A very good record. He carries a little silk flag in his pocket and has had se

### FROM A FILIPINO BROTHER



WHAT HE SAW IN WALES

WILLIAM RICHARDS, Toledo, O., is a son of the Staff Captain of the Salvation Army of that city. Last summer he visited England and Wales, attending the International Congress of the Salvation Army with his father. He says delegates from forty-nine different countries and colonics attended. Wales he reports to be a quaint and curious country. The village in which his father was born in Wales has one more building now than it had when his father left there twenty years ago. The Welsh language, he says, is something terrific. He sends us some souvenirs, and here are some extracts from the reading matter which appears: matter which appears:

Scene-Slopes of the renowned Carnedd

Scene—stopes of the renowned Carness. Liewelyn.
Tourist—Good morning, my dear. What is the height of this mountain?
Shepherdess—3.560 feet; about 8 feet less than Engage.

Shepherdess—3.566 feet; about 8 feet less than Snowdon Fawr.
T.—Whose sheep are these?
S.—They belong to M. Goronwy Cadwaladr ap Gruffudd, sir,
T.—Oh! a very nice name, too. And where does he live?
S.—At Tre'rgeifrgwylltion.
T.—What is that lake I see over there?
S.—Liynlle'rllyfnwygwrdd.
T.—Another jaw-breaker. Have you been much from home at all?
S.—Only in Anglesey, sir. I went with my brother and my sister to Llanerchymeddymondo, and from there to see Creigiau'r Crugyll, and came back to Llanfairmathafarneithaf, and then—



T.—Hold hard! let me breathe a little, my dear! W'll, where afterwards? S.—Well, my brother had to go back to Chwarel Caebraichycafn, and my sister to Tre'rhianod, Llanaelhaiarn, but on our way home we went to see the little church by the river—such a funny old-fashioned church sir.

church, sir.

T.-Where is it? I mean what parish?
S.-In Llanfairpwligwyngyligogerychwyrndrobwllantysiliogogogoch.

ndrobwllantvsillogogogoch.

He reports that he saw a tubular bridge and also a church which at high tide is entirely surrounded by water. He says the English people are very kind and courteous, but holding strange opinions of the United States. Some of them think every one here carries a gun. He took a hundred pictures with his "Brownie." The boy plays the cornet and violin and is in the seventh grade in school. His age is 14.

### FROM ACROSS THE BORDER

FROM ACROSS THE BORDER

JAMES A. McKENZIE. Portage La Prairie, Canada, writes a story about himself. He is 14 years old and is in the first form in the Collegiate Institute. He is also in the Portage La Prairie band, that numbers thirty-two instruments. Every boy in his neighborhood can shoot with anything from a shotgun to a catapult, and there is much game in his vicinity such as chicken, duck, geese, rabbits, fox, wolves, bears, moose and elk. Boys are able to shoot small birds and even muskrats with their catapults. He is very fond of farming and loves to get up early in the morning and go out into the clear, pure air, which, he says, puts vigor in his muscles. There are no streams with fish in them, and no hills for coasting, in his neighborhood. Skating and hockey in a large rink makes good sport for the winter. Most of the boys in his town do not care to read papers and it is hard to get subscribers.

### UP IN NORTH DAKOTA

NILS JAHREN, of Enderlin, N. Dak., is the son of the pastor of a Lutheran church with five congregations to visit, but that ought not to make much difference, for Nils says his father has the finest pair of black horses in the county and that they go like a whirlwind. Enderlin has a population of a thousand people, and Nils lives in the country near by, where his father owns fifteen acres of ground.

### A YOUNG FARMER

LUTHER REINER, Creston, O., age about 16, lives on a farm of twenty acres with his mother and sister. His father, who was a Lutheran clergyman, died nine years ago. Young as Luther is, he does the farming, including plowing for corn and planting it; at the same time he doesn't miss school and takes an interest in good boy literature, as is indicated by the fact that he is an admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY.

### CAN SEE MOUNT HAMILTON

RALPH RAMBO lives in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, Cal., in plain view of Mount Hamilton and the Lick Observatory. His father gave him THE AMERICAN BOY as a Christmas present and he thinks it is the best present he could have given

### A FIRESIDE CHAT

PAUL F. ZELL, Lancaster, Pa., writes us a letter, asking us to read it some evening sitting before the fire, when we feel like having one of our boy friends to talk with. He says THE AMERICAN BOY has a magnetic influence on him for good; that he wants to be a leader among the boys of his community, so far as awakening them to a true American spirit is con-

cerned. He says it is very difficult to get the boys interested in good reading, but he is sure if the boys will but read THE AMERICAN BOY for a little while they will become interested. He is interested particularly in oratory and in reading, and looks forward to the time when he may be able to earn money by his pen. He feels at times discouraged, as he has to depend on himself for his clothing and his beard and he gets little time for school, but he consoles himself with the thought that there is more clear sky than cloudy sky.

### PLUCKY

PLUCKY

JOHN G. HANNA, Galveston, Tex, writes some criticisms on the picture and description of the log cabin that appeared on page 33 of the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY. As our purpose was simply to point out how to make a miniature log cabin with a pocket-koife, there ought not to be any criticism of the fact that we make use of wires and glass, which articles in the construction of log cabins were not common in the days of our forefathers. Our correspondent goes to the Public School and for the past two terms has been the leader of his class, this netwithstanding the fact that he is unfortunate enough to be minus a foot and is totally deaf. He says that he gets as much pleasure out of life as does the average boy, by looking on the bright side of things. His hobby is mechanics and electricity and the thinks the new department in THE AMERICAN BOY the best in the whole paper. He thinks a saw or a lawnmower beats dumb bells or Indian clubs as a muscle maker, and that two months at the woodpile did more for his bicens than a year at the Y. M. C. A gymnasium.

### A YOUNG BALL PLAYER

One of the youngest baseball enthusiasts in the United States is little LAWRENCE McCALL, son of Mr. and Mrs T. A. McCall, of Xenia, Ohio, Although not yet four years old he understands pertectly every play in professional baseball. The little fellow, after returning from a game can not only tell the errors that have been made, but also the names of the players who made them.



During last summer Lawrence, with his parents, resided in the city of clincinaat. While there he became acquainted with all the members of the Cincinnati league team. He took an especial liking for "Bob" Ewing, the pitcher. There is not a bill pitched by Ewing but that Lawrence can imitate to perfection. Such an admirer is he of the big pitcher that he insists that he shall be called "Little Bob Ewing" instead of Lawrence.

### TOO LATE

HAROLD MOODY, Glen Rock, Pa., age 14, sent us, January 10th, a short story entitled "George Washington." Doubtless hodid not know that by January 10th one February number was all made up. The story was very good, considering the age of the writer.

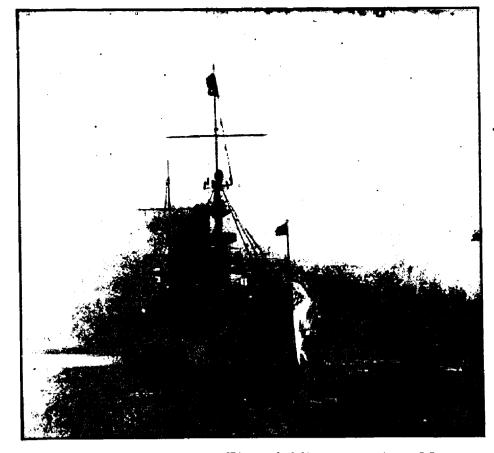
### FROM FAR OFF JAPAN

An illustrated postal card comes from one of our Japanese subscribers at Nagoya. Japan, by name of M. KIMURA



### A BOY-MADE HAND-CAR

George F. Brewster, a Tilton, N. H., boy, has built for his brother and himself the hand car shown in the illustration. The car is 8 feet long and the axies measure 28 inches. It is steered in front by the pressure of the feet. Young Brewster says that the car will go on a level almost as fast as a boy can run. This young man has also made a small auto to run about the floor by means of clock-work. He has a small horizontal steam engine (¼ horse power), getting his steam from a factory next door to his home. He runs a companion lathe and saw together and has many good tools.



The "Colorado," a Fine Addition to Our Navy

The armored cruiser. Colorado, was recently turned over to the government by the Cramps, and on Monday, January 16th, the splendid ship was put in commission. The pennant of Captain Duncan Kennedy flies at the mizzen fighting top.

### Play Congress at Nuremberg

Play Congress at Nuremberg

At the play congress which was held in Nuremberg in 1902, the chief Olympic feature was an exhibition given by 8,000 school children of the games they had learned at school. The tournament took place in a broad meadow which was situated near the city. The entire curriculum of games from the first grade up through the high school was played. In the first event sixty-seven classes of girls came on together. These girls represented all the grades of the elementary school. Each class played a different game and sixty-seven games went on simultaneously. The report says: "The children, darting to and fro in their bright-colored dresses in the similit meadow, made an entrancing spectacle, while the accompaniment of song which characterized many games, entrailed the ear as well." "The girls were wild with enthusiasm," the report says. After the girls had played for half an hour they marched off the field to the music of the bugle, and sixty-seven classes of boys took their places and in turn played the games of their course of study. After another half hour the boys gave place to classes from the higher schools. A feature of this third period was that there were fourteen games of football going on at once. After the games were over, prizes were given to the children who had played the best. The usual prize in athletic contests in Germany is a crown of oak leaves and sometimes a "beautifully engraved diploma" as well.

This is the most ambitious exhibition of games that was ever given so far as I know, but many cities of Germany could have given a similar exhibition if occa-

games that was ever given so far as I know, but many cities of Germany could have given a similar exhibition if occasion had called for it.—The Chautauquan.

### A Business View

In conversation with a business man, the other day, he made the following remarks, and as they seem to express the opinion of the average business man. I am passing it on for the benefit of my friends.

opinion of the average business man, I am passing it on for the benefit of my friends, the boys:

"I like the young man who came into the office the other day to apply for a position. He said he had a position with a dry goods store, nice work, a nice employer, but he couldn't see that he was working toward anything better, and his employer said he couldn't see any great future, either. He was getting \$3 a week, and \$3.50 was still a long way off. In fact, it was like spoiling a pair of \$5 pants climbing a greased pole for a 50 cent orize.

"I explained to him that we wanted the services of a young man who had an ambition for better things, but that part of that work was of the disagreeable nature of pushing a cart occasionally, which wasn't as nice and clean as his present work. But that didn't make any difference to the young man: what he wanted was a place that would give him a chance to learn—he could stand the joits. So I told him he could use us to further his ambitions all he wanted to; that we wanted just such boys. And it was a fact. And, furthermore, the concern I am with is no different from others: they all want good boys to answer when they press the button.

"A young man who was earning \$8 a

boys to answer when they press the button.

"A young man who was earning \$8 a week five years ago is now foreman in one of our departments, and earning \$25. He simply worked himself into the place. He was always on time, never lost his temper, never in a hurry (haste makes waste, you know); he just worked steadily all the time—never washed his hands till after the whistle blew—and he had better things coming."—The American High School.

### Dress Reform for Boys

The Head Master of the Kingston Grammar School in England has sent out circulars to parents asking them in dressing their boys not to use linen shirts, collars and waistcoats, but to furnish the boys with flannel knickerbockers, or trousers, and flannel shirts with flannel collars. He suggests that over the flannel shirts they wear jerseys in winter. The waistcoat, he contends, affords no protection to the back while it prevents the expansion of the chest. As everyone knows, the back of a waistcoat is thinner than the front. The part between the shoulders requires more

protection than does the chest. Every boy and man should have a waistcoat lined at the back with fiannel. Medical men agree that a great improvement can be made in the way of boys' wear to the benefit of their health.

### There Will be no Chances This Year for

The idler. The leaner

The coward.

The wobbler.
The ignorant.
The weakling.
The smatterer.
The indifferent

The indifferent.
The unprepared.
The educated fool.
The impractical theorist.
Those who watch the clock.
The slipshod and the careless.
The young man who lacks backbone.
The person who is afraid of obstacles.
The man who has no iron in his blood.
The person who tries to save on foundalons.

except getting to the end of each row as quickly as possible. The kindness with The kindness with which I had treated my horses all season was forgotten and I urged them on at a killing pace, but they seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion and bent to their task in a way that thrilled my blood. Steadily the dirt rolled from shovels as my snovels as I crowded on, while the shouts that reached me told me that Pierre was making the effort of his life. At last the signal sounded, and the teams were taken from the field. The three men appointed from the field. The three men appointed for the task went over the ground to award the prize, while we five eagerly awaited their decision.—I with perfect confidence, for I was sure that I had kept pace with Pierre if I had not gained on him. They returned with their report. The other three contestants were out of it ants were out of it hy several rows, but Plerre and I were Plerre and I were even and the money would be divided. My chagrin was indescribable. I could not understand how Pierre had gained those four rows,—my brother must have mis-

The preson who tries to save on foundations.

The boy who slips rotten hours into his schooling.

The man who is always running to catch up with his business.

The man who can do a little of everything and not much of anything.

The man who and the always running to catch up with his business.

The man who can do a little of everything and not much of anything.

The man who wants to succeed, but who is not willing to pay the price.

The one who tries to pick only the flowers out of his occupation, avoiding the thorns.—O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."

The Champion Corn Plower

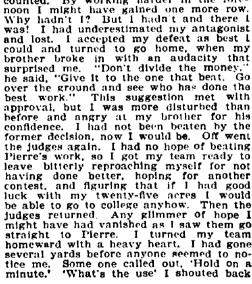
(Continued from page 136.)

Perience with Pierre the year before hallowing the draaded and I prepared for a bruising afternoon. I soon saw that he had been addened and I prepared for a bruising afternoon. I soon saw that he had been doing his best and was going by a prearranged schedule. My hope of taking him napping had been a foolish one. If I won it would be a straight out victory. I simply that have gained one more row, as bravely as I could. 'Well, you might that the fore and napper and the pull that a coupled my defent as best I the four doilars and fitteen the pull the man and turned to go home, when my hand with the four doilars and fitteen over the ground and see who has done the said, "Give It to the one that bent. Go over the ground and see who has done the best work." This suggestion met with approval, but I was more disturbed than hendred yards shead of Pierre when the hugges again. I had no hope of beating in this country.

The Champion Corn Plower

(Continued from page 136.)

Perience with Pierre the year before had shown me that he was an antagonist to be dreaded and I prepared for a bruising afternoon. I soon saw that he had been doing his best and was going by a prearranged schedule. My hope of taking him napplng had been a foolish one. If I won it would be a straight out victory. I staight to Pierre I turned my team had younded the about the would not go take the coloness with a staight to Pierre I turned my team for









A Better Job than Selling Papers.



# Boy Wanted.

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Preference will be given to boys already working as these will the more appreciate what a great chance our plan offers. But whoever you are, don't wait. Write at once. You may be the first boy to reply from your town. Address

### Thomson Brothers,

60 Wells Street.

St. Clair, Michigan.

his promise to give me the horses. I had not finished putting my team in the barn, when my brother burst into the yard, waving his hat and shouting to father and mother, 'Hurrah for the champion corn plower! John won! John beat Pierre! Hurrah for John!' and my cup was full. The judges had awarded me the prize that was certain, but I could scarcely realize it. That I should plow more than Pierre, I expected—but that I should plow more and better!—they had surely made a mistake. The next morning I got on my

more and better!—they had surely made a mistake. The next morning I got on my pony and rode out to my fields. I had not noticed them before but there they were as true and neat as Pierre's had seeme! the previous year. I then went to the place where the contest had been held Yes, it was true. I had beaten Pierre. From there I went to Pierre's. His fields still seemed a marvel of beauty, but as I examined minutely and honestly I saw that I had beaten him both at home and in the contest. That night father, who seemed contest. That night father, who seemed even more elated than I was over my viceven more elated than I was over my victory, formally transferred the blacks to me. A little later I sold the corn on my twenty-five acres as it stood for one hundred dollars. I already had live stock that would bring one hundred and fifty more and I had almost one hundred in money. Counting the team at one-fifty, this assured me of five hundred dollars. I knew that with what I could earn in vacations this would take me through without a

that with what I could earn in vacations this would take me through without a break and that everything was ready so that I could go 'fass.'

When the time to leave came, father was unwilling to part with the team and agreed to pay me a dollar a month and their keep for the use of them. It was a good return for the amount invested and I accepted the proposition at once. The money that I had no immediate need for I put out at interest and on the fourteenth day of September set out for college, and never missed a single day from any cause until I graduated at the head of my class in the law department of the State University.

So I call the day on which I first met Pierre the most eventful day of my life, for since then I have made Pierre's motto my

since then I have made Plerre's motto my invariable rule, 'Have everzing ready before you begin zen you can go fass,' and to that I attribute all my subsequent suc-

# FRENCH FROG AND AMERICAN EAGLE AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY

CHAPTER I

### THE COMPANY ASSEMBLES

HENRY MORDAUNT, write this story on behalf of the Gang; that is to say, the inmates of the Red Dormitory at Crosscombe school, who are all to give me the benefit of their advice and assistance, and fountain pens and so on; and the profits, yes, even if they run into poundsare to be equally divided. But I am to be the sole author and editor. They may criticise as much as they jolly well please, but it is to stop there. I am not to be interfered with or contradicted; and the manuscript will be kept in my own locker. I have put down the above in black and white, so that things may be on a proper

I have put down the above in black and white, so that things may be on a proper footing from the first. For Anstruther has just looked over my shoulder and says that the title I have selected is rotten. All envy, you know! The truth is, he thinks he ought to have been chosen for the task, all things considered. So he might have been if he could spell, and if people could read his writing. That is where I come in. Then, as to style. Mr. Magruder, who is kind enough to look this over and correct it. says that a refined and cultured public

will do anything for me, to make her people give a picnic that afternoon and invite the girls. Then, of course, 'gernon cried to go, as I knew he would, and had to be taken—with apologies to Mrs. Jervis. So there was no scene. I know by experience what it is, when they come to the station in a body in the wagonette, and hang round a fellow's neck before the cyes of those grinning porters not to mention any

in a body in the wagonette, and hang round a fellow's neck before the eyes of those grinning porters, not to mention any of our fellows who may be in the train!

As it was, I got off in style, with the starch still in my collar, and no Ethel having hysterics in the waiting-room, or Algy being picked off me like a limpet from a rock and kicking like a little demon. Thanks to my excellent management, I believe the people at the station thought the pater was merely a polite friend, or at most a rather unfeeling guardian.

Well! I traveled up with the old gang—Baines and Lamont, and Crickhowell and Ascott. Carclough we picked up, as usual, at Little Deeping, where we dropped an old gentleman who said he should write to the company and tell them about Baines getting up into the rack. Otherwise we had a very pleasant journey, and were only twenty minutes late.

By E. S. TYLEE

By E. S. TYLEE

says. This time, however, M'Closkie decided to take the air, and some of them wished they had not been quite so eager. We others, who had considered his ways, had a very cosy little party inside, and could exchange the weather and discuss one another's rheumatics without let or hindrance. M'Closkie, you see, though he does not otherwise resemble a bicycle, is apt to run a bit nasty when he starts working after a rest. For that matter, his temper is always uncertain; that is to say, certain to be bad.

Even Curioliush.

did not know much about the boy, but expressed the opinion that he would probably require a great deal of sitting on. We all promised to do our best, especially Puffy Adams, Puffy weighs quite a large part of a ton, and the fellows are always telling him that he ought to go on tour. Then there was a French boy, Rene Briant, of whom Carclough only knew that he was an orphan, and was to be received at reduced fees on condition that he talked French with us. Several fellows remarked in my hearing that they would like to hear Briant attempt it.

French with us. Severa.

French with us. Severa.

The other new fellow was of quite a different sort. We were told that he was seventeen and was joining Doctor Hardres's army class with a view to entering Sandhurst in a year or two. More interesting was the fact that he was said to be a first-class Rugger man, and as strong as a horse. Puffy Adams, who is famous for getting early and accurate information about other people's business, had met him at home and reported that he was six feet two inches in height, but rather short tempered, for he had heard him at alking to the cabman. Furthermore Puffy declared that Anstruther, the newcomer, was a sort of cousin of Doctor Hardres, was a sort of cousin of Doctor Hardres,

Then, as to style. Mr. Magruder, who is kind enough to look this over and correct it, says that a refined and cultured public will be repelled by my loose and slangy way of expressing myself, and that I shall do well to avoid the use of phrases which, however vivid and picturesque in themselves, are not sanctioned by classical authority. Furthermore, he has offered to "retrench," as he calls it, which means scratch out, any idioms which are likely to offend the fastidious taste of the educated reader, and to substitute for them his own flowing and elegant periods.

Well, I confess I am fond of a good crisp word which means something; but I suppose a Master of Arts like Magruder, senior assistant at Crosscombe, formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, must know best. So I have accepted his offer, and whenever in the following pages you find me putting long tails to my sentences, or making rings round my meaning like Euripides, the Crosscombe cat, when he is going to sleep, you will know There was a noise in the gallery outside the domitters and caught him on the hop. There was a noise in the gallery outside the domitters and correct mitory; and, generally speaking, it is a mistake to take up your quarters there if there is anything of the muff about you. Better see Mrs. Mole in time, and explain to her that mamma objects to your sleeping on the third floor, or in a turret room, or something of that sort. She there is anything of the muff about you. Better see Mrs. Mole in time, and explain to her that mamma objects to your sleeping on the third floor, or in a turret room, or something of the source see Mrs. Mole in time, and explain to her that mamma objects to your sleeping on the third floor, or in a turret room, of the state up your bed.

The Red Domitory: and seleping on the third floor, or in a turret room, of the seleping on the third floor, or in a turret room, of the seleping on the third floor, or in a turret room, of the seleping of

galia.

A little informal meeting of the Gang was held in the gymnasium to pass the proposition and settle details. As fast as every fresh member turned up he was met by two trusty scouts detailed for the purpose, and pulled headlong out of his cab before it had fairly come to a standstill. Then, as soon as he had given his keys into the matron's hands, and before he had washed his own, he was hurried down into the gym, between his two ushers at a gallop. Arriving there, goggle-eyed and panting, and with his topper on the back of his neck, he found Carclough, as captain of the Gang and chairman of the meeting, installed on the jumping horse, with Baines and Ascott, with Indian clubs,

meeting, installed on the jumping horse, with Baines and Ascott, with Indian clubs, supporting him on either side.

Of course every fresh comer was challenged at once and required to give the watchword of the Gang. As a general rule, fellows had completely forgotten it, and we had some rather neat things in the way of reprimands from the chair before they were allowed to sit down. The fact was, the word was so long that Carclough had written it for safety on his cuiff, inside, so that he could refresh his memory by passing his hand, negligently, across his fevered brow. Crickhowell composed it but I always thought myself that five and thirty letters were too many, and made a

to the company and tell them about Baines getting up into the rack. Otherwise we had a very pleasant journey, and were only twenty minutes late.

The Doctor had fagged M'Closkie to come and meet us, with the omnibus. It was rather a stormy day and, taking for granted that M'Closkie would go inside, as he generally does, the fellows made rather a dash for the roof. For Mac is a Caledonian, "stern and wild," as Scott thirty letters were too many, and made a thirty letters were too many, and made a process thirty letters were too many, and made a process thirty letters were too many, and made a process thirty letters were too many, and made a process thirty letters were too many, and made a process thirty letters were too many, and made a process thirty letters were too many, and made a process thirty letters were too many, and made a process to speak.

The meeting was very enthusiastic and successful, the chairman's terminal address unanimously resolved to go through the whole form of initiation unabridged, and give the candidates a regular good time: that is to say, a time which would do them good. The programme was drawn up

his temper is always uncertain; that is to say, certain to be bad.

From Carclough we learned that there were a larger number of new boys than usual, but that most of them were very young, and only three would be in the Senior School. Of these one was an American, son of the well-known millionaire and oil-king, Silas Q. Pickens, whose recent arrival had caused so great a sensation in our quiet corner of Somerset. Carclough all one know much about the boy, but expressed the opinion that he would probably pounced upon him at once hugged him till gives her no end of trouble. So Mrs. Mole pounced upon him at once, hugged him till he kicked to get away, and then carried the youngster off to take tea with her in her own little room. He told us afterwards that they had stewed oysters, and muffins, and all sorts of things. He added that he was awfully glad to come back, and that Crosscombe was much jollier than Lucerne, where he, with his mater, had been spending the summer holidays. The mountains, it seems, "made him quite tired to look at them." I should think so! Such a weak little chap as that!

We heard with pleasure that there had been much trouble with the rats in the west wing, and that it was to be feared they might invade the dormitories. There were also two fresh owls' nests, and things in general promised well. Henderson, putting his own low tastes before the inter-

which was the least. The relation was special favor, at such an advanced age.

Everyone felt that this new fellow, at any rate, was going to be an acquisition, and great satisfaction was expressed on finding that he had been assigned to the Red Dormitory. That is the Gang's dormitory; and, generally speaking, it is a done in a hurry, after the janitor had left mistake to take up your quarters there if and M'Closkie had paid his usual domicilithere is anything of the muff about you. Better see Mrs. Mole in time, and explain to her that mamma objects to your sleeping on the third floor, or in a turret room, or something of that sort. She won't believe you, of course; but she will change your bed.

The Red Dormitory is in a turret room, of the School House;

ing function.

This must have been particularly trying

services out, any idloms which are likely to offend the fastidious state of the educated reader, and to substitute for them his own among the shosts and away from the mast flowing and elegant periods. A good crip in the state of the elegant of the state of the stat

and Crickhowell's pistol, the one that he said used to belong to a pirate, who must have been a most hardened ruffian, for it was in such a dilapidated state that Crikey used to tie it to a tree and pull the trigger with a string. The Gang used to possess a skull and crossbones, but Carclough forgot and left them in his study, where the matron found them and handed them over

matron found them and handed them over to the dustman.

In close attendance on our noble captain were the two lictors, Bain's and Ascott, whose duty it was to carry out his orders and coerce the refractory. They were neatly uniformed in scarlet jerseys, and wore half-masks of black paper, which had a most impressive effect. It was generally considered that a mutineer, however muscular would have small chance against erally considered that a mutineer, however muscular, would have small chance against them; though they were seldom obliged to proceed to extremities. As a rule the new fellows gave in at once, and went through their initiation like lambs. Beside the two lictors stood a small screen behind which were posted the youngest members of the Gang armed with two pairs of old bellows, a little charcoal in a saucer, and some bits of old iron to clink. With the aid of these implements they produced a very fair imitation of the process of heating branding-irons, and the noise was always found to inspire candidates with a lively sense of the terrors to come

he terrors to come But the weirdest figure in the dormitory



BEFORE THAT TUTALLY DIPPERENT WHEEL— THE "RACTCLE"—WAS INVENTED OR EVEN THOUGHT OP, CHICAGOS WORLD'S MAIR WAS A THING OF THE PAST.

### RECORD OF A NOTABLE RACE

U. S. sweepstakes for bicycle supremacy. All ages.

U. S. sweepstakes for bicycle supremacy. All ages.

In 1896. Entered in U. S. alone, 288 bicycle factories. Last entry made—the RACYCLE, 690 to 1 shot). In 1896. Aged and unfit entries dropping out. RACYCLE youngster just feeling his oats, (100 to 1 shot). In 1900. Old-timers falling away rapidly. RACYCLE showing easy running qualities, (10 to 1 shot). In 1902. Competition losing ground badly. RACYCLE running even with all rivals, (Even money). In 1908. RACYCLE in the lead, (The favorite). In 1904. All high grade's easily distanced, the RACYCLE receiving the

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A Four Years' Course in Lima College or \$1,000 may be secured by answering this advertisement. First five answering from any postoffice receives a prize worth \$10.00. Send 15 cents for particulars and three months subscription to the

Educational Herald, Box 658, Lima, Ohio.

was that of our secretary and recorder, Martin Crickhowell, generally known as Crikey, on account of the marvelous narra-Crikey, on account of the marvelous narratives with which he was wont to regale the room on nights when the captain commanded stories. In appearance Crikey was a tall, thin, rather handsome boy of sixteen, with large, dark eyes and a face of singular palior—"a vampire," he used to say, in explanation of this latter feature. "That was when I was in South America. An earthquake (they are always having earthquakes there), aroused me just in time, before the creature had glutted its horrible thirst," and, indeed, to judge from the unending tales of his own past adventhe unending tales of his own past adven-tures, our secretary was a traveler and a hero compared to whom Ulysses himself seemed quite a sedentary character. His father was a colonel, not in the Marines, as the fellows used to say, but in the Line and in India, and Crikey had been bred and fed by four remarkable uncles, who and in India, and Crikey had been bred and fed by four remarkable uncles, who took a conspicuous part in all his yarns, and turned up again and again in the most unexpected places. Mainwaring, who has a turn for mathematics, once calculated that if Crickhowell had really undergone all the remarkable experiences which he related, he must be at least two hundred and fifty years old. But Crikey only smiled mysteriously, and remarked "Perhaps!"

He had lately adopted a tame rat, which he kept in a sort of hutch in his desk with air-holes underneath, letting it out for exercise at night. He had trained it in the most marvelous way to keep quiet during class time, and as yet the creature had escaped detection, though his next neighbors were occasionally conscious of a

had escaped detection, though his next neighbors were occasionally conscious of a weird, far-off whiff, too vague to be called unpleasant, when Crikey had neglected his pet for a while. Crikey called him Mahommed, and asserted that he was a good Mussulman. "Recite your profession of faith, Mahommed!" he would say, and Mahommend would obtainly squark But faith, Mahommed!" he would say, and Mahommend would obediently squeak. But some of the chaps said that the rat was his familiar demon, and Crikey rather encouraged that idea, too.



### BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS AMATEUR JOURNAL-ISM DEPARTMENT

### Getting Ahead

T. Ellison Bruce, Bowman, S. C., age 17, wants to tell how he has been making money for the past four years. The first two years, he says, he made just about enough to pay for his clothes, papers, books, etc., but in the third year he saved \$55.00, which he invested in bank stock, and since the opening of the fourth year he has saved something more. His way of



making money is selling papers, peanuts, working in a general store at odd times, and doing odd jobs at printing on a small press. Late last fall the cashler of the bank was taken sick and the directors selected him as assistant cashler. In the near future he expects to buy a printing outfit and start a weekly paper for his town.

### Future Captains of Industry

Every morning on my way to my office I

Every morning on my way to my office I pass a little candy store which is the congregating place for the boys who attend the school in my neighborhood. The other day I heard a very remarkable conversation between two boys. One said, "What are you going to do with your dime?" The other answered, "Spend it for candy, I guess." "All of it?" asked the other. "Sure, it's only a dime. What are you going to get?" "A nickel's worth of candy." "What are you going to do with your other nickel?" "I'm going to put it in my bank and save it."

When I got to my office I sat down with a plece of paper and began to figure. That boy was probably ten years old. If he saved a nickel every day until he became of age he would have \$171.50. I had never thought it worth while to save these nickels before, but I have known many a time when \$170 would come in very handy. But I had forgotten one thing. If that money was put in a bank it would have heen drawing 4 per cent, interest and would have earned \$34.68 more, making in all \$226.28. If that boy will keep up his plan of putting one-half of all he gets away where it will earn more money for him, he will be one of our captains of industry some day.—Our Boys and Girls.

### What a Penny Can Do

Most of the talk is about "millions" these days, and I notice that young people, like older ones, are beginning to look down on the pennies and to imagine that saving pennies is too slow altogether for this age. Let me tell you a true story about a re-ent big engineering contract that shows the value on pennies.

the value on pennies.

A great firm, well known through the country, figured on an engineering contract a few years ago. They had everything calculated to the last cent, except the cost of some dredging. On this they couldn't quite figure within half of one cent per cubic foot without getting more facts.

facts.
"We'd better investigate," said the elder partner, "and find out just how much we'll partner, "and find have to dredge." "Nonsense," sa

have to dridge."

"Nonsense," said the younger and more active partner. "It is only half a cent, and it's not worth bothering about."

So they signed the contract.

After they had worked six months it developed that the firm would have to dredge away ten million cubic feet of material. It also turned out that it would cost them exactly "only half a cent" per cubic foot more to do it than they were getting for it. Ten millions cubic feet, at that half a cent each, which the younger partner had said was "not worth bothering about" amounted to just \$50,000.

The firm has been working three years now to fulfill a contract at a heavy loss, simply because a man didn't consider that half a cent was worth bothering about.

It is the teachers who are expected to help the parents to see the possibilities of their children, that there may be as little regret as possible to be eliminated from their future.

It is a very common occurrence to hear women and men lament their lack of opportunities in early life. They also regret lack of thoroughness. Two hours study a day means in time, many weeks.

Every moment is a point in time to begin new work, or to carry forward the old work with renewed energy. We have margins of time which are generally wasted. The sub-conscious mind often carries on problems and solves them if the mind is trained to take up new work.

half a cent was worth bothering about.

### How a Prize Winner Feels

Dear Mr. Sprague: Many thanks for check for \$2.00, it made me feel mighty good and I believe I have grown an inch since. The dear old American Boy does the right thing always, so thanking you again and wishing our "Boy" many years of prosperity and success. I am CREDON McGANN. Midway, Ky., Jan. 3rd, 1906.



of the biting habit. Write immediately, beys, for our prope sition to you. Large cash profits or any premium you want JAPSTICK CO., 170 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.



GOOD PAY—GOOD PAY—GOO

### Choice of Vocation

By PAULINE ADELAIDE HARDY

Our best work is done easiest; that is, the work for which we are naturally fitted is easier than a kind of work which we are

forced to take up.

How is a boy to know that he will make the best chemist that the world has ever known, if he never studies chemistry? Or a wonderfully skillful physician, if he never becomes interested in physiology? Or an inventor, if he does not grasp the principles of mechanics? There are boys and girls all over the land, who fret because

an inventor, if he does not grasp the principles of mechanics? There are boys and girls all over the land, who fret because they have to go to school. They should first find out what they are good for; learn to do things well, in both work and studies; get a taste for hard work, for they are not crowned with much success who do not possess it.

Then it is true that a boy must study before he or his friends can possibly decide what his particular line of work is; we have some notable exceptions, both among women and men, who did not take a long course of study. It is true they studied life as they found it, and early learned the particular kind of work best suited to their needs. Perhaps it would be well to say, that sometimes geniuses find out the bent of genius, without the help of parents, teachers or friends. Washington Irving, Thomas Edison and Louise Alcott, are good examples of these.

What if the father of a family wished above all other things when a wouth to be

Alcott, are good examples of these.

What if the father of a family wished above all other things when a youth, to become a minister, but had his plans frustrated, and he then chose teaching as the one profession which is nearest, would it be surprising to find among the sons and daughters doubts as to what they were best fitted for? Perhaps in one, a daughter, there is a desire to be a minister, but for fear that it is not her mission, she becomes a teacher. She is a leader of youth, her minister said to her, "You can get nearer to your pupils than I can to my congregation. I wish I had your opportunity. You have them five days and I have them one day." He sees and recognizes her wonderful fitness for leadership, through her power in discerning the capabilities of her power in discerning the capabilities of her pupils, in the study of their peculiar traits and tastes. She also recognizes the traits and tastes. She also recognizes the resources of those who have not yet developed their capabilites. Mistakes are made continually by taking for granted that at twenty, a youth is all that he can be; there is no reserve force. When ten or twelve years older, the friends say: "How he has grown? I never knew it was in him to do such work. I thought there was only common ability in that boy."

grammar, so he gave up his education, although his parents, sister and friends urged him to study that he might pass his examinations into the high school. He said at last that he could not undersund grammar. last that he could not undersand grammar, and that it was no use to try longer; that he would rather go to work on his father's farm. He did so, but he found that he did not like farming. He was large and finely developed. His mother and father did not know what he was fitted for, but they did know that he was thoroughly dissatisfied after he had tried several kinds of work. He visited in a city, and heard some lectures on physiology, and saw some dissecting. He was very enthusiastic about it, which showed to one person, at least, that he had missed his calling. His grandfather had been a very successful physician, and this youth could have been, too, if his people had known enough to have placed and this youth could have been, too, if his people had known enough to have placed him under some private teacher in English, so that he could have passed his stumbling block—English grammar. Although he is not yet thirty, he says it is too late to take even a partial course in college and a medical course afterward. There are two very successful and excellent physicians, who did not study for physicians until after forty years of age. They then had a good knowledge of hygiene and then had a good knowledge of hygiene and

much common sense.

It is the teachers who are expected to help the parents to see the possibilities of their children, that there may be as little regret as possible to be eliminated from

It is little short of marvelous to see at the end of the year what has been ac-complished, in the way of study, by per-sistent effort and as the work goes on with the years, it shows the difference in the workers between a happy intelligent, en-thusiastic man, and a discontented, ignorant, hopeless drudge.

### The College Stimulates

We are apt to overestimate the value of an education gotten from books alone. A large part of the value of a college education comes from the social intercourse of the students, the re-enforcement, the buttressing of character by association. Their faculties are sharpened and polished by the attrition of mind with mind, and the pitting of brain against brain, which stimulate ambition, brighten the ideals, and open up new hopes and possibilities. Book knowledge is valuable, but the knowledge which comes from mind intercourse is invaluable.—O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."

EDGAR JACKSON, Hennessey, Okia., age 15, is quite a money saver. He has worked for seven years in a grocery store and now has \$800.00 saved up. His father died when he was not quite three years old. His attendance on the store has been outside of school hours. Last winter he finished the common school branches. He is a quiet boy and snends his evenings at home reading and studying. He is especially well up in history and has a fine collection of old coins. MAURICE WINDUS, Pullman, Wash., age 13, is quite a farmer. He owns an acre of land, a cow, two calves and six pigs Last summer he sold vegetables for his father and received half the returns. He is in the last year of the preparatory department of the Agricultural College. He has a library of 150 books and is a stamp collector. EDGAR JACKSON, Hennessey, Okla., age 15,

# Edited by W. R. MURPHY

The Editor of this department has several thousand interesting amateur papers which he will be glad to distribute, free of charge, to all our readers who may send for them. This will give you a chance to get some practical knowledge of amateur journatism by examination of typical amateur papers Send 2 cents for postage and address Mr. Murphy.

### A Boy Editor and Publisher

The hustling American boy is proberbial for doing things, but few even of this energetic class can hope to duplicate the energy and success of thirteen-year-old Paul H. Appleby, of Sedalia, Missouri. Paul is an amateur journalist and a good one, too. He has been interested in the work for some years and his miniature magazine is now in the middle of its fourth volume. It is called "The Chum," and a picture of the bright boy editor is given herewith. The journal, which would reflect credit on many a youngster well up in the 'teens, has for its motto "Everyone needs a chum." and it sets out to fill the need. Carefully edited and with articles really well written, "The Chum" is an



ideal amateur paper. Business ability and journalistic enterprise are shown by the fact that Paul has quite a cosmopolitan array of contributors, among them being Jean Craigmile, of Cheshire, England; Bennie Naseef, American colony, Jerusalem, Palestine; Martin C. Brennan and Cecil Doyle, New South Wales, Australia, and Herbert Choles, Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. The young editor exercises his editorial prerogative in "Chummy Chats," which contains interesting comments on amateur affairs and papers. The proprietor and editor of "The Chum" is a typical American boy, full of life and fun, He considers the hours snatched from playtime and employed with pen and press as among the most pleasant and profitable of his career.

### Amateur Press Clubs

People interested in a common hobby sooner or later organize for the more beneficial pursuit of their work. The amateur journalists are no exception, and flourishing press clubs of young people from fourteen to twenty are permanent fixtures in all the large cities. Discussions of a practical nature regarding journalism and typography, studies of authors and parliamentary procedure and social intercourse make the sessions interesting and profitable. A number of readers have enquired about the existence of local clubs in their vicinity and we have compiled the following list of those who will be glad to give quick and accurate information for the localities specified:

Boston, N. J. Martin, 1181 Center St., Newton Center.

Boston, N. J. Martin, 1181 Center Dt., Newton Center.

New York, B. J. Goldstien, 71 E. 92nd St. Philadelphia, W. R. Murphy, 223 So. 37th St. Baltimore, J. J. Cleary, 2018 Eastern Ave. St. Louis, J. W. Boud, 7802 Vermont Ave. Cleveland, W. J. Brodie, 478 The Arcade. Chicago, Carl Hegert, 500 Belden Ave. Milwaukee, W. C. Alhaeuser, 495 First Ave. Kansas City, I. E. Seymour, 708 W. 13th St. Minneapolis, M. J. Cohen, 931 Aldrich Ave. San Francisco, Edw. M. Lind, Box 2482.

### The Reviewer

The Reviewer

A GREAT REVIVAL of interest seems to have struck the world of amateur journalism at the present time. A regular cyclone of activity is evidenced by the number of papers which have come to the editor during the winter, and more especially during the past month. Many of these are in their first issues: others are old-time papers, and a few are revived magazines. A striking fact is the number of papers published by boys and young men who imagined that their papers were unique until informed of the existence of hundreds of other young editors, publishers and authors through THE AMERICAN BOY. As a general thing the papers mentioned in this department will be glad to exchange copies with others of similar character. By this reciprocity the young editors are kept in touch with what their fellows are doing, and many good and novel ideas of printing and writing are exchanged. Besides this, many papers conduct review columns and great profit is apt to follow the criticisms contained therein.—SOME AMATEUR PAPERS are like the grass of the earth, here today and gone tomorrow, and others are like TEUR PAPERS are like the grass of the earth, here today and gone tomorrow, and others are like Tennyson's brook. Perseverance and constant effort will make yours one of the latter class!—
TO WELCOME back an old and tried friend is at all times a grateful duty. In the amateur journalist ranks the re-publication of "The American Gem" is halled with delight, as it has become one of the largest and best amateur papers of recent years. Established in January, 1898, the "Gem" ran till the middle of 1902, when pressure of business compelled its suspension. Charles A. Wendemuth, the publisher, announces that the paper will be better than ever. W. R. Murphy, for several years, associate editor on the "Gem," will resume his old position and contribute an extensive department of criticism each month. The "Gem" is one of the papers which is gladly mailed to those interested in amateur journalism. The address is 7802 Vermont avenue. St. Louis. Mo.—WITH UNFAILING regularity "The Shorter Budget" comes out weekly. The editor, J. B. Lyon, a sixteen-year-old hustler, shows the true news instinct, and the town of Shorter, Ala., owes thanks to him for keeping everybody posted on local events. It is quite a feat for a schoolboy to publish a weekly newspaper.—ANOTHER PAPER whose editors have the "nose for news" is "The Alert," published every here today and gone tomorrow, and others are lik events. It is quite a feat for a schoolboy to publish a weekly newspaper.—ANOTHER PAPER whose editors have the "nose for news" is "The Alert," published every two weeks as a combined story magazine and newspaper by Bemis Brothers, at Spencer. Iowa. The publishers do their own printing, making a neat job of their three-column, four-page sheet. A heavier stock of paper would give a much hetter effect.—"THE SPECK," of Williamsport. Pa.. has added another brother to the staff, which is now as follows: Editor, J. Gibson Logue; assistant, E. G. Logue; associate, P. Logue. A chatty column of reviews of contemporaries is a new feature. The "Stamp Notes" and "Sporting Notes" are very concise, but meaty.—A MAD CHASE to catch up with Father Time seems to be the occupation that is engaging the energies of "The Monthly Herald" of St. Louis. A little indulence can be granted, however, as C. W. F. Pinckert and his associates have published the paper with commendable regularity for nearly six years. Its editorials are always strong and well written.

# BOYS It's Easy Money



Thousands of boys all over this country, who never had much money to call their own, are happy now at the merry jingle of cash in their pockets, made by selling

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Friday afternoons and Saturdays. They have no better chances, they are no brighter than you. It's just this - instead of dreaming about the good times to come, they got right down to business and hustled for what they wanted. You can do the same. Don't lose any time about it. Write a letter to-day asking us to send you our handsome booklet about boys who make money, also the complete outfit for starting in business. With this will come ten free copies of The Post, which you can sell at 5c each. After this you buy as many copies as you need at wholesale prices. As an inducement to do good work we give, among other prizes, watches, sweaters, etc., to boys who sell a certain number of copies. And in addition

### \$250 in Extra Cash Prizes = EACH MONTH =

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Typesetting easy, printed rules sent.
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Boys
Do you want to earn \$3.00 to \$5.00 a week? Does not interfere with your schooling. Write us at once.

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Wanted 10 Men in each State to distribute samples and collect for manufacturer. Salary \$75 per month and expenses.

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# Che 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

THE PANHANDLE COMPANY, NO. 10, Wellsburg, W. V., want to know some plan of making their company meetings successful. We have written suggesting various ways. Some of the other companies may tell what they are of the other companies may tell what they are doing. One thing is certain, that if the members of a company have its interest at heart they cannot fail to make the meetings interesting, as each will be thinking up some new scheme. THOMAS B. REED COMPANY, NO. 6. Auburn, Me., has had a prosperous year, keeping up the interest and retaining its members. They had 100 invited guests to their Halloween party, which was a decided success. We find from a newspaper clipping that it also held a tine entertainment at the home of Mr. James W. White, on December 16, the occasion being the second annual banquet of the company. Good things to eat, speeches, toasts, music and singing constituted the evening's entertainment. Rev. Mr. Piske spoke on American citizenship and the noble objects of the O. A. B. Among the other toasts proposed and ably replied to were: American Boys, Living, Our Objects, The Past and Present of Our Order, Duty of Each Member to His Company, How Can We Be Worthy of Our Namesake, Our Future, etc.

## 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.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY No. 41, PERU, 1LL Oaptain Otto Castendyck holding Charter, Arthur Zimmerman, Treasurer, on his right, and Fred Bauer Secretary, on his left.

Captain Otto Castendyck holding Churter, Arthur Zir Becrotary, o

Davis, Capt.; Charles Adams, V. C.; James Pheloon, Secty.; Clinton Bonney, Treas.; John Libly, Libn. ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOYS COMPANY, NO. 45, Ogden, Utah, is progressing nicely. It is trying to interest other boys in the Order and with every hope of success. RELIANCE COMPANY, No. 25, Brookville, Pa., has meantime suspended regular meetings, but have not lost interest in the Order. It is recruiting a baseball team, and the captain seems to want to do something. He has a fine school record. ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY, NO. 41, Peru, Ill., sent us a picture, which was duly received. It wants to have one of our circulating libraries. It has held 20 meetings since it was organized and has 16 members and \$7.60 in the treasury. A pretty good record. HAMILTON, ATHLETIC COMPANY, NO. 20, Hamilton, Ind., began the new year by electing the following officers: Otis Dirrim, Capt.; Paul Dargue, V. C.; Samuel Weigler, Secty, and Treas., and Russell Collins, Libn. It has a library of 16 books and about 200 magazines. LITTLE GIANT COMPANY, NO. 20, Augusta, Wis., is one of our prosperous companies, having 20 members. Its club room is decorated with bunting, pictures and flags. It has also a punching bag, which gives lots of exercise and amusement. Its officers are: Arthur Coam, Capt.; Harry Cook, First Lieut.; Charles Taylor, Second Lieut. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, NO. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its 26th regular company letter, detailing its work during the preceding five weeks. It recently admitted two new members. A new and more capacious club room has recently been secured and the membership of this fine company is steadily increasing. Its newly elected officers are: Amos K. Hobby, Capt.; Howard R. Palmer, V. C.; Harold B. Pratt, Secty, (re-elected); W. Herbert Thornton, Treas.; Leslle H. G. Groser, Libn. (re-elected), and John Swan, S. A. This company makes a suggestion as to Division commanders, which we shall consider. Other company as strong contestant for the spe ing gloves and punching bag. On New Year's day the members enjoyed a fine sleigh ride. It has started a military company and have uniforms, caps, guns and swords. We are pleased to have a picture of the company, but are sorry all the members are not in it. We want pictures showing all members. We want just to get a good idea of how the boys of the Order look. ROHERT DALE OWEN COMPANY, NO. 4. Stewartsville, Ind. We are especially proud to have the report of this Company, as it is one of the oldest in the Order, just beginning its fourth year. The Secretary writes that the members hope to make this the banner year of the company. Its membership has increased, its enthusiasm has increased, its library has increased, and its treasury has increased. It began 1906 with 26 members. Meetings are held in the I. O. O. F. Hall each Friday night. Dues 15 cents a month. Fines are imposed for various offenses. It has started a fund for the nurpose of building a hall of its own. The officers are: Carl Schettler, Capt.: Hobart Viets, V. C.; Jacob Schettler, Secty.: Edward Perry. Cor. Secty.: Willie Gardner. Treas., and Paul Robb, Lihn. CAPITAL CITY COMPANY, NO. 9. Trenton. N. J., reports that it is doing nicely, and is endeavoring to increase its membership.

Meetings are held every two weeks. It is heartily in favor of an annual American Boy Day. JUNIOR GUN CLUB COMPANY, NO. 48, Indiana, Pa., has 7 members and a nice club room, where the members meet every Monday evening. Its meetings have all been enjoyed. Dues 5 cents per week, and it has \$1.04 in the treasury. The members are decorating their club room with a view to certain entertainments they purpose giving soon. GENERAL LAFAY-ETTE COMPANY, NO. 3, Washington, D. C., is progressing most satisfactorily. Regular meetings are held and occasional visits to a play gives added zest. The members made up a party and visited the Lafayette theater recently and enjoyed it very much. The last meeting in the month is also devoted to social pleasure. GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER COMPANY, NO. 5. Detroit, Mitch, lately elected the following officers: John Rogers, Capt.; James Penhale, V. C. and Secty.; John Penhale, Treas. It it busy getting up a baseball team for next season. Dues have been raised from Z cents to 10 cents a month, and weekly meetings are held at the Secretary's home. The Company is endeavoring to get a club room, where it can install a library, etc. Its charter has been framed. SMOKY MOINTAIN COMPANY, NO. 3. Iryson City, N. C. has now 14 members and at its meeting on January 13, 11 were present from Comporer, Capt.; Dancollmany 13, 11 were present from Compony has lately had to mourn the loss by death of one of its leading members. Carl McCauley. His fellow members marched to the cemetery behind the hearse, the Captain carrying the pennar. Two rooms have been rented, in one of which is kent the library of books, consisting of Henty, Dickens. Cooper and other authors, and the other contains its gymoutifit of boxing gloves, diumb bells, punching hag, etc. Dues are 20 cents a month. WILD WEST COMPANY, NO. 18. Portland, Ore, has recenily had a picture taken

laws, with a few changes, and will have its charter framed. Meetings are held every week; dues 5 cents a week, with fines for various ofcharter framed. Meetings are held every week; dues 5 cents a week, with tines for various offnses. Its library of books numbers 13 volumes. MUSKINGUM VALLEY COMPANY, NO. 49, Zanesville, O., has now 15 members and its officers are: Hector McLain, Capt.; Joe Weltz, V. C.; Leroy Suker, Secty.; Albert Jones, Treas.; Stanley Hastings, Libn. and S. A. It has a library of 70 books besides magazines and papers. It is also recruiting a baseball team and will provide the members with uniforms. There is \$2.20 in the treasury. PLAINVILLE SUNFLOWER COMPANY, NO. 28, Plainville, i. ansas, expects to have a hall of its own soon in which to hold its weekly meetings, it intends to give a social soon in honor of the Sunflower Company. OLYMPIA COMPANY, NO. 19, St. Louis, Mo., sends us cards of invitation to a grand dramatic entertainment on January 12th, which we had respectfully to decline. This company is working for new members so as to form a military company. The entertainment already mentioned brought \$20.00 into its treasury. The Captain writes that their young lady friends assisted greatly in making the affair a success. The members have also been asked to give the same program to help other societies, which speaks well for their abilly. The company will cooperate with other companies in St. Louis for American Boy Day. We think this idea of cooperation a very good one and will be glad to help it along. Its meetings are of a most interesting and enjoyable nature. Meets every Saturday evening. Dues 5 cents a week with thes for improper conduct, which are paid without a "kick."

### An Idea for a Boys' Club

An Idea for a Boys Club

Why don't some of our clubs that belong to the ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY organize themselves into field clubs, for the purpose of studying nature and providing for themselves healthful recreation? The work might include: 1, Excursions. 2, The formation of collections of natural objects, like ore, shells, animals, etc., etc. 3. Lectures and addresses. The excursions might be made to points of interest in the neighborhood, under a leader for the day, who might be some man or woman who knows something about geology, botany, zoology, etc. The club might be divided into sections, each section taking up some particular branch of study as, for instance, one might study plant life, snother insect life. Then the meetings might follow some such topics as these: "How to Collect and Preserve Plants;" "The Birds of our Vicinity and Their Habits;" "The We shells," etc. We shall be glad to assist any companies desiring to organize for this purpose.

### New Companies Organized

The Hawkeye Independents Company No. 56, Division of Iowa. Davenport, Ia. Wild Rose Company No. 57, Division of Iowa, Elkader, Ia. Silver Gate Company No. 26, Division of California, San Diego, Cal. Seminole Company No. 5, Division of Florida, Tallahassec, Fla. Electric City Company No. 50, Division of Pennsylvania, Company No. 1 Lest of the Mobicans Company No. 2 City Company No. 50, Division of Pennsylvania, Scranton, Pa. Last of the Mohicans Company No. 12, Division of Washington, Tekoa, Wash. Olentangy Company No. 69, Division of Ohio, Delaware, Ohio, Gibson Order Company No. 48, Division of Illinois, Gibson City, Ill. Chief Joseph Company No. 13, Division of Washington, Pullman, Wash. Stonewall Jackson Company No. 29, Division of Texas, Fort Worth, Tex. Wm.

B. McKinley Company No. 30, Division of Texas, San Angelo, Tex. The Sprague Company No. 71, Division of Ohio, Alliance, Ohio, Rush Creek Lake Company No. 70, Division of Ohio, Rush-sylvania, Ohio.

### Special Prizes—Our Picture Gallery

I am glad to notice so many companies contesting for the special prizes offered for the largest increase in membership, and in order that the companies recently organized may understand the conditions of the contest, I will here repeat them:

To the company sending us the largest number of subscriptions for new members between January 1st and March 31st, we will give one of our handsome O. A. B. pennants, a good book for boys and a fin-picture of "Old Abe," the famous wareagle.

picture of "Old Abe," the famous war eagle.

To the company sending us the second largest number of subscriptions during the same period, an O. A. B. pennant and a good book.

To the company sending us the third largest number of subscriptions during the same period, a good book or a picture of "Old Abe," or a pennant, as desired.

The same prizes will be awarded each three months during 1905, the dates of closing the contests being March 31st, June 30th, September 30th and December 31st.

Each month's company letter will contain a list of the ten companies which stand highest in the contests.

In sending us subscriptions in these contests, the sender must be careful to state that the boy for whom the subscription is sent is to be a member of a company, as otherwise our records connect when the

sent is to be a member of a company, as otherwise our records cannot show this.

Remember that these special prizes are given in addition to the usual commissions and premiums for obtaining new subscrib-

This gives each company a spleudid chance to decorate its club room and and

to its library

This gives each company a spleudid chance to decorate its club room and add to its library.

The following are the ten companies which at the end of January stood first in the contest: Muskingum Valley Co. No. 49. Division of Ohio, Zanesville, Ohio, Wm. B. McKinley Co. No. 47. Division of Illinois, Champaign, Ill. Thos, B. Reed Co. No. 6. Division of Maine, Auburn, Me. Gon. U. S. Grant Co. No. 14. Division of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind. Nishua Botna Valley Co. No. 1, Division of Iowa, Farragut, Iowa. Loyal American Co. No. 69. Division of Michigan, Wyandotte, Mich. Riverview Co. No. 14. Division of Nebraska, Plattsmouth, Nebr. Timothy Murphy Co. No. 1, Division of Nebraska, Plattsmouth, Nebr. Timothy Murphy Co. No. 1, Division of New York, Cobleskill, N. Y. Junior Gun Club Co. No. 48, Division of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Pa. Black Fox Co. No. 24, Division of Wisconsin, Peshtigo, Wis.

Remember that Headquarters is fixing up a great picture gallery, containing the portraits of all the companies, and I want every company to have a place in it.

Now, as a final word, get to work arranging for American Boy Day, and strive to increase your membership not only to obtain the prizes, but that the celebration of the day may have greater assurance of success. Let me know what your companies are doing. I am always pleased to have your letters.

Yours for M. M. M. M.,

WM. C. SPRAGUE,

President General.

### Worthy Endeavor

I have at various times received letters I have at various times received letters from members indicating that amid all their sport and fun, the great principles of our Order are not overlooked or forgotten. One such letter recently received tells how the members of one company were enabled the members of one company were enabled to raise money enough to send away a poor sick woman to a more congenial climate where she might have a better chance to regain her health, and that same company is now endeavoring to establish a benevolent fund to aid in worthy cases of a similar nature. Such deeds of kindness are ample testimony that the boys of our Order stand ever ready to do their share in all worthy endeavor, and I am gratified to be at the head of such an organization.

Yours for M. M. M.

WM. C. SPRAGUE.

President-General.

President-General.



WILLIAM O. SPRAGUE COMPANY No. 28, OSKALOOSA, IA

### MAKING MEN SAFE

HE Naugatuck
Railroad is now
a division of
the New York.
New Haven and Hartford system. It
threads the Naugatuck

Was it by virtue of the use of block sig-There was not a block signal on the

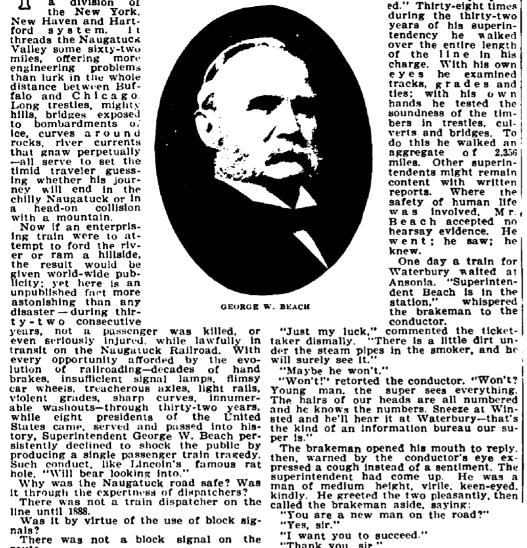
Was it due to slow running? "But to succeed you must attend to de-The schedules were usual-frequently tails." route.
Was it due to slow running?

In 1850 he went to work for the Naugatuck at the princely wage of twenty-five cents per day unloading bricks. With these bricks, spotted deeper red by blood from his worn fingers, he laid the foundations of his career. In 1902 when, at the age of sixty-nine years, he resigned railroad labors to accept the presidency of a bank, he had served his road during fifty-two consecutive years, having been successively a stevedore, office boy, relief agent, conductor of construction train, conductor of passenger train, station agent, telegraph operator, general freight agent, general ticket agent, superintendent and director. Yes, it has been darkly hinted that Mr. Beach knew his business—a rare accomplishment. Possibly this had something to do with the absence of accidents. bsence of accidents.

We want to do with the "Yes, you killed me. Super. I had been drinking. You called me onto the carpet.

Mr. Beach's men knew that he understood I thought you were going to discharge me. absence of accidents

Ry BURRITT HAMILTON



the measure of good service. He kept "post-ed." Thirty-eight times during the thirty-two years of his superintendency he walked over the entire length of the line in his charge. With his own eyes he examined tracks, grades and ties; with his own hands he tested the soundness of the timbers in trestles, culverts and bridges. To

pressed a cough instead of a sentiment. The superintendent had come up. He was a man of medium height, virile, keen-eyed, kindly. He greeted the two pleasantly, then called the brakeman aside, saying:

"You are a new man on the road?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wort you to succeed."

"I want you to succeed."
"Thank you, sir."

The schedules were usual—frequently fast.

Were the trains infrequent?

No. As the road prospered it increased its train service. During the latter haif of the thirty-two years, it is safe to say that there were, on an average, fifteen trains each way daily, together with freights, excursions, extras and specials. With such an amount of roilling stock constantly in motion, it would seem as though almost any railroad might have occasionally varied the monotony by damaging a few passengers.

An examination of the case proves that Mr. Beach knew railroading. To adopt a phrase current along the line, "Beach was the Naugatuck." There was nothing amateurish in his methods. He made the road pay.

The schedules were usual—frequently fit increased it increased it increased it increased it increased it increased it increased its train service. During the latter haif of the system. Thenceforth he knew that even to the heels of his shoes he was cared." Five hundred men—the whole force along the line—felt as the brakeman did. "Beach doesn't have smash-ups," remarked a rival, "but he has no discipline. The other day he took a hundred of his men to church with him. The idea of a man associating with the people he employs. But the fellows would go through fire for him, although he never swears at hem, never swears at anyone, never swears. It's beyond me how he gets along." Possibly the critic overestimated the commanding power of profanity. At

heels of your shoes."

In this way the new brakeman became a part of the system. Thenceforth he knew that even to the heels of his shoes he was under the watchful eye of "the boss that cared." Five hundred men—the whole force along the line—felt as the brakeman did. "Beach doesn't have smash-ups," remarked a rival, "but he has no discipline. The other day he took a hundred of his men to church with him. The idea of a man associating with the people he employs. But the fellows would go through fire for him, although he never swears at them, never swears at anyone, never swears. It's beyond me how he gets along." Possibly the critic overestimated the commanding power of profanity. At all events, Mr. Beach was obeyed.

Tom Shields, now known as the "Mayor of Watertown," was once called into Superintendent Beach's office to account for an over-use of something stronger than sodawater. The man promised future total abstinence and was allowed to return to his work. A quarter of a century afterwards, when Mr. Beach had resigned and was passing over the road saying good-bye to his men, Tom Shields came up with tears eroding channels through the dust on his sorrowful face.

"Super," said Shields, "you killed me."

"What!"

"Yes, you killed me. Super. I had been drinking. You called me onto the carpet. Tuck is the carpet.

The illustration shows the complete watch. Back and front are covered with Srong Dust-Proof Crystals, permitting an unobstructed view of the entire mechanism.

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The Skeleton Watch is Absolutely Guaranteed as a Time-keeper.

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**CHICAGO** 

131-137 Wabash Avenue

SAN FRANCISCO Claus Spreckels Building

You said, 'Tom, why do you drink?' I said I didn't know. Then you said, 'Tom, look me in the eye.' I tried to do it. Then you laid your two hands on my shoulders and said, 'Tom, if I let you go back to work will you promise me never to drink another drop?' Then I thought of the wife and the drop?" Then I thought of the wife and the two bables and I said, 'Super, I will.' I stuck to it, Your kindness killed the drinking Tom Shields. I'm another man. I went back to work and I've prospered. I've been here now twenty-five years. My boys have grown up. One of them is a priest and the other is in business. I am worth \$20.000. I have you to thank for it. You helped me up. God bless you."

Thus Superintendent Beach of the Naugatuck saved lives, both directly and indirectly, by making men safe.





"LICENSED TO BUTTIN" BADGE

Nicket plated, 1h, x 1h, inches.
The greatest hit of the year. A catchy up-to-date novelty. Will be worn by millions of men, women and boys in next few weeks. Get one while it's new. Agents wanted. Bample ten cents postpaid.

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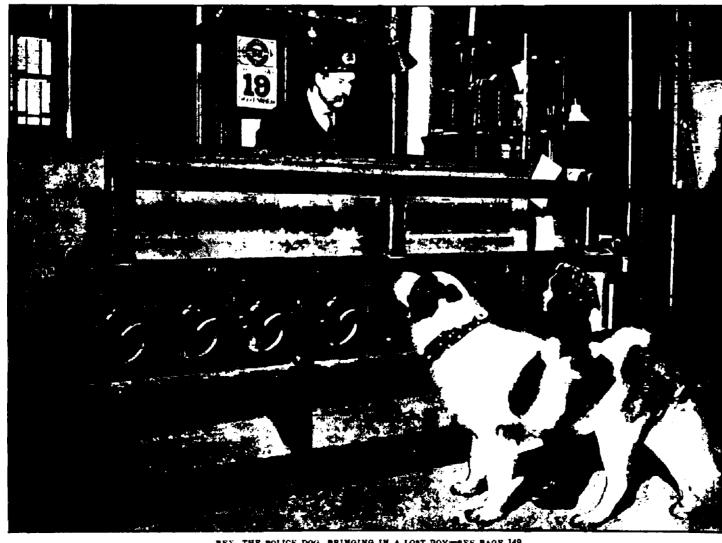
descriptive illustrations in colors. B. ALDEN, 550 Pearl St., New York. BOYS AND GIRLS Barn a handsome two-binded knife with your name, address and Mo-selling 10 neckties at 15cts. cach. Seed as smery, just your SUN NOVELTY CO., Box 335, Canton, O.

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given [Watches, Jewelry, etc.] for selling new polishing mittens for stoves, furniture, shoes, etc. A boon to housewives. Send 15c. for sample, premium list Empire Mercantile Co., Dept. 1) Newark, N. J.

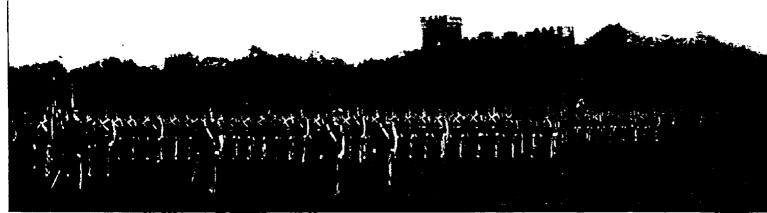
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REX, THE POLICE DOG. BRINGING IN A LOST BOY-SEE PAGE 149





### (BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER)

XIV.

### MY FIRST SUNDAY IN CAMP.

HE WEST POINT chapel is a charming little place. There is a beautiful blending of the insignia of war and the calimess of perfect Christian ice. The walls within are decorated with peace. The walls within are decorated with tattered, war-worn flags and tablets to the memory of the illustrious generals of the Revolution. The organ is in a gallery at the rear, where the manly voices of the cadet-choir chant the "glorias" and sing the hymns. Over the pulpit is an American flag, and above this, a painting by a famous artist. It represents a stately woman, leaning against some kind of a table. She is evidently at a great height above the ground, for the dull glow in the sky beyond shows that the invisible sun is setting, while the stars are coming into view ting, while the stars are coming into view in the heavens above.

How many Sundays have I sat in that

How many Sundays have I sat in that dear old chapel, on a summer's day, while the chaplain's words sounded in my ears like the murmur of far-off mountain streams. Odd fancies came to me at such times. Often I wondered how far that tall lady would fall, if she should slip backwards, and tried to count the stars in the sky nbove, but they seemed to dodge behind each other, just as one of the Pielades and the from view when we gaze steadily

hind each other, just as one of the Plelades shrinks from view when we gaze steadily at it, and, therefore, I could never make sure of the exact number.

Religious instruction at the Point consists of these Sunday morning exercises. There are two churches, a Protestant and a Roman Catholic, and every cadet is required to attend one or the other, unless he has conscientious securious against doing so. I knew of but one cadet who had "scruples," but he left the Superintendent's office much quicker than he entered it. The Protesant church is generally some form of the Episcopalian. The sect, however, depends upon that of the chaplain appointed by the President, but most army chaplains are Episcopalians.

Besides the usual Sunday everging a superintendent of the chapter of the casual observer.

So absorbed was I in my reflections that buttons, as well as collar and cuffs, in my white jacket and the helmet had to be of the Day, from behind me, until his adjusted and trimmed. Meanwhile, troop awful wrath seemed to concentrate itself in my left ear, and I jumped fully a foot in the air.

"What do you mean, sir. by slouching in this outrageous way, and carrying upon the casual observer.

So absorbed was I in my reflections that buttons, as well as collar and cuffs, in my white jacket and the helmet had to be of the Day, from behind me, until his adjusted and trimmed. Meanwhile, troop of the Companies (which was after parade, in the air.

"What do you mean, sir. by slouching in this outrageous way, and carrying upon the casual observer.

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"What do you mean, sir. by slouching in the air."

"What do you mean, sir. by slouching in the interest of the companies (which was after parade, in the air."

"What do you mean, sir. by slouching in the interest of the casual street and the helmet had to be of the Officer of the Officer

leisure, and on the return to camp marched he

skirt the sides of the sentinel's beat.

Most of the older cadets left orders with their special dutymen to awake them at a certain hour. My classmates, with less pretension to comfort, made their down on the hard tent floor.

Some wag of a yearling had found all the plebs with watches, and designated them as Number one, Number two, etc., the practical working of which system will be lilustrated later.

A dreamy stillness settled over the catalogue of their special dutymen to awake them as Nothing was bear and so floor.

Going on the catalogue of their camp.

The ment to bed with a camp.

The details from the different companies to the detail was marched to its place.

The details from the different companies that the companies of the camp.

The ment to bed with a camp.

The details from the different companies to the other than a severy in assuming their position in line; one day "A" company has the duty, the next day the right center, and so on. The men of each detail are sized according to the position of the detail in line.

Guard-mounting at the Point is conducted in a cordance with the very letter and spirit of tactics, and a description, therefore, is not required.

The formation of the detail was marched to its place.

The details from the different companies to the detail was marched to its place.

The details from the different companies to the detail was marched to its place.

The details from the different companies to the detail was marched to its place.

The men of each detail are sized according to the position in line; one day "A" company has the duty, the next day the right center, and so on.

The men of each detail are sized according to the position of the detail was marched to its place.

The details from the different companies to the detail was marched to its place.

The details from the different companies to the detail was marched to its place.

The details from the different companies to the detail was parting their position in line; one day "A" companies to take turns in assuming their

Nothing was heard except the drowsy drone of the insects, the measured tread of the sentinel, and an occasional cry of. "Call off, number—," and from the interior of some pleb tent rang the answer "Number—, half-past three and all's well." Then off. number—.

After supper, we had only to sit down in our tents and await developments. There was not even the consolation of an expected letter from home, for there is no Sunday mail at the Point, except the newspapers. On week days there are two mails, one at 11 a.m., and another at about 6:30 in the evening. A pleb was detailed in each com-

pany to "drag" the mail from the quartermaster's tent, and to distribute it. As the
search. Finally, I ran across a yearling
time approached the call was sounded
from all over camp,—"Turn out, the X company mail-carrier." The X company mailcarrier, in all probability was absent at
swimming drill; but that made no difference, for the cry would be kept up, at more
or less regular intervals, until each upper
of the dress-coat.

The cadet collar is a turned-down one. or less regular intervals, until each upper-class-man received his mail without the ex-ertion of going after it. Woe to the hap-less pleb who did not distribute his mail according to the rank of the recipients!

On this Sunday evening, I sat down on our locker, and tried to forecast my near future. First of all was the receipt of my cadet uniform, the gray dress-coat, and white trousers; second, my tour of guard

duty.

My first anticipation was realized the next day, for I was "turned out" to go over to the commissary. My clothes fitted me very well, and the inspecting officer allowed me to "drag them off" with me.

As for the guard duty, I was not as anxious for it as the rest of my classmates. I had no fear of not being able to learn my orders, but I knew I would get dreadfully rattled when several different parties were I on my post at the same time. More than likely I would not be able to advance them they would be sure to advance them the

In oder to consider the matter more clearly, I went outside for a little turn in the street. Seeing no one near, and my went through camp and published the order meditation suffering from the constraint of that "parade would be in white," which "finning out," I adopted the expedient of meant that instead o, the dress-coat a turning my hands around and carrying the short white jacket (two of which had been backs to the front, trusting to the dark-ness to conceal the "formation" from any

the Episcopalian. The sect, however, depends upon that of the chaplain appointed by the President, but most army chaplains are Episcopalians.

Besides the usual Sunday exercises, cadet professory and carrying your meetings were held on the evening of each Wednesday and Sunday, at which most army. While in camp, those cadets who wished to join meant the attendance was voluntary. While in these gatherings were excused from marching back with the battalion. The greater part of the attendants at these summer part of the attendants at these summer meetings were plebs.

On our return from chapel, on our first sunday, a surprise awaited us. Slikins was called down to the commandant's tent and informed by that officer that he was released from arrest. My tentmate's inexperience had here taken into consideration, and his offense overlooked for that time, but he was warned not to make another breach of confinement.

Then came our Sunday dinner, which was the dinner of the week. We ate at our leisure, and on the return to camp marched in columns of fours instead of a of before it as at retreat,) in their instead of potoching in instead of potoching in instead of potoching in instead of potoching in the air. What do you mean, sir, by slouching in instead of potoching your hands and carrying your hands in stuch a fashion as that? You are that the scond drum, the company death the most worthless specimen of a pleb I sourtageous way, and carrying your hands in that? You are the most vertices specimen of a pleb I sourtageous way, and carrying your hands in such a fashion as that? You are the most vertices extreated began.

As soon as the last company details fell in. So much had to be done at the lest moment I found the collar too have a surprise await to walk off my large for my white jacket, and my belt too long; consequently I got a bit late. In one brace at all) and allowed my hands to heard the large form white several last the knee, so as to preserve the crease, that the last moment I found the collar too have the wite w "found" on demerits before we went

on returning from supper, about a week after going into camp, the acting first sergeant of my company notified me that I was detailed for guard for the next day. Immediately I set to work "spooning" up my equipments, cleaning my gun, etc. I was the first man in our tent to go on guard, and I received the congratulations

could dream again.

And so the afternoon wore away with no disturbance of a military nature, except police call (which is at five o'clock on Sundays), until the first call for parade. When the band had resumed its place, after marching to the front, a hymn was played, and retreat sounded as usual.

After supper, we had only to all and another than the sounded as usual.

After supper, we had only to all and another than the sounded as usual.

After supper, we had only to all and another than the sounded as usual. with white trousers, collars etc. This is not entirely unselfish on their part, since the sooner the plebs walk a guard tour the sooner are the first-classmen excused from guard duty.

I was not able to find a collar in my com-

The cadet collar is a turned-down one and is pinned to that of the dress-coat. The cuffs, too, as a rule are pinned in the

sleeve.

The yearling engaged me in conversation while he was working, and just as he was completing his task, asked me the name of my company. When he learned that I was not a member of his company, he jumped me savagely, and I had to leave his jent without the needed article.

ready for guard-mounting. The men de-tailed for guard were excused from troop parade at 8 o'clock. About five minutes before troop parade, the Officer of the Day furnished us,) and the white helmet would

Fortunately, however, for my self-re-spect, he did not carry out his threat. With When the cadet of the red sash left me, the assistance of a borrowed helmet, ennoon are apt to make one drowsy, and it was not long before the hubbub attendant upon breaking ranks subsided, and the upper classmen began to make their beds down on the ground, in the shade of their tents, and under the old gnarled elms that

spected every one in a general way. He had very little to say to those in front, but he was very particular, when he came to the rear rank, where "plebs most do congregate."

There were two officers of the guard. One inspected the front, and the other the rear rank. These officers, like the adjutant, glanced over us in a general way, but in addition they inspected the guns.

Both officers, when their eyes fell on me led off with asking me where I got that helmet. Furthermore, the chamber of my gun was rusty my belts were solled, and collar too large.

The scene was as picturesque as it was characteristic. Some fifty yards in front stood the old and the new officers of the day, with red silk sashes about their waists, and red silk cross-pieces over the hreast, covering the usual white sword belt. The camp-stools were rapidly filling up with the summer visitors, the pretty girls dividing their glances among the ceremony pany of the proper size, and went over to in progress, the music, and the devoted

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Meanwhile, the band played and the corporals of the other two reliefs were busy before taps, is the one that has all the comin assigning their men to posts. The upper binations and fun (?) No sooner had taps classmen took what they wanted according sounded than I began to hear whispered to rank, and the plebs accepted what was consultations at the first guard tent. "I'll left. "No. 1" seemed to be the favorite come on his post from the direction of post, for several reasons. It was at the camp," "You advance yourself as friend first guard tent in front of camp, and the with the countersign," "I'll get two plebs sentinel had a good view of all the visitors. Besides, when it came time to change resome of the expressions I overheard. liefs. No. 1 was relieved at once, and did not have to march all around camp. No. 4 came next in preference. This is

not have to march all around camp.

No. 4 came next in preference. This is in rear of camp, and is well shaded. It is just the spot for an indolent first classman (and even the best of such are lazy when the question of dragging a gun is before them) who indulges in day dreams; and walks his post at the rate of a quarter of

a mile an hour.

I was on the third relief, and was designated as No. 5. This post includes the eastern half of the path on the south side of camp. We broke ranks after relieving the old guard. My corporal told me that I went on post at twelve o'clock. In the meantime I had better "bone" my orders. The men off post were confined to the vicinity of the guard tents, and were compelled to keen their equipment on at all

who stands there?"

who stands there?"

who stands there?"

"Corporal of the guard."

"Corporal of the guard."

"Advance, corporal of the guard, with

the countersign."

The corporal made sure that I knew my

orders, and left me.

A few minutes later, as I was turning

officers of the first class were allowed to

cross any sentine!'s nost without report

ond relief which had gone on at 10 o'clock.
On reaching the sentinel who guarded "No. 5," the corporal gave the command, "No. 5, arms port," and the sentinel gave me the special orders of my post.

I stood at "attention" until the relief was off my post, and I was alone with all the responsibilities of my position. While I was thinking my orders over, an officer crossed my post, and I came to attention at once, and gave him a "present arms." He was only a lieutenant and entitled to nothing more than a sergeant's salute. First opportunity—first break.

My or ders required that I should not allow civilians to meddle with

civilians to meddle with the guns in the artillery park south of my post, to permit no cadets to carry away material from the Quartermaster's tent, without having first obtained that officer's permission, and to allow no civilians to cross, walk, or loiter on my nost.

my post.
When the novelty of the situation had worn off, I began to yearn for a chance to put my orders into execution, and show how worthy I was of the responsibility with which I was honored. I longed for some thoughtless civilian to attempt an execution. ian to attempt an examination of the artillery pieces in the park. How quickly I would come to an "arms port" and tell him in polite language not to meddle with government prop-erty. Then I wished for a cadet to come along and try to walk off with some of the Quartermaster's property.
While busy with these

thoughts, one of the policemen, whose duty it was to carry away the rubbish from camp, approached with a wheelbarrow and halted at the line of trees that bounded my post in the south. He sat down on the handle of his barrow, lit his pipe, and gazed at me in a contemplative way. contemplative way.

contemplative way.

He was not on my post, but the front wheel of his barrow was. So I called "Corporal of the Guard, No. 5." The call was repeated, and when the corporal came, I directed his attention to the sacrilege. He replied by asking my name and state, and whether or not I was of sane mind. He then requested me to repeat my orders.

Shortly after the corporal left me, an old cadet came down to the Quartermaster's tent. He looked around in a careless way, picked up a small plece of rope, and started off, whistling a popular melody.

ACADEMY BUILDING

But the ghosts paid no heed to tommand. I gave them no further tion, but allowed them to disport seleves until they grew weary and vanished among the neighboring to officer of the guard visited my pofurther interruption occurred until relieved some time after 1 o'clock. It went on post again at reveilled to the provided that the provided that the provided that the provided that the provided time of the provided that t

whistling a popular melody.

off, whistling a popular meson.

"Have you authority to take that rope, sir?" I asked.

No reply.

"Have you any authority to take quar-termaster's stores?" I asked in a still louder voice.

The cadet now looked at me contempt-ously, and said: "Oh, get out!"

uously, and said: "Oh, get out:"

I didn't summon the corporal of the guard this time. I made up my mind that I would allow cadets to walk off with every and rone, and allow the tent-peg, stretcher and rope, and allow the policemen, so disposed, to sit around my post and smoke their pipes to their heart's content, before I called the corporal of the guard, and raised again the question of my

At 1 o'clock, the battalion marched down At 1 O'CIOCK, the battanen marched down to dinner, and I became aware that I was hungry. However, my meal would not be forthcoming until the return of the battalion, when the first relief was to go on

post.
Now that camp was deserted, and there

cadets who were chatting with them, and the regular military gait, and that I had company were detailed every day to act as helping their sweetmeats to disappear.

After we had been marched in review. not forgotten to use the privilege of carrythe senior officer of the guard conducted ing my hands naturally, and to walk sine formation had been in single rank. The cadets who were chatting with them, and the regular military gait, and that I had helping their sweetmeats to disappear.

After we had been marched in review, not forgotten to use the privilege of carrythe senior officer of the guard conducted us in column of fours to our place in the depressing toes. My Ohio friend was on right of the old guard. The guard was "No. 6," and not having any wads of paper divided into reliefs of six men each, and to hold in his hands, was "finning out" in the first was "fallen out" to relieve the sentinels of the old guard then on post.

Meanwhile, the band played and the corporate of the other two reliefs were busy before tank is the one that has all the compared.

The result of all their plotting appeared in the hurried challenges of some pleb-

midnight, but by that time things had become quiet. After I had been pacing up and down the path for a few minutes, I was sure I saw an object near one of the trees that lined the path.

"Who stands there?" I challenged. The person challenged immediately began to walk away.
"Who goes there?" The person stopped

going and began to come.
"Who comes there?"

The man stopped, and said: "I am not

coming, mister."

"Who stands there?"

"Corporal of the guard."

"Advance, corporal of the guard, with the countersign."

around at the east end of my post, I de-tected several white objects at the other omeers of the first class were allowed to around at the east end of my post, I decross any sentinel's post without reporting, between 9 a. m. and retreat.

When twelve o'clock came, we were bayonets, and found I was not mistaken. formed by our corporal and marched around camp to take the place of the second relief which had gone on at 10 o'clock. On reaching the sentinel who growed with the manner of small have playing horse.

nopping around and riding brooms, after the manner of small boys playing horse. I never believed in ghosts, but perhaps I would not have been as free from fright as I was at the time, had I not heard before that "No. 5" was frequently visited by apparitions at midnight.

Just for the fun of the thing I challenged. One of the spectres answered "Ghost."

Previous to our joining the battalion, the formation had been in single rank. The plebs numbered as many as the privates of the first and third class combined. Consequently, the formation was now in double rank. The rear rank was composed entirerank. The rear rank was composed entirely of plebs, and occasionally one of my classmates was fortunate enough to march in the front rank.

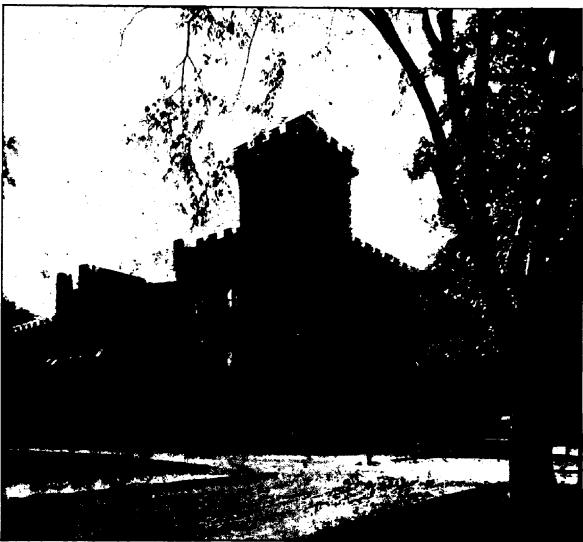
The inspections at parade occupied much more time than formerly. Captain Smith detailed one of his lieutenants to inspect the front rank, while he inspected the rear one in his most rigid manner.

On the first of August, the "color line" had been established. Immediately after inspection at troop parade, the companies were formed and marched to the color line, sentinel and a pitiful call for the corporal of the guard.

I went on post about half an hour before midnight, but by that time things had become stacked by the command of the senior capital and a pitiful call for the corporal a path running north and south, about ten yards from the extreme western tents. Here the battalion was formed, and arms were stacked by the command of the senior capital of the color had. captain. The stacks were dressed, after which the companies were dismissed. The battalion colors were laid horizontally on the two middle stacks.

> Three members of the guard were selected by the adjutant as sentinels, to walk the by the adjutant as sentines, to waik the color line. Any member of the guard (who was not a pleb) signified his intention of trying for this position by tossing up his gun as the adjutant inspected at guard-mounting. When this was over, the candidates were formed in the vicinity of the first guard tent, and the adjutant inspected them.

The gun was the most important consideration. Some men made a habit of "bon-ing colors," and kept beautiful guns. They spent hours in rubbing linseed oil into the stock and polishing it with the handle of a tooth-brush. They took the whole gun tooth-brush. They took the whole gun apart and polished the individual parts and screws, keeping the pieces wrapped up in linen, so as not to allow any dust to gather on them. Why, you could take a good color gun (provided you wore gloves) and look into the barrel with the breech closed. look into the barrel with the breech closed, and see the rifling and the head of the firing pin. It was considered a reproach if the adjutant could soil in the slightest degree his white liste thread gloves, by rubbing it on any part of a color man's rifle. In cases where the candidates were so "spooney" that it was hard to decide among them the adjutant would not them ne of the spectres answered "Ghost." them, the adjutant would put them "Advance, ghost, with the countersign." through the manual of arms, and base his



ACADEMY BUILDING, WEST POINT

But the ghosts paid no heed to this last decision on the grace and accuracy of command. I gave them no further attention, but allowed them to disport themselves until they grew weary and finally first colors, the next as second colors, and vanished among the neighboring tents. tion, but allowed them to disport them-selves until they grew weary and finally vanished among the neighboring tents.

Just after I had called off the hour at twelve-thirty, the officer of the day and officer of the guard visited my post. No further interruption occurred until I was

I went on post again at reveille. last tour was exceedingly wearisome. When I marched off guard at 9 o'clock, the last tour novelty of the business had worn away noverty of the business had worn away, and I felt that I would much prefer the daily routine of drills and nights of refreshing sleep to walking a tour of guard duty, with two hours on post and four off, for the whole twenty-four.

### RETURN OF THE FURLOUGH MEN.

By the first week in August, every man in my class had walked at least one tour of guard duty, and had received a complete cadet outfit. We were considered to be sufficiently well trained in the school of the sumciently well trained in the school of the soldier to join the battalion. So one day we were notified that on the succeeding morning we would join our respective companies. This meant that we would attend parades, inspection, and roll-calls with the old cadets. Our drills remained the same as before, except that we had an infantry was little probability of any officers cross- drill in the school of the company at four ing my post, I found time to collect my o'clock in place of the squad drills. First-thoughts. I found that I was exceedingly classmen were excused from attending this warm, that I had been walking my beat at formation as privates, but two from each

ants were obliged to walk one of the regu lar posts.

The colors and stacks were kept on the line until four o'clock in the afternoon One of the color men walked the line con-tinually, and it was his duty to see that every cadet and officer who crossed it took off his hat to the colors. The guard duty of the color men was limited to the hours I have specified, and they had the privilege of sleeping in their own tents.

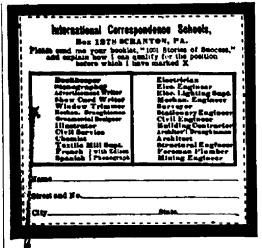
There was a great deal of friendly rivalry among the different companies in securing first colors. As a rule, some enthusiastic yearling in each company kept a tally, first colors counting three points, second two, and third one.

The plebs did not have the privilege of "throwing up" for colors until the 28th of August, that eventful day of camp life when the furlough men return to the Point. When I say privilege, I use the word in a restricted sense. I am quite sure that there is nothing in the regulations or orders say-ing that fourth classmen shall not throw up for colors or go to hops, but "custom"

for colors or go to hops but "custom" says "no," and that settles the matter.

It happened on some days that the guard consisted almost entirely of plebs. On these occasions a yearling, with a disposi-tion to "run it" on others, perhaps would "throw up" his gun for colors. Three yearl-ings on the entire guard, and three color

(Continued on page 158.)

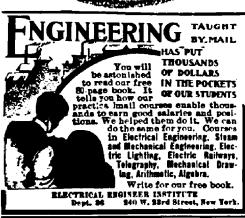


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### GARDEN BOY'S

ANNUALS FROM SEEDS-By HUGO ERICHSEN



that amount will buy all the seeds you need.

As our summers are short in Northern latitudes, readers in the Northern states will have to start some of their flowers early in order to get them to bioom. This is notably the case with the Aster. Salvia Mexicana and Ageratum. Of course, the plants can be started in the house, at just about this time, in boxes. After the seeds have been lightly covered with earth, and moistened with water, the boxes are placed in a window where they will be exposed to the morning sun. But it should be borne in mind that the rays of the sun grow hotter as the season advances. Therefore, it is plain that neglect in watering would kill the plants. If you are not prepared to give them regular attention, you had better not begin with them at all. When the plants are impricked out into very small pots, being ultimately transplanted from these to the open ground, as soon as danger from frost is over When the small plants are plants are very tender, and that the rays of the sun grow hotter as the season advances. Therefore, it is plain that neglect in watering would kill the plants. If you are not prepared to give them rezular attention, you had better not begin with them at all. When the plants are two or three inches high, they are "pricked out" into very small pots, being ultimately transplanted from these to the open ground, as soon as danger from frost is over. When the small plants are yard or garden, so that only about six

HERE IS no reason why every boy shouldn't have a garden, if he wants one. The idea that it takes years before a back yard may be transformed into a place of beauty, redolent with fragrance and ablaze with color, is no erroneous one. It can be done in a few weeks. Presuming the ground to have been thoroughly spaded over and the soil to have been pulverized and properly manured, all that is required is a few packets of seeds. And seeds are cheap; a dollar invested in this way goes a long way. If your yard is small, probably less than that amount will buy all the seeds you need.

As our summers are short in Northern latitudes, readers in the Northern states will have to start some of their flowers early in order to get them to bloom. This is notably the case with the Aster. Salvila Mexicana and Ageratum. Of course, the plants can be started in the house, at just about this time, in boxes. After the seeds have been lightly covered with cort, and moistened with water, the boxes are placed in a window where they will be exposed to the morning sun. But it should be borne in mind that the young plants are very tender, and that the rays of the sun grow hotter as the season advances. Therefore, it is plain that negative as little as possible. The more disturbed as little as possible. The more earth adheres to their roots, their oots, the better. Salving and they are taken out of the pots and planted ont of doors, they should also be shaded. This can be done by inverting flower-pots over them or covering them with paper over them or covering them with paper over them or covering them out of the sun for a few days, until they have dust they are taken out of the sun for a few days, until they have taken out of the sun for a few days, until they have to their note and they are taken out of the sun for a few days, until they are taken out of the sun for a few days, until they are taken out of the sun for a few days, until they are taken out of these ways tused to their note.

It is advisable to keep them out of the sun for a

inches projects above ground, and is then covered with glazed sash. It is, of course, not absolutely necessary to make it of the size specified. Perhaps you will find the upper and lower sashes of an old window about the house. Construct two frames, side by side, place your sashes on them, attaching hinges to the back of each so they will not fall off when raised, fill up the boxes with fine mellow earth and you will be ready for business. As the cold frame depends upon the sun for warmth, the latter part of April is soon enough to start it in the latitude of Detroit. At points farther south, of course, it might be established much earlier. A frame of this kind can be managed by anyone. Sow your seeds rather thickly, for you can thin out the plants later on, water occasionally and air your miniature greenhouse whenever the sun shines brightly. The heat generated by the sun in early spring is a revelation to those who have had no experience with it, wherefore it is not safe to neglect ventilation lest your plants perish. On some days, the baby plants may even have to be shaded.

In case of a double cold frame, such as I have described, it may be well to devote one side to flowers and the other to early vegetables. It is a great pleasure to enjoy radish and lettuce many weeks before they appear on the tibles of your less fortunate neighbors, and a greater still to share them with your friends.

If you have never been interested in plants before, you may have wondered what the term annual in the title of this article means. Gardeners thus designate flowers that are not hardy, die with the approach of winter, and that must be sown from year to year. The list of annuals is so very large that I can refer to a limited number only. I have endeavored, however, to select the hest, that is, those most likely to prove satisfactory in the hands of those of my boy friends who have had but a limited experience in gardening.

Of the Asters, I prefer the late-flowering branching varieties. The flowers are

have had but a limited experience in gardening.

Of the Asters, I prefer the late-flowering branching varieties. The flowers are large and stand erect on long, graceful stems, well above the follage. In my opinion, these are the most satisfactory Asters grown. The plants are very strong some of them covering a space of two and a half feet square.

Cosmos is a beautiful flower, but very uncertain. The early-flowering varieties are almost sure to bloom, but the late-flowering sorts are generally nipped in the bud by the early autumn frosts.

To enable you to make an intelligent selection of the seeds of annuals, I will, first of all, give you a list of plants that are noteworthy for constant and brilliant bloom, namely: Sweet Alyssum, Calliopsis, California Poppy, Cornflowers, Scabiosa, Salpiglossis, some varieties of Daisles, Nasturtium, Petunia, Phlox Drummondii, Portulacca, Sweet Peas, Verbena and the double Zinnia.

sia, California Poppy, Cernflowers, Scabiosa, Salpiglossis, some varieties of Daisles, Nasturtium, Petunia, Phlox Drummondii. Portulacca, Sweet Peas, Verbena and the double Zinnia.

Some of the low-growing plants are particularly adapted for obtaining masses of color. For a mass of white, I would recommend Sweet Alyssum, White Ageratum, Achillea, the white Brachycome, Double Daisy, White Palox, Drummondii, White Portulacca, and White Verbena. A solid bed of blue may be obtained by means of the blue Ageratum, Veronica, Blue Brachycome, Lobella, Myosotis Alpestris and blue Verbena. Among the red flowers available for "massing" are: The Carmine and Crimson Candytuft, Gaillardia, the scarlet Phlox Drummondii, the red Portulacca, the Salvia and the red Verbena. Yellow is supposed to be the color of the autumn flower, but splotches of this tint may be introduced into the mid-summer garden by planting the orange and yellow California Poppy, Gaillardia, Iceland Poppy, yellow Portulacca, Partridge Pea, and yellow and orange Nasturtium.

With me, year in and year out, Nasturtiums have been very satisfactory. I generally train them over a large heap of earth and sow them promiscuously, without regard to color. Before summer is far advanced, the mound over which they clamber is hidden from sight, and from then until the first frost puts in an appearance they supply me with a succession of cut flowers. They are particularly effective in a rose bowl and are admired not only because of the peculiarity of their flowers, but also because of the beauty of their leaves.

The annuals notable for their fragrance are numerous. The list includes: Asperula Odorata, Sweet Peas, Pink, Rocket, Ten Weeks Stock, Tuberose, Violet and Waliflower.

Now I am not going to describe any of the flowers enumerated, because you will

Ten Weeks Wallflower.

Now I am not going to describe any of the flowers enumerated, because you will derive much more pleasure from looking them up yourself in one of the beautiful

(Continued on page 147.)



# The Most Beautiful

fully described and beautifully illustrated are to be found in the Maule Seed Book for 1905. It cost over \$20,000 to mail the first edition (each copy takes a 5-cent stamp), and no matter how small your garden you need it. Everything worth growling (either plants, bulbs or seeds) will be found listed in this great book, which will be mailed together with four packets of the largest Sweet Peas to anyone sending five 2-cent stamps. Address

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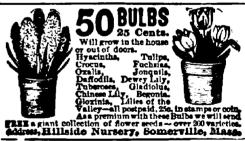


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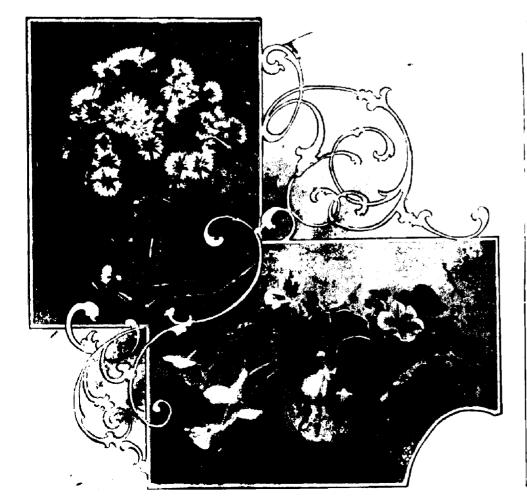
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Sent Free, my dainty catalogue of the choicest and rarest of beautiful flowers. If you inclose 6c and addresses of two other flower lovers, I will send you also my Surprise Packet (500 seeds of 20 choice annuals, mixed) and certificate for my 5th Annual Prize Contest for flowers grown from it. First prize, \$50.00. Catalogue gives particulars. Write me—do it now. MISS EMMA V. WHITE, Seedswoman,

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HE WARBLERS are at once the delight and the despair of the bird student. His despair, because most of them are small birds which inhabit the tree-tops, and are difficult to study, his delight, because the difficulties to be overcome render each new acquaintance formed among them a distinct conquest.

Not only are they difficult to study because birds of the tree-tops, but they come to us from the south in late April or May, when insects, worms, caterpillars, etc., upon which they fred, are abundant. Then the foliage is sufficiently advanced to hide them from view as they flit about the upper branches and twirs, poising upon wing before blo-soms and assuming all manner of attitudes as their sharp eyes search the under sides of leaves for food. They are birds of bright colors, yet the colors are not flashy, and they are usually variegated, several small areas of different colory making un the plumage. For example, the Myrtle Warber, whose general color effect is a slaty-biue, has four separate dashes of yellow-on the crown and rump, and on each sid of the breast, while there are also various splastics of black and white. Such an arrangement of colors makes the bird blend with the green of the leaves. Indeed, one may often search the tree-tops long and eagerly, listening meanwhile to the notes of many warblers, without being able to get the eyupon a single bird.

Among the birds of North America this interesting family is second in size. The finch family to which all sparrows belong, takes the first place. The family is divide into two main groups or sub-family sether Flycatching Warblers, most of which inhabit North America. There is also a small sub-families there are more than one hundred species. Mr. Frank M. Chapman says that thirty-five species regularly enter the North Eastern United States, less than halif of which remain to breed, the rest going farther north to their summer homes in the coniferous forests. Though the family is so large and the difficulties of becoming acquainted with them are so many, we



YOUNG SUMMER WARBLER

Notwithstanding the expectation invited by the name "warbler," these birds can hardly be called singers. Most of them have pleasing and unpretentious little warbles. They are too busy searching for food to sing much. Most of their notes are conversational rather than musical. Some delicious worm is snatched from a biossom, then a few notes escape the glad throat just to tell how good it tasted. Walking through the woods in May, one hears music in the tree-tops. It almost seems to be the music of the tree-tops

hears music in the tree-tops. It almost seems to be the music of the tree-tops themselves, but it is the music of the warblers, the lisping, twittering, work-aday music of their happy and busy lives.

Not all the warblers, however, are birds of the tree-tops, nor are all of such colors as blend with the foliage. Some are ground warblers, and may be seen stepping daintily at the base of bushes. Others are birds of bushes and small trees.

The most conspicuous yellow bird in our shrubbery is the Summer Warbler. It is

of bushes and small trees.

The most conspicuous yellow bird in our shrubbery is the Summer Warbler, It is called also Golden Warbler, Summer Yellow Bird, Blue-eyed Yello v Warbler, or simply Yellow Warbler. The merest novice cannot well confuse it with any but the American goldfinch, and a second look instantly distinguishes it from this beautiful bird. The goldfinch has a pure yellow body, with binck cap, winrs and tail. The Summer Warbler has no black, while the yellow is not as pure as that of the goldfinch, but upon the bird's back hay an olive shade, and its breast is noticeably streaked with reddin-brown. The goldfinch is somewhat larger in size, and their songs also are very different, that of the goldfinch being soft, sweet and flowing, while that of the Summer Warbler is thin, sharp and animated. Though it can hardly be called musical, and hay little variation, it is one of the cheeriest songs in the bushes. There is no pretense at music except that of a happy heart. You are reminded of a school girl in vacation time, after her first term of music lessons. She hay mastered a few exercises only, and she keeps playing them over and over on the oli home organ out of sheer buoyancy of spirits. It is one of those songs that pleases more because of what it reveals than because of what it is.

The nest of this little golden sunbeam is usually placed in a bush about three or four feet from the ground. It is a very strong and compact structure to be huilt by such a small bird. The material is

principally plant down and soft plant fiber, but it utilizes any kind of soft, pliable sub-stance that it may chance to find, such as stance that it may chance to find, such as wool, hair, the fuzzy part of old ropes, etc. The nest is placed in a crotch, and its walls are made thick and strong. They are woven about the small, perpendicular branches to hold the nest in place. It cannot, however, be called a woven nest. Its texture is more like that of felt. While the size and depth of the nest proper is always about the same, the whole structure varies much in height according to the nature of the crotch. One nest that I observed last season formed a column seven inches high. The lining is usually of any soft plant down, but inside of this there is a sufficient layer of long hair, twisted round and round, to keep the plant down in place and preserve the form of the nest. the nest.

The structure is usually well concealed among the leaves, and is often placed near the top of a gooseberry bush, in a bunch of saplings that have shot up from some old tree root, or even in a large thistle.

I was setting up my camera about fifteen feet from one of these bird homes one day, when the male came out from the bushes.

I was setting up my camera about fifteen feet from one of these bird homes one day, when the male came out from the bushes for the purpose of inspection. A few feet from me he polsed on his rapidly-moving wings as humming birds are accustomed to do, and then darted into the bushes, where his little lady had secreted herself. This process was repeated a number of times. When the camera was focused upon the nest, and I had retreated fifty feet into the bushes, bulb in hand, the mother returned to her eggs, coming very cautiously through the bush from its farther side, and slipping into the nest without a sound. A few leaves had been pushed aside to let the sunlight into her cozy little home in order to secure a photograph. This, together with the presence of the camera, gave her great anxiety. The sun was hot, and every moment or so she would stand up in her nest and flutter her outspread wings, evidently for the purpose of cooling herself by fanning. When the bulb was pressed and the camera clicked for her photograph she was gone in an instant. The leaves were carefully replaced to shield the five greenish-white, brown-spotted eggs from the sun's rays.

When the young were eight days old I returned to photograph them. There was a marked difference in their ages, the smallest being nearly a week younger than the largest. The oldest was ready to leave the nest, and seemed about to do so when I arrived. He sat in the nest perched upon the backs of the others. His eyes were wide open and shining, his whole body restless. I considered myself fortunate to have arrived at such an opportune moment, but while I arranged my tripod in a sunny, open place, not far distant, the parent birds eagerly called their young, and in answer, the older slipped awny into the bushes, and I was compelled to be satisfied with a photograph of the next oldest, which was found to be a delightful subject for the camera, posing gracefully, but

isfied with a photograph of the next oldest, which was found to be a delightful subject which was found to be a definiting subject for the camera, posing gracefully, but without that eager and persistent restlessness which characterizes the young of most small birds when they are fully fledged.

The nest of the Summer Warbler suffers severely at the hands of bird enemies. Out of eight nests observed in a single season five were rified. In one case the eggs were first taken, then later the nest was carried off bodily. In another the nest was in a thistle bush which stood beside a dry though a weasel had stood upon his hind canal."

legs and pulled the nest over with his front

legs and pulled the nest over with his front feet to accure the eggs.

The nest of this cheery little birl is an easier prey than most others because it is made of light-colored material, and the amount used is large, so that the nest, though usually placed well within the sheltering leaves, is yet quite easily discovered. The birds also, being of bright yellow, are easily observed as they go to an I from their homes. Any prowling bluejay or observing cathird, both of which are eggesters, could not very well help knowing where their nest is located. Though the cowbird is not an egg-cater, it is neverthecowbird is not an egg-eater, it is nevertheless a bird enemy, laying its eggs in the



A SUMMER WARBLER'S NEST

nests of other birds, and eaving its young for foster mothers to rear, much to the detriment of their own children. From this interloper small birds suffer most, and the Summer Warbler is not exempt. I found her nest one day in a low bush, so situated that the prospect of some good photographs was excellent. The nest contained one egg, but the next egg laid was that of the cowbird. The mother warbler was greatly perplexed. She was seen in the neighborhood for a few days, but did not lay any more eggs, and as far as I could observe, did not go near the nest. In fact, I thought she had abandoned it. But one day I found her busily engaged carrying to the nest additional nest-building material. She would come and go with quick, hurrled movements, not stopping for a monests of other birds, and leaving its young to the nest additional nest-building material. She would come and go with quick, hurried movements, not stopping for a moment at the nest, and most of the time not even alighting on its edge, but throwing the material in from a great a distance as she could, as though regarding the nest a detested thing. Soon she had filled it half-full of bits of downy plint fiber loosely thrown in. She was burying both her own and the cowbird's egg. Ha is she been left unmolested, she doubtless would have laid other eggs upon the new bottom with which she was burying the unwelcome companion of her first egg. But some enemy rified the net of both the half buried eggs, after which the distressed mother abandoned it.

The Summer Warbler is to be found in nearly every grove, orchard, or patch of shrubbery, and frequently ventures into our gardens to make its home in the bushess. Of all our small birds none is daintier in color or more delightful in manner.



A MORNING CATCH Photo by Henry Sorgenfrel, Ballard, Wash.

### Some Debates

"Resolved, That education in the smaller colleges is more beneficial to the individual than in the larger colleges."

"Resolved, That the complete separation of the white and black races is the only solution of the negro problem."

"Resolved, That labor organizations restrict the progress of commerce and industry in the United States."

"Resolved, That municipalities in the United States should own and operate plants for supplying water, light and surface transportation."

"Resolved, That the history of trades unionism in the United States in the past twenty years shows a general tendency detrimental to the best interests of the country."

"Resolved. That education has a greater Resolved. That education has a greater

influence than wealth."

"Resolved, That the mercantile business is preferable to a profession."

"Resolved, That organized capital has done more good for this country than organized labor."

done more good for this country than organized labor."

"Resolved. That the United States should adopt an educational and economic test for immigrants."

"Resolved, That private ownership of railroads is more beneficial and practical than government control."

"Resolved, That the jury system be abolished and that a permanent tribunal of three men be chosen to serve in its place."

place."
"Resolved. That an extensive irrigation
"Resolved would be of greater

### The Boy's Garden

(Continued from page 146.)

catalogues that are advertised in most periodicals and may be obtained from prominent seedsmen, free of charge, upon request. Several of these catalogues are beautifully illustrated in colors and prove far more interesting than some of the pretentious books on floriculture. Being made from photographs, the illustrations are invariably true to nature.

In conclusion I will venture to mention a few of the novelties that are presented by seedsmen this season. If everything is true, that is said of Nicotiana San-

a few of the novelties that are presented by seedsmen this season. If everything is true, that is said of Nicotiana San-derae, it is a plant for the million. It belongs to the family from which the to-bacco leaves are obtained, and when in bloom is said to be laden with flowers from base to summit—literally ablaze with most handsome carmine-red blossoms, thousands of which are produced on a single plant.

thousands of which are produced on a single plant.

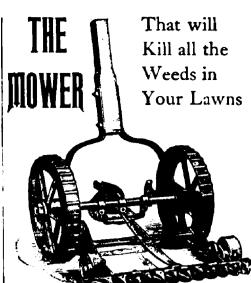
The American Lavender forms a symmetrical bush from twelve to twenty inches high. The flowers are lavender colored. It blossoms all summer till killed by frosts. Both flowers and foliage are

by frosts. Both flowers and foliage are very fragrant.

A new giant flowering Snapdragon is said to flower prodigiously and continuously the first season from seed.

The Star Flower is an introduction from Australia by Mr. Luther Burbank, who describes it as a unique and beautiful annual, growing and flowering readily in any ordinary garden soil. The flowers, produced in large graceful clusters, are usually rosy crimson, though they sometimes approach white. They are very fragrant.

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If you keep the weeds cut so they do not go to seed, and cut your grass without breaking the small feeders of roots, the grass will become thick and weeds will disappear. The CLIPPER will do it.

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CLIPPER LAWN MOWER CO., Dixon, III.

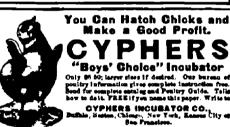


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N THE NAME of the Saint who divided his cloak in order to give half to a shivering beggar, the Rev. C. W. Robinson, of the well known Church of the Evangelists, Philadelphia, has opened a unique educational establishment, which he calls St. Martin's College. This college, which will be one of the adjuncts of the Epsicopal church, is intended for the education of boys of good character who are destitute. It is a charitable institution, and will be supported by voluntary contributions, but in order that no stigma may attach to the students in later life, through their connection with a charitable institution, the school has been given the high sounding name quoted above. The boys will be given the highest possible education compatible with the funds at the disposal of the originators of the plan.

possible education compatible with the funds at the disposal of the originators of the plan.

From over two hundred boys who have applied for admission to the new college, fifty were selected, after a careful examination by the college physicians and these are now installed in the buildings fitted up for school rooms and dormitories. They will all be taught useful trades, as well as given a thorough education. Each boy is supposed to be the property of the rector until he attains the age of twenty-one. If he wishes to leave the college he can do so, but when he enters Saint Martin's it is on the understanding that no one has any authority over him but the school faculty, at the head of which is the Rev. C. W. Robinson, through whose efforts the institution has been established.

The Church of the Exangelists, of which Mr. Robinson is the rector, was once a rich congregation, but the wealthy residents of that part of the town have long since deserted it and the edifice, one of the most interesting in America, is now quite out of the beaten track of well-dressed travel and is in fact the center of a district in which live fifty thousand Italians. The church still owns some property adjoining the structure, and several houses that belong to the corporation have been utilized to form one large building to which has been attached the name of Saint Martin's College.

It is called "St. Martin's College" because

tin's College,
It is called "St. Martin's College" St. Martin exhibited in his earthly life that self-sacrificing care and charity towards the poor which makes him an example for all. In the legend of his life it is said

cut his cloak in two and gave half to the shivering beggar. The legend says that one night after this when Martin was saying in his prayers, our Lord appeared to him wearing half a cloak, and saying, "Martin, do you recognize this?" and the Saint replied, "Yes, Lord, it is what I gave to the beggar." Whereupon Christ replied, "Nay, Martin, You are mistaken. When you clothed the beggar you were clothing me."

So far the number of applicants for admission to the college has been far in excess of the available room, and as applications are still pouring in the directors are bewildered to know how to provide for a larger number than they had originally intended to take care of. It is probable that the Episcopal congregations will unite in assisting the projectors of the plan for educating poor boys and that in a very little while after the school has been formally opened it will have grown to proportions exceeding the wildest dreams of those who established it with a view to the advancement of a few of the industrious and ambitious boys of the neighborhood.

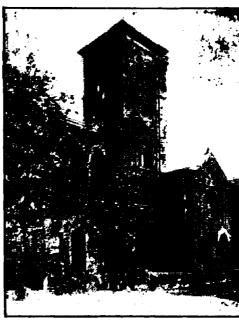
None of the officers of the college receive compensation of any kind. Teachers, physicians and directors give their services freely. The only salaried assistants will be those who teach the boys the various trades, printing, book binding, carpentering, plumbing, etc. The usual course of training in English will be given the boys in conjunction with the education in the trades. As they progress it will probably be found possible to add to the income of the institution by disposing of the work of the institution by disposing of directors, of the boys.

In addition to the board of directors, of the boys.

the boys.

In addition to the board of directors, of which the Rev. C. W. Robinson is the head, the list of officials includes the following as "visitors" or honorary members: The as "visitors" or honorary members: The Rt. Rev. Dr. Whitaker, bishop of Pennsylvania; the Right Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith,

bishop coadjutor of Pennsylvania, the Right Disnop coadjutor of Fennsylvania, the Rient Revs. Dr. Coleman, bishop of Delaware; Dr. Scarborough, bishop of New Jersey; Dr. McLaren, bishop of Chicago; Dr. Nicholson, bishop of Milwaukee; Dr. Grafton, bishop of Fond-du-lac; Dr. Francis, bishop of Indianapolis; Dr. Seymour, bishop of Illinois, and Dr. Weller, bishop-coadjutor of Fond-du-lac.



EXTERIOR OF SAINT MARTIN'S COLLEGE

# How to Make and Throw a Lasso

HROWING A LASSO is not only an teresting pastime but an accomplishment that, sooner or later. Will prove useful, especially to a boy on

a farm.

Any boy of ten or more years of age can make and learn to successfully throw this instrument of the prairies; all that is required is a little ingenuity and prac-

is required is a little ingenuity and practice, the latter backed by perseverance.

The name lasso is from the Spanish lazo, meaning "a snare," a "slip-knot." These terms graphically describe the article, which is simply a slip-noose on one end of a rawhide or an ordinary hempen rope, the length of which varies from forty to

one hundred feet.

Sometimes the term "lariat" (a corruption of the Spanish la reata, "the rope"), is employed in describing or referring to the lasso, but erroneously so as the former is for tethering a grazing horse or other animal. A lasso is often used for tethering, but a lariat, being without a noose, is no use as a lasso.

The best lassos are made of rawhide. The best lassos are made of rawhide. The hide is cut into long strips about half an inch or less in width. The hair is then removed and all irregularities in width or thickness corrected. It is next soaked in water until pliable, when it is braided, four strands being generally used. The braiding must be done with great care in order that the rope may be of the same size and shape throughout.

This kind of a lasso would be difficult

This kind of a lasso would be difficult for a boy to make. There is another style, however, almost as common as that just described, which is made with an ordinary rope. Get about thirty feet of good hempen rope three-eighths of an inch in diameter. This must be made very pliable by repeatedly stretching it between posts, or, better still, by trailing it on the ground behind a moving wagon, or from the back of a horse, now and then changing ends. If thus trailed for several miles it will be

on the stranger for several fines it will be quite pliable, and use will make it more so.

On one end fasten a ring made by sawing off a section of the horn of a cow or an ox. This should be about one and onehalf inches in diameter on the inside, and rounded so as to leave no sharp edges to

obstruct the free passage of the rope.

An iron ring, or one made from a shank bone, is often used, but as it is heavier than horn, they are liable to do injury, especially when used by boys for catching their playments. their playmates.

It is best to attach the rope to the ring

that when a Roman golder about to embrace Christianity, he was met one day by a poor, lame, half-naked beggar, asking alms. St. Martin was on a horse, clad in armor and wearing his soldier's cloak. In response to the request he drew his sword,

Now pass the free end of the rope through the ring, thus forming the slip noose. The lasso is now all complete except making a small loop on this end for the insertion of the hand (or, if used on horse-back, for attaching it to the pommel of the saddle.)

When used by a boy standing on the

When used by a boy standing on the ground the lasso is grasped at the loop with the left hand. It should now be carewith the left hand. It should now be carefully and evenly coiled up, the size of the coils depending upon the height of the boy. The larger the loops the easier they will run off.

The last twelve or fifteen feet of the rope should not be coiled, but left to form the noose and to allow a few feet of slack. It is very important that the size of the noose be carefully adjusted to the strength of the boy. A boy fourteen years of age of the boy. A boy fourteen years of age ought to swing with ease a noose three feet in diameter. The exact size is best

determined by experiment.

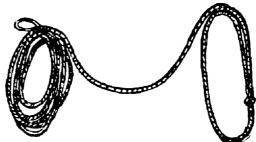
With the coil in the left hand, hanging lightly between the thumb and the fingers, the noise should be grasped, together with

the noose should be grasped, together with the free part of the rope, in such a manner that the ring hangs, on the right, about one foot from the center or bottom of the lower half of the noose. (The diagram will help explain the correct position.)

To throw the lasso, the noose must be circled repeatedly about the head, in doing this the wrist is not held stiff, as a beginner imagines, but turns or twists with each revolution of the noose. This wrist motion is very essential as it keeps the noose open. noose open.

When sufficient momentum has been ac quired, the cast is made, with a slightly upward movement. If the alm has been true and the noose settles about the object, a quick ferk and backward step or two will draw it taut and secure whatever is within it.

It is a little difficult at first to acquire the proper wrist motion, without which the noose cannot be kept open, but prac-tice will soon enable one to succeed, also to correctly estimate distances.





Fitted with double telescope crystal lenses, made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed, has metal props for sides. Complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored sides. Best thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address for only 24 pieces of our Swell Art Jewelry, including brooches and perfumed amulets (regular zsc. goods) to sell at 10 cents each. Return us the \$2.40 received and we will send you the Magic Lantern and complete outfit at once. Write today. Address.

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A modern, high-class and convenient stopping place, offering every accommodation for the comfort and pleasure of transient guests. Moderate prices.

Harry C. Griswold, Proprietor.



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Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements



OGS ON THE battlefield, as rescuers of wounded who have crawled into out-of-the-way places to die, are no longer a novelty. Dogs as policemen are decidedly new and novel. It has been proven by the police of Philadelphia that a trained dog is the best adjunct the force can have

can have.

Recently it occurred to one of the patrolmen that it would be a relief during the



GUESS SHE MUST BE LOST"

ionely hours of the morning watch if he took his dog to share the dreary vigil. With the marvelous instinct of the intellitook his dog to share the dreary vigit. With the marvelous instinct of the intelligent animal the dog soon got into the habit of following his master to the station house, standing in line when the roll was called and accompanying him everywhere on his beat. By degrees the actual duties of a policeman seemed to become familiar to the dog. It required only one experience with a tramp freezing to death in an alleyway on the policeman's beat to show the clever dog what was required of him. Thereafter Rex, who is a splendid specimen of the St. Bernard, and who has inherited the instinct of rescuing unfortunates who are succumbing to cold, spent most of his time when on "duty" in nosing up alleyways, peering under wagons, searching in doorways, hunting in gutters and sniffing around dark corners, always on the watch for some wayfarer dead to the world and likely to be dead in actual fact unless speedily restored to consciousness.

ness.
Rex adopted his own method of procedure when he found such cases. Running to his master he caught at his coat and dragged him to the spot where the freezing tramp or inebriate lay. Not until the man had been transferred to the ambulance or patrol wagon was Rex ever satisfied to resume his search for other unfortunates.

fortunates.

From the search for men who had fallen unconscious by the wayside to the recov-

ery of lost children was a natural and easy transition. Rex grasped the idea very quickly that a child crying in the midst of a group of sympathizers was pretty sure to be lost. In the day time, when his master was sleeping, Rex, who seems to be able to get along almost without rest, will wander the streets looking for lost children. Occasionally he makes mistakes and half frightens to death some youngster who is not lost, but merely in tears over one of the numerous vicissitudes of infant life. The number of times, however, that he has brought to the station house, after the fashion of his species in the Alps, some little girl or boy, who has been led along with his or her arm around the big dog's neck, proves the usefulness of the animal as a member of the police force.

In addition to his cleverness in rescuing freezing wayfarers and bringing to the station house strays from the family fold, Rex has to his credit the finding of no less than five fires in the smouldering or onless than five fires of the smoke issuing from some crevice discloses the danger to the watchman. In this way he has saved thousands of dollars' worth of property.

It has become the habit with the police of Philadelphia who are on duty at night to take with them a pet dog. During the tedious hours of the watch they train the dog to search for belated wanderers who have gone to sleep in the Frost King's arms, to examine the signs around closed stores for traces of anything wrong, to call



"HERE'S A BUM WHO NEEDS LOOKING APTER"

instant attention to the presence of smoke that they are probably the most remark-issuing from the houses or buildings along able forms of life in the whole world. the beat and to scurry for assistance when

dog department is unofficially becoming a it, not with organs in their own bodies,



GIVING THE ALARM

One explorer has just found a species While not officially recognized by the po- of ants in the American tropics which ce department of the Quaker City, the spin threads like spiders, only they do but by means of other insects which they catch and keep in slavery. These insects have glands in their heads which produce sliky threads. The ants seize the insect-slaves whenever they wish to spin a web or a rope or to tie anything together, and rub the prisoner's head along the desired spot until the necessary amount of fiber has been deposited. In this way they tie immense numbers of leaves together to make their great houses which hang from the trees in the tropics like vast growths, and at times they pass big ropes from tree to tree.

### LATEST FROM COLORADO

A Million Dollar Corporation of That State Apparently Throws Money Away

Orporations as a rule are not expected to throw money away recklessly but out in Colorado such seems to be an actual fact.

or away recall and your out in colorado such seems to be an actual fact.

Recently several well-known capitalists of Colorado joined forces and organized an immense publishing company with a million dollars capital, all paid up. One of the first acts of the new company was to invest \$100,000 in the purchase of that wonderfully successful publication the flocky Mountain Magazine, now in its third year with a circulation world-wide. By some of its readers the magazine is considered worth \$8 per year. It publishes dozens of fine views of scenery, stories of love and adventure and sketches of how great riches are often acquired so quickly. To cap the cilmax, dividend shares in the company are issued to subscribers, the latter sharing in the profits. Last year the company paid twenty per cent and will likely pay much more this year.

The company has appropriated ample coath with the

much more this year.

The company has appropriated ample cash with the object of securing a million new readers this year. To accomplish their object they are offering to send the magazine each month for a whole year for the nominal sum of ten cents, Bycars for twenty-five cents; or, clubs of six names for i fty cents, postage stamps taken. As this is a limited offer there's no time to waste, so send at once and tell all your friends. Money promptly refunded if you are not nore than pleased. Mention The American Boy when you write. Send all subscriptions to the Rocky Mountain Magazine, Sta. 26, Denver. Colorado.



Mackintosh's Toffee the Pure and Delicious

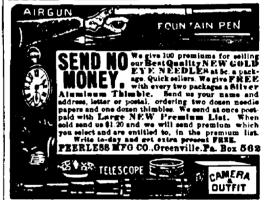
**OLD ENGLISH CANDY** 

The enormous sales of my Toffee in this country and in England (the home of Mackintosh's Toffee) have unade it the great international candy. It is absolutely nore and wholesome, and the best candy ever made for children. I want to caution you against inferior imitation of my Toffee. Be sure that you get theoriginal "Mackintosh a Toffee Ask your dealer, and if he cannot supply you send me Tent Cents in stamps for a sample package; or 31.60 for a 4-lb Family Tin. Try your dealer first.

JOHN MACKINTOSH. JOHN MACKINTOSH, 78 Hudson St., H. Y.

DEPT. 65





For \$1.00 I will send 100 Silkworm Eggs, together with my illustrated Booklet of Instructions, telling you all about how to raise silkworms in the parlor and obtain their beautiful silk. This is the newest and most interesting pastime for boys.

DR. CECIL FRENCH, Naturalist. 718 12th Street N. W., Washington, D. C.



This new large size Japatick Rattle delights every boy. It makes a terrific noise like a Gatling Gun. Best thing made for celebrations, parades, baseball rooting and all outdoor fun. A burglar alarm. Bent for IS two-cent stamps. Agents wanted. A large cash profit. Write at once, boys, for agency in your town. JAPSTICK COMPANY, 170 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

### BOYS! MAKE \$5 WEEKLY



PRINTING IN SPARE TIME With every Model Outfit we furnish free instruction in printing bill-heeds, note-heads, cards, weeklies, etc. Work easy and profitable. Write now for free catalogue and testimonials.

Model Printing Press Co. (Estab. 1874) 104 R. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

KEY CHAIN A sure protector against loss of keys. Our fine polished steel key-chain. If inches long, split ring at one end and button loop at the other-a bargain. Sent postpaid on receipt of six cents. Address, National Supply Co., Box A-256, Bridgeport, Conn.

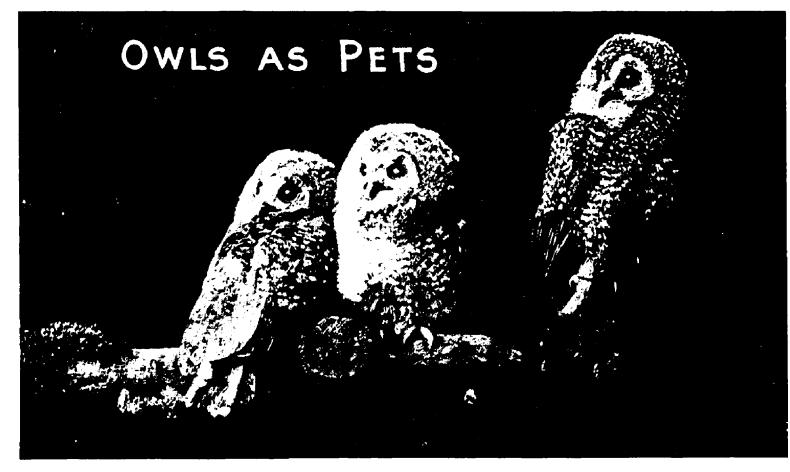
Over 198,000 Copies of FAVORITE SONGS are now Our Star Collection of FAVORITE SONGS are now our star Collection of FAVORITE SONGS are now over and you should not be without it. It contains the words and music of 61 choice songs, such as Robin Adair, Ben Bolt, Black Joe, Nellis Gray and Riwanes Biver, all bound in beautiful cover, sent pretpaid for 15c.

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SEND NO MONEY just name and address, and we will send 36 Gold FILLED STERLING BACK collar buttons. Sell them at 10c each, send us \$1.80 and keep \$1.80. We Trust You.

A. B. WADE, Dept. E. 87, Otis, Ind.

Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements



MONG THE MANY bird pets which I have kept at different times, owis have always been my favorites. Even before I had ever seen an owl I always longed to have one as a pet. There was something trresistibly attractive to me in the picture of the strange solemn-looking bird which only came out by night, and haunted dark woods and ivy-mantled ruins. Perhaps its cat-like appearance, too, had something to do with it, for to me owls always seem more like cats than birds, and I quite sympathize with the boy who described an owl which he discovered crouching in a hollow tree as "for all the world like a great cat with a claw at the end of its nose." However this may be, I well remember the rapture with which I was filled when a friend, returning from a walk in the country, brought back as a trophy a young horned owl, which duly became my property. Though filled with admiration at its personal appearance, its great yellow eyes and little budding horns, as the two feathers which stick up on the head of this species are called, I was a little disappointed at finding my overtures received in a decidedly hostile spirit, and I went away from my first interview with the bird of mystery with a beautiful impression of his claws and beak upon the back of my hand. It must be confessed that this individual owl, having oeen captured some time after leaving the nest, did not turn out a very desirable pet, but I was not discouraged. I have always found that most interest attaches to those pets which we manage to secure for ourselves, and certainly of all the birds which I have at different times kept, those which have cost me the longest walk and the hardest climb have generally been my favorites. Consequently, my one ambition for a long while was to find an owl's nest or myself. For many years, even at the time when I could pick out the most cunningly hidden nest of the blackcap or garden warbler, and tell exactly which corner of the wood in which to search for the tiny wood wren. I should have considered the finding of an owl's nest I should have considered the finding of an owl's nest as a fent far beyond me, partly for the reason that I had only a limited idea of owls at home, that being in connection with hollow trees, of which there was a plentiful lack about our northern country, or of ruined castles and towers, of which there was an absolute dearth. The fact also of the owl being still to me a bird of mystery—for at that time I had never ever heard, far less seen, a real live owl—prevented me from ever dreaming that there might be nests for the finding in the neighborhood; and yet all this while there different species of owls close at hand, and I have no doubt that, had I only known where to look. I could have found their nests as easily as I can

as easily as I can

do now.

BABY OWLS

Old havis' and pragpled next are favorto a grant of the state of the

ble-down cottage. They have been brought up in company with several other bird pets, up in company with several other bird pets, magples, jackdaws and hawks, and when quite young it was an exceedingly pretty sight to see them all together on one perch, watching the proceedings of the jacks and magples with an air of absorbing interest. Sometimes a jack would fly up to the perch and give one of the tawnles a friendly dig with his beak, for all the world as though he wanted to say, "Wake up, old fellow." Whereupon the owl would proceed with great gravity to comb the disturber's plumage with beak and claw, occasionally pausing during the operation and surveying his work with half-open eye, Jack the while winking at his mates below with an air of, "It's all right; it pleases the old air of, "It's all right; it pleases the old buffer."

Barn owls also I have kept at different times, and found them very amusing pets. My first I got from a barn where for several years a pair had nested in an old pigeon cote. Jeff we called him, and a funny-looking object he was when first h.s education was begun. From a little ball of fluff with an impish face at one extremity and a pair of remarkably sharn claws of and a pair of remarkably sharp claws at the other, he developed into a very fine bird, and would fly down in broad daylight from his cage to catch a live mouse, and then back again to make a meal of it. The

to live a year withour a drop of water, the other two species are very fond of a

with attention to these points, any of my readers may succeed as I have done with my pets, and will come to agree with me that the much maligned bird of night is well worth making a relend of.

### What a Gentle:nan Must Be

President Eliot in an address to Harvard freshmen, said: "A gentleman must also be quiet. If a man is heard brawling about the college yard one can feel perfectly sure that he is either an outsider or a newcomer. He must never do anything that will hurt a woman or a child or an inferior. He must be generous, efficient, deferential to age, beauty, excellence, skill, and all worthy things." This and one from a hole in the wall of a tum-



SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH

### Sir Alfred Harmsworth

"The Napoleon of British Journalism" is now only in his fortieth year, yet he owns absolutely or controls thirty-two publications—dailies, weeklies and monthlies. He was trained to his Irish father's profession of the law, disliked it, left it when twenty-eight, began journalistic work with \$800 capital—and today, at the end of twelve years, Alfred Charles Harmsworth is a power throughout Europe, less because he is worth some \$750,000, than because of the influence of the papers he directs.

"Answers" was his first venture; a weekly that agreed to look up correct replies to all possible queries. Then he started a monthly and began to show Engstarted a monthly and began to show English readers what good short stories were like. Then he put out the "Daily Mail," a morning paper, following it with the "Evening News"—and each has today a circulation of 400,000 copies, paying jointly to their stockholders annual profits of half a million. These are but four of the thirty-two every one a monumental success. How did he do it? By realizing that the British public was as human as the American, and bringing to it, in place

the British public was as human as the American, and bringing to it, in place of the slow-going, bulky papers which it had always known, papers smaller in size, with news crisply told, headlines which really guided the render, and, above all, a system of world-wide correspondence which has "beaten" the older London dailles time after time.

Harmsworth has made so clear a mark in his profession that all England endorsed the honor of knighthood which King Edward recently conferred upon him.

### **NEXT** MONTH

¶ Look out for "What a Boy Can Do in a Back Yard". It will appear in our April number, well illustrated.

### William Barclay Parsons

"The man who buil, the New York sub-way" deserves every way" deserves every bit of the praise that is being poured upon him. He has won phenomenal success; it is much, indeed, to be, at forty-five, the recognized head of an important technical portant technical profession, with a record of twenty-two years of unbroken victories behind one. The secret is that Mr. Farsons has Mr. Farsons has even more than unusual brains; he has will power behind knowledge, and strong character back of all.

At Columbia University he stroked his crew and was captain of the tugof-war teams, doing well all that came to his hand even then.

of-war teams, doing well all that came to his hand even then. When a studying in the School of Mines he spent his vacations surveying or working on railways; he realized he had much to learn and he wanted to learn it thoroughly.

With such preparation he went into the engineering world and in just twelve years was so prominent in it that he was named chief engineer of the New York Rapid Transit Commission in 1894. Ever since, he has done little but work over the immense problem of how to handle the crowds of a great metropolis, and the finished subway is his fittest monument.

Yet he has done other things. He went into China, for instance, to survey a railroad route between Hankow and Canton. "You'll get killed, if you try it." said the American consul; but Mr. Parsons tried it, and did it, and didn't get killed.

No wonder honors crowd upon such a man. Roosevelt has made him a Commissioner of the Panama Canal, and Edward of England has done even mere, for he has invited the genius of New York's underground to attempt the task of straightening out London's traffic problems. None but an Englishman has ever been asked before to put hand to such a work.

If young men are casting about for ca-

work.

If young men are casting about for careers upon which to model their own, they will not go amiss in studying the lessons of Mr. Parson's life. He took time to lay a solid foundation; he cultivated character and determination as well as "book learning," and has shown that success awaits the man who "knows how to do one thing well."



WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

OSCAR II, KING OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN

### King Oscar II

King Oscar II

"If the Swedes were to proclaim a republic tomorrow, Oscar would at once be elected president."

That is the opinion of scores of travelers in the northern European kingdom, and it is simple truth. The monarch of Norway and Sweden is immensely popular with his people—as might be expected of a fellow so democratic that he likes nothing better than to talk with some subject as affably as to a near neighbor. Over six feet tall, built powerfully, with a record for athletic prowess as well as sound statesmanship, Oscar, now seventy-one, still stalks chamois, climbs mountains, or walks twenty miles a day—and still writes books. Indeed he is a real literary man, not a

twenty miles a day—and still writes books. Indeed he is a real literary man, not a mere trifler with letters like his "dear cousin," the German Kaiser. Oscar's poems have been translated into French and Russian. His essays have appeared in the famous English reviews. He has played successfully the parts of both critic and historian, and now is at work upon his pers nal memoirs, in which he promises to tell the truth of the diplomatic moves of the big European game in which he himself has played no small part.

Oscar is also possessed of a fine vo'ce.

he himself has played no small part.
Oscar is also possessed of a fine vo'ce, and many are the evenings he spends with a few chosen friends grouped about the plane for duets or choruses. Yet a third distinction has this king; he is a remarkable linguist, speaking fluently German, French. English and Italian, as well as his native tongue, with some knowledge, too, of Russian and Danish. He is distinctly one of those "Grand Old men" of whom not only Sewden but all the world may well be proud.

### **NEXT** MONTH

¶ In our April number will appear Lesson 1 of Experimental Lessons in Electricity by R. G. Grisvold. Fine !

### How the "Spit" Ball is Pitched

Pitched

Harry Howell, the eastern pitcher gives the following explanation of the much discussed "spit" ball:

"The quick and mystifying break of the spit ball is very simple. The ball simply follows the law of gravitation. The force propelling it diminishes and the result is a sudden drop to the right or left, according to the way the pitcher releases his grip. The real object of wetting the ball is to allow it to slip off the first and second fingers instead of rolling off. A quick curve instead of a gradual one is the result. The sudden break gives the batter no time to draw bead, while nearly any batter can gauge a slow curve. There should be no friction between the fingers and the ball, this being alleviated by the constant wetting of the fingers.

"The spit ball is of medium speed. If thrown swiftly it shoots over straight; if slowly it strikes the ground before the plate. Very little rotary motion is imparted in the ball. It comes up big and slow and the batter can almost see the seams. As ne draws back to hit the ball seems to receive a new impetus as though struck down from behind and he misses by a foot.

"As yet no pitcher is certain whether

seems to receive a new impetus as though struck down from behind and he misses by a foot.

"As yet no pitcher is certain whether his spit ball will go to the right or left. The direction all depends on whether the arm and hands are facing downward, upward, or to the right or left. With this ball perfected, nothing can stop it unless the rules are changed.

"The spit ball is also dangerous for the team whose pitcher uses it. A slow spit ball that broke too soon cost the New Yorks the championship, it is said, as when the ball bounded a man on third reached home before it was recovered,

"'Cheerful Charley' Hickman, Detroit's first baseman, was yelling at George Mullin to throw him the ball when a Washington player was trying to steal in a game at the Capitol city, this summer. With his arm set Mullin swung around and threw the ball. It broke before Hickman caught it and hit him in the mouth, putting him out of the game for several days.

"Here are the five best spit ball pitchers: Chesbro, of New York; Patten, of Washington; Townsend, of the same club; Mullin, of Detroit, and Rhoades, of Cleveland."

### How "Tad" Lincoln Secured a Pardon

"A poor woman came to the White House one day to see the President about her husband, who was in trouble. The President was absent, but "Tad" was at home. The woman called the boy to her and said: 'My husband is in prison. We have boys and girls at home who are cold and hungry. Your papa can unlock the door of the prison and let our children's papa come home and care for us. Won't you ask your father to let him come home?"

papa come home and care for us, Won't you ask your father to let him come home?"

"'Tad' could not talk or think about anything else but that poor distressed family, and of his pledge to try and bring rrilef. When the President returned, 'Tad' was at him at once about the case of distress. Mr. Lincoln had other things on his mind and did not pay much attention to the child till he clung to his father's legs and begged him to sit down and let him tell the sad story. The father told him that the woman would be back the next day, and he would then know what he would do. That did not satisfy the son, who climbed on his father's lap, threw his arms about his neck and said: 'Papa-day (meaning 'papa dear'), won't you promise me now to let the man out?' It was too much for the grent man, who said: 'Taddie, my pet, I will let him out because you ask me to.' "—"Success Magazine."

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### BOYS' BOOKS REVIEWED

THE DISCOVERY OF THE OLD NORTH-WEST AND ITS SETTLEMENT BY THE FRENCH, by James Baldwin. This is one of the Eclectic School Readings designed as supplementary to the sixth grade. The young reader will obtain a good working knowledge of that great stretch of territory which we call the Northwest. Mr. Baldwin divides his book into three parts: How the Great Lakes were discovered, introducing Jacques Cartier, Champlain and the other brave Frenchmen, both soldiers and priests who dared and endured so much for country and religion. How the Great Lakes were explored, tells of beroic adventures, hair-breadth escapes and bloody battles. How the First Settlements were made, gives an interesting description of the manner in which the French settlers lived. There is an index and pronouncing vocabulary which will be found useful to the student. 271 pages. Price, 40 cents. American Book Co.

American Book Co.

UNDER THE MIKADO'S FLAG, or Young Soldiers of Fortune, by Edward Stratemeyer. This is a timely story of the Japanese-Russia war, but told, it seems to us, with less of this popular author's vivacity than has characterized his previous work. There are the same careful, historical and geographical settings, the same heroes; but somehow in the story there is a drag; situations and incidents hardly seem to follow each other with the case and briskness that we have noted and commended in former reviews. The boys will, however, read it and gain much valuable information regarding names and places which at present are most prominent in the public view. A. B. Shute is responsible for the first class illustrations. 305 pages. Price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard.

tions. 365 pages. Price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard. THE STORY OF ROLF AND THE VIRING'S BOW, by Allen French. To those readers who love the myths and traditions, the lexends and the folk-lore stories of hundreds of years gone by, the story of Rolf, a boy of Iceland, will be warmly welcomed. Rolf searches for an archer who can shoot a certain distance, thus saving his father's farm. Failing in his quest the Althing outlaws him to the islands of Orkney and he there has many thrilling adventures. With the bow obtsined from the old viking's grave, he returns to Iceland, performs the test required of him, hereby saving his property and bringing disc miture and vengeance upon his enemies. It is a fine story, told in graphic forceful language that the boys will like The illustrations are my Bernard J. Rosenmayer. Price \$1.50. Little Brown & Co.

AMY DORA'S AMUSING DAY, by Frank M. Bicknell. Certainly there is an appropriateness about the title of this little book to the contents which is commendable as, if all the events of that memorable day were not amusing to Amy Dora Applegate, they will be found truly amusing by the reader. The filtustrations truly amusing by the reader. by Florence Scovel Shinn are in the same vein.
181 pages. Henry Altemus Co.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE, as told by Adventurers, by Edward Everett Hale. This is a new illustrated edition of the author's Stories for boys and girls. Among the adventurers whose deeds and journeyings are recorded are:

Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville and the Crustelles Bertrandon in Palestine Geoffice. sales. Bertrandon in Palestine, Geoffrey of Vinsauf, Hernando Corte's Letters, Humboldt's Travels, and others. Of course, no one of these tales is told in full, but the main account of tails is told in full, but the main second of each is given, with the author's comments and explanations, all intended to stimulate the boys and girls to more extended reading. Grown-ups and girls to more extended reading. Grown-ups as well as young folks will find pleasure and instruction in this book, and the many portraits and pictures will only add to its attractiveness. 310 pages. Price \$1.25. Little, Brown & Co.

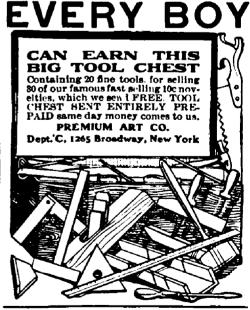
NATION'S IDOL, by Charles Felton Pidgin. The nistory of the men who played important parts in the establishing of our country ought to be of the greatest interest to American boys, and next to Washington the memory of none of these men should be honored more than Benjamin Franklin. The years of Dr. Frank-lin's solourn in France acting as special repre-sentative of our infant Republic, is the pivot while it is a story in which Master Cupid's wiles and ways are ably portrayed, the central figure is easily the great philosopher-stateman. His bury life at the court of King Louis, the successful accomplishment of his mission and the interest manifested by king and the interior interest manifested by king and court in his personality and achievements are depicted by one who loves his subject. It is a book that will interest and please the reader whether young or old. 348 pages. Henry Alternación

ZEB., a New England Boy, hv W. O. Stoddard. This popular writer for boys has put forth a good hearty, healthy story of thoroughly gra-uine boys. Full of fun and boyish pranks really for every kind of harmless mischief, yet honneeded. Boys are sure to like it. It is nicely illustrated. 288 pages. Price \$1.50. George W. Jacobs & Co. est, straightforward and helpful where help is

THE LIGHT BRIGADE IN SPAIN, by Herbert Strang, author of "Tom Burnshy." This is a FHE LIGHT BRIGADE IN SPAIN, by Herbert Strang, author of "Tom Burnahy." This is a story of war with all attendant excitements, and therefore of interest to all healthy boys. The many stirring incidents of the Peninsular War at the beginning of the nineteenth century when Spain, Portugal and Great Britain were fighting against the French and which ended in the expulsion of Napoleon from Spain, have been the themes of many stories. The story under consideration deals with the part played by The Light Brigade, composed of a number of British regiments, in the masterly retreat of Sir John Moore with his army to Corunna, the signal victory which that general there gained and his heroic death. The effect of this victory was to awaken again the patriotic erdor of the Spaniards, and the book gives a most vivid picture of the slege of Saragossa. A good story, well told, and the love romance running through it will heighten the reader's interest. There are a number of apt illustrations, and the mapdianings will be found of importance in folthen Spain, . Portugal and Great Britain wei drawings will be found of importance in fol-lowing the events recorded. The book is dedicated by permission to Field Marshal H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught, etc. 416 pages. Price \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LITTLE COLONEL IN ARIZONA, by Annie Fellows Johnston. This is the latest volume of "The Little Colonel Series," and this sweetest of girls is, if possible, more lovable and fascinating than ever. Her experiences and adventures while staying with the Ware family in Arizona still make pleasing and family in Arisona still make pleasing and altogether delightful reading. The members of the Ware family in their adobe house learning the best of all life's lessons self reliance. the best of all life's lessons, self reliance, sacrifice, duty and loving service, are worthy examples for every one. The chapter containing Mr. Ellestad's legend of old Camelback mountain possesses true poetle power. The lessons taught will appeal to the intelligent reader. No better story could be placed in the hands of the young folks. The illustrations are by Etheldred B. Barry, \$18 pages. Price \$1.50. I. C. Pages & Co. \$1.50. L. C. Page & Co.

LOU. by Harriet A. Cheever. The author has written a story, heautiful in its simplicity. Lou is just the sweetest, cutest and most lovable little lassie any one could wish to meet, and we are sure the many readers of her adventures will become as warm friends as Mother Perkins, Doctor Banks or "Uncle Captain." A book we can sincerely recommend. Nively illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson 291 pages. Price \$1.25, Dana Estes & Co.





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# GENERAL FRANCIS MARION

HERE ARE MEN apparently born for the times in which they live, and who are peculiarly fitted to be leaders in certain emergencies. Such was General Marion, whose daring, dashing method of warfare was unique in the struggle for American independence, and who played a large part in the formation of this great government.

Francis Marion was born in Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732, the same year that gave birth to George Washington. His grandparents were Gabriel Marion and Judith Baluet, who, after the revocation of the Editt of Nantes, in 1885, left Poitou, France, and settled near Cooper river, in South Carolina. His father, Gabriel Marion, married Esther Cordes, and their children were Isaac, Gabriel, Benjamin, Job, Francis and Esther. This only sister of Francis Marion, first married John Allston, and then Thomas Mitchell, both of Georgetown; and from her are descended the eminent sculptor, Thomas Crawford, father of the famous novelist, Francis Marion Crawford, a nephew of Mis. Julia Ward Howe, who is immortalized by her "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

In those early days, many wealthy southern planters sent their boys and girls to England to be educated, but though Francis Marion was deprived of that advantage, he had a liberal education. Like Washington, he desired a sallor's life, and when sixteen years old, made a voyage to the West Indies. The schooner foundered in a storm and the crew of eight men took to a small boat without water or provisions. A dog had followed them into the boat, and it's flesh eaten raw was all they had for eight days. Several died of hunger, and the captain and mate jumped into the sea and were drowned. Among the few who escaped was young Marion, whose terrible experience decided him to follow his mother's advice—to give up a life on the ocean for that of a planter.

In 1761 he was a lieutenant of a company of cavalry, commanded by Captain William Moultrle, which was sent on an expedition against the Cherokee Indians.

of cavalry, commanded by Captain William Moultrie, which was sent on an expedition against the Cherokee Indians. Marion won distinction as "an active, brave and hardy soldier, and an excellent partisan officer." He was slender and below medium height, but possessed a strong healthy constitubut possessed a strong, healthy constitution, which fitted him for a soldier's life He had a sallow complexion, a high, broad forehead, and an aquiline rose; his eyes were dark and penetrating, and his countenance animated in conversation, but he was generally a quiet, reserved man; courteous and gentle in his manners—"beloved by his following and respected by all." by his friends and respected by all."

Before the Revolution

Before the Revolution, he lived on his plantation, Burnt Savanna, devoting himself to agricultural pursuits and in taking an active interest in those exciting times which were the shadow of coming events. In the early part of 1775, he was elected to the Provincial Congress of South Carolina. When the first blood for freedom was shed on Lexington green. Marion was among the on Lexington green, Marion was among the foremost to offer his services to his country. He was in the first corps raised by on Lexington green, Marion was among the foremost to offer his services to his country. He was in the first corps raised by South Carolina, acting as captain in the Second Regiment, commanded by Colonel Moultrie. On the 28th of June, 1776, the garrison of four hundred men on Sullivan's Island, triumphantly repulsed the British squadron of nine ships of war; and for gallant behavior on this occasion, Marion was promoted to the rank of major. The first anniversary of this event was celebrated on the island and in Charleston with firing of cannon and "in oration, toast, and song." The ladies of the city kave a dinner to the Second Regiment, and Colonel Marion, who was then in command, "hoped that the men would behave themselves with sobriety and decency in honor of the ladies who had been so kind." He was very much opposed to intemperance, and before the slege of Charleston began in 1780, was invited to a "stag party." After dinner, the host arose and said: "Gentlemen, I have a few bottles left of the old 32 and in that wine I propose a toast—Health and happiness to the defenders of Fort Moultie! Are you all charged?" Every eye was centered on Colonel Marion, who only touched the glass to his lips. Cries were heard of—"Bumpers all!" "Heel-taps!" "The children of distant generations may never hear my name, but still it gladdens my heart to thirk I am contending for this certification of the ladge of the stage of the city and in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The common weal was his sole object: "It was said of this remarkable man—leaves this room till all the liquor is druik." Marion knew that meant a regular carousal and, as they were aware of his dislike to such scenes, probably thought they intended to play a trick on himself a slave for fourtien years, but will think no more of four-steen years' servitude than and cand with such abequate for fourteen years, but lith him be over head and ear in love, and my weetheart as and with such a beauteous sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of f key into the street. "Gentlemen," he said, "by the laws of good fellowship no man leaves this room till all the liquor is drunk." Marion knew that meant a regular carousal and, as they were aware of his dislike to such scenes, probably thought they intended to play a trick on him, so he ran to a window from which he leaped, lighting on the street with a broken ankle. This disqualified him for military duty, and lighting on the street with a broken ankle. This disqualified him for military duty, and when General Lincoln, in anticipation of an attack on the city, ordered all who could not take an active part to leave the garrison, Colonel Marion was carried to his home in St. John's. On the 1st of April. 1780, Charleston was besleged by the British under Sir Henry Clinton. After a brave defense of forty-two days, General Lincoln was compelled to surrender the city, and also his whole army as prisoners of war. Lord Cornwalls was put in command of the British forces in the South, while Congress appointed General Gates to the chief command of the southern army which, unfortunately, was composed largely of raw militia, half-clad and poorly fed. Two months after he took control the disas rous battle of Camden occurred, which cast a gloom over the country. gloom over the country.

Marion's whole soul was in the cause and

Marion's whole soul was in the cause and, knowing the alarming condition of the southern states, his ardent nature could no longer remain quiet. His ankle had not healed, but he left his home and sought service with Baron de Kalb in North Carolina. It was about this time that his star shone out with greater brilliancy, and he displayed that peculiar military genius which qualified him to act the part that made his name illustrious. Marion's Brigade, famous in history and romance, sprung into existence, and the men who loved and trusted their brave leader followed wherever his judgment led them. From Governor Rutledge he received the commission of Brigadier General, and was invested with full control of the military district extending from Charleston to Camdistrict extending from Charleston to Cam-den and along the eastern coast to George-

This high tribute was paid Marion's Brigade: "They were the men who, regardless of cold, hunger, privations, and fatigue, grappled with the enemy, sprang upon him from the swamp and ravine, surprised and broke up his camps, and drove him from the fields to the city, from the





city to the sea. They were the men who, when the regular continental troops had withdrawn from the province, carried on alone the war with the enemy, drove him from point to point, encouraged the troops to return, and in the darkest hours of the struggle, restored by their gallant deeds the hopes of the people. They were the men who, forgetful of their own trials, remembered only the afflictions of their country." They confirmed the opinion of Napoleon that—"famine, cold and misery are the school of good soldiers."

Marion's idea of patriotism was given to a British officer who visited his camp to arrange for the exchange of prisoners. Seeing the destitute condition of the American soldiers he was astonished and city to the sea. They were the men who.

arrange for the exchange of prisoners. Seeing the destitute condition of the American soldiers he was astonished and said he could not fight under such circumstances—"all fighting, no pay, and no provisions but potatoes." Marion replied: "Why, sir, the heart is all—and when that is interested, a man can do anything. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years, but let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beauteous sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' servitude than young Jacob did. Well, that is exactly my case—I am in love, and my sweetheart is Liberty. Be that heavenly nymph my companion, and these woods shall have charms beyond

free government.

"Now, sir," continued the general, "I walk the soil that gave me birth and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them. I think of my sacred rights and rejoice that I have not basely deserted them. And when I look forward to the long, long ages of posterity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The children of distant generations may never hear my name, but still it gladdens my heart to thirk I am contending for their freedom with all its countless blessings."

It was said of this remarkable "The common"

self in the morasses of Pedce and Black rivers, he placed his corps not only 0 it of reach of his foe, but often out of discovery of his friends." He was once closely pursued by Tarleton, who felt very confident that this time he would capture the "Swamp Fex." Through field and fen, over ditch and fence the chase continued until suddenly—the game was lost.

"The brilliant, daring will-o'-the-wisp of the swamps," had vanished. Before the British was a pathless bog overhung with a dense network of vines, and here Tarleton drew in his rein, exclaiming: "Well! let us go back, boys, we may find the 'Game Cock,' (Sumter) but as for this—old Fox, the devil himself could not catch him!" On another occasion, Marion was almost surrounded by British dragoons in an open field, and his only hope of escape was to scale a high fence with a ditch four feet wide and the same in depth, on was to scale a high fence with a ditch four feet wide and the same in depth, on the opposite side. With loud yells and imprecations, he was ordered to urrender or perish by the sword. His noble animal seemingly con-clous of his master's peril approached the barrier at full speed and, with a bound that appeared miraculous, cleared fence and ditch, alighting on the other side without injury. Marlon turned and fired his pistol but without effect and, bidding them a tantalizing "Good-morring," made a rush for the woods and disappeared. appeared.

Ing." made a righ for the woods and disappeared.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs, on September 9th, 1781, his brigade took a conspicuous part and formed the front line of General Greene's army. After this engagement the enemy abandoned the whole of South Carolina except Charleston. A month later Marion received the thanks of Congress for gallant conduct at Parker's Ferry and at the battle of Eutaw.

After the evacuation of Charleston, General Marion disbanded his brigade under the tall cedars near Watboo Bridge, in St. John's Parish. In a modest, feeling manner he thanked his men for their faithful services, and bade them an affectionate farewell. He returned to his home and found it desolated by war. Stock, farming implements, furniture and subsistence had to be replenished, as nothing remained but

HERE ARE MEN apparently born for the times in which they live, and who are peculiarly fitted to be leaders in certain emergencies. Such as General Marion, whose daring, dashing method of warfare was unique in the ruggle for American independence, and no played a large part in the formation of the formation of the ruggle for American independence, and no played a large part in the formation of the formation of the earth.

earth.

When the public required his services again, he was ready to act and, as a member from St. John's, took his seat in the Senate of South Carolina. On the 26th of February, 1783, Congress passed resolutions thanking him "for eminent and consp'cuous services to his country," also, that a gold medal be given him "as a mark of public approbation for his great, glorious and meritorious conduct."

The sunshine of peace brought a new

The sunshine of peace brought a new joy into Marian's life—it was not as he had said, "the heavenly nymph, Liberty," but the goddess, Love. He had a relative, Mary Videau, who was said to be strikingly like him in personal appearance, and who often averaged her high addirection ingly like him in personal appearance, and who often expressed her high admiration for him. A friend whispered this to the general, who, evidently heard it with pleasure and, perhaps feeling the loneliness of a bachelor's life with his characteristic earnestness and zeal as a soldier, he laid siege to her heart and conquered. He was fifty, and she on'y a few years younger, but love sometimes takes no heed of age, and it was a very happy marriage. It is said she was his companion in all his excursions through the country; and tra-

of age, and it was a very happy marriage. It is said she was his companion in all his excursions through the country; and tradition has preserved many proofs of the strong affection they cherished for each other until his death. She brought him a handsome fortune, which enabled him to improve his property, and their hospitable home was ever opened to friends and strangers. They had no children, but adopted his favorite grand nephew, Francis Marion Dwight, son of Rebecca Marion and Samuel Dwight, He bequeathed his property to him with the proviso that he should drop the name of Dwight and take that of Francis Marion. By a strange fatality, though he was twice married and had seven daughters, there was not a son. General Marion's last bublic service was as a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of his State, in 1790. It is recorded that Moultrie, Marion and Henry Laurens, served as vestrymen of the parish of St. John's. The closing years of his eventful life were spent in peace and happiness. When the hour of death came, he was comforted with the hope of a blessed immortality. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "I can lay my hand on my heart and say that since I came to man's estate, I have never intentionally done wrong to any." On the 27th of February, 1796, the soul of Francis Marion passed away from earth. He was laid to rest in the Marion family-burying ground at Belle Isle. The old tombstone which marked his grave, was broken by a falling rest in the Marion family-burying ground at Belle Isle. The old tombstone which marked his grave, was broken by a falling tree but, a few years ago, it was replaced by a very handsome monument. The honors paid the brave soldier and patriot on that occasion, were a fitting tribute, and an expressive demonstration that his memory still lives in the hearts of his countrymen. On the old tombstone was the following inscription:

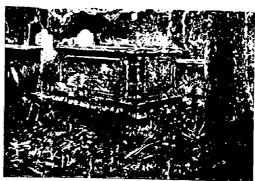
Sacred to the Memory

Sacred to the Memory of

### PRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS

MARION,
who departed this life on the 27th of
February, 1796, in the sixty-third year
of his age; deeply regretted by all
his fellow-citizens,
History
will record his worth, and rising genera-

tions embalin his memory as one of the most distinguished Fattiots and Heroes of the American Revolution; which elevated his native country to Honor and Independence,



THE GRAVE OF MARION

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This tribute of veneration and gratitude is erected in commemoration of the noble and disinterested virtues of the Citizen
and the gallant exploits of the Solder,
who lived without fear and fied without

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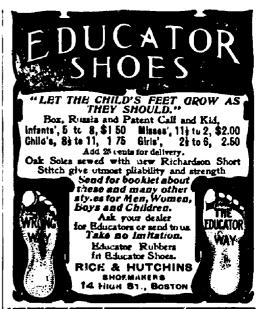
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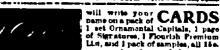
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### FOR A LITTLE LAMB'S LIFE

Such a little lamb! Very woolly and soft and white, with a funny little black lose and four black feet. He was a Scottish lamb and lived far north where the heather stretches in purple masses and the sky is blue as flax flowers. He was born in May, and May in northern Scotland is very cold and the mists drift in from the sea and make even the mother sheep shiver, so this wee lamb found it cold indeed and he nestled down in the heather and fell fast asleep, while his mother nibbled the new grass that was creeping up green from the brown uplands. When the little lamb awoke it was very dark, only the great white stars above himand no mother, no shepherd, no sight nor sound of anything. He shivered and cast his frightened little eyes about the big, dark world that stretched so far on every side and he lifted up his little voice in a long wail for his warm mother. All night long he waited and bleated such a pleading cail, surely his mother must hear him, and then the dusk gave way to a few streaks of light and a new day was coming. Then suddenly the little shivering lamb heard the heath and gorse crackie and the black nose of one of the shepherd dogs appeared. The little lamb rushed forward and cried for joy and the good dog wagged his tail and licked his face, and then another dog came, and then the big, kind shepherd, looking very tired but very happy that he had found the little lamb, which he took up into his warm arms fondly and held very close. The lamb nestled against him confidingly and was taken back to his loving mother who was joyous to find him once more. But the little lamb never knew that the good shepherd had hunted all night over the bleak hills. She is a big woolly sheep now and never feels afraid but scampers over the heather very bravely and is as happy as the day is long.

# MAKING IT EASY TO DO RIGHT MRS. N. R. HARRINGTON

O THERE ISN'T anything to keep a boy from running away if he wants to, but there's hardly any of 'em that tries it." said one of the boys at the Cleveland Boys' Home. "If a boy showed that he was planning to leave, or didn't mean to act square, the other fellows would make it pretty lively for him, I can tell you."

I had visited the Cleveland Juvenile Court the day before, and had seen a score or more of boys convicted of various through with some pretty tough problems. If he knows that Rover is waiting for a room out to the woodchuck holes as soon as he is through.

Set of bells. They are thirteen in number, and range in weight from one to four room out to the woodchuck holes as soon as he is through.

Every boy that comes to the Farm finds for himself some kind of a pet. They have a dozen rabbits, and a pair of young foxes. There are four dogs trained to perform wonderful tricks, and a pair of don-keys which are the pride of the whole settlement.

I can tell you."

I had visited the Cleveland Juvenile Court the day before, and had seen a score or more of boys convicted of various misdemeanors, and some of them had been sent to this very farm. It therefore seemed to me the most natural thing in the world that boys who would play truant, and fight and steal, should try to run away as soon as they reached the place; but I had not been there long before I saw things differently.

place; but I had not been there long before I saw things differently.

The Home is a penal institution where the City of Cleveland sends boys who must be punished, yet who are not so bad as to warrant sending them to the State Reformatory; nevertheless it is the pleasantest kind of a home that one can imagine. There is a big farm of two hundred and eighty acres, with orchards, and cornfields, and walnut trees and swimming holes, such as would delight the heart of any boy in the world. On this big farm there are six cottages, and in each one there is a master and matron who look after the fifteen boys allotted to them, so you see a master and matron who look after the fifteen boys allotted to them, so you see it's exactly like a home in the country with fourteen jolly, romping brothers ranging from eight to sixteen. The cottages



AS MANY AS HE CAN BAT

are named for the presidents of the United States—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, etc. Each one has a big flag pole in front of it, with a pennant bearing the name, and on special occasions the Stars and Stripes

on special occasions the Stars and Stripes float above the pennant.
Shortly after his arrival, each boy falls into the habit of calling the matron of his cottage "Ma." Many of them have no mothers of their own, or worse yet, the father and mother may both be drunkards.

Just as soon as a new boy comes, the start take it woon themselves to teach

others take it upon themselves to teach him the ways of the place. No difference what offense a boy has been guilty of in the city, he is treated as if he were inno-cent so long as he obeys the rules of the

Work and play, eating and sleeping, com-Work and play, eating and sleeping, com-with healthful regularity. Five hours of the day must be spent in the schoolroom. As one might imagine, these boys are not very far advanced in their studies, but after a comfortable night and a good breakfast it doesn't seem so hard to study as it used to in the city. A boy can get



AFTER A WALNUT HUNT

them, and what beauties they are! The most of them are blooded Holsteins, and every one is a pet. The stable boss (one of the boys) told me that some of the cattle were very wild when first bought, but now every one is gentle even to strangers! I asked how they set about taming the unruly ones. "Oh, by just being good to them," was the answer. "They know who is their friend."

The boys have the naming of the cattle. Each animal has a numbered metal tag

Each animal has a numbered metal tag fastened to its ear, and the name is written on a big register, with each cow's number opposite. There is Sweetheart, who holds up her head and kisses her special favorites with her tongue. Rinca was so named because when she first came to the Farm she was restless and used to "rink" about. she was restless and used to "rink" about. Then there are three little, curly, black calves which the boys show off for the entertainment of visitors on every possible occasion. The most interesting thing about the herd is the chime of Swiss bells which they wear. The headmaster knew of an old Swiss bell maker down in Tuscarawas County, and he arranged with him for a



SOME OF THE BOYS WITH THEIR PETS

settlement.

settlement.

The man who has charge of the farm work is called "Uncle" by all the boys and he sets the time for work and for play. They had great fun the first time the new silo was filled. "Uncle" sent about a dozen of them into the big round bin to tramp down the sweet-smelling corn which the steam shredder sent pelting down upon them. They shouted with all their might as the pieces of corn stakes came down as the pieces of corn stalks came down upon them, and before long they had turned the work into a new game something like leap-frog. When they were tired, "Uncle" went to a nearby orchard, and brought back apples enough for the crowd. As they squatted around the edges of the bin eating them, one of the boys gave a satisfied grunt and said, "Gee! but this is better'n sellin' papers, ain't it?" "You bet!" they answered in hearty chorus chorus.

The boys are each assigned some special duty, and every fellow is expected to do his work without shirking and without complaining. One boy pares the potatoes, while another sets the table; two or three wash dishes, a couple of them make the beds, while some care for the horses and others milk the cows.

Those cows! How proud the boys are of them, and what beauties they are! The most of them are blooded Holsteins, and every one for the day, and the cows are of them are blooded Holsteins, and every one for the day provided into the big wagons and are off for the day, prepared to eat as much fried the day, prepared to eat as much fried

"Boom a laka, boom a laka,
Bow, wow, wow.
Ching a laka, ching a laka,
Chow, chow, chow.
Boom a laka, ching a laka,
Who are we?
Cleveland Boys' Home, wee, wee.

Rah, rah, rah, siss, boom, bah, Cleveland Boys' Home, rah, rah, rah, Ice cream, soda water, ginger ale or

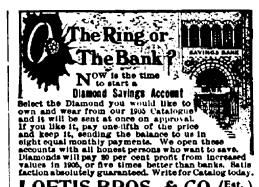
pop, Cleveland Boys' Home, always on the top."

The winter is almost as pleasant as the summer, for there are the skating ponds, and the ice to be harvested for summer, and the long evenings around the fireplace, with books and games. To many of the boys this winter at the Home is the first one they have ever spent without suffering from both cold and hunger.

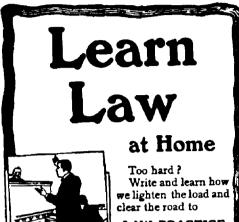
It is rather surprising to a stranger to learn that this community of boys has a learn that this community of boys has a regular organized form of government, just like a city, The boys register in duform, and upon election day cast their votes for mayor, police judge, and police clerk. There are at least two candidates for every office, and it nearly always occurs that the fittest boy is selected for each place. The mayor, with the advice of the headmaster, makes the laws which are to govern his city, and the chief of police selects his a sistants. Nearly all the boys are anxious that the laws should be police selects his a sistants. Nearly all the boys are anxious that the laws should be observed. A bully who abuses a younger or smaller boy is straightway arrested, and after a trial in police court it is very likely decided that he shall be excluded from all their games for a week. An offender found guilty of thieving would be sent to bed for twenty-four or thirty-six hours and fed upon bread and water. The boys are always prompt and sure in punishment, but they are equally quick to pardon when the culprit repents. Physical punishment is never inflicted at the Farm: a few hours twenty-tour or thirty-six nours and red a suitable mayor, they chose him for the upon bread and water. The boys are alsame reason."

same reason."

I found it was just so with the other they are equally quick to pardon when the culprit repents. Physical punishment is never inflicted at the Farm; a few hours fitted to be in authority over others.



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in bed on a sunny day, or a couple of meals of bread and water, are generally enough to bring a boy back to right doing. Probably in no other "city" in America is real worth and fitness recognized as here. I learned by chance that the stable-boss and the mayor were one. I remarked to the headmaster that it seemed strange to the headmaster that it seemed strange that the boy who had charge of the stables should also be the mayor. "Nothing strange about it." he answered. "We gave that boy control of the stable because he has good judgment, and is able to control himself. When the boys were looking for a suitable mayor, they chose him for the same reason."



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### New Issues

India .- 3 P. King's Head are now coming in

India.—3 P. King's Head are now coming in bluish gray.

The Duty stamp has also appeared with horizontal surcharge, "Warehouse Warrant."

Buigaria.—It has been reported that the 10s on 15s existed within the inverted surcharge.

Cape of Good Hope.—The remaining values of the King's Head sets here have been issued.

Persia.—The two new kran values of this country have appeared, there being 20K orange and 30K green.

30K green.

The King's Head ¼d stamp of Great Britain will in the future be printed in a pule yellow green shade.

Mauritius.—A new value of the current set for

Mauritius.—A new value of the current set for the A38 (Scott's) hus been received, the 4c black and red on blue.

Niger Coast Protectorate.—The ½ penny postage stamps are marked Crown and C. A. with surcharge "Consular" in red.

Bechuanaland Protectorate.—Both the 1d King's Head stamp and 1d post card of Great Britain have been overprinted "Bechuanaland Protectorate" on the stamp in two lines, "Bechuanaland" reading up and "Protectorate" down.

Ceylon—Judicial.—Duty stamps of 1903 surcharged "Judicial". In addition to the 5, 10, 15 and 25 cent values already listed, the 50: Illac and green; 1 rupes, green; 2 rupess, rel and green; 5 rupess, green and purple.

Chas, 8, Smack, Chicago, shows an interesting variety in the 12½c gray, Dutch Indies, King's Head type, in which a vertical line or break, running down the "c" of "cents" divides the letter.

### Hints for Collectors

WATERMARKS are letters or characters in the paper, which can be seen by holding up to the light. IMPERFORATE, refers to stamps issued with-

IMPERFORATE, refers to stamps issued without any means of separation, and that have to be cut or torn apart.

It is important that your stamps should be handled with the greatest care and safety. Keep your collection neat and clean.

PERFORATE, refers to stamps with round hole punches in lines between stamps for purpose of tearing apart and is a term of separation.

TETE-BECHE, a French term meaning certain stamps printed opposite one another or upside down and a pair or larger block is required to demonstrate this fact.

demonstrate this fact.
Use only the best prepared hinges, those that will peel off easily if required. Don't use drug labels or ordinary gummed paper, or the so-called perforated hinges.

The value of a collection is largely based on

its condition when you come to dispose of it, elther through lack of interest or necessity, therefore our first hint is of great importance to the owner of every collection.

### Stamp Inquiries

D. V. The stamps you mention are not worth any more than common U. S., as they are using more unsurcharged stamps than they do of the surcharges.—H. C. The 10c Columbian is cat. 3c. The 2c Columbian stamped envelope cats, 2c. I could not tell what the other stamps were.—M. W. The stamps you mentioned are from India, the 2a cats. 1c, 3a 2c. 4a 3c, 6a 4c, 8a 3c, 12a 8c, 1R 4c, 2R 18c, 3R 30c and 5R 60c.—H. L. The 5c Mexico cats, 5c. the 25c cats. 12c.

### Stamp Notes

vertical pair of Scott's No. 55 (the 12c of 1894) has been discovered imperforate

British Honduras.—The 5c on 3c, brown, Scott's No. 35 with a double impression of the "Five" and the bar below has been discovered.

Argentine Republic.—We understand that the 5c on 4c yellow No. 144 in the Addenda to Scott's Catalogue, was never issued; it should, therefore, be attributed out.

be stricken out.

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### The Numismatic Sphinx

The Numismatic Sphinx

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### Official Medals

Approximately 90,000 of the official medals of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition were minted and sold. The concessionaire was Mr. Chas. S. Muir, of Washington, D. C. The medals were struck on a regular coining press in the mint exhibit of the Government Building. The working of the coining press proved to be one of the most popular of the many interesting things exhibited in the Government Building.

The greater portion of the medals were struck in a brass colored bronze and sold for 25 cents. This composition proved unsatisfactory for the reason that it quickly tarnished; so during the later months of the exposition, it was replaced by a more satisfactory copper-colored metal. Approximately 90,000 of the official medals of





The metal, in both of the 25-cent medals, was solid gold-plated for 50 cents. Among collectors there was a popular demand for the product in silver reported to be about .600 fine. The medal in silver was first solid at \$1.00 and later for \$1.25. One is recorded as having been struck in solid gold. The product was practically confined to daily demand, there being no remainder of any except a few in the copper bronze metal, which passed to the hands of a dealer.

Mr. Muir reports that while his concession was profitable, yet it fell far below his original expectation. The expensive methods of production and the percentage paid the Exposition made net profits but nominal.

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Mailing Photographs

I cannot tell you, boys, how pleased I was to note the active interest you take in this department, as indicated by the large number of photographs that came to hand for this month's competition. Unfortunately several had been cracked in the mails and, therefore, had to be excluded from the contest. To avoid this, place a piece of cardboard over your photo, even if it has been mounted. Corrugated paper or, rather, strawboard, which is very light, can be obtained almost anywhere and will save many times its cost in the reduction of postal charges. One of the photographs, ruined in transit, represented a Rock Island, Ill., sail yacht that had been built by two boys 15 years of age. At the same time I received a letter in regard to it, but this, too, had to be discarded, because it was signed: "A Devotee of Boating." As long as I am the editor of this department, I will pay no attention to anonymous communications.

### Photographic Enlargements

Arthur M. McClure, of Fairfield, Ia., submitted two photographs to us that are of particular interest. They show what a boy can do with a simple enlarging apparatus. A small view of a building was enlarged to about four times its diameter, yet every detail was perfect.

### Our Prize Pictures

The subject of Nick Bruehl's First Prize picture is a pathetic one. Poor and hungry himself, the homeless boy has yet charity enough left to share his small allowance of breat with his faithful dogs. W. J. Juengert's "A Pleasant Task" represents a job every boy likes.

### Damaged in Transit

A good photograph of a May Cherry Tree, that had grown through the heart of a red cedar, reached us in a damaged condition, having been cracked all the way across in two places. The stump of the red cedar is reputed to be one thousand years old. No name and address was given on the back, so we were unable to tell whence the photograph came.



"A PLEASANT TASK"—SECOND PRIZE PHOTO BY W. J. JUENGERT, BUFFALO, N. Y.

### Pictures From Far Off China

Edward J. Evans, Jr., of Shanghai, China, age 14, has sent us two photographs taken by himself, both of which are of considerable interest. The photographs are small and the lines are not clear enough to reproduce well so that we are unable to give our readers the pleasure of seeing them. One is a picture of the Russian when the Russo-Japanese war broke out. Afraid to go out of the harbor she was dismantled. She was then nicknamed "Manman-Jonr a Jour," meaning "waiting day by day." The other is a picture of the Russian cruiser Askold, a ship that escaped from Port Arthur and arrived at Shanghai badly damaged, Having refused to go out she also was dismantled.

### The Roll of Honor

As the number of contestants in this month's competition was extraordinarily large, it naturally follows that the list of those entitled to "Honorable Mention" would be increased to an unusual extent. This, however, in no wise de-

The Letter-Box

Cecii Gennett—In your case, we should give the preference to a plate camera. There are so many fairly good, cheap lenses that it is difficult to recommend any particular make. D. W. Schoeppe—What do you mean? Films are washed in running water, of course, the same as plates. John Perry, 2d—Yes, contestants are supposed to do their own developing, etc. Wm A. Kittredge—There are so many good cameras at the price you mention that it is no easy task to make a selection. Among those best known are the Kodaks, and the Premo. Poco. Century and Korona cameras. O. W. Hoberg—We shall make a brief reference to some of your hints in our next issue, but disagree with you in regard to the advisability of "blowing" off the plate before it is immersed in the developer; it is much better to dust it off with a large, soft camel-hair brush, lest some of your sputum get on it.

### Current Comments

Current Comments

N. Craig—Too much contrast and not enough detail. M. Fuller—Too big a subject for so small a camera; it took us some time to make out what the photo represented. A. Hovey—"Solid Comfort" is out of focus. J. L. Hopper—Print seems to be underexposed. Fred. Schreckenberger—Poor print. Do not take objects coming toward the camera. I. Kerlin—Exposure of your "Corn Palace" seems to have been all right, but plate was probably underdeveloped. At any rate, it shows lack of density. R. B. Deal—Your world's fair view is not distinct enough Was it taken out of the printing-frame too soon? W. N. Auer—Your picture is what photographers call "flat," the view is a good one, but there is a lack of contrast. Arthur Bevan—Your Christmas tree photo is quite creditable. H. Bentley—Your photo looks as though the plate had been underdeveloped. C. B. Williams—Your "Walting for Dinner" deserves credit in many respects—mounting, for instance—but yet it is not altogether satisfactory. Greater density of the plate and, hence, increased sharpness would have improved it very much. J. L. McCurdy—You should not attempt to include too much. Arthur Redman—Poor print from under-developed negative: at least that is the way it looks to us. S. N. Hart—Too eviden'ly a pose; if man had be'n taken when at work, result would have been far more satisfactory. McGill Smith—Lack of detail, possibly due to over-exposure of print. R. W. Johnson—"Billie" is out of focus and "Going to Pasture" lacks detail. C. A. McWay—Your photos are either underexposed or taken out of the developer too soon. Earl Hudson—For a first effort your photo-graph is very good.

### An Enlarging Camera for Amateurs

An Enlarging Camera for Amateurs

The desire to make portraits comes to every amateur photographer, I suppose, in the course of time. After you have taken snap-shots of all the attractive scenery and things round about, and have become somewhat familiar with the workings of your camera, you naturally aspire to something higher and more difficult, and that something is the successful making of portraits, a subject that is constantly changing, and which offers a world of study, as new ideas are being introduced into this most fascinating branch of photography almost daily.

With portrait making, especially if the work is done at home and without any special paraphernalia, the road to success is not so smooth. A great deal of thought and study must necessarily be given the subject if you would obtain satisfactory pictures.

For portraiture in the home I have found it a good plan to place the subject about three or four feet from a large window, and, with the shades well up to admit as much light as possible, turn the sitter's face slightly toward the light back on to the dark side of the face, will improve the picture greatly.

When you have succeeded in making good portraits, if your camera happens to be a small one, it naturally follows that you wish to have some of them, at least, enlarged. But to have some of them, at least, enlarged. But to have bromide enlargements made of all of your good negatives would be rather an expensive luxury, and then you would not take nearly so much interest in them as you would if made by your own hand. "But there's the rub," you will

### Order Now

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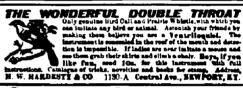
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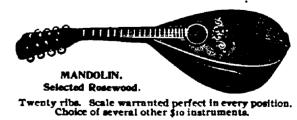
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# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, it far as space permits and where asked by boys, he answered in these columns.

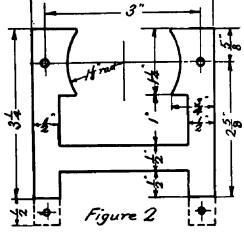
Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

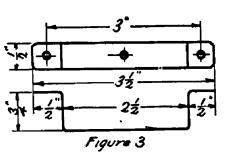
### A Simple Electric Motor

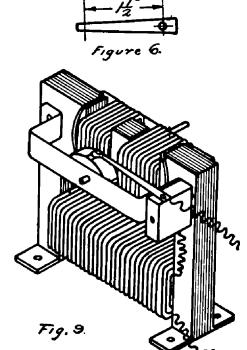
By W. F. CROWELL

This motor may be easily built of materials generally found in any house, with the exception of the wire. A file, a jack-knife, dividers, rule and a pair of scissors are all the tools required. The field piece and armature are built up of sheetiron pieces. The material for this purpose may be obtained by heating old tin cansuntil the solder melts, when they may be pulled apart and straightened into flat sheets.

Carefully lay out an armature disk, Fig. 1, on one of the sheets, punch a small hole







accurately in the center and enlarge by reaming with the tang of the file until a one-eighth-inch wire nail can just be forced into it. Cut out the disk carefully with the scissors and file off any burr that may remain around the hole. Use this as a pattern for laying off the remaining twenty-four pieces. It is perhaps better to make the hole first, then lay the pattern on with the one-eighth-inch nail passing through both the hole in the pattern and that in the uncut disk. The outline is

through both the hole in the pattern and that in the uncut disk. The outline is now traced and the disk cut; this method insures the resulting pile being very even. In a similar manner lay off and cut twenty-one pieces as shown by the solid lines, and four pieces with the extension shown by the dotted lines. These extensions are afterwards bent out at right angles and form ears for securing to the baseboard.

Assemble the sections of the field by thrusting nails through the holes and bind together with twine until the wire is wound in place.

The bearings. Figs. 4 and 5, are either from an extra heavy sheet or from one sheet doubled. The holes for the armature shaft should be of such a size as to allow it to revolve freely, but with no shake. The holes in the ends are the same diameter as those in the field pieces.

The armature is assembled by forcing The armature is assembled by forcing the disks on to the shaft which is made for a wire nail one-eighth-inch in diameter and about three inches long, the head having been cut off and the ends nicely rounded.

The commutator is made of a piece of wood as shown in Fig. 4, the hole being either punched through or burned with a red-hot wire so that it is a tight fit on the shaft. The commutator segments, Fig. 5. are cut from thin sheet copper or brass and fastened to the wooden cylinder by

bending down the lugs.

The brushes are cut from the same sheet copper or brass as in Fig. 6 and fastened

by small screws to the wood block, Fig. 7.

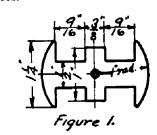
Now wind the field with about one-half pound of No. 18 gauge single cotton covered magnet wire, first wrapping a layer of writing paper around the sharp corners. Five layers are enough, and a free end three inches long should be left at the beginning and end of the winding for connections. One end is connected to a binding post and the other to the lower brush

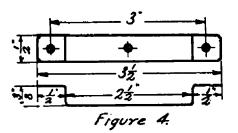
nections. One end is connected to a binding post and the other to the lower brush when the motor is assembled.

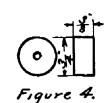
Wind the armature as shown in Fig. 8 with four layers of the same wire, connecting the ends to the commutator segments by a drop of solder.

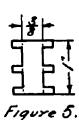
Then assemble the motor as shown in

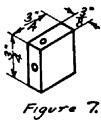
Then assemble the motor as shown in Fig. 9, riveting the bearing strips to the field by two nails passing through the holes. Put a few washers, or a short coil of bare copper wire on the shaft to keep the armature in place between the pole forces.

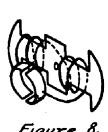












When properly connected the circuit will be through the field coil to the lower brush, then through the armature, out through the opposite segment and brush to the battery.

battery.
Note.—Mr. Crowell has described a very unique motor, em-hodying as it does a laminated field and armature, the ideal form of construction. It would be better to make Figure 8. the bearing strips of brass, as the "tin," the so-called "tin" that cans are made of is simply sheet-iron coated with

tin, is likely to cause considerable leakage of magnetism. A small grooved pulley should also

### A Home-Made Air Gun

B, WILL B. STOUT

The cylinder and barrel of this gun, which may be made by any bright boy, consists of a bicycle pump with a one-cighth inch hole drilled in the ends and soldered to a piece of straight brass tubing of a size to receive ordinary BB shot, ing of a size to receive ordinary BB shot, or a common tin putty-blower such as may be bought for a cent. The small hole in the center of the bottom of the pump tube or cylinder may be drilled with the sharpened tang end of a file. If you cannot do the soldering, a tinsmith will do it for a few cents, if not gratis. A small dent should be made in the barrel just in front of the cylinder to keep the shot from running in too far. ning in too far.

ning in too far.

The stock S should be cut out of a one-inch pine board. This should be of the shape shown, the rrel part being formed of two parts B and G, each with grooves to receive the cylinder and its barrel, so that when the piece G is fastened in place over these with glue, small brads or nalls, they will be held securely. The stock projects straight back from the mouth of the cylinder for a distance of one-inch less.

as possible. Then a rubber or leather washer a trifle larger, either taken from the old bicycle pump, or cut from an old shoe; a small tin washer, and then a small screw to fasten all together and to the plunger. After oling, the plunger should be an air-tight fit in the cylinder and move easily.

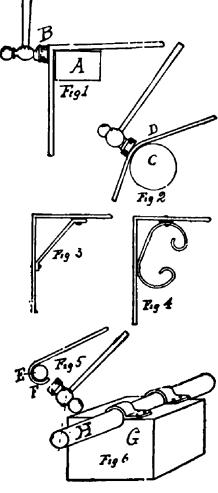
Now, from just behind the stop or catch D bore a quarter-inch hole slanting toward the trigger In the under side of the stock cut a small cavity or slot to receive the trigger as shown. The trigger is cut from one-fourth-inch hardwood, and mounted, as shown in part by dotted lines, so that when pulled back it will push up the small rod R. which in turn pushes the part D from its hold on the step or catch D. A large rubber band, secured to the stock by driving a plug into the hole H, thus clamping the ends of the rubber, passes around the part D in the mouth of the wedge, acting as a spring.

Now that the parts are assembled, the plunger P inserted in the cylinder and the rubber band (not shown) in place, take hold of the wedge-shaped head D and pull it back against the tension of the rubber, until the front of the head D catches on the step d, thus securing it in its firing position A BB shot, or small bean or nea, is now dropped into the barrel and aim taken. On pulling the trigger the rod r is pushed up, thus pushing D up till it is free from the step d, when the rubber pulls it violently forward. The piston p compresses the air before it in the cylinder, causing the shot or bean to be expelled with considerable force, depending, of course, on the strength of the rubber band. If a very strong rubber band is used the part P had better be of hardwood to better stand the wear. of hardwood to better stand the wear,

### Something for Boys to Make

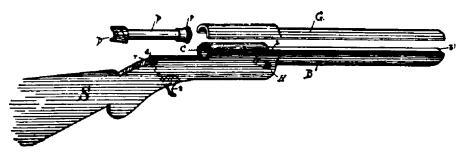
Many an industrious lad has made money manufacturing the common forms of wood brackets, shelves, boxes stands, etc., but the day of the scroll saw and the cigarbox wood bracket and picture frame has given way to the more advanced and more profitable work of metal construction, Metal brackets, stands for lamps, gates, parts of artistic fences for gardens, supporting arms for signs, etc., are among the articles of modern times that come under the head of things possible to construct of irou in the back room or attic shop. The accompanying sketches present some of the articles possible to manufacture.

First, it is essential that a light room be available, or a portion of the cellar where there is light, or a workshop may be built in the yard. Buy a moderate sized anvil, a vise and a few other tools, including bell hammer and this is all required for cold bending. If you to into a forge for hot bending other devices will be needed. Fig-



ure 1 shows how to make the square bend, setting the shoulder even. The strip metal is secured at the hardware shop or the iron works. Often the strips can be secured at low cost at junk dealers. Metal strips about half an inch wide and one-eighth of the cylinder for a distance of one-inch less an inch thick are preferable. The letter A than the length of the cylinder, ending in a notch or step d.

The piston DP is cut from one inch pine, the diameter of the forward end a trifle smaller than the bore of the cylinder, and bend is desired, the same process is apthe part D a trifle larger, finished to a wedge-shape as shown. At P is placed a shown in Fig. 2 at C. This piece of iron tin disk as near the diameter of the bore can be purchased at any junk store, where







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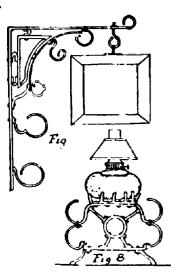
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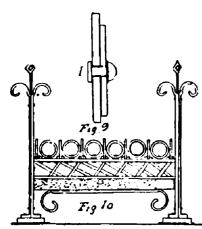
### HOW TO MAKE AN ELECTRIC MOTOR

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Port Washington, N. Y. various pieces are always strewn about. A piece about 20 inches long and 4 inches in diameter is handy. The bend in the metal begins at D and is made according to the requirements. Occasionally where sharp bends or abrupt corners are needed, the metal is beated previous to bending





In some of the work required, it is necessary to shape a complete loop or circle at the end of the piece. This may be wrought out as in Fig. 5. The use of a bar of iron or steel is as shown. The bar is usually about 2 inches in diameter and several feet in length so that it will rest firmly on a base of wood or stone. Then the bending is effected as at F, about the bar E, by repeated blows with the hammer. After a little practice, it is possible to describe almost any kind of a circle with the tools. The bar can be bought at an iron dealer's for about 40 cents. From the junk pile of a junk shop one may get a like bar for a few cents.

a junk shop one may get a like bar for a few cents.

A convenient form for shaping stripmetal into pieces required for brackets, fencs, gates, arches, and general trimmings is illustrated at Fig. 6. First there ought to be a base block, G, of hard wood, say about 2 feet square. With a round point or gouging chisel work out the groove to the size of the bar, forming a seat, by sinking the bar, H, one-half its depth into the wood as shown. In order to retain the bar securely in position in the groove, there should be two caps fitted over it and set-screwed to the wooden base. These caps may be found in junk dealers' heaps, having been cast off from 2-inch shaft boxes. Or if caps are not available, the caps can be constructed from sheet metal by bending to the form of the bar, allowing side portions or lips for boring, so that the caps can be set-screwed to the wood. Thus we get a tool which can be used on the bench for the purpose of effecting series of bends in strips of metal.

Since the introduction of the laws requiring that signs of certain size and projec-tion be removed from public thoroughfares in cities, there has been quite a call for metal begins at D and is made according to the requirements. Occasionally where sharp bends or abrupt corners are needed, the metal is heated previous to bending.

Although the worker may produce various forms of strip-metal work, the bracket is, as a rule, the most profitable to handle. The plain bracket is shown in Fig. 3, and is made by bending the strip at the proper angle on form A, after which the bracket is adjusted by means of rivets. A rivet hole boring tool will be needed. A small metal turning or drilling lathe can be purchased for a few dollars and operated by hand for the boring, or a common hand drill can be used. Sometimes the bracket is improved in design by adding a few curves to the end pieces of the brace, making the effect as shown in Fig. 4. After these brackets are made they are coated with asphaltum or Japan; or the brackets may be painted or stained any desired shade.

The plain bracket is shown in Fig. 3, a cross sectional view.

The best way is to bore straight through

ing forms, and the portions are simply riveted at the different junctures. Both iron and copper rivets are used as at I, in Fig. 9, a cross sectional view.

The best way is to bore straight through both pieces and insert the rivet. In some cases the rivet is headed up in the bore and again washers are used and the heading effected on the washer. Copper rivets are soft and easily handled, but are costly as compared with iron rivets, and demand for these pards and in Fig. 10 we show a design for one fireplaces made in many varieties in these days. The return of the open fireplace in modern houses has created a demand for these guards and in Fig. 10 we show a design for one fire places made in from the posts are made sufficiently either the ends or butts at the base are, while the ends or butts at the base are opened out to make the feet. Rings are shoped on forms and are then riveted to the base cross-piece as filustrated. Crosses are made to describe to central design and the plan is worked out quite readily with the different shapes.—

Questions on Mechanics and Electricity

Questions relating to mechanical and electrical topics of general interest to AMERICAN BOY.

Questions relating to mechanics and BOY readers, will be answered in this column as far as space will permit. Address all communications to Editor, Query Box, AMERICAN BOY.

(1) 1. Is it true that an electric current will not give one a shock unless the circuit is broken and closed at the dynamo, induction coil or switch? 2. How is a thermostat made? a feature of the capacity of most amateurs to make. The positive and which negative. 4. Will a 14 will accomplish this rout; but the DeForest instruments use an electrolytic detector, which the wireless telegraph you are describing? 5. Do 1012 sexplain the words "watt" and "watt hour."

ABS. 1. No. It depends upon the strength of the wireless telegraph instrument? 2. I have a "weet watt to materials for the capacity of most amateurs to make. The coil of the wireless telegraph you are describing? 5. Do 1

(1) 1. Is it true that an electric current will not give one a shock unless the circuit is broken and closed at the dynamo, induction coil or switch? 2. How is a thermostat made? 3. Please tell me how to make an instrument for determining which wire of a circuit is positive and which negative. 4. Will a ½ minute spark Ruhmkorff induction coil operate the wireless telegraph you are describing? 5. Do I have to make the Leyden jars if I use this coil? 6. Please explain the words "watt" and "watt hour."

"watt hour."

Ans. 1. No. It depends upon the strength of the current. 2. Our space is too limited for this description. We may describe it in a later issue. 3. This is a "polarity indicator," and will be described in a later number. 4. If the coherer is working well, yes. 5. No. 6. The "watt" is the unit of electrical power; 748 watts is equivalent to one-horse power. "Watt-hour" is a term used to describe the energy expended by one watt acting for one hour.

chory expended by one watt acting for one hour.

(2) How far will the wireless telegraph instruments described in THE AMERICAN BOY transmit messages?

Ans. This set of instruments was designed to act over a distance of about one mile. The transmission of a message depends upon two things; strength of spark and sensitiveness of the coherer. A message-wave will be sent out by a very tiny spark, but will be so feeble that it cannot be detected. Everything depends upon the adjustment of your coherer.

(3) Will a medical battery induction coll be sufficiently powerful to operate the wireless telegraph instruments you describe?

Ans. No, it would not. You would also need a condenser.



(6) Can a wireless message be sent in all kinds of weather and distinctly received?

Ans. Yes.

(7) 1. What is the cost of materials for the wireless telegraph instrument? 2. I have a sounder and Morse key; can they be used at the sending and receiving ends?

Ans. 1. The materials should not cost much over \$5 or \$6. 2. Yes.

(8) 1. Will you please tell me how to make a watch case telephone? 2. How is the wire insulated where it passes into the building? 3. How can either party be called by bell without the use of two wires?

Ans. 1. The watch case telephone is merely a small receiver which is very compactly made, and this alone gives it its name. It is no different in principle of action from the ordinary telephone receiver. 2. Pass the wire through the broken neck of a bottle, pushed into the hole where the wire enters the building. This will insulate it. 3. You can call one another by arranging an electric bell at each end, with a switch that will connect the bells as shown in the following diagram. By pressing the key at either end, the bell at the opposite end will be rung, and when the telephone is lifted off the hook, communication will be cut out. When not in use, the circuit is all ways ready for calling from either end.

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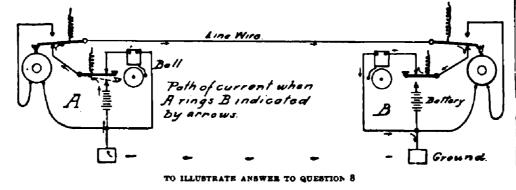
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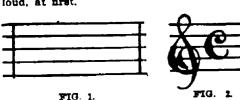
# How to Play the Mandolin TAUGHT IN EIGHT LESSONS

### Second Lesson

It is most important in music that you keep good time. Written music is divided up into measures and there are so many keep good time. Written music is divided up into measures and there are so many counts to each measure; a measure is the space between two bars. Fig 1. There are different kinds of time. Fig. 2 indicates "common-time," or "four-four" time and here there are four beats or counts to a measure. In "three-four time" you count three to a measure. In "two-four you count two to a measure, the top number telling you how many you count to a measure, the top number telling you how many you give to the whole note. A whole note gets four beats or counts, a one-half note gets two beats, a one-fourth note one beat, and an one-eighth note a half count or two on one count. Each note has its rest to correspond with it. Fig. 3 is the whole rest, signifying you are to rest for four counts. Fig. 4 is the half rest; you rest for two counts. Fig. 5 is the quarter rest; you rest for one-count. Fig. 6 is the eighth rest; you rest for one-half a count. The following exercises are time lessons.

It will be well to do your counting out loud at first.

It will be well to do your counting out loud, at first.









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GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, J. COTNER, Ja.,

Vice-Prisident and Ass't Editor. Secretary and Treasurer.

### To Parents and Grown-Up Friends of Boys

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### To Our Subscribers

I wish to thank the several thousands of I wish to thank the several thousands of our subscribers in behalf not only of myself, but of my associates for the prompt and liberal way in which they responded to my request of last month for a prompt renewal of subscriptions. At this time of the year many thousands of subscriptions expire. The prompt renewal of these means much to the publisher, for a failure to renew promptly often means a loss of subscribers. Neglecting this matter for a month or two the paper fails to appear; the subscriber intends to continue and he determines to take an early opportunity determines to take an early opportunity to send his one dollar; then the matter goes out of his mind and finally the sub-scriber is lost—lost without a purp se on his part to be lost. He really wants the paper, but he just procrastinates, neglects,

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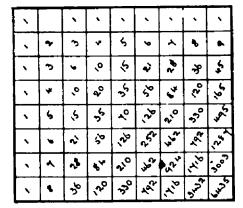
WM. C. SPRAGUE, Editor.

### All Ways Read Problem

(See February Number.)

see how many times you could read "The American Boy." Now this diagram might have been divided into quarters, and would contain the same number of possible ways within it.
Suppose we take one quarter and instead

of lettering the squares we will leave them blank. Let the boy's left hand cor-ner represent the central square in the original diagram where the letter T stood.



## The American Boy IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

On board ship in the fall of 1903, when returning from abroad, I became acquainted with Charles L. Williams, Professor of English Literature in an Ohio college. In the course of a conversation with him I learned that he had been spending the greater part of the summer at Oxford studying the history, the manners and customs, and the methods of work and courses of instruction of the great Oxford University. Inasmuch as American students have become especially interested in Oxford, by reason of the Rhodes scholarships, it seemed to me that a manual of information regarding Oxford University, written by one who with an unprejudiced eye had studied the University, would be welcomed by teachers and students in the United States and Canada. With this in view I asked Professor Williams to prepare such a manual. He at once expressed the belief that he could furnish information that would be of very great value and that he knew of no better way to disseminate that information than through the avenues presented by THE AMERICAN BOY.

We are now prepared to offer in pamphlet form the result of Professor Williams' work. The table of contents indicates something of the nature of the matter presented. It includes the following general heads: The Founder of the Scholarships and His Purpose—The City of Oxford—A Venerable Institution—Origin and Growth of the University—The University and the Colleges—The University Idea at Oxford—The Government of the Institution—The Officials of the University—Residence—Term-keeping—Examinations—Passmen and Honormen-The Honor Schools-Firsts and Double-firsts-Graduation-The College Buildings-The Chapels-The Halls-College Officials-Classes of Undergraduates-Where and How the Students Live-Chapel Attendance-The Tutors-Localisms and College Slang-Athletic Sports and Other Diversions-The Moral Atmosphere of Oxford--Expenses-Dissimilarities Among the Colleges-College Spirit-The Conservatism of Oxford-Defects in the Oxford System of Education--Special Advantages of the Rhodes Scholarships.

In his preface Professor Williams says that what appears in the pamphlet was gathered, for the most part, during a seven weeks' visit at Oxford for the purpose of finding out all he could in that time about the famous University information for the use of those American youth who may aspire to become Rhodes Scholars at Oxford." located there. He says: "I have tried to make the pamphlet a manual of reliable

The pamphlet is illustrated, giving twenty-one views of Oxford and its colleges.

### THE PRICE.

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you there are but three ways of entering the square marked with a three; you can figure out in a minute's time there are six and only six ways of entering the square containing that figure.

Add together the numbers diagonally until you reach the opposite corner from which you started; in this case we find it is 6.435. But this diagram is only one-fourth part of the original problem, therefore the correct solution is four times the number, which is 25,740.

Shortly before twelve o'clock, the classmen left camp and assembled outled the control of the country points of the country points.

### Prizes Awarded for Best "Two Keys on Ring"

On page 61 of our December number we offered a prize of \$1.00 to the boy sending the best two keys on a ring, to be made by himself from wood with the ald of a pocket knife. There were eleven contestants. The first prize of \$1.00 goes to Orlo Ferris, St. Louis, Mich., whose work was beautifully done. The second prize, a good book, goes to Albert Maggs, Girard, O. All of the contestants succeeded in accomplishing the feat of cutting out the two keys on a ring from ceeded in accomplishing the feat of cutting out the two keys on a ring from a single block of wood. The names are: Nolen Turner, Woodland Mills, Tenn., Emerich Breuer, Elreno, Okla., Henry Thomas, Clarkson, Ky., J. L. Turley, Linden, Pa., Charles Montgomery, Sabatha, Kan., Clifton Goddin, Barhamsville, Va., and two whose names and addresses were not given. The boys who want their keys returned will please send us five cents in stamps.

### My Four Years at West Point

(Continued from page 145.)

men-why it was a "roast" of the best kind. But the yearling changed his mind after the adjutant skinned him for a rusty gun, and fell out a "spooney" pleb for colors.

As promised, we explain the method by which the "All Ways Read" problem should have been figured out. After all it is nothing more than than a little sum in simple addition—an example that any schoolboy should be able to work out when we have once shown him the way.

In the diagram you were asked to start from the center and working outwards from the center and working outwards the second of the standard sampled in the adjustant sampled in tor a rusty gun, and fell out a "spooney" pleb for colors.

And so the days of pleb camp wore on with the usual routine of drills and a guard tour, about every nine or ten days, until the memorable 28th of August. This date, in the cadet's calendar, stands next to the 12th of June (or the tenth or eleventh, depending on the Academic Board) that eventful day when the pleb is a pleb no eventful day when the pleb is a pleb no eventful day when the pleb is a pleb no longer, when the furlough man goes off on his long anticipated vacation, when the sometime second classman buds into the mighty first classman, and takes his place at the head of the social, military, and class grades, and when the first-classman departs forever from his gray-walled, turnered at these

departs follower from his gray-walled, turreted prison.

The 28th of August is memorable for severa! reasons. Then it is that the furlough men came back. It is the date of one of the great cadet hops of the year. It is the last day of camp, and the last entire day in which the June plebs have to "fin out" and depress their toes.

I have spoken of the habit cadets form of living in the future. As the novelty of guard duty wore off, and it had proved to be a delusion and a snare, we plebs began

guard duty wore off, and it had proved to be a delusion and a snare, we plebs began to look fol ward to another event,—viz., the advent of the "Seps," who were to be our classmates. It seems anomalous and perhaps heartless that plebs should "jump" their new classmates. I don't pretend to be able to explain it—except to say that it is every northing. is customary and is human nature. Let it

Straight across and downwards we insert ones in all squares, for there is but one way of reaching them from the starting point.

Now add the numbers together diagonally from the starting point right down across our diagram. One and one are three, and so on; the same rule holds good throughout.

Check your work in the early stages, it is customary and is human nature. Let it go at that.

There was one event that antedated the 27th by a few days which I have not described, namely, the "color-line" entertainment. It is so called because the platform erected for the purpose rests on the color line already described. I will defer the description of it until I arrive at the year-ling's estate, as from that standpoint I shall be better able to explain the features of the entertainment.

On the evening of the 27th, an order was published to the effect that all drills for the morrow, excepting dancing, would be suspended. The next morning, detachments of plebs were formed in the different companies, and under the direction of the first sergeants marched over to the armorties very simple. A glance will prove to

some mysterious process one or more guns were found in every pleb tent, and instructions were given, in a like mysterious manner, that these weapons should be spooned up by parade.

The furlough men, as a rule, return in a body on the Albany boat that leaves New York at about 9 a. m. and reaches West Point at 11:50.

Shortly before twelve o'clock, the first classmen left camp and assembled outside and to the south on the cavalry plain. The front of camp was crowded with visitors. All the officers, their wives, and friends were present. Craney's Hotel on the reservation and Cramton's Hotel at Highland Falls, each had its contingent present.

Falls, each had its contingent present.

A few minutes after meridian, a solid body of civilians (i. e., a body dressed in civilian clothes) suddenly loomed to view been jumped for doing what he had so often the crest of the hill near the old library. Immediately the air was filled with resounding yells, and at the same moment the gray-coated cadets and the approaching order, drawing the necessary text-books furlough men broke into a dead run for from the commissary, and receiving the cach other like so many tigers. No cavalry first lessons for recitations. the gray-coated cadets and the approaching furlough men broke into a dead run for each other like so many tigers. No cavalry charge in the very swirl and heat of battle was marked by a fiercer eagerness than shone on the faces of the two bodies of cadets,—one in uniform, the other in civillan clothes, as they bounded forward and came together like two mountain torrents. The blood even of the veteran officers who were watching the strange scene tinged with excitement, while the ladies looking on trembled and turned pale. No one could tell how it happened but, in the twinkling of an eye; the air was full of hats, canes and cadets. Men were wrestling and tugging as if seeking each other's, lives and looked as if serious and possibly fatal injuries must follow. But West Pointers are sturdy, and the melec ended as suddenly as it began. The furlough men came into camp and reported their return from leave, but there was something radically wrong with that furlough man who were anything on his head that might be called a but

something radically wrong with that furlough man who wore anything on his head
that might be called a hat.

By one o'clock nearly all of the new
arrivals had discarded their well-worn
"cits" for their cadet uniform, and they
spent most of the early afternoon between
camp and the trunk rooms. As a rule the
furlough men accepted the hospitality of
first classmen's homes.

Parade on the 28th was quite a feature

Parade on the 28th was quite a feature. There were about as many visitors present as at the rush in the morning. With the addition of so many men in the front rank,

not a few yearlings were obliged to take a dignified position in the rear. When all the companies had been formed on the line, the battalion reached from Number Six's

post to Number Two's, and the band on the right was compelled to encroach on the territory of Number Two's post,

The guard on this day, as I have stated, was composed entirely of plebs. Every one of my classmates, who had any ambition to get on the color line, threw up his gun at guard mounting. In fact it was gun at guard mounting. In fact it was generally understood in the corps that the three pleb color men stood a good chance for "corps" or corporals (i.e., if they ever got to be yearlings). Silkins and I had given up colors long before. What was the use when there were so many men, hand-somer, and more military than we, who spent nights and days in working on their guns and brasses? Corp tried it, however, and was rewarded by the assurance that, if there had been any fourth colors, he would have received the honor.

Much interest is taken by all the classes in this matter of pleb colors; and there is little doubt that the color men would have been made "corps," if the first and second had not been found in January, and the third had not rolled up so many demerits by the following June that he lost the confidence of the authorities.

There was a grand hop on this night, and I am quite sure that every one who attended had an enjoyable time. The few upper classmen, especially the furlough men who stayed at home, secured quite as much fun out of us. Each had to deliver his specialty.

The next day, immediately after break-fast, we began moving into barracks, and cadets, carrying stretchers loaded with articles, formed an almost continuous pro-

cession from camp to our winter quarters.
Shortly before the formation for the formal entry into barracks, we were ordered to unfasten and secure the cords that attached the tents to the poles. At the third tap of the bass drum all the tents in

camp came down simultaneously amid the cheering of the cadets.

The tents having been wrapped up and laid in the middle of the floors, we fell in behind the line of stacks at the foot of the street. In obedience to the command of the captain, we took our arms and were marched to the parade ground, where the adjutant formed the battalion and divided

it into eight companies.

Led by the band, playing the old favorite
West Point airs, we advanced in column of
companies straight across Number One,
followed the road skirting the north of the plain until we reached the officers' quarters, when we marched along the west border of the beautiful level tract until we arrived at barracks. There the Commandarrived at barracks. Incre the Commandant formed the battalion into line, and said, among other things, that the June members of the fourth class would no longer be required to depress their toes and carry the palms of the hands to the front.

The joyful relief had come at last! But, now that it had come it was an amusing

now that it had come, it was an amusing and no unusual sight to see, after breaking

first lessons for recitations.

"Release from quarters" was granted for several hours each day; and the privilege was utilized to its fullest extent by upper was utilized to its fullest extent by upper classmen who devoted their time to saying good-by to their friends and winding up their little summer affairs (if they had any, which was quite generally the case). Quarters in barracks were chosen in the same manner as in camp. The captain of the company had the first choice, and the jeb whose initial came the nearest to "Z" the last.

the last.

Two-and-a-half divisions were allotted to each company, and there were enough rooms to allow two occupants to each room. Silkins and Fletcher had made arrangements to room together, and I shared my room with a classmate for whom I had formed a strong attachment. He was named Hinson, and was a tall, well-built fellow from the South, strong as an ox but with the gentleness of a girl. I felt that I was fortunate in securing him as a companion



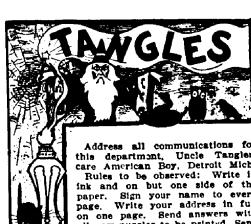
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159



Answers to February Tangles

15. Staple. Turtle. Violin. Avoset.

A voset. Ladder. Easter. Ninety. Turkey.

19. 1. RaiNier.
 2. Pug Et Sound.
 3. Gam Ble.
 4. Eve Rett.

atate Lincoln is to
20. 1. Webster.
2. Adams.
3. Stephens.
4. Hancock.
5. Irving.
6. New Haven.
7. Garfield.
8. Thomas.

Old Hickory.

10. Napoleon. Initials, Washington.

4. Eve Rett.
5. Disappointment.
6. Kit Sap.
7. Spo Kane.
8. St uArt.
Above are all found in the state of Washington. The fourth letters spell Nebraska, of which state Lincoln is the capital.

1. Sisyphus. 2. Tele-

Aurora.
 Laocoon.

5. Laoccon.
6. Euterpe.
7. Niobe.
8. Theseus.
9. Iris.
10. Neptune.
11. Erato.
12. Saturn.
13. Daphne.
14 Achilles.

Achilles.
 Yama.

Initials. St. Valentine's

Minn., wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Special mention for the following, who came within a single word or a single letter of answering every word correctly: C. Clyde Nickum, Benjamin L. Miller, Old Poser, D. Waldo Brown, Willie Meikle, Will B. King, E. R. Cook, John Wanamaker, Wm. H. Campbell, Katherine Haren, Walter Horton, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Frank Farrar, Harry Dinges, J. Horace Trumbull, Sarah Gilles, Alfred W. Robertson, Wm. A. Johnson.

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 undertake to return rejected puszles nor to reply personally to letters.

Leslie Rees, "Cowboy," 1227 Fifteenth st., Denver, Colo., wins the prize for best list of answers to January Tangles.

H. Ward Lewis, C. R. Kerbaugh and Henvis S. Roessler also answered every word of the January Tangles correctly.

Nels W. Kindgren, 679 Hawthorn st., St. Paul,

wins the prize for the best lot of originate shall be spell the name of a President who ussies.

Harry Purdy.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICS.

All words of uniform length. The initials spell a day accorded to the patron saint of a certain island; the finals, the month and day of its observance.

1. A city of Oregon. 2. An island in the Andreanof group. 3. Ancient name of the Danube river. 4. A town in the department of Lot-et-Garonne, France. 5. A town in Monroe county, Wis. 6. An island in the Aegean sea. 7. A department and river in northern France. 8. A town of Tiflis government, Transcaucasia, Russia. 9. A town of Matanzas province, Cula. 10. A county in Georgia. 11. A town and village of Washington county, Vermont. 12. A town of Saxony, Prussia. 13. A city and district of Hanover, Prussia. 14. A county in Nebraska. 15. A town of Flanders, Belgium. 16. A "Pond" near Lawrence, Mass.

HISTOPICAL HASH

Place each parenthetical word in its correct place, in another sentence, to form a statement historically correct. When these words are properly arranged their initials will be found to spell a memorable event in history that occurred in Boston in March, 1770.

spell a memorable event in history that occurred in Boston in March, 1770.

1. The battle of (Savannah), in which a great General on the American side was defeated, was fought in Sept., 1772.

2. Georgia was settled by (Rahi) in 1733.

3. The (Essex), the first steam packet to cross the Atlantic, made a voyage to Liverpool in 1819.

4. The annexation of (Ohio) occurred in 1815.

5. (Texas) was admitted into the Union in 1803.

6. A great victory was gained by General Thomas at the battle of (Brandywine) in 1864.

7. The Pilgrims landed from the (Chesaleake) in 1620.

8. On (September) 12 the bombardment of Fort Sumter began hostilities in the civil war.

9. The (Americans) founded St. Augustine, Fforida, in 1865.

10. The federals surrendered at Harper's Ferry on (April) 15, 1862.

11. At Frenchtown, in 1813, the British and Indians defeated Winchester and most of the (Spaniards) were massacred.

12. In 1813 the frigate (Mayflower) was captured by the British.

13. General (Oglethorpe) was defeated by Washington at the battle of Trenton, in 1776.

14. In 1812 the U. S. frigate (Nashville) captured the British sloop Alert.

MARCH ZIG-ZAG. town, in the canton of Vaud, where Pestalozzi had a school for twenty years. 6. A state fifteen years old. 7. The capital of the Swiss canton of Uri, celebrated in the legends of William Tell. 8. The "Press" that prints all The Century Co. publications. 9. The eldest son of Moses eldest son. 10. The middle name of the author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." II. Title and hero of a Shakespearean tragedy. 12. A county and a county town of Scotland.—Leo and Clifford Duniap.

### MARCH ZIG-ZAG.

-Philip W. Holp.

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HISTORICAL HASH.

Each word is the name of a state, except one, which
is a territory now threatened with statehood. The
starred letters, in the order
given, spell the name of a
March day observed in March day observed in most Christian lands in honor of a certain personage said to have been born in Scotland.

### ALTERNATE ACROSTIC

E 1 e v e n. Initials, Washington;
Initials, St. Valentine, designated centrals, Lincoln.

17. LOBE RAJA 18. (Also number 1 OWED ASER of January Tangles).
BEAN JEHU Start at (1) Erie, Pa.
E D NABBARUM (2) Muskegon, Mich.
BIAS (3) Akron, O. (4)
BANE Nashville, Tenn. (5)
LAMASEALAS (Nashville, Tenn. (6)
LAMASEALAS (City. S. D. (15) Oklahoma City, Okla. (16) Cairo. (11) Omaha, Neb. (12) Norfolk, Neb. (13) Plerre, S. D. 14. Rapid City, S. D. (15) Oklahoma City, Okla. (16) Cairo. (17) Little Rock, Ark. (18) Atlanta, Ga. (19) Macon, Ga. (20) Asheville, N. C. (21) Trenton, N. J. (22) Ithaca, N. Y. (23) Oswego, N. Y. (24) New York City. Initials, Emancipation 19. 1. Rai Nier ALTERNATE ACROSTIC.

All the words have six letters. Use the initial of the first word, the final of the second, the initial of the third, the final of the fourth, etc. The alternating initial and final letters throughout spell the name of a President born in March.

1. The "Port" surrendered to the Japanese January 1, 1905. 2. A motive, 3. Pertaining to the teeth. 4. The second of two. 5. To value 6. Empty. 7. Confused talk. 8. A loathing, 9. President of Venezuela. 10. Assault. 11. A floodgate, 12. A common vegetable. 13. Pertaining to niter.

—Wm. H. Campbell,

I get so many letters from my old home about preserving eggs, that I will answer them through your paper. I started 1948 with \$.6, bought egg at 8 to 10 cents in summer, preserved them and sold in winter at from 25 to 30 cents a dozen. I preserved eggs 12 years and made \$10,000. My niece started in 1894 with \$10, which she reinvested each year with the profits and now she has \$16,146, all made from \$10, reinvested for eight years. You can buy eggs very cheep now and sell them from 25 to 30 cents; figure the profits yourself. To preserve them costs a cent a dozen. I can tanswer letters as I travel, but any person can get desired information by addressing the PEOPLE'S SUPPLY CO., R.S. S. Houre Block, New Concerd, Oble. They started me. This is a groot husiness for city or country.

C. Gazza.

UNION SECURITY CO., 314 Geff Bidg., Chicago, III.

# ADAM

Ada. Adam, Marcy,

Hawley, Hay, Hayes,

Ashe, Sheridan, Alger, Lot, Long, King,

Rusk, Ruskin, Blaine,

Day, Hart, Arthur,
From W to the right, Washington's

K Harth Aday.

MARCH LADDER.

The two uprights spell an important political event in the United States, occurring in March once every four years. The rungs in order from the top down are:

A Maccdonian city where St.
A Maccdonian city where St.
A Maccdonian city where St.
City in Michigan, on Green Bay.
Impressive; stately. To make an effort. Between light and darkness. A Pacific port of Mexico.

—J. Horace Trumbull. right, W Birthday. BRUSK

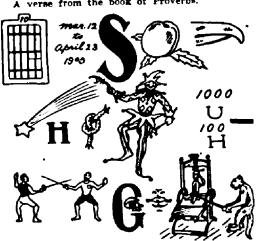
23. The Merchant of Venice. Key words: Venice, Antonio, Moth, Froth, Hero, Hector. M. Rathe, earth, rate H, heart, hater, Herat, at her, Harte, art he, tar he, rat he, are T H, tear H.

25. Agincourt, Alma, Arbela, Blenhelm, Cannae, Crecy, Gettysburg, Hastings, Ivry, Jena. Marathon, Marergo, Plassey, Sadowa, Sedan, Trafalgar, Valmy, Waterloo, Wyoming.

N E A R ART 8 26. REAL ERGO A G E D TARE SLED RODE

### New Tangles

PROVERB REBUS. verse from the book of Proverbs.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC. All words of equal length. The initials and finals, read continuously, spell the name of a beloved American poet who died in March, 1882.

1. The King of Italy, father to the present king.

2. The author of "Ben Bolt." 3. A well-known bridge in Virginia.

4. A character in "All's Well that Ends Well." 5. The Swiss



Take the day in March, 1877, on which Hayes was inaugurated President; multiply it by the day in March, 1884, on which Gen. Jubal A. Early died; add the day in March, 1785, that the Stamp Act was repealed; subtract the day in March, 1889, on which John Ericsson died; add the day in March, 1882, on which occurred the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac; and obtain the day in March, 1867, on which we purchased Alaska from Russia.

—S. John McCarthy.

LITERARY RESEARCH.

MARCH LADDER.

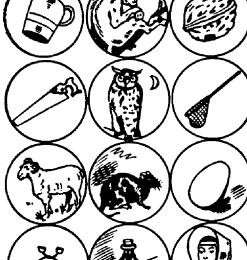
. . . . . .

Each word is the name of a well-known American monthly publication. None is repeated. The words "Magazine" or "Monthly"

zine" or "Monthly" are omitted.

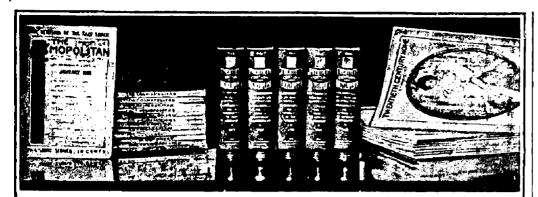
The star path from the top to the bottom spells the name of an American President who was born in March.

—Edwin C. Sharp.





-Nels W. Kindgren. 





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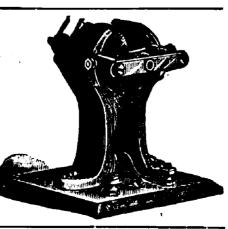
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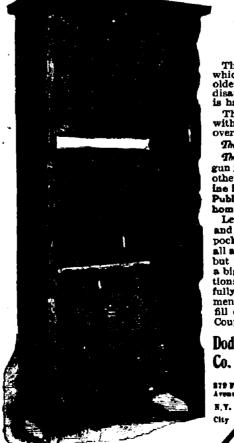
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Volume 6

DETROIT, MICH., APRIL, 1905

Number 6



CHAPTER XI.

MIDSHIPMAN BROWNLEIGH BESIGNS.

AKAHAKI DEPARTED from Annapolis by first train in the early morning of Christmas day, and his going left Dunster Brownleigh so melancholy that even the festivities of the season failed to restore his usual cheerfulness. Now, for the first time, he took an active interest in far eastern affairs, and began to search newspapers in the reading-room for every scrap of information concerning the situation between Japan and Russia. He studied tables and statistics until he knew the relative military strength of the two countries on sea and land. He read up on Port Arthur, Dalny, Vladivostok, the Siberian railway, and Korea. He studied the history of Japan's war with China in 1894-5, and finally he achieved a reputation as the best posted inmate of the Academy on the Eastern situation. Then he ventured to write a short article on Japanese naval officers, with especial reference to those who had been educated at Annapolis. This he sent to a leading service journal, by which, to his unbounded pride, it was accepted, and he received a note from the editor asking for further contributions of a similar character.

On the very day that his article was published, came the startling news that diplomatic relations tetween Japan and Russia had been severed, and this, as the professor of International Law explained to his classes, meant war between the two nations without a formal declaration by either side.

The cheek of little, heathen Japan daring to defy big, civilized Russia'!' cried Ethelbert Quackenbush to a group of his classmates who were eagerly discussing the situation.

"You mean little, modern, highly-civilized, fullyprepared Japan daring to fight in self-defense against big, medieval, brutal, unprepared Russia." said Dunster Brownleigh quietly, but with flashing

eyes.
"Oh! Do I?" asked Quackenbush sarcastically. "And pray what do you know of my meanings?"

"Not much, Quack, I must confess," laughed Dunster, "but I sometimes try to puzzle them out just for fun, and often with results that are most surprising.'

"Do you mean to say—" began the other threateningly.

"No, Quack, I don't," interrupted Dunster. "I don't mean to say anything that will ruffle your little feelings. I only happened to recall a certain Midshipman Matsu, recently a member of this class, and various fights in which he was forced to take rather prominent part. If the Japanese navy is offi-

cered by such as he, why—"
"I say, you fellows!" broke in "Pink" Lawson. who had been reading. "Quit your foolishness and listen to this description of the very man you are

discussing." With this, Lawson read aloud an extract from Dunster's article in the Service journal. "That is by some one who knows Taki," commented the reader as he concluded. "and I'd like to know who he is. The whole article is a corking good one, and evidently the chap who wrote it is well up on his subject. Have you seen it, Dun?"

Midshipman Brownleigh's face was flushed with gratified pride, but he only answered: "Yes, I

glanced over it, and thought it fairly good."

"Fairly good!" shouted Lawson. "Oh, ye gods! Listen to the conceit of the man! Why, Dun Brown, if you could write half as well, you would be contesting honors with Captain Mahan himself. Go to, Dun Brown! Go to! and study modesty of demeanor."

Dunster followed this advice in so far that he went to his own room, and, after reading over for the fiftieth time the first bit of his own writing to be glorified by print, he sat down to compose another article, and thereby used up much time that should have been devoted to study.

On the following day came the great news of Admiral Togo's dashing attack, with torpedo boats, on the Russian fleet lying carelessly outside Port Arthur harbor, and the partial destruction of four of the great warships that had threatened to exterminate the Japanese navy. A few hours earlier two other Russian warships had been destroyed by the Japanese in the Korean harbor of Chemulpo.

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Some six weeks later Dunster received his second letter from Takahaki, the first having been written from San Francisco on the eve of the latter's sailing for Japan.

KIRK MUNROE:

"Dun Brown, my friend of extreme dearness," he "Congratulate me a thousand times for great honors heaped upon unworthy head! I am-hold fast your heart, and prepare to be joyously amazed-I am a commander of a warship of his august majesty, Matsuhito, Mikado of Japan. I then am Captain! Captain, if you please, of torpedo boat number 999. A very small boat, it is true, perhaps the smallest in the imperial navy; but, oh! so deadly in action, so swift, so wonderfully able! and I am her captain! Perhaps it is but for today; and so I hasten to allow you to congratulate me while I may claim the title.

"Have you learned of our most honorable admiral's terrible blow against the fleet of the White Czar? Yes, certainly, you must have heard, how, flying with the swiftness of eagles, he took them by surprise while, confiding in great strength, they lay outside the forts, ready for destroying the transports of Japan. Only torpedo boats were sent in, and I was given the honorable privilege to accompany the brave 999. We, the smallest, torpedoed successfully the Czarevitch of the largest. The shot fell upon us so thick that almost we must breathe it, and, alas! our captain, the most gallant, could not longer stay with us, but was called to join the immortals of Dai Nippon. Thus to me, next in rank, fell the great honor of commanding. Again I may not talk ht some of us are to enter the iis nig harbor, to which the ships of the enemy have fied. So, my friend, am I filled with happiness that at last I may fight what you call the Rus-si-an without those ru-als.

"Always with joyous memories,

"TAKAHAKI MATSU, "Captain (for this day) I. J. N."

If it had been hard for Dunster to study and attend to every-day duties before the advent of this letter, it was doubly so now. He could think of nothing but the great lesson that was being taught the bully of the world in the school of the far East. And one of the teachers was that quiet little Japanese who so recently had looked to him for guidance in everything. Now he was transformed, as though by magic, into the captain of a warship that was taking an active part in the history-making battles of the world: while a certain Dunster Brownleigh tamely ate and slept, and pursued the same hum-drum routine that-Oh, well! what was the use in thinking of it? His own life, as compared with that now being led by Takahaki, was not worth considering.

Dunster vividly remembered the account of the daring dash of two Japanese torpedo boats into Port Arthur harbor on a night of storm and blackness, their successful attack against the mighty battleship Retvizan, and of their flight through a blinding glare of search-lights and a tornado of hurtling missiles that sunk one and drove the other helpless to the beach; but he could not recall that the names or numbers of the heroic craft had been given. Could one of them have been the boat commanded by his chum? How he wished he knew; and the very next day he read an extract from a belated war letter to a London paper, giving an account of that very incident. In it the two daring boats were mentioned by number, and one of them was 999; but which of the two finally was sunk and which beached, the writer either did not know or forgot to mention.

Shortly after this Dunster received another letter even more disquieting than that from Takahaki. It was from the manager of the shipyard in which he and his chum had worked, asking if, by any chance, he could obtain leave of absence, and at the same time be tempted by an offer to go on a special mission to the seat of war. In conclusion the writer begged him under all circumstances to keep profoundly secret the fact that such a proposition had been suggested to him.

On fire with an excitement that he must carefully suppress, Dunster made cautious inquiries that resulted in the knowledge that on no account could such a leave of absence from the Academy be granted. Moreover, he learned that the neutrality laws of the United States forbade any officer, soldier, sailor, or other employe of the government, save only duly accredited naval and military attaches, from visiting the seat of war during its

continuance. Could a midshipman resign from the Academy? Certainly not, so long as he was in good standing. except under extraordinary circumstances, since he was bound to serve for at least eight years.

There was then but one way by which a cadet could evade the obligation that he voluntarily had assumed; and in his overwhelming desire to visit the seat of war, Dunster Brownleigh, ever reckless of consequences, determined to adopt it.

Already he had become careless in his studies, and now he grew more so. Also he no longer sought to avoid the accumulation of demerits. His case became one for grave consultation among the officials of the Academy, and he received warnings of the possible fate in store for him unless he made a decided effort to regain his lost standing as one of the most promising men of his class. Even certain of his classmates remonstrated with him and begged him to "brace up," but without avail. The lad became a mystery that none could solve. was in the best of health and spirits, he attended regularly and promptly to all his duties; but day by day he sank lower in rank, until at length he stood at the very foot of his class. Then came the annual examination, and, failing to pass it, he was summoned before the superintendent.

"I cannot understand it, Brownleigh," said that official sternly, but with a note of sorrow in his voice. "You, who were one of our best men, have, with no apparent reason, retrograded so rapidly and to such an extent that your presence in this Academy is no longer desirable, and your dismissal is in order."

Beneath the searching gaze that accompanied these words the lad's eyes fell, and for a moment he almost regretted the course he had pursued.

'However," continued the superintendent, the sake of your parents and friends, and in consideration of your previous record, it has been decided not to disgrace you by dismissal, but, instead, to offer you the choice of two alternatives. You may drop back into the third class, with the opportunity of regaining the one to which you belong, by extra work; or your resignation will be accepted."

"Thank you, sir," replied the young cadet, striving to speak firmly, but with a suspicious tremor in his voice. "Rather than be dropped, I think I will take advantage of your kind permission and re-

sign.' Thus it happened that Midshipman Brownleigh, to the amazement and regret of all his friends, left the service that he had been so anxious to enter, and in which for three years he had been so prominent a figure.

CHAPTER XII.

OFF TO THE WAR.

It is doubtful if even Dun Brown, reckless, careless, happy-go-lucky chap that he was, would have taken so desperate a step in order to realize his great desire, had it not been for the Casimir blood that coursed madly through his veins at the mere mention of the word Russian. For centuries that same blood the blood of a generous, high-bred nobility, had revolted against the oppression of its brutal conquerors. Now that Russia again was seeking to smother the national life of a weaker neighbor, the Polish side of Dunster Brownleigh's nature so urged him to take part in the struggle for freedom and modern civilization, that he had no strength to resist the call. Born of a fighting stock, he could conceive no greater happiness than to be permitted to battle for his native America; but she having no present need for his services in that direction, his second preference was to fight the destroyera of his mother's family, and the active enemies of his dearest friend. To the accomplishment of this acsire but one way had opened, and this he had followed until it led him outside the service that once had been the goal of his ambition. Now, with one career closed by his own deliberate act, he proposed to open another by his own unaided effort.

With this end in view, Dunster had written to the manager of the shipyard and to the editor of the Service journal, with both of whom he reached a definite understanding. Thus, the moment his resignation was accepted he knew exactly what he proposed to do. First he wrote to his parents, telling them that, as he had failed to pass an examination, he had been offered the alternatives of being dropped or resigning, and had chosen the latter.

"I have received an offer," he wrote, "to go to the war as a correspondent. That I am not wholly unfitted for the position you may judge from the enclosed articles, which are from my pen. I am going to study the situation here for two weeks, at the end of which time I shall come, lay it before you, and ask your permission to go to the Far East. I believe you will grant it when you consider how unfitted I am for anything else, and how mortifying it would be for all of us just now if I were compelled to remain at home and face acquaintances who would pity me for having 'bilged' an examination. Besides, I often have heard you say, father, that travel was the most liberal of educations."

With this letter dispatched, and with farewells bidden to his classmates, Dunster Brownleigh disappeared for two weeks, during which time but one person of all the world knew where he was and what he was doing. The person thus advised was the shipyard manager with whom our lad had corresponded.

At the end of the stipulated period, having announced his coming by telegraph, the young man appeared at his home, where he found both his parents anxiously awaiting him.

"Oh. Dunster! How could you? What have you done?" cried Mrs. Brownleigh, as she flung her arms about her son's neck; but his father only shook hands and said: "Let us have dinner first, for I know the boy must be hungry, and talk afterwards."

An hour later the three were gathered in the cozy, softly-lighted library, and Dunster was telling of his plans. When he had finished Mr. Brownleigh

"Of course, son, both your mother and myself were terribly disappointed, as well as mortified, by your failure to pass that examination, and what practically amounts to your dismissal from the Academy. Nor can we understand it: for you always have seemed bright enough, never before having failed to pass an examination, and almost to the ad you held a creditable position in your class. 1 fear there is something back of the present situation that you have not fully explained, and that you are allowing a love of excitement, together with a desire for adventure, to turn you from the pathway of steady effort that alone leads to success."

"You are right, father; I have allowed my mind to become so filled with thoughts of the war that there is no room in it for anything else. But I do believe, if you permit me to accept this new position, you will open to me a career fully as fine as the one I have just abandoned."

"Perhaps so, son: perhaps so; for I never did regard the navy, in time of peace, as offering the most brilliant of careers. What I wanted you to gain from it was the splendid education afforded by the Academy course, and the numberless opportunities to which it would open the way."

"This may be one of them," said Dunster. "Did you read my articles, father?"

"Yes, and was agreeably surprised at the breadth of information and the insight into affairs shown by them. Also I was at a loss to understand how the writer of those articles could fail to pass an examination that was a part of his regular course

of preparation." "But I did fail to pass it, father, and now—

"Yes, son, and thus you have so decidedly taken your own affairs into your own hands that, after a most careful consideration of the situation, I have concluded to let you work them out without interference. So, if you can gain your mother's consent to your mad proposition, you may consider that mine also is given. Only, my dear boy, never for an instant imagine that by taking this position I am in any way casting you off, or losing one spark of my interest in you. Always remember that, so long as I live, I am your father, loving you as no other human being, save only your mother, can love you: standing by you in every emergency, and ready to aid you in times of distress or difficulty to the limit of my means and ability. Now, I am going out for a while, and shall leave you to argue your case to its ultimate conclusion with your mother.

Dunster found less difficulty than he had anticipated in persuading his mother to take his view of the situation, though, of course, the prospect did not appear to her so fascinating as it did to him. Gazing at it through the medium of tears decidedly dimmed its brilliancy and blurred many of its features. Still, she could not deny her only child what so evidently was his heart's desire, and, after all, it would not be unpleasant to be able to speak of "My

son, the war correspondent, now in the Far East." Mrs. Brownleigh was a little more proud of those two articles in the Service journal than of anything that ever happened.

So by the time her husband returned all was settled; but it was a shock when Dunster announced that he should start for the "Coast" by the train of the following evening.

"Don't war correspondents require to have certain papers from the State Department, that it will take you a week or more to procure?" asked Mr. Brown-

leigh.
"Yes, sir," replied Dunster, "but I already have them.'

For a moment the elder man gazed quizzically at the younger; then he said: "And, with all your preparations for the journey made, you had the cheek to come and ask if we were willing that you should undertake it?"

"Which shows what implicit confidence I placed in you, dad."

In their desire to provide for all possible contingencies, Dunster's parents would have filled several trunks with a princely outfit; but as he had been advised to reduce his luggage to the smallest possible dimensions, he declined to carry anything except a large hand-bag and a roll of rugs. From his father he accepted a fine hammerless revolver, and a letter of credit for an amount sufficient to carry him in luxury entirely around the world; while his mother, who still retained certain superstitions of her race, insisted that he bear with him her most treasured possession, the last message ever received from her father, the Count Casimir, and written with his own blood. This precious bit of paper was enclosed in a silver box, fastened with a hidden spring, and so thin as to resemble a single thickness of metal. One side was exquisitely graved and enamelled with a representation of St. Stanislaus of Poland, while the reverse bore the arms of the Casimirs. This priceless heirloom was protected by a silken envelope and again by one of chamois, and as the heavy-hearted mother hung it about her son's neck she bade him care for it as for his life.

Then came the parting, so sorrowfully bitter that Dunster finally was obliged to release himself by gentle force from his mother's clinging embrace, run from the house and leap into a waiting carriage, with voice too choked for a single word of farewell.

A few days later found our young correspondent standing, with a small camera in his hands, on the busy water front of Seattle, watching with absorbed interest the transfer of several car-loads of extremely heavy freight, evidently machinery of some kind, to the hold of a waiting steamer, the very one on which he was to sail for far-away Japan. Bulky and heavy as was this freight, it was so carefully enveloped in wood and burlaps that no portion of it was visible

"Very heavy!" remarked a voice at Dunster's elbow, as the stout derrick on the ship's deck creaked

### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 8 - From the Governor of Louisiana



GOVERNOR BLANCHARD OF LOUISIANA

STATE OF LOUISIANA Executive Demonstrati Baton Roves

Mr. # C Sprague,

Detroit, Mich.

My dear Str :-

My greetings to the Boys of America

Born to a splendid heritage of unsurpassed governmental institutions, and living in a country of unrivalled resources, their opportunities are great.

May they prove equal to them

Yours very truly, Norther 6 Blomaker

Covernor of Louisians.

and groaned beneath the weight of an unusually bulky crate.

"Yes," replied Dunster shortly, without turning or withdrawing his anxious gaze from the straining tackle.

"I wonder what it is?" persisted the voice. Dunster was too abstracted to reply.

"It may be war material for Japan."

"Yes?" returned our lad, interrogatively, at the same moment taking a snapshot at the bulky bit of freight which, having reached a sufficient altitude, was slowly swinging inboard. As he wound another film into position he turned for a glance at the intruder, for whom he instantly conceived a dis-

The man was small, dark, evidently a foreigner, but as evidently not a gentleman, rather loudly dressed, and displayed much jewelry. He smiled as Dunster turned and said

"I hope, though, it is not war material, for I propose to sail by that steamer for Japan."
"What difference would it make?" asked the other.

"None at all, of course, unless we should happen to be overhauled by a Russian cruiser; and then it might make all the difference in the world"

"But all Russian cruisers in eastern waters are safely bottled up either at Port Arthur or Vladivostok."

"Perhaps; but always there is a chance that one may slip out some dark night."

"Oh, well! I shan't worry until I see one," said Dunster carelessly.

"Then you, too, sail by this ship?"

"I dldn't say so," replied the lad curtly, as he turned to walk away.

To Dunster's great disgust, the person who thus had accosted him proved to be the only other pastenger on the great freighter Cochise. Consequently the young correspondent was obliged to see a great deal of him during the next two weeks. The man, whose name was Delar, claimed to be French, and the agent of a syndicate interested in Japanese war loans. While continually talking about himself, he managed to so pester Dunster with questions concerning his own object in crossing the Pacific, his past life, his views of the present war, and a thousand other personalities, that, to avoid him, the latter spent hours and even whole days in his own stateroom, when he longed to be on deck. Finally the longed-for announcement was made that the following morning would disclose the Japanese coast; and Dunster hailed it as a promise of escape from the annoying Frenchman even more than the ending of a tedious voyage. And it had been tedious; for across the entire expanse of the Pacific, known to travelers as the "great lonely ocean," a sail had been sighted, not the faintest trail of smoke, nothing to break the weary monotony of days. Now, with land only a few hours away, there surely ought to be something within range of vision. and, in the hope of discovering a ship, Dunster mounted the bridge, the freedom of which had been given the two passengers. The captain was there, and Dunster had hardly greeted him when a lookout stationed aloft bawled down:

"Smoke ahoy!"

"Where away?" demanded the captain.

"Nearly dead ahead, sir, a little on the sta'bord how."

A moment later the lookout announced: "Two smokes!" and directly afterwards: "Three smokes, close together!

"Perhaps, who knows, it may be a fleet of Russian cruisers," remarked a hated voice at Dunster's elbow. "How would you like that? Eh, mon brave!"

"It would at least give you something else to talk about besides me and my affairs," answered Dunster savagely, as he walked to the other end of the

Within an hour the trails of smoke had developed into dense, black clouds belching ominously from the massive funnels of three monster ships whose nature still was doubtful. Then suddenly it was disclosed by the startling challenge of a shot fired in the direction of the Cochise.

(To be continued.)

### Your Mother--Do Not Forget

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

Not to forget that, though she is old and wrinkled. she still loves pretty things.

To make her frequent, simple presents and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful. To remember that she is still a girl at heart so

far as delicate little attentions are concerned. To give her your full confidence, and never to do

anything which you think she would disapprove. To make her a partaker, so far as your different

ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recrea-

To lift all the burdens you can from shoulders that have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for you.

Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are different, or that you feel in any way

superior to her. To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in

rank or position. To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dis-

likes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive way.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

To remember that her life is monotonous compared with yours, and to take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a little trip to the country, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible.- "Success."

# WHAT A BOY CAN DO IN A TOWN LOT



THE PUBNACE FOR COOKING

THE POLE VAULT

OYS WHO LIVE in the country generally have plenty of 100m, with an abundance healthful exercise, and naturally acquire strength and a talent for work. Boys whose homes are in a city often need suggestions for the employment of their leisure hours. If there is no available yard this article will contain little for them, but the average town lot provides space for carrying out most of the ideas here given, all of which are possible on a lot  $50 \times 125$  in size. True, all of these devices were not used in one yard at a time, but all were tried on a small lot and proved very enjoyable. As every boy knows, sports follow in regular succession, and while at one season kites have the preference at another leaping and jumping are considered the proper thing, and again wrestling, boxing, etc., are most interesting. In carrying out what is here suggested the cost of material will be small, and the saving of boy and energy immense. The youth realizes his individuality, his rights are recognized, he forms valuable opinions and habits, and his leisure hours are commonly spent at home, where companions are sure to gather to share his good times.

The front of the lot in question is ornamented with lawn and small flower beds, which offer employment for some hours each week, but to many boys gardening is not attractive, especially if they are too young to realize the educational value of pretty grounds, and such work must be done under protest at times. The house, lawn, and garden occupy nearly half the depth of the lot and leave a "back yard" 65 feet deep. At the rear is a small hen-yard fenced with board base, and wire netting above, also covered with the wire. A roostinghouse, open on one side, accommodates the hens at night, and nest boxes are conveniently placed at one side. From six to a dozen hens make this their home and generously supply fresh eggs for the family during most the year. No rooster is kept, for roosters have a very uncomfortable habit of crowing at any and all hours, especially during the night, and neighbors object. When a hen wants to set, the owner buys a setting of the eggs he prefers and mother-biddy is given quarters elsewhere. After the little brood hatches, the "hennery" becomes an interesting place.

Every boy wants to try his hand at keeping pets, so Belgian hares were experimented with. They were finally voted a nuisance, for they would burrow out and then trespass in other gardens, and when the family had become attached to them no one would think of having them killed for eating. So the animals that survived a couple of years were given to friends who could and would properly care for them. Pigeons, to be allowed their freedom, were out of the question, and to keep them suitably enclosed required considerable space and much care. They were given up, and the "happy family" is now composed of a dog, two cats and the chickens, all of which help to make things lively at

### THE YARD PROPER.

In the yard we are describing there are two large shade trees. Under one is hung a garden hammock which is used very commonly by different members of the family, the boy finding it a convenient restfraguently Higher under the tree is a more pretentious hammock which the boy manufactured and hung. The frame is of wood, the body of canvas. A mattress and bedding were lost from the household store, and the result was a comfortable, healthful bed, during the summer months. The rope ladder, by which the boy ascends, is hauled up after he has retired, and then he feels secure and sleeps the sleep of youth. From one stout limb of the other tree is suspended a swing, and from another is a "horizontal bar" on which the owner and several boy companions do various athletic feats. At times two posts are set up in the yard, with a light bar put across on adjustable pegs, and this is



THE POND-FIRST YEAR

used for pole vaulting and high jumping. It is was the means of propulsion. A little wharf was scarcely necessary to add that the owner of the built at one side and a summer resort opened where apparatus holds the record for the neighborhood.

Another interesting snot is that occupied by a "furnace." The boy made a small pit and in it set a large oil can, with the front end cut out. A small hole near the farther end allows the smoke to escape through a length of stove pipe. The furnace and pipe were made firm by packing moist earth about them. The fire is made in the can, and the flat top is almost as good as a stove. Some days the turnace is used for heating water to produce steam for a very crude home-made stationary engine. Oftener, however, it is a regular camp-fire, where the boy cooks many meals which are served in genuine camp fashion. Onions, bacon, potatoes, eggs-scrambled, boiled and fried-toast, and chops have been successfully cooked, and we are assured they taste much better than the same articles prepared indoors. Bread and fruit or vegetables are added to the menu and the cook then has a fine meal-"a daisy," as he



says. There is a "tree house," of course. It is very simple; just a platform of boards, with a box or cupboard for notding treasures this point there is a fine view, but that is probably not why the boy loves it so. Perhaps it is because the way to it is more difficult than "up a winding stair," and when he mounts he is safe from ordinary interruptions. Occasionally he eats a meal there. His mother objected to having china dishes carried up, but he said, "Oh, I'd much rather have tin." So he uses pie plates when dining aloft.

### EARTHWORKS.

Unquestionably the greatest fun of all, however, has been with the pond. Ever since a certain boy was large enough to move a pick and shovel he has used them, beginning when he was scarcely as tall as the tools. The first attempts were holes which he called "mines." The making of one would busy him for quite a while, and when he became tired of it, or thought of something new, he would play the mine was no good, and fill it up. One "mine" took the form of a tunnel, which extended so far under ground t at a lighted candle was considered necessary at t mes in order to work properly. And with all the u e of lights and fires, the boy must have learned c ution, for he was never injured thereby. One year he made a larger excavation and several times fill d it with water and sailed boats on it. Several o the crafts were small, such as most boys try to ma te, and which he made, sails and all. Some of the ss is were ornamented—the cloth was white, and the 'emming was done in large but rather regular stitc ies in heavy, black thread. This style of boating became rather tame, so rafts of various kinds were made, and at last a satisfactory boat was invented. The buoyancy was attained by three empty oil cans used as floats, under the frame, and a paddle

many happy hours were spent. The pond could not be kept full of water, so was emptied by using a garden hose for a siphon, and allowing the water to run in little ditches to irrigate trees and garden.

The next season the boy had larger ideas and made his pond longer and deeper. A cement bottom was put in and then the place was ready for boating and swimming. The journeys by boat were short, and the number of strokes one could swim was small, but such fun! Children of the neighborhood all knew when the pond was filled, and would haunt its shores. Sometimes several would put on "bathing suits," and then what frolics!

### RAILROADING.

Railroads-ground and aerial-were productive of much merriment. The ground road was what is called a gravity road, and was built high at each end and low in the middle. It was not over 40 feet in length, but the car shot along at good speed and accidents seldom happened. The car was made of the remains of an express wagon and had but three wheels, one in front and two in the rear, and required three rails. These were smooth, narrow boards, with a flange on one edge of each, and the boy manufactured the entire plant. This road was safer, but no more attractive than the aerial line. A heavy rope was suspended between two trees, and a box-car released at one end, shot rapidly to the other at an average elevation of eight feet. Staylines kept the car in position during transit, and a large cushion (of excelsior) at the lower station served as a bumper to prevent distress to the passenger. A comical looking, but very satisfactory "chariot" was constructed with discarded bicycle wheels set on an axle and furnished with tongue and seat or floor. With two playmates for steeds, a third boy standing on the vehicle had merry rides.

### CARPENTER WORK.

The basement is high, light, and well ventilated, and on one side a long bench is fine for carpentering. A vise, lathe, and numerous tools are conveniently arranged, and with them the boy spends many happy hours. He has made boxes, kites-box and plane-shelves, carts, boats-large and small-waterwheels, motor fans and windmills. Some have not been a great success from either an artistic or utilitarian standpoint, but a few have shown considerable inventive ability, and all have helped to familiarize the worker with his tools. He has made very neat paper knives, getting small pieces of suitable wood from a friendly carpenter. He attempted woodengraving, also, using simple designs and making the tools for the first few cuts. Then an interested relative presented him with a set of graver's instruments and a dozen blocks of the necessary hardwood. This kind of employment is generally undertaken days when the weather is unfavorable for out-of-door oc-

The lad's manual training began when he was about three years old, and Santa Claus sent a diminutive saw and saw-buck. Previous to this he had used hammer and nails, but the saw was an entirely different matter. It arrived with other gifts on the Christmas tree, and was soon handed to the small boy. He was delighted, and wished to "saw wood" at once. A paper was spread on the carpet, a couple of pieces of wood given to the young sawyer, and

(Continued on page 169.)



THE POND-SECOND THAN

### Ivan Ivanovitch

VAN IVANOVITCH, clad in his little sheepskin coat with the wool turned inward, and wearing his little boots that reached to his knees, stood by the roadside thinking. It was late in the fall, but there was scarcely any snow on the ground—only a little in patches here and there, remaining from the first flurry, and the ill-made, ill-kept road stretched away through a cheerless and barren country.

and barren country.

Down the road came a magnificent drosky drawn by three horses, harnessed abreast. Over the neck of the middle horse rose that peculiar Russian arrangement, the bitiung—a great horseshoe-shaped piece of wood richly embellished with studdings of silver.



DOG OF A PEASANT!" HE EXCLAIMED

The horse in the middle was trotting,

The horse in the middle was trotting, while the two outer ones were running, and their heavy harnesses were gay with many colored tassels and gleaming with silver ornaments. The driver was in gorgeous livery, and beside him sat a private soldier.

Leaning back among the fur robes in the drosky was a middle-aged man wearing the uniform of a colonel. Ivan knew who it was. It was the great lord who lived in the castle three miles beyond the village, and who owned all the land round about, as his ancestors had owned not only the land, but the people owned not only the land, but the people who lived on it.

who lived on it.

Just before the drosky reached the place where little Ivan stood, cap in hand, one of the horses stumbled on the rough road and went down. There was a general mix-up of horses, drosky and men, and the drosky was badly smashed. Ivan stood staring at the wreck.

'These cursed peasants!" said the nobleman. "I will have the whole village knouted for not keeping their roads in better condition."

Then catching sight of Ivan, his looks softened, and the stern man said:

"Well, little brother, what have you to say in behalf of the people of the Mir who let their roads stay in such a con-

who let their roads stay in such a con-

who let their roads stay in such a condition?"

"Please, Excellency," returned Ivan, looking straight up into the eyes which looked down at him, "I should not like to have them knouted."

"No, I suppose not," replied the colonel, with a cruel look coming into his gray eyes, "but they shall be."

"There are so few souls in the village," said Ivan, his lips beginning to tremble, "and we have to work so hard to pay the taxes."

"Tush, little brother," replied the man, "there are sixty-three souls in the mir. I know the number of my serfs—I mean of my peasants."

Now, a Russian mir, or village, is a community which is taxed according to

Now, a Russian mir, or village, is a community which is taxed according to the number of "souls" in it, and the "souls" are the men and boys of whatever age they may be—no account is taken of the women and girls by the government. The census of the mir is taken at long intervals, and upon the number of "souls" found in the mir at the time the taxation is fixed, to remain at the same figure until the next cenumeration. If before the next census only one "soul" should be left in the 'soul" should be left in the only one "soul" should be left in the village, that one man, or boy, would still have to pay the whole tax or suffer the consequences.

consequences.

In spite of the nobleman's stern manners and stern words, a look of gentleness came into his eyes every time they met those of Ivan, and so the boy, pushing back his desire to cry and run away, spoke up boldly and said: "There were sixty-three 'souls' in the mir, as I have heard. But that was years ago, when I was only a little boy."

"And what are you now, manikin?" asked the great man, with something which almost approached a laugh.
"I am a big boy," replied Ivan, stoutly, and then went on: "You see, after the census was taken came the famine and then the great sickness, so that

the census was taken came the famine and then the great sickness, so that many died; and some went to the army to fight for the little father, and now, Excellency, we have only twenty 'souls,' and ten of them are boys like myself or littler. And oh, Excellency, we work hard, and the black bread and the cabbage soup are scarce in our houses. For must we not pay the taxes for the fortythree 'souls' who are not. If you had a

three souls who are not. If you had a little boy—"

The man had placed one hand on Ivan's shoulder as he listened to him, but at the boy's last words a look of pain and rage shot across his face. "Dog of a peasant!" he exclaimed, and threw the child from him with such violence that the lad fell upon his face on the

hard ground. The great man had had a son a year before of just about Ivan's age—a son who had died and left him childless. who had died and left him childress.

That a peasant should dare by spoken word to recall that great grief—should even go so far as to compare the son of a despised mujik with the nobly-born

boy, was unbearable to the proud noble. Ivan picked himself up, bruised and bleeding, wiped his face as best he could, and then, with the stolid, uncomplaining manner which long centuries of oppression and abuse have rendered habitual for the Russian peasant, started slowly toward the village.

"Come back here!" commanded the man, and Ivan obeyed in that same emotionless manner.

The light which had come into his eyes when he told of the hard times of his mir had vanished, and in its place was only the vacant stare of the oppressed.

pressed.

The great man looked at the boy for

a minute, and then sat down on a bank by the roadside and buried his face in by the roadside and buried his face in his hands. Ivan wondered vaguely if he was crying, and if so, why! Then there came the sound of horses' hoofs from down the road, and he knew that the drosky was coming to take the noble to his castle.

The man started to his feet, and, catching the dirty Ivan in his arms, kissed him on the forehead.

"Run home," he said kindly; "I will pay the taxes of the mir until the next census. Run home and tell them."

And when the servants came up with the drosky they found their master standing alone beside the road with such a stern and thoughtful look on his face that they trembled as they addressed him.

Ron Cameron's Pickerel Shoot

PRING DID not display many signs of its presence in the North Vermont woods—at least to the eyes and other senses of the two city boys who were spending a few weeks at the farm of Ronald Cameron's father. So they only laughed sarcastically when Ronald told them that the weather was breaking and that he would show them some sport next day.

Ron and Dick did not even smile. "That kind of thing nappens to everybody now and then," said Dick generously. "You see, the pickerel have dark backs, and they are awful hard to see in the water."

Before long Ron found another fish lying just below the surface, and again he beckoned to the city boys. This time they were willing to wait till he had pointed the fish out to them carefully. "Aim away below him," whispered Ron.

Ronald told them that the weather was breaking and that he would show them some sport next day.

They had a habit of laughing that way, though they were so terribly green about everything connected with the woods that they could have been fooled in all kinds of ways if the country boys had felt like doing it.

"They make a feller feel as if he was wrong about everything." said Dick Starkweather, "even the things that we have done all our lives."

The next day was the fifteenth of March—a great day in Vermont, for it is the opening day of a curious sport. From that day till the first of May sportsmen are permitted to go after pike and pickerel with guns.

Jim and Ned Carruthers laughed more patronizingly than ever when the country boys told them what was in store. "Go after fish with a gun, eh?" said they. "Must be pretty poor fishermen around here if they have to shoot their fish!"

rish!"

They didn't know that the big pike, pickerel and muscallonge will not bite at balted hooks so early in the spring, when they are only just beginning to move around, and that they lie in the shallowest water that they can find in order to enjoy the sunlight.

Next morning the two city boys appeared armed with beautiful breechloading shotguns that made the country lads ashamed of their old guns.



THE WOODS SEEMED RENT BY AN EXPLOSION

"Now," said Ronald to them, "I've shot lots of pickerel, so I want you to have the best chances at them. I'll go first, because it isn't easy to see a fish until you get used to it. Looks more like a stick of wood or a water plant than a fish. When I see one I'll motion to you, and then you must creep up very softly and then you must creep up very softly. Be sure not to shake the bank or to let your shadow fall on the water. When you get close enough, aim under the place where the fish seems to be, and, whatever you do, don't stick the barrels of your guns into the water."
"Hu!" said Ned. "Seems to me that a fellow who never shot anything else except that old gas-pipe that you've got, can't teach us so much."

Ronald said nothing, but crept cau-

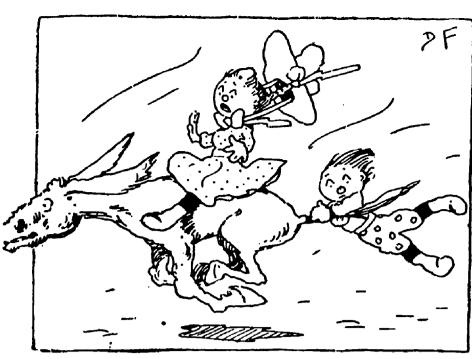
Ronald said nothing, but crept cautiously through the bushes that lined the edge of the "slang" which is what the Vermonters and New Hampshire men call some of their narrow water-

Ice still hung here and there in sheets, but many of the pools alongshore, that were sheltered from the wind and open to the sun, were quite open, though more less rolly.

Ronald stepped along slowly, placing his feet as carefully as a deer would. Suddenly he stopped short and beckoned

with a slight motion of his arm.

When Jim and Ned Carruthers came up Ronald directed their attention to the middle of a shallow cove just in front of them. The two city boys saw a shadow in the water. Without waitfront of them. The two city boys saw a shadow in the water. Without waiting for a word from Ron, they both blazed away. Almost instantly a long lithe fish leaped sparkling into the air fifty feet away and vanished again. When the water became quiet once more, the boys still saw the same shadow at which they had fired; then they realized that they had not seen the fish at all, but had mistaken the shadow of a tree branch for it. of a tree branch for it.



DUNKEL STARTED OFF LIKE A BAILROAD TRAIN

Ron.
"What for?" said Jim, and fired as he

"What for?" said Jim, and fired as he spoke. Then he dropped his gun and stooped over the bank to pick up the dead fish; but no dead fish appeared.
"The water is deceptive," explained Ron. "If you aim directly at the spot where you think the fish is, you will hit the water away beyond him."

"I would have killed him all right if you hadn't joggled my elbow," growled Jim.

you hadn't joggled my elbow," growled Jim.

Ron stared at him; he was perfectly well aware that he had not been near Jim's elbow. However, he repressed the hot answer that rose to his lips and walked away quietly.

Jim and Ned worked along the edge of the "slang" and fired a good many shots. They did not get a single fish, for sometimes they fired at pieces of stick and other times they shot over or under when they did really see a pickerel or a pike. Half the time they blundered along so noisily that the fish vanished before they reached the spot.

At last, however, they saw a magnificent pike lying in a little cove. To their excited minds he seemed three feet long. The cruel head, with the wicked eyes, was turned away from them, and they crept up with beating hearts and pointed their guns straight at him.

Jim slyly stuck the end of his gun into the water, hoping to get a surer shot that way. Ned, as it happened, did the same thing, hoping to steal a march on Jim.

Both boys fired at once. The moment

shot that way. Ned, as it happened, did the same thing, hoping to steal a march on Jim.

Both boys fired at once. The moment they pressed the triggers the woods seemed rent by an explosion. Screams mingled with the echoes from it, and Dick and Ron hurried to the spot.

They found Jim and Ned flat in the mud. Alongside of them lay the twisted and shattered remains of two shotguns. The boys were bleeding, and the rescuers found that they had been badly cut and burned. Jim's face was gashed from his left eye to the chin, and the tip of one of his fingers had been blown off. Ned had a broken nose, and one of his hands was badly torn.

"It's lucky that you are alive at all," said Ron while he was tying them up. "Don't you know that guns are bound to explode if you fire them off with their muzzles stopped up? It's a mercy you weren't torn to pieces."

It was many weeks before Jim and Ned could leave their beds. When they did, they were sarcastic to Dick and Ron no longer, and they were ready to acknowledge that they had a lot to

Ron no longer, and they were ready to acknowledge that they had a lot to

### A Trip to Donkey Land

UNKEL, the donkey, made up his mind in a hurry. Once made, he did not unmake it till he had to,

did not unmake it till he had to, which made it difficult to do business with him unless he happened to feel like it, which was seldom, if ever.

Dunkel's decision was that he would go home to Donkey Land, and he started immediately. Seth X. Y. Z. Jones and Arabella Sassafras Smith saw him start, and decided to go with him, though they did not know where he was going.

Arabella was quicker than Seth and got on Dunkel's back. Seth could not get aboard, but he was mot proud, and he took hold of Dunkel's tail.

Dunkel did not wish to take them,

Dunkel did not wish to take them, and he started off like a railroad train that is trying to catch a jack rabbit. It that is trying to catch a jack rabbit. It is too bad that only a very few persons in this world have ever seen a railroad train trying to catch a jack rabbit, for nobody else can really appreciate how very fast Dunkel went.

The result was that they arrived in Donkey Land almost before Arabella and Sath had time to fell off.

Donkey Land almost before Arabella and Seth had time to fall off.

"What is this, if I may inquire?" asked the King of Donkey Land.

"They came along without being asked." said Dunkel.

"Well, put them into the stables and we'll hitch them to our State carriage." said the King of Donkey Land.

"But you haven't got any stables," said the Prime Minister, "and if you had, you haven't any State carriage to hitch them to."

"You talk like a donkey!" said the King angrily.

King angrily.

"Yes, your Royal Asininity," said the Prime Minister humbly. "I don't know how it is. I have tried to break myself of it, but in vain, and I think sometimes that maybe it is my ears that cause it."

"Why do you think that?" asked the

"Why do you think that?" asked the King.

"Because I am such a donkey, I suppose, Sire," said the Prime Minister.

"I wonder if you can be right," pondered the King. "However, it doesn't make any difference, really. Let's decide what to do with these two-legged things from People Land."

"If they were only oats, we could eat them," suggested the Secretary of State.

"Yes, that is a good idea," cried all the other donkeys. "Let's eat them."

"The only objection to the plan," said the Secretary of State gloomily, "is that they aren't oats."

"I have a better idea than that," said the Grand Marshal. "Let's shoo them till they fly away."

"Hurrah! Let's!" cried all the donkeys.

"There is only one trouble shout tt"

keys.
"There is only one trouble about it," said the Grand Marshal. "They can't

"There is only one trouble about it," said the Grand Marshal. "They can't fly,"

"Well," said the King angrily, "I never did see such contrary children. Here we have two beautiful ideas manufactured by the best talent, and they won't do even the least little thing to make it pleasant all 'round." you know, said Seth. "Climb on, Arabella that they tried to hide behind each other.

"The best way to punish them," said Dunkel, "is to let them lo what they please. I have noticed that they always get into all kinds of trother when they do that."

"That is a very, very foolish idea," said the King, "and we will act on it at once. Hurry up, you," cried he to the children, "hurry up and do what you please, do you hear?"

Seth immediately seized the King's ears and began to pull them with all his might. They were long and silky, and the King brayed with pain. "Let go! Let go!" he yelled.

"You told us to do what we pleased, you know," said Seth. "Climb on, Arabella."

"You mustn't!" said the Prime Minister.

bella."
"You mustn't!" said the Prime Minister in horror." You can't ride on a King."

King."

"But we ARE riding on a King, you know," said Seth and Arabella kicking the King's gray sides with their heels and making him run and prance, whether he liked it or not.

"This 's all Dunkel's fault,' whim-

"This is all Dunkel's fault,' whimpered the King.
"I tell you what let's do," said the Prime Minister. "Make Dunkel take them back to People Land. After all, there could be no worse punishment than to drive them away from this beautiful Donkey Land, and it will serve Dunkel right, too."
"Good! gcod!" cried all the other donkeys. With a combined effort they threw Dunkel so hard against the King that the children slipped off the King's back and on Dunkel's back in a jiffy.

The next moment all the donkeys, including the King, were kicking Dunkel till it sounded like a drum; and Dunkel perceived that this was one of the times when it would be as well to unmake his mind.

So he started off as suddenly as he

Arabella had time to know that they had lost their breaths, they found them-

had lost their breaths, they found them-selves lying flat on the grass and Dun-kel was feeding near them as if nothing of the kind had ever happened. Seth and Aratella often tell the story now to their grandchildren, for this oc-curred nearly three years ago; and the grandchildren wish that they, too, could make a trip to Donkey Land. But Dun-kel does not seem to remember anykel does not seem to remember any-thing about it.

### Caught by an Ice Bear By CAPT. R. L. SPICER

NE never-to-be-forgotten spring I found myself on the desolate shores of Baffin's Bay, having gone north in a Newfoundland sealer from St. John's for the purpose of shooting a polar bear. Great fields of floating ice were around us, with now and then a stately glittering iceberg moving southward, and along the edge of the land hung fields of white—the "foot ice" which had formed during the winter.

The ship threaded her way through the open "leads," or lanes of water, and, on the ice-floes, or on the foot ice, the men landed now and then to slaughter the seals. These are not the fur-bearing seals which

These are not the fur-bearing seals which are hunted for their valuable pelt among the islands of Behring Sea, but another kind of seal which is hunted for the value of the oil which is extracted from its blubber.

At the curious Arctic town of Upernavik we took on board an Eskimo boy of six-teen who had arrived there in a whaler the year before, and was now anxious to re-turn to his people further north. Barren and forbidding as is the region



HE FIRED STRAIGHT INTO THE BEAR'S BYE

where he was born, he was homesick for it and begged to be allowed to work his passage north.

He said his name was Awaklok, the same as that of one of Captain Kane's Eskimo friends, but we called him David—it was shorter and easier for us, and the boy did not object.

one day when the ship was moored to a large floe, I went out accompanied by David. The floe was not level, but full of hummocks and ragged ridges, as if it had been broken up at one time and frozen together again. David carried a sealing rifle and I had my express.

gether again. David carried a sealing rifle and I had my express.

I wandered far from the ship till I could only see its spars towering over the hummocks and ridges. David also was hidden by an Ice hummock.

Suddenly I felt a tap on my back like a hearty slap from a too impulsive friend and the next instant, before I could look around, a strong blow stretched me flat on the ice and sent my gun flying. Something held me down with a firm pressure on my back. Twisting my head sideways, I saw towering above me the white body of a polar bear. It looked to me, just then, to be as big as an elephant.

I was half stunned, but retained sense enough to realize that my moments of life were probably numbered. Nevertheless I tried to reach around with one hand to get at my hunting knife, determined to die fighting. At the same instant I heard a shout, and then the report of a rifle.

The huge body above me quivered, made an effort to move forward and then fell across my prostrate body, nearly crushing me with its weight.

I crawled painfully from under the carcass of the bear and lay for a moment bruised and panting on the ice to see David standing beside me with his rifle in his hand.

He had stepped around the corner of a

hand.

He had stepped around the corner of a

hillock just as the bear knocked me down, and, running up close to the huge beast, had fired straight into one of his eyes, pentrating the brain and causing almost instant death.

Although the bear had looked so huge to me when he was holding me down upon the

me when he was holding me down upon the ice, we found on measuring him that he was not of unusual size.

David and I stripped the animal of its hide, and the pelt is now in my possession, the boy insisting that I should take it, though it was by right his, he having shot the beast. But he said: "Much more bear where I go—too much bear," and I tried to make up to him for the skin by presents of knives, an iron pot and other things an Eskimo most prizes.

### A Night With Italian Devilfish Catchers

F THE SIGNOR he like to see the fishing, it is that he can go with us to-night," said my host on the beautiful island of Capri to me one

"What are you going to catch?" asked I.
"The sepla, Signor," said he. "What you call the cuttlefish. The devilfish, that is

"Well," said I, "I can't miss a deviifish expedition."

So that night, as soon as the darkness had settled over the mighty cliffs of the wonderful island, we went forth into the rolling ocean off the weird coast.

Hore and there we saw darting lights, swinging up and down more or less wildly. These as I soon learned from my guides, were the torches carried by the fishermen, and waved in order to attract the devilian-for the bait that is used in this peculiar fishing is not bait that is put on hooks, but just plain fire.

True, the fishermen of Capri use hooks, too, but these hooks have no bait on them at all. They are simply thrown into the water and dragged swiftly to and fro, and the devilfish, which are extremely



THE PISHERMAN GRASP THE UGLY THINGS ABOUND THE MECK

inquisitive and greedy, leap at them as they dash around in the blinding glare of the torchlight.

torchlight.

Before long our boat was in the thick of the fun. All around us were fishermen, their boats moving gracefully about, propelled by strong arms. The black cliffs echoed to the laughter and wild cries of the excitable Italians.

We threw our lines over, each armed with triple hooks, very long and sharp. The torches fastened in the bow threw a weird, red light over the sea all around us.

around us.
Soon I saw queer, gruesome shapes mov-

Soon I saw queer, gruesome shapes moving like swiftly flitting shadows just under the surface. They were uncouth things, looking like great bags, with tangles of snake-like things trailing behind them and writhing hideously as they moved.

These were the cuttlefish, dashing into the fascinating circle of light. The trailing things that streamed out behind them were their arms, and when occasionally I got a close view of one, I could see two enormous flat glassy eyes at the base of the nasty bunch of arms. Then I learned that the devilighs swim backward. They propel themselves by pumping water

learned that the devilfish swim backward. They propel themselves by pumping water into their bags of bodies, and then ejecting it violently with a squirt, thus sending themselves along very swiftly indeed. All at once my hook sagged heavily, and the next moment something at the end of it began to splash on the surface. I had hooked one of the hideous fellows, and I hauled in full of curiosity.

My prey came in easily enough, and I raised it to the gunwale of the boat before I heard the warning cries of the fishermen.

nen. Then I learned something more, and a ery unpleasant something, about the very un devilfish.

Hardly had I raised the creature from the sea before I was blinded by a biting black fluid that was shot violently into my face by my victim. The creature had discharged its "ink fountain" from which is gets its name "sepia."

my face by my victim. The creature had discharged its "ink fountain" from which is gets its name "sepia."

This is a regular trick of the devilfish, well known to all the fishermen, who take care to avoid it by grasping the ugly things tightly around the neck as soon as they have hauled them in close enough.

The neck is just where the night-mare-like head with the arms on it meets the slate-colored bag-body; and I found that

his inquisitors as good as they sent, and

his inquisitors as good as they sent, and in five minutes would have been received into the heart of the fraternity. But being a stranger in a strange land, he felt much as a solitary traveler feels when he finds himself suddenly surrounded by a group of highwaymen or Indians.

Tom Lee, who always bullied every boy who would let him, committed the first overt act. Stepping out of the circle, he hit Felipe a smart smack on the cheek and, jumping back, put up his fists in a belligerent attitude and cried, "Come on, come on!"

The art of boxing was an unknown one to the Cuban boy, but the slap on the face aroused all his Spanish blood. He sprang at Tom, scratching and biting like a cat. Tom floored him with a blow right on the nose and left him rolling on the ground in tears of hysterical rage.

Dick Buxton raised the stranger and led him into a grove which bordered on the playground, striving to comfort him. When the Cuban boy had got over his hysterical attack he swore eternal friendship to Dick, and confided to him that he had in his luggage a big knife with which he proposed to wipe out his disgrace.

"No, you won't," replied Dick. "Every boy's luggage is overhauled by one of the teachers when he first comes here, and by this time your knife is swiped."

No, you won't," replied Dick. "Every boy's luggage is overhauled by one of the teachers when he first comes here, and by this time your knife is swiped."
"Swiped?" inquired Felipe, not as yet being familiar with American slang.
"Yes—confiscated if you like that better—filed for reference. Besides, we American boys don't do things that way. What you want to do is to learn to box. Tom isn't such a bad fellow at heart, but he has got into a bad habit of playing the bully. Now you do just as I tell you and you will come out all right."

The result of the conference was that Dick and Felipe became friends, the latter agreeing to do exactly as the former said in the matter of Tom, and, as Dick was the proud possessor of a set of boxing gloves, he secretly gave his new friend lessons in the art of self-defense at every opportunity.

Felipe never became an expert boxer, but he did fairly well under Dick's instructions and the other boys finding that the

but he did fairly well under Dick's instruc-tions, and the other boys, finding that the newcomer was really a pretty good fellow, treated him as well as could be expected—all except Tom, who would have at-tacked Felipe again, but was restrained



HE CLOSED HIS TEETH ON IT WITH A SNAP

and I was repaid for my long voyage, for the Norfolk Islanders are a fine class of people. The original settlers came from Pitcairn Island, so the people are descend-ants of the famous mutineers of the Bounty, and they told me stories enough to fill a book.

They are splendid seamen, for they earn a great part of their incomes by hunting whales and sharks in small boats on the mighty rollers of the South Pacific. After I had been at the island for a few days, I accompanied the men on such a sharking expedition

I had been at the island for a few days, I accompanied the men on such a sharking expedition.

To get to the sharking grounds, the long, lean boats have to "run the bar." The bar is a jagged volcanic rock, and there is just enough water over it to float the craft. If a boat gets into the trough of a wave just as it is above the bar, its bottom will hit the reef with a slam.

So there is excitement enough in going sharking even before you see a shark. The boat tosses crazily, now up, up, up. Then down, down, down! Suddenly the steersman roars something, and the craft shoots straight at a green wall of water, buries in it, climbs it somehow, and presently is careening high on top of it and preparing to dive headfirst down the other side. The landsman imagines that this is the end, surely. Before he can gather his scattered senses, the boat is dipping and rolling smoothly over the heavy but regular swells of the open sea and the crashing bar is astern.

Not far away is a queer, shining, black thing like a leg of mutter sail.

ing bar is astern.

Not far away is a queer, shining, black thing like a leg of mutton sail. It waggles like one, too. The boat glides toward it, stops, and from the hand of the man in the bow darts a glinting steel weapon. It dives into the sea just below the black sail and off it goes with a whis!

whis!

Unlike a whale, which usually starts off in a straight course, the shark when harpooned darts in all directions and will even leap clear of the water. All these things were done by the shark we struck that day. The line went this way and that way, and the boat went from one side to the other like a wagon behind a runaway horse. But the worst was to come.

come.

He was a big shark, eighteen feet long by actual measure. (We didn't measure him just then, however.) After a particularly vicious spurt to one side, during which he showed his whole wicked-looking black body and huge fins, he suddenly twisted his ugly form into a half circle and jerked himself straight at us.

The men backed water with all their might, but no oars could move a boat as fast as that big shark moved. In a moment his head struck the bow and split the stem all the way up. He backed off a bit and we saw a long sliver of the oak wood stuck in his head almost between his eyes.

Infuriated by pain, he came again and this time bit at the boat. His jaws were so vast that he managed actually to take a good part of the bow in, and when he closed his teeth on it with a snap, the wood splintered as it would under a rail-

road train.
Of course the sea rushed in at once and the craft sank under us. We all paddled and kicked to stay affoat, each man, under orders from the steersman, laying one hand on the wreck of the boat for sup-

You may imagine that it was not a pleasant plight. The shark had sunken below the surface, but that he was close to us could be seen from the swirls that appeared here and there around the boat. Somewhere under us the wounded monster was rolling around trying to release himself from the harpoon, and we knew that he might rise in renewed fury at any instant.

I wasn't a bit glad that I had gone on the sharking cruise; and while the shivers went up and down my dangling legs, I vowed that I would never go on one

again, never, never!
Suddenly, with a spouting of waters and a frothing where he beat it, the great fish arose right among us. He came out so far that we could see the harpoon in his

Wildly he thrashed to and fro, and once I looked straight into that horrible open cavern of a mouth. We all made sure that at least one of us would be crunched the next instant. But a piece of rare luck intervened.

By strange chance, the razor-like kill-ing lance which is used to stab a har-pooned fish after he is tired out, had be-come fixed in the wreckage. The shark, bothered by the harpoon line, threw him-self around to escape it, and drove him-self straight at the lance, which at once slipped into his belly. Refore the heave slipped into his belly. Before the heavy fish could check himself he had buried the

fish could check himself he had buried the terrible weapon in his body half way to the haft, and, as we found out afterward, the blade had cut his heart clean in two. Ten minutes afterward we were picked up—just in time to escape a school of our dead victim's friends, who had been attracted by the blood. That was my first and last attempt at hunting sharks off Norfolk Island.



I had to collect some nerve before I could muster up enough to grab my first devil-fish that way. But it was easy enough after I learned it, for the sepia is completely powerless to do any harm when it is and they had an argument, accompanied

was ended for that night.

Ugly as they are, the devilfish are considered great delicacies by the Italians.

and, as a metter of fact, they are pretty and, as a metter of lact, they are pictly good when they are cooked right. So our catch of the night did not go to waste, but put a nice sum of money into the pockets of my hosts.

### The Bully and the Cuban

THE SMALL boys in the lowest grade of the Cedar Hill academy could hardly wait for the recreation hour. A new boy had appeared at the boarding school, and his advent had made a sensation.

He was a slim, swarthy, sallow young fellow from Cuba, sent to the "States" for his education, and he spoke English

with a marked Spanish accent.
When the boys were let loose upon the playground, a group gathered immediately around the bewildered Cuban youth, who greeted the curious stares with which he

greeted the curious stares with which he was regarded with a polite "Good morning, gentlemen, Americanos."
"Get on to the Dago!" shouted Willie Johnes from behind the shoulders of his comrades. "Where did you come from?" "What is your name?" "Can you box?" were some of the questions hurled at the bewildered boy, who began to look a little scared at the unfriendly faces.
"My name is Felipe Delgardo. I come from Habana. Have the goodness to stand aside and let me pass," responded the strange boy with dignity, but no one made way for him.

way for him.

Had he been a Yankee boy used to the ways of Yankee boys, he would have given

fish that way. But it was easy enough after I learned it, for the sepia is completely powerless to do any harm when it is so seized.

We caught several hundred devilfish. Then all at once they disappeared, and the fishermen, as with one accord, hauled their lines in and started for the shore. They explained to me that the schools had passed out to sea, and that the sport was ended for that night.

Ugly as they are, the devilfish are considered great delicacies by the Italians.

Finally, one day, Felipe met Tom walk-ling alone in a remote part of the grove, and they had an argument, accompanied by a few passes with the fists.

"What is the matter with you, anyway?" and Tom, after a few passes had shown him that Felipe was at least his match.

"I have no wish to fight you," said Felipe with dignity, "but when I came here a stranger you insuited me without cause before the school. Call you it manly?"

Well, no," replied Tom slowly "I guess could

"Well, no," replied Tom slowly, "I guess it wasn't hardly fair." "Suppose you to be in Cuba, would you like the same?"

like the same?"
"Hardly," replied Tom with frankness.
"I guess it was a rather low down thing to do. Come back to the playground."
"For what?" inquired Felipe.
"Come on." said Tom, and Felipe went.
The boys gathered around in a ring on seeing Tom and Felipe together, and Tom made a speech.
"Fellows," he said, "Cuba here has acted like a man. Twice he had a chance to tell on me when he saw me violating the rules and didn't do it. Just now he offered

tell on me when he saw me violating the rules and didn't do it. Just now he offered to fight me. He isn't such a bad fellow after all, and I apologise for the way I treated him the first day he was here."

They gave three cheers for Tom and three for "Cuba," and by the end of the term Fellpe was the most popular boy in school.

### The Shark that Nearly Got Us

EARLY a thousand miles from Sydney, New South Wales, is a speck in the ocean wastes—an island not quite five miles long, made of high rocks that are crowned by magnificent pine trees. On this lonely rock there live a little more than nine hundred people, who do not see a stranger except by chance if a whaling vessel happens to stop there, or a traveler is led by curi-osity to visit them by means of the steamship that calls there a few times a

It was curiosity that led me to call there, Norfolk Island.



DAMERICAN BOY

CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS

The Electrical Correspondence Club

The Mechanical Correspondence Club

The Stamp Correspondence Club

The Literary and Educational Correspondence Club

The Curio Correspondence Club

The Amateur Journalists' Correspondence Club

The Amateur Photographers' Correspondence Club

The Amateur Artists' Correspondence Club

The International Correspondence Club

The Young Farmers' Correspondence Club

The Puzzle Correspondence Club

The Young Hunters' Correspondence Club

The Poultry and Pet Stock Correspondence

The Coin Correspondence Club

The "How I Make Money" Correspondence

Club

The Boy Naturalists' Correspondence Club

URING the few years last past The American Boy has received hundreds, if not thousands, of letters from boys asking that its editor put the writers into correspondence with other boys. Boys interested in electricity have wanted to correspond with other boys interested in the same subject. Boys interested in poultry raising have wanted to correspond with other boys interested in the same pursuit. Boys interested in travel have wanted to talk through the mails with other boys traveling or interested in travel. The American Boy has found it impracticable to meet these requests. To print them in The American Boy would be to encourage thousands of like requests and encroach upon space in its columns that belongs to its readers. For a long time we have been considering the question as to how we may meet this demand, which is quite evident, and at the same time not do an injustice to the general reader by taking up a portion of the valuable space in The American Boy for the publishing of these requests month after month. We have hit upon the following plan and we invite all boys interested in particular subjects to immediately take advantage of it.

Correspondence clubs will be organized embracing every important field of boy endeavor. Any boy may join one or more of these clubs on the payment of a small fee for each, the fees going to cover the expense in the office of The American Boy of maintaining a department, with competent clerks, the payment of postage, and other expenses incidental to the service. On the first of every month there will be sent out from the office of The American Boy to every member of each club the names and addresses of his fellow members. Every member will have before him, therefore, at all times, the names and addresses of the membership in the club, or clubs, to which he belongs. The joining of a club will be taken to mean that the member is willing to correspond with boys in the club on the matter signified by the club name. For instance, a boy is interested in electrical work and he wants to correspond with boys all over the world regarding electrical matters, comparing experiences, asking questions, submitting problems. He sends fifty cents as an enrollment fee, entitling him to a year's membership in The American Boy Electrical Correspondence Club. On the first of each month thereafter, we send him a list of the names and addresses of his fellow members. He is at liberty to put himself into correspondence with any of these members directly—not through the office of The American Boy.

The following clubs are announced as ready for applications for membership. The applications should be addressed to the Secretary of Correspondence Clubs, care of The American Boy, Detroit, Michigan:

THE ELECTRICAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. This club will be composed of boys interested in Electricity in all its various workings, and correspondence may relate to any matter in which Electricity plays a part.

THE MECHANICAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. This club will cover all subjects embraced under the term Mechanics. Correspondence will relate to machines and machinery.

THE STAMP CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. As indicated by the name, boys interested in stamp collecting, exchanging of stamps, buying and selling of stamps, and the study of stamps in general will become members of this club.

THE LITERARY AND EDUCATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Thousands of boys with a love for reading or a desire for an education are so situated that the getting of good reading matter and the obtaining of an education is difficult. Many helpful suggestions from one boy to another can be given in such a club.

THE CURIO CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. All boys interested in curios and the collecting of rare articles such as Indian, Japanese and Mexican things of interest and of rare value will group themselves under this club name. Boys who collect various kinds of ore, minerals, etc., are included.

THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. This club will afford an opportunity for all boys interested in printing and journalism to correspond with one another, exchanging their papers and products and coming into friendly competiton and general helpful relation.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. In this club boys interested in photography are invited to associate themselves. No club can be of more advantage to its members than this one, as the members can exchange interesting photographs, taken about their homes. The boy may learn by comparison of his own work with that of his fellows wherein he is deficient.

THE AMATEUR ARTISTS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. All boys interested in drawing, painting, sculpture and kindred arts are invited to join this club and, by correspondence with one another and mutual exchange of samples of work and mutual criticism, assist one another.

THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Boys residing in every part of the world, desirous of corresponding with boys living in other countries than their own, may, through the medium of this club, be enabled to obtain correspondents. It must not be forgotten that THE AMERICAN BOY circulates in every country on the globe. Nothing could be more pleasurable or profitable to a boy in the United States than to correspond with a boy in Japan, or in India, or in some South American country.

THE YOUNG FARMERS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Boys on farms, young gardeners, and florists, will find great benefit from correspondence with other boys in like situations in other parts of the country, comparing notes as to varieties of seeds, crops, etc.

THE PUZZLE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. All boys interested in puzzles and desirous of exchanging puzzles and doing puzzle work in common will find this club of advantage.

THE YOUNG HUNTERS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUS. All boys interested in hunting, and desirous of corresponding with boys hunting either the same or different game than such as found in the localities of the writers will find much pleasure and profit in correspondence to be had through membership in this club.

THE POULTRY AND PET STOCK CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. In joining this club, boys are requested to state in what sort of stock they are interested, whether poultry, bees, dogs, rabbits, or other animals.

THE COIN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Boys interested in exchanging coins and the buying or selling of rare coins, and desirous of exchanging experience and asking questions, etc., regarding coins will under this club name come into correspondence.

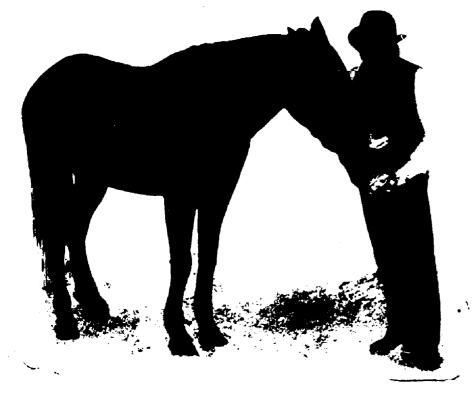
THE "HOW I MAKE MONEY" CORRESPONDENCE CLUS. This club will give boys the opportunity to correspond with other boys on the subject of money making and saving. Many boys by employing spare moments from school and study are earning and saving money and would be glad to tell other boys how to go about it.

THE BOY NATURALISTS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Under this head boys may write one another about animal and vegetable life, fossils, minerals, etc. The comparison of notes by boys in various parts of the earth should prove very interesting and profitable.

It is not necessary that one should be a subscriber to The American Boy to be a member of a club. No particular form is required to be filled in making an application for membership. Simply send fifty cents and say that you would like to become a member of some one of the clubs, naming it. There is no objection to one becoming a member of more than one club. The fee is the same for each club and one can join as many as he chooses. The applicant, in sending in his name and address, must state his age, as the age will, in every case, be printed in the lists of members in connection with the name, so that in choosing correspondents a boy of, say, eighteen may avoid, if he so desires, writing to a boy of twelve, and vice versa. Address should be given in full. It should be borne in mind that the letters between the boys are not to be sent to the office of The American Boy, but sent direct. The request that letters sent us be forwarded cannot be complied with. The trouble and expense would be too great for us to undertake to become a clearing house for correspondence.

No further notice of these clubs will appear in The American Boy for some months to come other than a possible mere mention. Every boy, therefore, who desires to take advantage of the offer hereby made should do so at once.

Address, Secretary of Correspondence Clubs, care of The American Boy, Detroit, Michigan



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### "Colonel Dixon"—A Remarkable Horse

Plain hypnotism is the explanation given by the owner of a horse in Milwaukee, Wis., for the wonderful powers possessed by this animal. "Colonel Dixon," as his owner, James Goodman, calis him, can count, giving arithmetical results by stamping his feet, and answers "yes" or "no" to any question put to him. The correctness or otherwise of the answers depends upon the owner of the horse, who frankly declares that he compels the animal to answer as he willis by mere force of mental telepathy. Goodman's father was a Russian Cossack, and scientists who have been puzzled by the performance of "Colonel Dixon," suggest that generations of close acquaintanceship with horses have given the family of the Goodmans an almost superhuman control over the animals.

"Add three and five," said Goodman to the horse, in the presence of a number of visitors recently. The horse stamped his forefoot eight times, In rapid succession he subtracted and multiplied figures at command, never once making a mistake. To prove his claim that Hans, the German horse who has been astonishing the scientific world, does his tricks by reason of mental telepathy. Goodman undertook to make "Colonel Dixon" miscalculate. After asking the animal to add three and two, Goodman steadily fixed his mind on the figure four, and sure enough the animal stopped tapping his hoof when four was reached.

"Colonel Dixon" travels between the shafts of a delivery wagon when not in the stable resting or doing the multiplication sum, and his owner says he has taught him to stop at the houses along his route by merely willing that he shall do it. The accompanying photograph, taken by a Milwaukee photographer especially for THE AMERICAN ROY, shows "Colonel Dixon" informing a man of the denomination of a bill held in the latter's hand.

### American Patriotism

American Patriotism

One of our readers, who needed not to be ashamed, if indeed he was ashamed, to sign his name, requests of the editor that he write an article on patriotism. He thinks that patriotism in America is dying out, and says that if we will look about us we will discover for ourselves that fact. He has been traveling about the country engaged in selling flags and putting up decorations. He calls attention to the fact that on Washington's Birthday this year, in a certain city, he found only five flags displayed in a distance of eleven blocks. He wants to know if it is coming to pass that politics and the almighty dollar is the god of the United States. He compares American people with the Japanese in this respect and tells us what everyone has come to know—that the Japanese are perhaps the most loyal to their flag of all the peoples of the earth. Our correspondent, whoever he is, says that he was at St. Louis on AMERICAN BOY DAY, and that he and his father both appear in the group picture of the boys taken on the steps of Festival Hall.

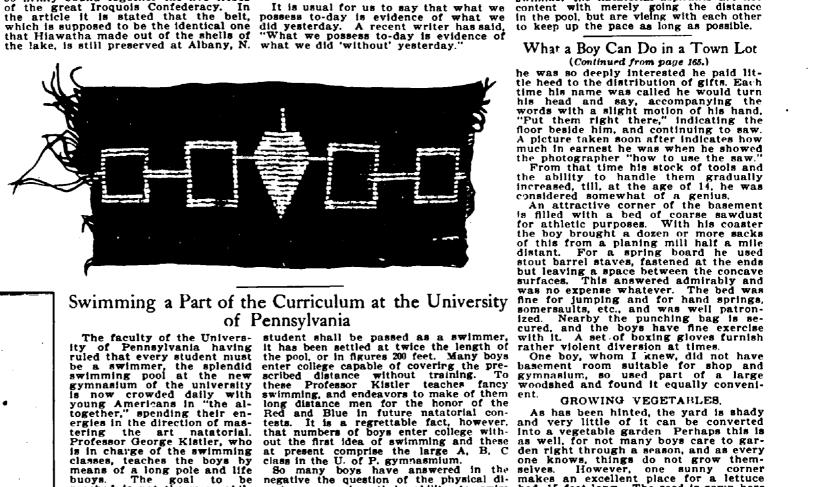
We will only add that on Washington's Birthday, and in the city of Detroit, the principal business street was without a single decoration, excepting, perhaps a mile from the center of the city, where two flags were seen hanging from residences. There was absolutely nothing in the appearance of the streets and stores to indicate that one of the two or three great patriotic days of the year was at hand. There is no question in the mind of the editor that the writer of this letter is near the truth when he says that patriotism in the United States is at a low ebb. Every American boy

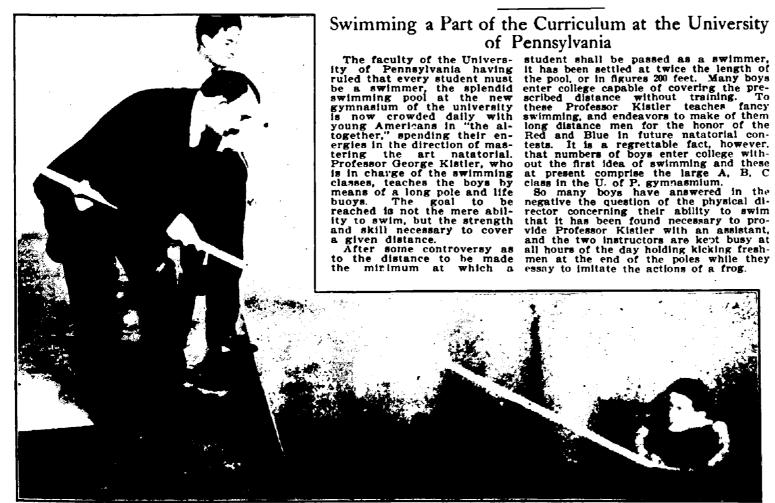
should own a flag and show his colors on every occasion—particularly on such occasions as the anniversary of the birth of the Father of his Country.

In our September, 1904, number appeared "A Real Indian Story of Hiawatha." By referring to the story, our readers will learn that among the many fairy stories concerning Hiawatha is one which recounts how he made the great wampum belt, the possession of which so firmly bound together the five tribes of the great Iroquois Confederacy. In the article it is stated that the belt, which is supposed to be the identical one that Hiawatha made out of the shells of the lake, is still preserved at Albany, N.

Hiawatha's Wampum Belt

It is usual for us to say that what we possess to-day is evidence of what we did yesterday. A recent writer has said, "What we possess to-day is evidence of what we did 'without' yesterday."







Y. We are enabled through courtesy of J. E. Boos, of Albany, N. Y., to show our readers a photograph of the belt.

As it has been decreed by the college authorities that no student shall be allowed to take part in rowing events until he has proved himself a long distance swimmer the natatorial aspirants are not content with merely going the distance in the pool, but are vieing with each other to keep up the pace as long as possible.

As has been hinted, the yard is shady and very little of it can be converted into a vegetable garden Perhaps this is as well, for not many boys care to garden right through a season, and as every one knows, things do not grow themselves. However, one sunny corner makes an excellent place for a lettuce bed, 15 feet long. The seed is sown here in rows about six inches apart, a new row being put in every two weeks for about three months. This insures fresh lettuce for many months, and, if the boy buys the seed, does the work, and sells the product at home for a reasonable price, he gets a little spending money which was easily earned.

Tomatoes are grown along one side of the yard, the plants being set in two rows, two feet apart each way, and produce an abundance of tomatoes for the ordinary family. That is, the plants will yield generously if cared for, and staked to keep them off the ground. A few beets are planted between the rows of tomatoes and most of them are ready to use for "greens" before the other plants are large enough to interfere with their growth. The space to be devoted to garden is limited, but the results are satisfactory, after all.

Lest the reader imagine the boy spends all his time outside the house, it is wise, perhaps, to add that he has various indbor amusements, which include games, books and music, the violin being his chosen instrument. In a cabinet in his room he has about 200 mounted specimens, butterflies and other insects, most of which he has identified and named with the help of two good books on the subject.

PROPESSOR GEORGE KISTLER TRACHING A STUDENT HOW TO SWIM

couldn't stand it any longer, and I near-

ly gave up.

Again by a supreme effort I recovered and tried to be calm. In those few moments I suffered the agonies of death. Then at last a deadly sickness came over

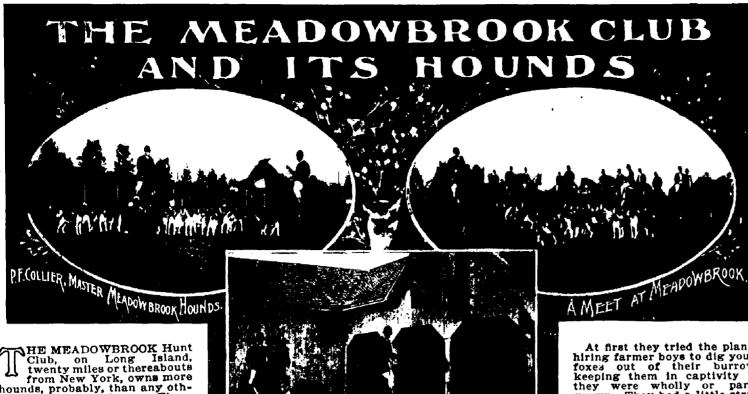
ments I suffered the agonies of death. Then at last a deadly sickness came over me and I lost consciousness.

When I regained consciousness I was again in the world of the living,—the world that I have liked better ever since. I was in my own home, in my own bed, and suffering only from congestion and fright. On inquiring how I was saved from death by suffocation, the boys told me that my brother's frantic appeals for help had been answered by a passing lineman, who had by accident dug in the right place, in fact, striking my foot. The boys also said that he had pulled me out at the risk of broken arms and wrenched limbs. I also learned that the time which seemed to me to be so long was but four minutes, strange as it may seem. I quickly recovered from this narrow escape.

In the foregoing I have endeavored to relate just how it felt to a twelve-year-old boy to go through the sensations of despair and the consciousness of approaching death. This story points no moral, other than, perhaps, boys should think twice before digging caves in sandbanks.

Columbia Park Boys' Club

We have received from Sidney S. Pelx-



HE MEADOWBROOK Hunt Club, on Long Island, twenty miles or thereabouts from New York, owns more hounds, probably, than any other hunt club in existence. There are two hundred of them, divided into three packs—one hundred are English foxhounds, while the other hundred are part American foxhounds and part drag hounds. The English fox-hounds are nearly all late importations; the American foxhounds are of old Virginia stock; the drag hounds, though of American breeding, came originally from English stock, which has been carefully kept from contamination. So far as is known, there is no single club in England, the home land of fox hunting, which owns so many hounds. Certainly no other American hunting organization has so many.

tainly no other American hunting organiza-tion has so many.

The Meadowbrook Hunt Club has anoth-er distinction. Its Master of Hounds, P.

F. Collier, the publisher, is the oldest man holding such a place in America. He is not far from seventy, one way or the other: undoubtedly he is the hardest rider to hounds of his age in this country (unless some unknown Southern gentleman leads him), and, so far as heard from, he has no peer in this line on the other side of the water either.

Only the other day he led three hunts in one day—with the English fox-hounds at 10 o'clock, with the American fox-hounds at 10 o'clock, with the American fox-hounds at 1 o'clock and with the drag hounds at 3. He was in the saddle almost continuously eight or nine hours; he rode about forty miles, for each of the runs was at least ten miles long, and he rode the five miles from the first to the second meeting place and the three miles from the second to the third. He bestrode at least six separate horses that day, making a change whenever his mount was tired, and at the end seemed remarkably fresh and unwearied considering the ground he and at the end seemed remarkably fresh and unwearied considering the ground he had covered and the stiff barriers he had taken. His friends and fellow-huntsmen declare, not only that he is the hardest rider of his age they know anything about, but that they never heard of anyone of any age attending three such meets in one day.

The senior Mr. Collier has been "a good sport" for more than a generation. Some The senior Mr. Collier has been "a good sport" for more than a generation. Some years ago he was a most enthusiastic stag hunter. He kept a tame stag then, which he used to release on occasion, when he would invite his friends to join him in the chase with a pack of hounds. The stag was a fine runner and seemed to enjoy the sport as well as the men who pursued him, or the dogs either. No matter how floet the dogs, they never caught the stag; when he was tired out he would find his way to his paddock, where he would clear the eight-foot fence at a bound. Once inside he could turn and view with disdain the impotent efforts of the hounds to get at him. Notwithstanding the complete harmlessness of stag-hunting as practiced by Mr. Collier and his friends, it was stopped by order of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I have heard, but have not verified the statement, that the stag is still alive, veteran of a hundred hunts.

The Meadowbrook Hunt Club is the oldest in America. It was formed in 1875.

THEO. A. HAVEMEYER AND HOUNDS.

hundred hunts.

The Meadowbrook Hunt Club is the oldest in America. It was formed in 1876, A. Belmont Purdy being one of its chief promoters. Its location near Hempstead was determined by the proximity of the curious stretch of territory in that neighborhood known as the Hempstead Plains. This territory, treeless, almost level and with soil so barren as to be of no practical farming value, was then about 3,000 acres in extent, and admirably adapted to the use of the club for drag hunting. At first it was hoped that foxes would be found there in sufficient number to make the use of the drag unnecessary, but the hope was not realized.

At first they tried the plan of hiring farmer boys to dig young foxes out of their burrows, keeping them in captivity till they were wholly or partly grown. They had a little structure which they called the fox ture, which they called the fox house, built for that purpose near the club house. On a meet day one of these "tame" foxes would be released, but the result never was satisfactory. sult never was satisfactory. The hunters soon found that a

sult never was satisfactory. The hunters soon found that a fox which has once been imprisoned will rarely run any distance. The longest run ever made by a released fox at a Meadowbrook Hunt Club meet. I am told, was three miles though the shortest run thought at all worth while by cross-country riders is ten miles. Many of the released foxes would run only 300 or 400 yards. Frightened almost to death by the baying of the hounds, they would squat close to the ground and allow themselves to be forn to pieces by the fierce pursuers. In more than one instance the fox would not run at all, even when prodded and kicked by the man who had released him. Very occasionally, indeed, a fox is found on the Hempstead Plains, but old Meadowbrook hunters say that not one a season is killed in that locality, even now, when the club is doing much of its hunting in the Wheatley Hills to the north of the plains.

Theodore Roosevelt was an active member of the Mcadowbrook Club years before he became President, and used to hunt on the plains with his younger brother, Elliott, who was quite as enthusiastic as Theodore in sporting matters, and whose death saddened the older brother perceptibly for a long time. Foxhall Keene, one of Meadowbrook's most famous riders, will, probably, hunt on Long Island no more, for he has gone to Europe, perhaps permanently.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, of the multi-

for he has gone to Europe, perhaps permanently.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, of the multimillionaire sugar family, who used to be master of the hounds in the hunts of the old Westchester Country Club, is one of the Meadowbrook riders who will hunt on the plains as long as anybody, and so will Ralph H. Ellis, who was long Meadowbrook's master of the hounds, and who got its splendid packs together and still gives them much attention.

We have received from Sidney S. Pelxotto, "Head-worker" of the Columbia Park Boys' Club of San Francisco, an interesting letter regarding the organization, and some printed matter descriptive of it. Mr. Peixotto was the organizer of this splendid club, composed of two hundred and ten boys, who have made a place and a name for themselves on the Pacific Coast. The club is distinguished for many things—its military band, its boys' chorus of thirty-five voices, its drum and bugle corps, its gymnasium work, its military department, its manual and art training departments; its summer camps, its debating society, its athletic teams, its commercial bank, and its library. A dozen pages of THE AMERICAN BOY might be well used in describing this wonderful organization. Perhaps sometime some forceful writer from San Francisco will give us a condensed, illustrated account of this club that will fit the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY. For the present mere mention will have to suffice.





EARN A WATCH. I will give any boy or girl a watch for doing a little work for me. Send your name to me and I will send full particulars. Charles W. Snyder, Sodus, N. Y.

PARACHUTE LEAPS! With our patent autocan make parachutes leap 100 yards to 3 miles from any
hite like a man from a balloon. Sent with Elite Catalogue for loc. Kite. Parachutes and automatic switch
only 250. PARACHUTE KITE CO., Dept. A.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

### BURIED ALIVE

LITTLE OVER three years ago a number of boys and myself decided to dig a tunnel in a lot near my home. This lot, which was about seventy-five yards from the street, had a sandy, shifty soil and was hilly—that is, covered with several small grass-tonped hillocks consisting of a loam, making it very treacherous. But boys seldom take consequences into consideration, and we, being like the average boys in this respect, decided to dig our tunnel

in this respect, decided to dig our tunnel in this lot.

We first dug a jagged hole about five feet deep and then proceeded to do the tunneling. We tunneled on all sides of the cave proper and cut connecting tun-

nels here and there in its walls. For a week or more we worked like beavers on this, our first piece of engineering. At last on one bright morning.—Good Friday by the way,—we finished our cave and tunnel.

There it was—a big square hole four feet square and five feet deep, with openings in the walls used as entrances to the tunnel that nearly surrounded the former hole. Of all the proud boys you ever saw, none could be found that could compare with us. But although we had finished our job, we needed some one to clean up the inside for us. All were clean up the inside for us. All were anxious to do it, and at last we decided to cast chances for the honor of finish-

ing the place.
There were four of us that wanted the There were four of us that wanted the task,—my brother, and Granny, and Mike and myself. So we gave an onlooker four bits of straw, all differing in size. I drew the winning straw, and with a whoop of delight grabbed the only shovel there and crawled into the nearest opening and proceeded to clean out. For awhile I could be seen, but, as I cleared out more and more, I got farther away from the entrance. On finishing. I turned around and on all fours



F. PORTER CARUTHERS

unable to move a muscle of my body. Yet I afterwards learned I was only under that dreadful pile of earth between three and four minutes. At first, on account of the oxygen that had been caught in the hole, I got along all right, just lying there as calmly as I could, waiting.

A TRUE STORY BY F. PORTER CAR-UTHERS, AGED 15, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

under eleven years old, such as my brother was, with only his naked hands to work with, expect to save me in a few moments, or, as I began realizing every moment might be too late, expect to dig through five feet of earth that we had spent days and days digging under.

I repeat, no wonder I lost hope of ever seeing the world again,—the world that suddenly had become to me so beautiful. And then came a spark of hope; I heard men's voices and a sharp rasping of a

men's voices and a sharp rasping of a shovel as it struck pebbles in the earth, but, try as I might, I realized that I was sinking, and felt that they would be too

Those who have never been in such a position as this, put yourselves in my place. Imagine hearing sounds of rescue, but at the same time bleeding at the nose from congestion, one of the first signs of suffocation: realizing that they didn't know in what portion of the hillock I was buried and that they had to go with much care for fear of cutting you with the shovel. Imagine this predicament, and not one will see hope of dicament, and not one will see hope of

accament, and not one will see hope of escape.

All this time I was rapidly losing consciousness. I became frantic. Time after time I tried to raise myself from under that awful burden. Time after time I tried to dig my way out of five feet of earth with my right hand—the only limb or muscle that I could move. And meanwhile that loose, sandy soil continued settling, seeking every nook and cranny In falling, as stated, I had thrown my arm forward, to protect my face, and I held it there as I fell face downward. No dirt touched my face where my forearm protected it, thus leaving a small breathing space.

For hours, it seemed to me, I lay there unable to move a muscle of my hours.

### TO SOLICITORS AND AGENTS

out. For awhile I could be seen, but a cleared out more and more, I got farther away from the entrance. On finishing, I turned around and on all fours proceeded to crawl out.

But hardly had I started when I heard a warning cry of danger, which as far the entrance was cracking.

But hardly had I started when I heard a warning cry of danger, which as far the entrance was cracking.

Then I heard frantic cries for help, and my brother's voice, screaming in a my brother's voice, screaming in a my brother's voice, screaming in a my head, hitting the top, dislodged a big lump of dirt, which hit me as I and my brother's hout for help and still and hardly accomplished this (which had hardly accomplished this (which ally losing me, face dowaward, at the very bottom of that awful mass of sandy soil, five feet deep.

The tween three and four minutes.

tween three and four minutes.

tween three and four minutes.

the oxygen that had been put along all right, just put in the field for canvassers and agents.

put in the field for canvassers and agents.

the ordinary offer a canvasser can make from twe lars per day, it is possible to make from fifte dollars with such a proposition as The Cosmopol for 1905. One canvasser has actually taken fourt of eighteen people seen. At all events you car postal, and we will forward you full particulars.

The Cosmopolation and was unable to help and still are put along the earth settling about me, and my head, hitting the earth settling about me, and proposition as the continuous accomplished this (which hit me as I had been the help and my head, hitting the earth settling about me, and my brother's voice, screaming in a could, was unable to help and my head, hitting the earth settling and my brother's voice, screaming in a law possible to make from two dollars with such a proposition as The Cosmopol for 1905. One HECOSMOPOLITAN has absolutely the best offer ever put in the field for canvassers and agents. Where under the ordinary offer a canvasser can make from two to five dollars per day, it is possible to make from fifteen to twenty dollars with such a proposition as The Cosmopolitan is making for 1905. One canvasser has actually taken fourteen orders out of eighteen people seen. At all events you can easily send a

THE COSMOPOLITAN PUBLISHING HOUSE IRVINGTON-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.



HINK of establishing a public school where it can only be reached by boats! Well, this is the experience of the children living on the St. Clair Flats, Michigan, where the silt and sand carried down the St. Clair river has formed a delta covering several thousand acres and extending into Lake St. Clair. Here, on the edges of sandbars and artificial waterways, as well as on the main channels, are to be found on the main channels, are to be found the humble homes of a score of fam-

Until last year the children of these families were cut off from all school privileges. In consequence illiteracy was general, even the parents in many cases being unable to either read or write. They could get no satisfaction out of books, magazines or newspapers, except for the illustrations and had to rally for for the illustrations, and had to rely for their information concerning the outside world on what the summer resorters told

them.

But now there is a district school there, though only for five months in the year. For seven months at least the young folks are free to fish, to set traps for muskrats, of which there is a great abundance, to skate, to sail, to "run" errands in duck boats or other kinds of boats, to gather driftwood, which in the main keeps them warm in winter, or to go in swimming.

On what is called Esmeralda cut, the

go in swimming.

On what is called Esmeralda cut, the front room of a cottage has been provided with desks, and here the dozen or so pupils within easy reach of this location gather and take up the study of the three Rs—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic—and in due time become intelligent as well as industrious citizens of this great republic.

Some of these young pupils have al-



THE TRACHER AND PUPILS

passed there could have been witnessed in a number of these Flats cottages where many of the buildings are erected on stilts, with running water underneath, men and women wrestling with the intricacles of the First Reader.

the intricacies of the First Reader,

When school lets out, in the afternoon, there is a hurry and a bustle to get away, and many a boat race takes place on the quiet waters of these liquid highways. One of the pleasures and honors of this first school in Michigan's Venice is the privilege of rowing the teacher to and from her riverside home, a short distance away.

In front of the school house is a mod-

are generally tied. A couple of the pupils last fall, however, were brought to and taken away by gasoline launch, which might be accounted as almost as aristocratic a way of attending school as with an automobile.

### The Game of Questions

Prepare a set of cards with numbers written on each in plain, large characters, and then have a duplicate set, which are to be placed in the center of the table, and the other set must be shuffled and dealt to all

the players.

When ready, one will commence by drawing a card from the table and asking any personal question. The one who holds the duplicate must put it in with the other, saying. "It is I," or "I do," or some such

answer.

The more ridiculous or saucy the question is, the greater merriment it creates; no time should be lost in finding the duplicate, but look quickly and reply promptly. Here is an example:

"Who is the laziest person here? says one, drawing from the pack a card marked 10

10.
"It is I," says the one who has the card marked 10 in his hand, throwing it on the

"Who has the darkest eyes?" says the last one, drawing out a 5.
"I have," says the one who can match the 5.

"Who has yellow hair?" says another, producing a 7.

Some Indians pick hops all through the heat of the summer and spend in a day their entire earnings for glass beads, while all the time winter is coming on Some of these young pupils have alIn front of the school house is a modand no blankets and warm clothing are
ready become teachers, for during the
est little dock, to which the row boats
provided. Some people do this who are
long winter evenings that have just that have brought the children to school not Indians.





# Boy Wanted.

Would you like to have from three to seven or eight dollars in your pocket every Saturday night? Would you like a permanent job in a kind of work you can be proud of? Write to us, send in your name and age, and we'll tell you about our plan. If you have never worked for your own money, you ought to begin. If you have been peddling papers, mowing lawns or working in a factory, we will tell you how to make more money. Work only out of school hours. Permanent profitable business in your own town. First boy to write gets first chance. If you don't want the chance yourself show this advertisement to one of your boy friends who would like to work out of school hours. Better write today.

THOMSON BROS. eo Wells St., St. Clair, Mich

### Birds' Nests That Are Eaten

Doubtless many of our readers have read of birds' nests which are eaten or made into soups, but probably few have seen them or have any idea what they are

like.

The Esculent Swallows, which build these nests, inhabit Borneo, Ceylon and Java, and in appearance closely resemble the swallows so well-know to us.

The nests are built against the sides of precipitous rocks, and are composed of a sticky fluid supplied by glands beneath the tongue of the bird.

Nothing else apparently enters into their construction beyond this glutinous secretion. The birds take infinite pains in making these dainty little structures, for they are composed entirely of these gummy threads carried backwards and forwards. These threads quickly dry and harden and



the little home becomes firmly attached

the little home becomes firmly attached to the face of the rock. A nest takes about two months to construct; each contains two eggs, pale and translucent like the nest itself.

Collecting these nests is dangerous work, but nevertheless forms quite an industry. Men are lowered down the face of cliffs by means of ropes; they knock off these nests and place them in bags, which are drawn to the top when filled.

When relaced in hot water the nests soften and swell; it is claimed they make excellent and nourishing soup.

It is certain that these edible nests are much sought after, that they fetch a high price and are esteemed a luxury.

price and are esteemed a luxury.

### My Dad

My father always says, says he, That when he was a boy like me, He never thought of having fun Till he got all his lessons done.

And he says when His father had Errands for him, he'd run like mad. It must have made his father glad To have a good son like my dad.



Advertise in The American Boy for Results



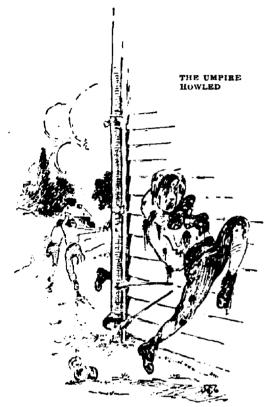
Turkey-Egg and Skuck

By BURRITT HAMILTON

OW would you like to own such a name as Jeremiah Wigglesworth Egglesford? You can have it. The boy it belongs to does not want it any more.

If you had been at Dinsmore Public School last September, you might have seen a crowd of excited boys gathered about an object of interest on the playground. The object possessed ten-year-old pomposity, Fauntieroy curls, and a lisp. It was its mamma's very ownest sugar-plum and called itself "Jeremiah Vigglesvoort Ecclesford," adding, "Puppah is a New Yok bankah."

Now the Dinsmore fellows were average boys with real red blood. They didn't care much about who one's papa was. They merely said to all newcomers, "Who are you?" And Jeremiah Wigglesworth Egglesford, up to this time, being no one in particular him-



self, was rated 'a skillet," even it his father did have three A's in Dun's.
"Hooray for Turkey-Egg!" cried Skuck Cooley, knocking off the newcomer's hat. "Hooray for Turkey-Egg!" cliorused the whole crowd. The new boy was bewildered. Never before had his dignity been violated. He ransacked his brain for a fitting retort.
"You ah guttah-snipes," roared Turkey-Egg.

"You ah guttah-snipes," roared Turkey-Egg.

I have neglected to say that Turkey-Egg was undiplomatic. Possibly you have noticed it. Inside six seconds six boys were roosting astride his prostrate magnificence.

"We'll learn ye," growled Skuck Cooley, rumpling Turkey-Egg's curls.

"I'll tell teacha! I'll tell teacha!"

"Paste him, fellers," commanded Skuck. There was an interval punctuated by wails. Then came the truce.

"I won't tell teacha! I won't tell teacha!"

'Let 'Im up."

So ended the first skirmish. Neither side foresaw the remote result of the encounter. Its immediate product was a touching interview between Superintendent Scowis, and the six assailants. Old Scowis, as the superintendent was secretly called, believed in the leather strap method of elevating the conduct of small boys. The traitorous Turkey-

of small boys. The traitorous Turkey-Egg had told.

This explains why, when school was dismissed that afternoon, six boys "legged it" for home. Arrival there ended the teacher's jurisdiction for the day. From past experience the six knew that the home government was less retributive. By the time Turkey-Egg reached his domicile, the other boys, by basty pre-arrangement, were waiting behind his father's barn. All of them were armed with home-made bows and blunt arrows, in addition to which one of them carried a can partly filled with red paint, picked up somewhere on the way. No one dreamed what color it might add to the camwhat color it might add to the campaign.

paign.
Turkey-Egg soon appeared. Emboidened by the proximity of the parental castle, he bruited forth vain-glorious deflance from the back steps.
"O gwan!" responded Skuck Cooley, the leader of the six hostilities. "We've jest comed over to git acquainted."
Reassured, Turkey-Egg ventured out. Introductions were unnecessary, Turkey-Egg remembered having met all present. With boyish immediateness, it was proposed that the assembled myrmidons amuse themselves by shooting at was proposed that the assembled myrmidons amuse themselves by shooting at a mark. Turkey-Egg assented. Skuck hung his dilapidated cap on a nail that protruded from the side of the barn. After a few rounds of arrows had been ineffectively discharged, a happy thought came to Bub Bascom. "We can't see that black cap worth a cent," said Bub, "but Turkey-Egg's hat would make just a bully mark to shoot at."

Turkey-Egg felt flattered. This was the first preference that had been

shown him by his companions. Amid shouts of approval he substituted his new straw hat for Skuck's cap. It was wonderful how the archery improved. Turkey-Egg was filled with admiration; his hat was filled with holes.

"Now," said Skuck at last, "let's try a new stunt. Me and Bub is the best shots here. Let's me and him take a shot apiece for the champeenship. Turkey-Egg can be umpire. Me and Bub'll shoot together, and the one that comes nearest to the centre of the hat will be champeen."

Consent was unanimous.

"Now," continued Skuck, addressing Piggy Malone, proprietor of the red paint, "you toss up that can for a signal and me and Bub'll blaze away. And you, Turkey-Egg, git up clos't to the mark, so you ken see sure where we hit."

All was quickly arranged. Turkeyconsternation, now opened his eyes and sat up. In doing so he located two inconvenient bruises, Angered by the unexpected pain and chagrined to find himself no longer either a hero or a martyr, he uttered several terse words that he had learned that day at school. "Never," said his mother afterwards, in relating the incident, "never have I heard such shocking language sound so welcome and so—so appropriate."

All was quickly arranged. Turkey-Egg, puffed with the pride of his new office, posted himself within a foot of the himself within a foot of the hat. Piggy held the paint can in readiness. Bub and Skuck stood with bows drawn and arrows almed. Piggy intoned:

"Ginger, jiney,
Go to Chiney,
Booney riney.—GO!"

Go to Chiney,
Rooney, riney,—GO!".
Up went the can of paint.
The bow strings twanged.
The spectators cheered.
The umpire howled. The
howl was for good reason;
both arrows had hit him
and he was, at the same
time, the storm center of a
rain of red paint. Mistaking this for blood, TurkeyEgg redoubled his bellowing.

Egg redoubled his bellowing.

The flight of the conspirators was precipitate but not unjoyful. "We hit him right where old Scowls lammed us," whispered Skuck to Bub as they skedaddled together down a back street.

Turkey-Egg's mother, hearing the lamentations and recognizing the voice

Turkey-Egg's mother, hearing the lamentations and recognizing the voice of her beloved Jeremiah, rushed to the scene of carnage. To her horror, she found her offspring apparently weltering in gore. "Jeremiah, my son, are you killed?" she screamed.

"Y-yes ma-a," bleated her precious lamb.

Tenderly, regardless of injuries to her afternoon gown, she carried the broken Turkey-Egg to the house. A great hubbuh ensued.

"O doctor, doctor! My hoy is bleeding to death and I can't find the wound," cried the distracted mother when the family physician arrived. The Doctor felt the boy's pulse; snifted suspiciously. "Nonsense, madam," said he, "that's paint—plain red paint."

Turkey-Egg, who had been contributing occasional groans to the general



When Turkey-Egg returned to school he was less boastful than formerly, but he harbored a determination to square accounts. One day Mr. Scowis found a note on the floor. He read: "Deer Piggy. I think the teccher is a broot to

lick us. dont you.—Skuck." This brief and damaging document had been evolved from Turkey-Egg's brain and executed by his hand. Its design was to implicate Skuck and Piggy in a violation of the rule against note-writing. The anti-Scowls sentiment was thrown in to magnify the offense and, if possible, intensify the penalty. Turkey-Egg could have shouted for joy when he saw Mr. Scowls pick up the note and read it. To its author's disappointment, however, no immediate action was taken. The fact is, that Mr. Scowls was uncertain of the identity of said Piggy and the so-called Skuck. He was unfamiliar with the playground nicknames. He cleared the matter up, nevertheless, in due time. When the hour for penmanship came, Mr. Scowls deviated from the usual routine and said: "The boys will please write the following sentences:

I obey my teacher.

The horse is a useful brute."

(Comtinued on page 175.) dont you.—Skuck." This brief (Continued on page 173.)





We are sending Regal quartersize shoes to people in all parts of the country who have never before found a fit except in made-to-order shoes.

THE REGAL, in quarter sizes, is a genuine bench-made custom shoe. Only, instead of measuring your foot and keeping you waiting ten days, we have Regal shoes, in all our 98 stores and in the Mail-Order Department, ready to fit at once every possible combination and variety of length and width, height of instep, shape of toe, curve of heel, weight and kind of leather.

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Don't say you are hard to fit till you have tried on a Regal in one of our stores, or have ordered a pair through the Regal Mail-Order Department.

You take no risk in ordering by mail. Your order is filled personally by an expert mail-order salesman. Your shoes are sent out the same day, and you don't keep them if they don't suit.

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Mailed tree; 82 pages of photographic reproductions and descriptions of all that's new and fashionable in footwear.

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Shoes for Men and Women

In Writing Advertisers, Please Refer to The American Boy.

### BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS

### This Should Inspire Boys



I am sure readers of THE AMERICAN BOY will be interested in a brief sketch of a boy who has been unusually successful in his efforts to secure an education along the line of his chosen profession. Here is an example of the wisdom of of the wisdom of

of the wisdom of first finding out what one can best do, and then developing that talent.

The subject of my sketch is Charles E. Heston, son of Dr. J. W. Heston, of Brookings, South Dakota. Going back about

CHAS. E. HESTON Going back about five years we find Charles attending the South Dakota Agricultural College, of which his father was then preslege, of which his father was then president. At that time Charles was having very hard work with his studies. He had no liking for grammar, history or Latin, and it was with difficulty that he could be kept in school even a part of the time. Dr. Heston is a pronounced believer in giving a boy an education in keeping with the needs of his chosen line of work, and was opposed to the plan of pounding Latin into the head of a boy who intended to be an engineer plan of pounding Latin into the head of a boy who intended to be an engincer or a farmer. Becoming convinced that a classical education was out of the question with a boy whose whole heart and mind was upon electricity and mechanics, Charles was allowed to quit school and hire out to a telephone company to dig post holes at seventy-five cents per day. Work of this kind, with some experience in a local telephone exchange, stringing wires and putting in 'phones, occupied a year's time and allowed the boy ample opportunity to become acquainted with the rudiments of electricity as applied to this industry. At the age of seventeen Charles was allowed to go to Chicago in search of work in this line, and there he found employment with the Chicago Telephone Company, being placed behind a switchboard handling five thousand subscribers. After a few weeks Heston was put to charge of the work of maintaining

work in this line, and there he found employment with the Chicago Telephone Company, being placed behind a switchboard handling five thousand subscribers. After a few weeks Heston was put in charge of the work of maintaining the switchboard, a position requiring considerable skill in locating the little breaks, and this position he held for eighteen months. The young man had "come to himself" and made up his mind that he needed more education and was ready again to go to school. Going home he again entered the Agricultural College and took a course in electrical engineering, after which he went to the University of Wisconsin. There he put in eighteen months of hard work and study, completing his Junior year at that institution with honors last June.

Early last spring an examination in electrical and machanical engineering was held in the various states, under the civil service rules by the United States government, and one of Heston's professors at Madison suggested that he suggestion and presented himself before the examining board in company with several others, including two of the long the marries. Among other qualities necessary to success are economy, willingness, including two of the long the required for should read good books and cultivate the should read good books and cultivate the should read good books and cultivate the should aread good books and cultivate the should acke his readings of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it will be of practical nature and such that it w

and left for Washington, D. C., September first.

The young man's position affords one of the best electrical opportunities in the world, as it gives an open field for doing original work with all the resources of the Government behind him, and with every variety of condition and circumstance to meet. Young Heston has already won the confidence of his superior officers and has been promoted, and is now in charge of two large forts, where he is working out the new system of Signal Service. His salary is increasing as he advances and will soon reach such a point as to justify his devoting his life to the service of the Government.

What this young man has accomplished should inspire other young men to similar effort and success.

### Suggestions for Young Men

"Give me some suggestions for the boy who wants to succeed," was asked of a prominent merchant.

"I would advise him to do his very best when he starts out and to study how to do when he starts out and to study now to do
it better and better. Every clerk should
try to make himself valuable to his employer. He should fit himself for the next
position above that which he holds, and it
will not be long before that position is
vacant. One secret of success is in using
the time not required for business, sleep or
meals for study. One should read good

examination, and went to Milwaukee at the close of the term, where he secured a position with the Wisconsin Telephone Company. A few weeks later he was surprised to receive a telegram from the War Department at Washington, asking if he would accept a position. He was informed that of all those taking the examination in all the states he had stood highest, his general average being 88.56 per cent., and upon questions of experience and practice 92 per cent. He was further told that the purpose of the examination was for the selection of a competent electrician for the Engineer Corps of the War Department, whose duty it would be to install wireless telegraph and telephone plants at the regard and telephone plants at the regular army posts throughout the country. After a conference with his father, Charles decided to accept the position and left for Washington, D. C., September first.

The young man's position affords one of the best electrical conservations of intelligence was under the professional man. Indeed, any man of intelligence was under the condition of the best electrical conservations. of them were obliged to go there to succeed in their chosen line of work. For the young man who has a business career in view there is possible as good a success in a small city as he may hope for in a great one. If he has not much money capital, his personality, his character will more readily atone for that in a small town. This is especially true of the professional man. Indeed, any man of intelligence may hope for greater preferment in the small centers of population than in the large. As to social life and the general decency and comfort of passing through this vale of tears as conditions exist even today—and they will be far better ten years from now—a self-respecting family has ten times better chance in a town of ten to fifty thousand inhabitants almost anywhere in America, than it can by any possibility hope to have in a city of the first class. The small town is a better environment in many ways. Not the least of its desirable qualities is the fact that it is closer to the out-of-doors. The man who has a cottage of his own, with a horse and buggy and a shotgun in some place of a few thousand inhabitants, is better off as a man and a citizen than one who is receiving a \$20,000 salary in any big city.—Field and Stream for February.



CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL BOYS LEARNING TO BE

ther disappointing income the very soul.

One night, long after school had been dismissed, Skuck sat alone on the curb street weeping. The direct research weeping the direct research we direct research we direct research we di

of a quiet street, weeping. The dire weekly report was in his pocket. He felt that he could not face his mother's tears. Skuck was no coward. Yet at this moment he was stricken with the noble fear of causing his mother pain.
Turkey-Egg came down the street,
whistling. Catching sight of Skuck he
paused, approached, stopped his tune

"Hello, Skuck! That you?

"I say, Skuck, what's up?"
"Everything."
"What's happened?"

"Dassent go home."

"Why?

"Got a bad card."
"What of it?"

Turkey-Egg and Skuck

(Continued from page 172.)

Turkey-Egg fell into the trap.

Turkey-Egg and Skuck was up in an instant. "You gazoot," he cried, "Ive a good mind to at all on it is a comman. Turkey-Egg and thinself and soon led the class.

Turkey-Egg into the man and secondly, for limits of the way folks acted, that she might never be well again. She had wiseling a the principal performers, the male degulates of the securion of the bar called up the vision of Skuck and Bub, its principal performers; the maledorous grease of disappointing his mother that harmonic particular than the times of a wagon.

The two boys trudged off together untitle the principal performers; the maledorous grease of man greasing the running fell into the trap.

Turkey-Egg into the trap.

Turkey-Egg into the principal performers; the maledorous grease of the beautiful the distance of the principal performers; the maledorous grease of the principal performers; the maledorous grease of the principal

Superintendent Scowls began to pro-nounce more difficult words. Turkey-Egg knew that Skuck wouldn't last much longer. The contest was practic-ally won. Then Turkey-Egg saw someally won. Then Turkey-Egg saw something that no one else could see. The pale, beseeching face of Skuck's mother seemed to come before his eyes. It was merely a memory, but he saw her plainly and ceased to wish to win.

"Hollyhock," pronounced the superintendent

'H-o-l- - -y-h-o-c-k, hollyhock,'' said

"H-o-l---y-h-o-c-k, hollyhock," said Turkey-Egg.
Superintendent Scowls was astonished. He knew that Turkey-Egg had deliberately missed.
"Next," he said.
Skuck spelled the word right. The prize was a silver dollar. Skuck actually hugged Turkey-Egg when school was over. "It was your coaching, helped me win," said Skuck; then he ran home believing himself the happiest boy in Dinsmore. But he was not. The happiest boy in Dinsmore was Turkey-Egg.



### Do You Want to Earn a Dollar?

Send your name and address and we will mail you twelve envelopes of Court Plaster to sell for 10c each, six of Comfort Corn Plasters to sell for 10c each, and two Porous Plasters to sell for 25c each. When sold, send us \$1.30 and keep the remaining dollar for your work. We give no premiums but the cold cash. Write today.

E. C. Bowman & Son, Box 6, Reading, Mass. 'The Great Mail Order Plaster Firm

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is here again. Does this mean the outlay of several dollars for balls, mitts and gloves? It need not. We will tell you how they can be easily earned in an hour after school. Let us send you our 8 page cataing listing these and also riffes, revolvers, air riffes, electrical novelties, engines, cameras, sporting goods, watches, foreign stamps and thirty other premiums.

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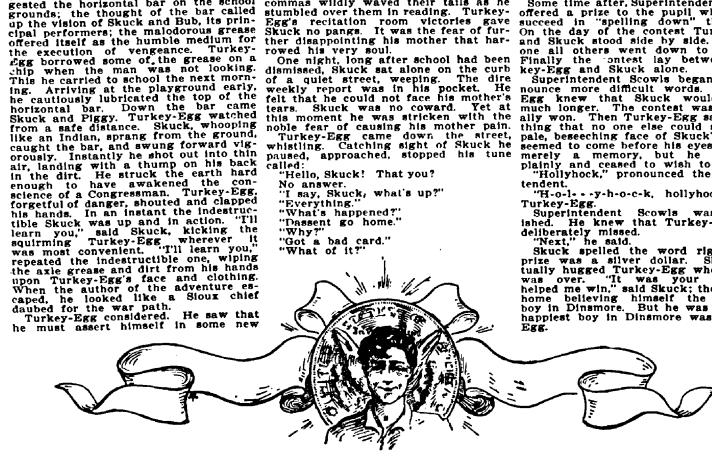
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### New Companies Organized

New Companies Organized

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### Company News

CONOCOCHEQUE COMPANY NO. 45, Chambersburg, Pa., asks if it would be expected to have much of a calebration on American Boy Day. It has only six members. If the members will carefully read the company monthly letter they will see what is required of them in the way of interesting pastor, teachers and other adult friends in the matter. This company has \$1.00 in the treasury, some good books in its library, and has framed its charter. NATIONAL COMPANY NO. 5, Louisville, Ky., has the following officers: S. H. McMeekin, Capt.; Wm. Fritz, V. C.; Ches. Calveard, Secty.; F. T. Stacksieder, Treas., and has bright prospects of largely increasing the membership. WILLIAM B. McKINLEY COMPANY NO. 47, Champaign. Ill., has nine members, and its captain is Arthur O. Savago. It has \$4.75 in the treasury, a library of 21 books and a few games. Its meetings are held every Friday in an office which it occupies rent free. Dues 10 cents a month and fines for absence, etc. It has a social committee and a building committee, the latter looking out for a suitable place for a gym. It expects to turn out a baseball team next season which shall be A1. CUPERTINO COMPANY NO. 22, Cupertino, Calif., recently elected the following officers: Earl Parrish, Capt.; Sydney Laugheed, V. C.; Lester Crittenden, Secty.; Harold Dixon, Treas., and Mrs. Parrish, Libn. This company is in a prosperous financial condition, having \$7.00 in the treasury. It has purchased 3 pairs of dumb-belis and Rev. Mr. Cherington is the instructor. Mr. and Mrs. Parrish have evinced warm interest in the company, having given the members a trip to Stanford University which they thoroughly enjoyed, and they also gave a Hallowe'en party at which

### Sad Ending of a Promising Young Life

We deeply regret to learn of the death of Raiph Letherman, Captain of Archie Roosevelt Company, No. 41 (O. A. B.), California, Pa., as the result of a most distressing accident. It appears that Raiph with two boy friends were coasting down one of the streets of the town after school. At the bottom of the hill there is a railroad crossing and the boys were accustomed to make a sharp turn at this place. The momentum of the sled, however, prevented the turn being taken properly. The sled struck the curb with great force and Raiph, sitting at the rear end, was thrown upon the rails, his head coming in contact with the iron step of



the rear car of a train which was moving at considerable speed, and killing him instantly. Ralph was 14 years of age, the only son of Dr. J. A. Letherman, a well-known and highly respected physician of California. He was a respected physician of California. He was a hoy of fine mind and gave promise of noble manhood. Our sympathies are with his be-reaved father and with his comrades of the Archie Roosevelt Company in the loss of one who was a sincere friend and in every way worthy of their affectionate regard. Appropriate resolutions expressive of the great loss they had sustained in the tragic death of their leader were unsalimously signed by all the unamimously signed by all the members of the company.



# The Order of The American Boy

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 lauguage 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 patrictism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to rtimulate 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.

over 60 were present. At its meetings it discusses parliamentary law and other useful subjects. NEMO COMPANY NO. 9, Nemo, So. Dak., writes that one of its membere, Charles Webber, has been appointed a page at the State capital. His fellow members are naturally proud of the honor which has come to one of their number. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY NO. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y. Reports come from this company with the regularity of clockwork, this being its 27th. Five successful meetings were held during January. It purposes issuing a bulletin to the members each month detailing its plans. It has challenged Bay Ridge Company No. 19 to a spelling match, and also sent a challenge to Massasoit Company No. 37, Rockford, Ill., to play a game of checkers by correspondence for a prize. We hope to learn the result of this rather unique contest, and are glad to commend the enthusiastic record of this company. The members are very helpful to their sick brothers. WeBFOOT COMPANY NO. 21, Roseburg, Orc.. has monthly dues of 10 centa, and imposes a fine of ten cents on members for offenses. It has a canoe club and the members have entered into a flag contest, standing third in the contest. The yell which the members give at every meeting is:

Who are we? Who are we?

Who are we? Who are we? We're the Webfoot Company of the O. A. B. We're the Webfoot Co. No. 21, The twenty-first division of Oregon.

The twenty-first division of Oregen.

JEFFERSON DAVIS COMPANY NO. 2, Palmetto, Fia., has lately added 20 books to its library, making a total of 30 books, as well as \$6.00 in its treasury. It has a nicely furnished club room where it meets every Friday evening. We are promised a picture for our portrait callery. It has 11 members and will celebrate its second anniversary in April. It wants to hear from other companies. SILVER GATE COMPANY No. 26, San Diego, Cal., is busy trying to raise \$25.00 to buy lumber and canvas to build a club house. To do this the members are making articles in wood work and selling them and have raised almost the complete amount. We rejoice in their success. TIMOTHY MURPHY COMPANY NO. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y., has 14 members with the foliowing officers: H. George Roth, Capt.; Chester Barnes, V. C.; Lester Benedict, Secty.; Ray S. Lowndes, Treas.; Stanley Sommers, Libn. It held a banquet some time ago, which was most successful. At some time ago, which was most successful. At its meetings, it has debates, humorous readings, stories of adventure and heroism, questings, some time ago, which was most successful. At its meetings, it has debates, humorous readings, stories of adventure and heroism, question boxes and minute speeches, and refreshments are served by the parents of the members. BTONEWALL JACKSON COMPANY NO. 3, Suffolk, Va., has had to discipline one of its members. This is something we always regret to hear about, but one member cannot be allowed to overrule the whole company by disobeying its laws. The captain writes that the effect will be to increase the respect of the community for the company and add to its membership. TRIVE BLIVE COMPANY NO. 3, Hinckley, Me., hes held 10 regular meetings, among which were two socials. It has 11 members and meets every two weeks in the schoolhouse. The members are interested in athletics and intend to have a good track team this season. The members are also striving to build themselves up in the way of writing, speaking, etc. JUNIOR GUN CLUB NO. 48, Indiana, Pa., had a dinner at the home of Capt. Charles McLain and elected new officers as follows: Charles Carnahan, Capt.; James Alter, Secty.: Frank Zeigler, Treas. COLONEL MORGAN COMPANT NO. 14, Fort Morgan, Colo., elected the following officers at its lart meeting: Milton S. Kimball, Capt.; John I. Barkley, Lieut.; Abner S. Baker, Secty.-Treas.; Wyllys E. Warner, S. A. It has 9 members, a pennant, and is learning "The Jolly Student." Dues 10 cents a month and fines for misbehavior. Meets every second Friday at the homes of the members, and has \$2.90 in the treasury. It will purchase an American flag, have a pic-

tur. taken and select company colors in the near future. Average age of the members is 15. This company seems to have "go" in it. KENSTONE COMPANY NO. 46, Martinsburg, Pa., bas 18 members and about \$2.50 in the treasury. The Vice-Captain gave the members are banquet on Feby 13 and they had a splenoid time. Washington's Birthday was celebrated on Feby 20th with a fine program. Refreshments were served at the close. The members are much interested in athletics and are starting a gym. The company meets every second Monday evening. WILD ROSE STATE COMPANY NO. 62, Liabon, Ia., has recently elected the following officers: Leonard Furnas, Capt.; Chas. Roach, V. C.; James and they are now saving their money to go camping next summer. The meribers enjoyed a sleigh ride lately and also celebrated Hallowe'en with a party, and they are now saving their money to go camping next summer. The meribers enjoyed the reading of the company letters and try to follow out the suggestions. HAWKEYE COMPANY NO. 17. St. Louis, Mo., has a fine library. The company meets every Friday evening. The recent lection of the summary of the monther of the boy who was not itself, paring therefor \$5.00 a month rent, of officers resulted as follows: Frank Torrence, Capt.; Conger Reynolds, Secty.; Louis Pholo, Capt.; Conger Reynolds, Secty.; Louis Pholo Capt.;

has 14 books and 34 magazines. Dues are 10 cents a month with a fine of 5 cents for absonce without cause or other offerse. The members entertained their young lady friends at a masquerade lately, serving light refreshments. Impromptu speeches, debates, etc. are a feature of the meetings and are most interesting. ETHAN AILEN COMPANY NO. 2. Brattleboro, Vt. held its election of officers recently which resulted as follows: Wallace Wright, Capt.; Roy Monroe, Secty.; Stuart Brovn, Tress.; Arthur Dewitt, Libn. Two new members were recertly received into the company. It intends going camping this summer. Rev. Mr. Lawson is taking a warm interest in the boys and is helping them along right lines. In preparing for camping out, each boy is to have a soldier's outfit of frying pan, plate, knife and fork and cup. Mr. Lawson had the boys at his home and gave them an account of his travels in the National Park. They enjoyed it. PLAINVILLE SUNFLOWER COMPANY NO. 28, Plainville, Kan, altho in a town of only 600 poulation, has 18 members and feels just as big as the biggest and will celebrate American Boy Day. The badge of any member leaving the company or being dismissed should be given up to the captain, but nothing should be done without giving a boy every chance to continue his membership. This company gave a social recently to their company counsel and friends and it was a big success. It has rented a hall for meetings, etc., and pays \$4.00 a month rent, and the members are making fair progress. ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY NO. 41, Peru, Ill., recently received 2 new members, which makes their membership 11. Ithas \$7.50 in the treasury and will send for a circulating library. The members intend making a great success of American Boy Day and are interesting their parents and teachers in the matter. That is the right way to insure success. They have an American Boy conservation of the success of American Boy Day with such a start. They practice every Saturday. STONEWALL JACKSON COMPANY NO. 3. Suffolk, Va. meets each Thursday even



BLACK FOX COMPANY No. 24, PESHTIGO, W18.



"LITTLE PATHER" OF AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY IN HIS TYROLESE OUTFIT, WHICH HE WEARS WHEN HUNTING

### The "Little Father" of Two Kingdoms

One of Europe's periodic parliamentary rows has recently called renewed attention to the dual monarchy of Austro-Hungary, over which presides one of the "Old Guard" of rulers—Franz Joseph. When August arrives he will be severated.

new king could deliver it in Hungarian, a notoriously difficult tongue to master. But when the opening phrase had echoed through the hall—in purest Hungarian—the assemblage went wild. Swords were waved, hats were thrown into the air, while cheers drowned all mere speaking. Patriotic Hungary has never ceased to swear by the emperor since the emperor since

then. He is a man simplest habits. Usually he is up at five, and most of his days are given to affairs of state, including two hours when the very poorest may have poorest may have audience with their "Little Father." During meals the royal band plays near by, for music is Franz Joseph's hobby: when he hobby; when he takes "a night off" takes "a night off"
it is to go to the opera. A whole day off comes rarely, but when it does the venerable gentleman is pretty sure to spend it ministre of war to command at the pront shorting. shooting.

There is a good story told of him which goes back to his fifth birthday. He was walking with his grandfather, Emperor Francis I., when they passed a sentry

sentry.

"Is he a poor man?" asked the child. When he explained that he thought the soldier must be poor since he went on duty, the Emperor made clear that everyone—even little princes—must "go on duty" sometime, and then added: "But he probably needs money, Give him this"—holding out a gold piece.

The coin was offered, but rules are rules, and it was politely refused.

"Put it in his cartouch box," suggested the Emperor, but the little arms could not reach so high—so the old monarch "hoosted" his grandson and the crown clinked down among the cartridges.

### A Great General in Difficulties

For months the world has been reading of Kuropatkin, commander of the Czar's forces in the East, and military experts have united in calling him one of the greatest leaders of today. Skobeleff, Russia's ablest general, said to him:
"He the coolers bendest preved of leff, Russia's ablest general, said to min.
"He is the coolest, hardest-nerved of
men"; he wears every decoration for
bravery which lies in the Czar's gift; he
is the idol of his men. What make of
man is he?

Toll has been the keynote of his fifty-

Toll has been the keynote of his fifty-six years of life. His energy is relent-less. By seven he has breakfasted and is at his desk in the working saloon of his armored car, where he labors till eleven at night, save for such times as duties call him into the camps. He takes thirty minutes for luncheon, forty for dinner, drinks little, and smokes scarce-ly at all

dinner, drinks little, and smokes scarcely at all.

Work is no new thing to Kuropatkin. When eighteen he declined to join the Imperial Guards, a "crack" regiment, preferring to learn his trade with the Turkistan Rifles. This practical schooling was followed by a course at the General Staff College, where he graduated with highest honors and such a reputation that he was invited to France to reorganize the cavalry. Then came the Russo-Turkish war, wherein the young officer was several times wounded, but more times promoted for valor and ability. He has served, too, as Governor of Transcaucasia, where he taught Asia's robber bands some lessons they will not robber bands some lessons they will not forget, and where he built roads and schools and churches; and he has sat in the Cabinet as Minister of War.

It is to be remembered that had Kuro-



MR. BURBOUGHS AT THE DOOR AT "SLABSIDES"

patkin's advice been taken the Russo-Japanese war would not have come when it did. He argued against it from the first. Once at the front, however, he the first. Once at the front, however, he did splendid work, and would have done better had he, from the first, been given so free a hand as he now is granted.

### The "Grand Old Man" of the Outdoor World

when August and the enty-five.

He won the affection of his Hungarian subjects the day he took oath in their ly a renewed interest in April third beaucient Assembly. A speech was, of cause it is the birthday of a prophet of course, in order, but no one dreamed the new king could deliver it in Hungarian, he will be sixty-seven when his annian potentially difficult tongue to master.

True nature-lovers have found recently a renewed interest in April third beautiful to a prophet of Dame Nature herself—John Burroughs. He will be sixty-seven when his annian versary arrives this month, and for thirty-one of those

ty-one of those years he has lived the life of a sociable hermit in his little cottage in Jersey. "Slabsides" Jersey. "Slabsides" he calls it, and there he receives his callers, himself calling only on the little feathered and little feathered and fur-bearing citizens of the groves and upland pastures not far back from the Palisades which tower above the Hudson.

Mr. Burroughs began work by teach-

gan work by teaching school, and for eight years stuck to that. Then came an experience as clerk Then came an experience as clerk in the Treasury Department in Washington, followed by some years when he was a bank examiner. But all this went against the grain of one whose heart was in the green fields, so he returned to teaching—with all who read English for scholars, writing for them what he sees and learns in that busy out-of-of us overlook too readily.

Lately he has crossed literary swords

fied

Lately he has crossed literary swords with Thompson-Seton, who holds that animals think. The New Jersey nature student declares that what seems evidence of animal thought is merely evidence of their power of association, which in them is developed far higher than in man.

### A Present-Day Crusader

General William Booth, the splendid old commander of the mighty Salvation Army, has just left his native England for another "crusade." Seventy-five though he is, he is tireless in his work, and now is bound for the Holy Land, thence to Australia and new Zealand, and then back by August, when he proposes to lead a revival among the Scottish hills.

Wherever there are "Wherever there are souls to be saved," he said before sailing, "there is work to do. Work is what we are here for; I love it. I shall preach to Mohammedans, Greeks and Turks before I return—but I have faith."

but I have faith."

That word sums up the secret of his life. He was only fifteen when he began preaching in the fields near Nottingham. He joined the Methodist ministry and worked in it ably, till the fearful wickedness of London's poverty-ridden East End made its appeal to him. From that moment he From that moment he gave himself to the outcast of the cities, eventually creating the Salvation Army.

Today that organiza-Today that organisa-tion is twenty-seven years old, with 7,558 branches in forty-nine countries; fifteen "so-cial farms," where heal-thy work is always to be had by the unem-ployed or disheartened;



Claus Spreckels Building

fifty-eight workshops, supplying for city-poor muscles an outlet that might else be sought in crime; and 169 food depots where poverty's hunger is satis-

Gladstone once said: "If I were called upon to name the man who has done the world most good in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, I am not sure that I should name Booth, but I know I could not give answer without seriously considering his claims to that high bonor."

### A Merry Cat Song

The cat sat on the fence
And she wailed the whole night long.
It sounded like "Mee-yow!"
But it really was a song.

Human folk who tried to sleep, Were as mad as anything, But the moon she said: "Ah me! What a lovely song of Spring!"

That's the way the world is made; All mixed up and humorous; And the things that please the moon Are not popular with us.



GENERAL BOOTH, PATHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY

### Where Tarpon are Found

That great game fish, the tarpon, is after all a creature of rather mysterious habits. It seems first to have been discovered as a game fish on the east coast of Florida. Much more recently that it was taken in the neighborhood of Pensacola. Then came the prodigious reports from Aransas Pass and Corpus Christi, Texas. Lastly, a few fortunate and adventurous anglers brought out the greatest tarpon stories of all from the relatively little-known town of Tampico, in old Mexico. Thus it is to be seen that the tarpon is found at one time of the year or another along a tremendous strip of coast country, even wider than the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Its breeding grounds seem to be well to the southward, and it seems to move north as the lower waters become too warm for it. By mid-summer it is well all over the middle Gulf country and Texas. Its migration, if it have any definite migration, has never been closely charted, but that it does move from the Mexican to the Florida coast and back again may be accepted as the truth or something closely parallel to the truth.—E. H. Henning-Brown, in Field and Stream. That great game fish, the tarpon, is

### A Pathetic Letter

Now and then we receive letters from Now and then we receive letters from boys with pathos enough in them to melt hearts of stone. One such letter is before us, written by a helpless but not hopeless boy. His tale of woe is so harrowing that we cannot print it. Enough is said when we say that this boy has been lying in one position for nineteen years. Think of it, boys—you boys, who do not appreciate health and strength; but listen to what this boy says:

says:
"I do not believe in finding fault or "I do not believe in finding fault or grumbling. A man who smiles is the winner every time. I don't let myself become blue and despondent. Such a course would only give sorrow to my friends and do me no good. I have found that grit and determination can overcome any obstacle. Hold up your head, and if you must die, die fighting in the last ditch. I have never yet seen a bad condition improved by worry. Worry simply uses up strength. If you can't get what you want in life, then get what you can and make the best of it. When you take hold to accomplish a thing, hang on like 'Bud Means' bull purp.' Bud said that when his 'purp' once took a firm hold 'heaven and yearth could not make him let go.' If men had more of a bulldog spirit they would get a letter party. I love to receive letters. I am not financially able to answer all who am not financially able to answer all who may write to me."

Perhaps it may come as a surprise

when the editor says this boy is thirty-four years old. His name is Thomas F. Lockhart, and his address, Wellington,

U is the gayest letter in the alphabet, It's always in fun.

### A FRENCH FROG AND AMERICAN EAGLE AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY

American Rights Purchased by The American Boy

CHAPTER II-CONTINUED.

HIS, however is a digression. For the Initiation Ceremony our recorder had arrayed himself in a flowing Eastern robe, which did not look at all like a dressing gown till you were close to it, and wore upon his head a tall, conical hat, spangled with oriental devices. In his hand he carried the roll and rules of the Gang and the agenda paper—documents of formidable roll and rules of the Gang and the agenda paper — documents of formidable length. With these he now beckoned to the French boy, Rene Briant, who was the first candidate to be initiated. Crikely had carefully instructed the novice as to what was required of him, so the foreigner, a pleasant-looking youngster with curly dark hair, at once left his place and advanced to the centre of the dormitory.

"Lictors!" commanded Carclough in an awful voice, "proclaim silence in the Haii of Assembly, and prepare the neophyte for the preliminary tortures
"Now, then, briskly with those branding irons!" called out Ascott to the assistants behind the screen.
"Aye, aye, sir: was the reply, and the puffling and clinking began again with redoubled vehemence.

doubled vehemence.
"Gentlemen!" urged Briant, plaintively;
'you will have ze goodness to remark zat
I have ze skin extraordinarily delicate."
"Don't apologize, old fellow," said the
humorous Baines. "We shall get a very

numerous Baines. "We shall get a very neat impression, never fear."
"We might be administering the oath to

"We might be administering the oath to him while the irons are heating," suggested Postlewaite with a thoughtful air.
"A good idea! Let us have it at once, Crikey!" said the cap'en; then, hastily correcting himself, "Hereditary Grand Recorder Martin Crickhowell, administer the oath to the condemned—candidate I mean!"
The oath was correspond in blood red by

oath to the condemned—candidate I mean!"

The oath was engrossed in blood-red ink on a fair large piece of parchiment, with six heavy scals hanging from it. It was all composed by Crikey himself, and was a neat thing in its way, though there was enough Persian and Arabic and Coptic in it to sink a boat. The recorder read it through in a deep, hollow voice, pausing impressively now and then to let it soak in, and fixing Briant from time to time with a thrilling look. Meanwhile Postlethwaite burnt a little blue fire in the back-ground.

The condemned—candidate I mean!" noble features were horribly distorted; with blindly groping hands he seemed to seek some absent stay or help; anon he spluttered wildly.

"Treachery! We are be rayed!" cried hastened to the rescue of the chief.

"It was true, zen!" observed Briant in trangul comment. "Ze philtre have discover' his guileful heart. O vonderful beverage!"

He had tossed off his own portion of the smacked his thus which was not marked his thus which has not marked his

ers pocket, but was restrained by his two guards, who shook him a little for what they regarded as an audacious attempt to score off the captain.

"Let him alone. He did not understand," said Postlethwaite benevolently. "Look here, Briant! You've got to plant your pagan name at the foot of that paper, which is as much as to say you are content, if you play false, to be jolly well scragged. Comprenez?"

"It is well, I am content," replied Briant, resignedly; though he only understood, from Postle's energetic pantomime, that he was required, for reasons unknown, to sign the document placed before him. He took the quill handed to him by Crickhowell and bent to the task.

"And put it down in English—in English, you know. None of your foreign dodges here!" added Ascott, feroclously.

There was a laugh at this at the stern lictor's expense, and every one looked on good-naturedly while Briant signed, in a beautifully neat and fine hand, very different from the blotched signatures which preceded it. He laughed himself, and remarked that it was droll.

The branding on both heels followed, and was a great success. The "branding-iron" was a stencilling plate, and had been so carefully cooled that, as soon as it touched the feet of the victim, he uttered a piteous yell, and implored mercy. It took some time after his tormentors had released him before he could be convinced that he was not in great agony and marked for life. For the next hour he rubbed his feet furtively, at intervals, and he informed Mainwaring, Baines, and Ascott, that they were "three barbarians."

After this the "tossing" fell rather flat. The fact was the lictors were afraid that Briant would stun himself against the ceiling, as he was quite a light weight, at the second attempt he clung to the blanket in somewhat pusillanimous style, till the operators were fain to tip him out of it into

erators were fain to tip him out of it into

"He is well," said Carclough. "Cupbearer, bring forth the potion!"

"Helas! at is not ovair, zen!" sighed the unhappy allen, casting languishing giances at his own cosy but unattainable bed from the square of cold oak floor where he stood shivering between the two grim lictors.

"I should think not indeed!" retorted the capien indignally. "All the tare to youth

cap'en indignantly. "All the jam is to come. Mainwaring!"

"I should think not indeed!" reforted the cap'en indignantly. "All the jam is to come. Mainwaring:"

Mainwaring approached, clad in a long flowing robe, and bearing a tray, on which were a pair of tooth glasses, each half filled with some turbld decoction.

"Neophyte," said Crickhowell instructively, "you see before you the Pur Al Kall, a drink whose excelent virtue it is that, whereas the candidate who with sincere and guileless heart partakes of it is marvellously refreshed and strengthened, the properties of the rare herbs threin infused, gathered in the deserts of arabia Fellx, minister the direst agonies to whose ever is meditating descrition of this Brotherhood or treachery to its chieftain."

"Quel horreur!" faintly ejaculated the of his thin, white hand, "his body to bloat, his senses to reel, and his form to be bent as double as his mind. Neophyte, it is thin, white hand, "his body to bloat, his senses to reel, and his form to be bent as double as his mind. Neophyte, it is thin, white hand, "his body to bloat, his senses to reel, and his form to be bent as double as his mind. Neophyte, it is thin, and tremblingly accepted the proficered goblets. Apparently, extreme fart had bewildered his faculties, for instead of advancing to the foot of the stead of advancing to the foot of the bold proficering gall, and tremblingly accepted the proficered goblets. Apparently, extreme fart had bewildered his faculties, for instead of advancing to the foot of the proficered goblets. Apparently, extreme fart had bewildered his faculties, for instead of advancing to the foot of the position of the proficered goblets. Apparently, extreme fart had bewildered his faculties, for instant approached with uncertain and for his bed, and endeavored to force the Puil had been deavered to force the Puil had been deaver

of strange cault of strange caultation seemed to dawn on the attentive faces around.

one, and demanded of him whether he still one, and demanded of him whether he still one, and fearful spectacle. Scarcely had our beloved cap'en swallowed his share of the mystic cloudy fluid when, as though scized with sudden madness, he cast the empty beaker from him, shattering it into a thousand fragments on the floor. His noble features were horribly distorted; with blindly groping hands he seemed to spluttered wildly.

"Treachery! We are betrayed!" cried his alarmed followers, while Crickhowell hastened to the rescue of the chief.
"It was true, zen!" observed Briant in tranquil comment. "Ze philitre have discover' his guileful heart. O vonderful beverage!"

"Crickhowell passed a thick roll of manual control of the control of manual control of the control of manual contro

with a thrilling look. Meanwhile Postlethwaite burnt a little blue fire in the background.

"Stranger," demanded Carclough as soon as the reading was concluded, "are you prepared to subscribe to the terms of the oath to which you have just listened, shuddering?"

"Subscribe! Wiz plezair," answered Rene, innocently cager. "How mooch!" He made a futile attempt to get to his trousers pocket, but was restrained by his two guards, who shook him a little for what they regarded as an audacious attempt to score off the captain.

"Let him alone. He did not understand," said Postlethwaite benevolently "John and provided and provide

By E. S. TYLEE

undertone. We all expected that the president on recovering would wreak a signal vengeance on the Frenchman for the audacious substitution of which he had been guilty. Greatly to our astonishment, however, Carclough, as soon as he had done on the firm of the substitution of which he had been guilty. Greatly to our astonishment, however, Carclough, as soon as he had done coughing and spitting, contented himself with remarking that his draught had "have ten minutes for refreshments," interpolated someone at the far end of the dormitory.

"Lictors, gag that man!" commanded the captain. "Recorder!"

"The ncophyte will then proceed to partake of the Pur Al Kali, or cup of brotherly love, with the captain," read Crikey from the agenda paper.

"It is well," said Carclough, "Cupbearer, bring forth the potion!"

"Helas! It is not ovair ven!" sighed the "Recorders" said Corploses.

sideration of his imperfect knowledge of Luglish, Briant was excused the usual pet speech of grateful thanks which is required of ordinary candidates; and a few minutes later he returned to his bed a fully quali-fied member of the Gang.

"Recorders," said Carclough as the French boy retired, "summon the next can-

"Austin Bentley Anstruther!" read Crikey from the list in his hand. All eyes were turned towards the bed of the tall youth who had arrived that morning. His back was turned disrespectfully on the president, and he was snoring in a way that was a little too artistic to be real

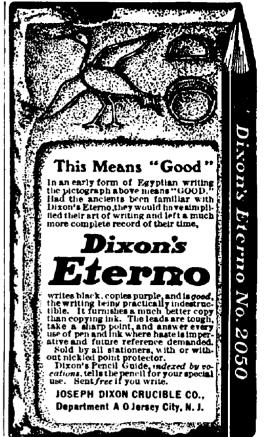
to gather courage from desperation, he at length faced the captain, and knelt before him with a beaker in citier hand.

Our chief graciously bent towards the suppliant, accepted the left-hand gobiet, and raised it on high in mute salutation, humbly imitated by Rene. At the same moment a smile of strange exultation moment a smile of strange exultation seemed to dawn on the attentive faces around.

Somebody, unknown, choked in his pillow, from excess of emotion, perhap: "Salaam!" exclaimed the captain, and they quaffed. And then was seen a strange for this supreme crisis, that they applied the noble qualities of our beloved captain, and his eminent fitness for the exalted position which he occupies, shone forth in all their splendor. In another moment there would certainly have been bloodshed, from note at least, if not more. Fortunately, we had a man at the head of affairs. Gathering himself up in all his dignity, and most of the bedclothes, Carclough one, and demanded of him whether he still one.



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- 3. A Premium cannot be given to any one for sending his own subscription or that of any member of his household. It takes time and effort to secure new subscriptions, and we are willing to reward the one sending them.

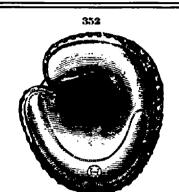
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Made regulation size and weight, of good material, good quality Horse Hide Cover. A first-class ball for amateurs.

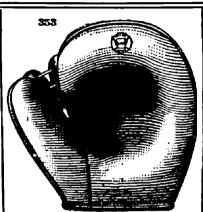
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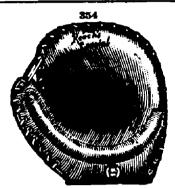
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Is made of fine Craven Leather, Well Padded, Patent Laced Thumb, Patent Hump and Patent Deep Pocket, Pat-ent Buckle at Wrist.

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### TheReachBoys' Body Protector



Made Heavy Canvas, Padded with Best Felt; thorough protection for the

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Made of Olive Tan Leather, Gold Tan Palms, well stuffed with hair. Elas-tic Wrist. Four gloves to full set.

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Made of Ol-Made of Olive Tan
Leather,
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Top. Complete with plete with bladder, etc.

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Made of fine Pebble Leather, Canvas Lined and warranted to hold their shape. Com-

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Heavy Wire and well Padded. without Head or Chin Piece.

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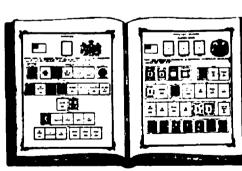


Best material, finest workman-Good quality canvas, color

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ship. Good quant, brown, tape strap.

### International Postage Stamp Album



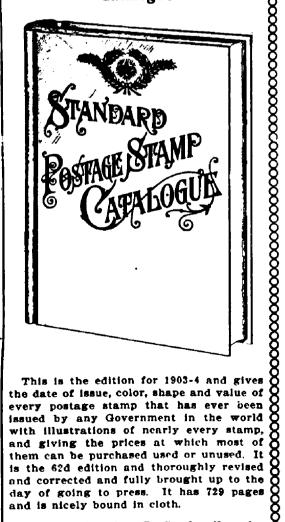
This is the large 19th Century edition. Measures 9½ x 12 inches, and has 680 pages. It contains spaces for all varieties of postage stamps issued in any country of the world during the 19th Century, also Portraits of the Rulers, Flags and Arms of every Nation, together with full statistical information regarding their size, population, capitals, etc., etc. Illustrated with over 4,000 engravings and with maps of all countries of the world. and with maps of all countries of the world.

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The best magazine in the world for boys. Secure three new yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each. Send the \$3.00 to us and the sweater is yours. If you can only get two subscriptions send in the \$2.00 and 40c extra, or if you can only get one new subscription send the \$1.00 and 80c extra and we will send you a sweater. On receipt of \$1.25 we will send a sweater, all charges paid, anywhere in the United States. the United States.

### Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue



and is nicely bound in cloth.

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### The Wonder Dynamo Motor

Most Complete Little Machine Made.



Lights lamps, runs motors, decomposes water, etc. Output twelve watts, wound for any voltage up to ten. Has laminated armature, making the most efficient literature. run on 110 volt circuit. Weight 4 lbs.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 6 new yearly subscriptions; or for 5 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 4 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.00; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.50; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.00; or for 1 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.00; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$2.50. Price \$3.50, shipped by express from Syracuse, N. Y., at receiver's expense. Given to "American Boy" subscribers

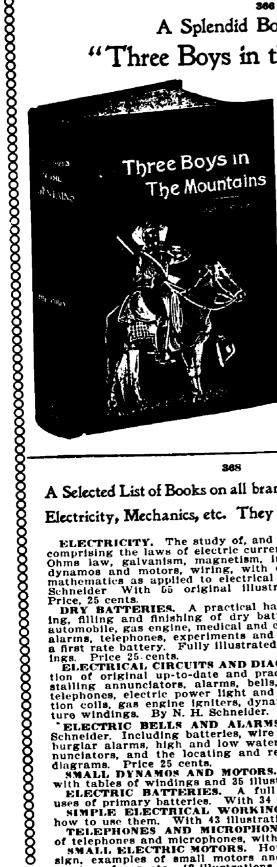
365 Boys. You Can Earn This All Wool



These sweaters are strictly high-grade, all These sweaters are strictly nigh-grade, any wool and hand made, heavy ribbed and jersey bottom. Just the thing for football, skating, or any out or in-door sport. Your choice of these colors: Scarlet, Cardinal, Wine, Green, Navy Blue, Royal Blue, or Fancy Stripes. Sizes run from 22 to 34 inch chest measurement.

The best magazine in the world for boys.

### A Splendid Book for Boys "Three Boys in the Mountains"



The story of Western Adventure -clean and inspiring—that ran in THE AMERICAN BOY

through the greater part of 1901, has been issued by The Sprague Publishing Company in book form. This story is the longest and best story that has yet appeared in "THE AMERICAN BOY." Its author is the editor of "THE AMERICAN BOY," under the assumed name of Joe Cody. This is sufficient to indicate that it rings true in morals, and that nothing has been allowed to enter the story that will hurt a boy, but that everything is there that will give interest and dash to the narrative. It brings in the pleasures of the hunt, the chase and the camp, and deals with Indians and animals in plains and mountains. It is a good healthy story that a parent will be glad to have in the hands of his boy.

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH AND ILLUSTRATED.

Given to "American Boy" sub-scribers for 2 new yearly subscrip-tions; or for 1 new yearly subscrip-tion and 35c. Price 75c postpaid.

### "On the Field of Honor" Stories of Young American Heroes.

Second of the Series of Books for American Boys, by Annah Robinson Watson.

Twenty-five sketches of young heroes make up this little volume of 226 pages, the heroes being those who displayed valor on the battlefields of the Civil War. Here are told true stories of daring and devotion to duty that may well stir the blood of old and young, and make each of us proud to say, "These were my countrymen."

Mrs. Watson's style is of the very best-clear, plain, straightforward; there is no straining after effect, but there is pathos and soul-moving on every page. Her theme is a noble and lofty one, and she has been fully equal to every demand. "On the Field of Honor" is a book of inspiration for the young; a setting out of the glorious heritage that is shared alike by every American. No praise is too high for it.

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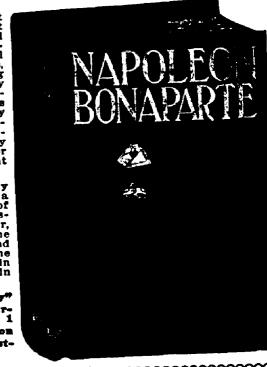
# Napoleon Bonaparte

A History Written for Boys By WM. 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 edurational 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. of view.

The book is attractively printed and contains a number of illustrations of number of illustrations of famous paintings illustrating Napoleon's career, and makes altogether one of the most interesting and attractive juveniles for the coming season; bound in cloth with cover design in three colors.

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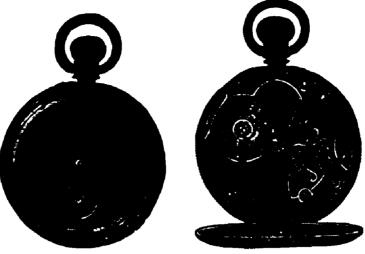
### Little Joker Dynamo



Permanently magnetized field, hard enamel finish; armature wound with over 100 feet of silk insulated wire; German silver current regulator, polished hardwood base, nickel plated electrodes attached with insulated conductor cord. Packed in strong wood box, with treatise and directions.

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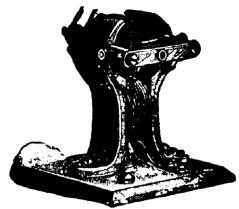
### The Famous Yankee Watch



Millions of these watches have been sold, and it has always been one of our most popular premiums. It is often asked if this watch is inferior to other Ingersolis of similar price. The answer is, to the contrary; in the great essential, timing quality, it is exactly the same; and because of its absolute simplicity in winding and setting, it is free from corresponding liability to derangement common to all stem-winding watches. winding watches,

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### The Little Hustler Motor



This motor has been greatly improved. It is mounted on a neat and highly polished base. Trimmings are nickel plated. The armature has three poles, causing motor to start without assistance when the current is applied. It will drive a five inch fan at a high rate of speed, and is fitted with a pulley for running toys, etc. Any battery from the cheapest up, that will run any motor, will drive the Little Hustler.

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374 14k Solid Gold

"Diamond Point"

### Fountain Pen

These pens are made of the very best quality hard rubber fitted with guaranteed 14k gold "Diamond Point" Pens. They are of the simplest construction and cannot get out of order, over-flow or fail to write, as the feeds the same as now used by all the standard Fountain Pen Manufacturrendard roundard restandard roundard red by two lateral slots, thereby keeping the ink always in contact with the point of the pen, and always wet and ready to write. This Fountain Pen is fully guaranteed, and in the event of its proving unsatisfactory in any particular, can be returned to the manufacturers and a new one will manufacturers and a new one will be sent. A printed guaranteed slip will be found in every box. We firmly believe that this Pen will give better satisfaction than most faction than most \$1.00 and \$1.50 Pens now on the market.

Given to "American Boy" subyearly subscrip-Price, tion.

### Weeden Upright Engine

This Engine still retains its popularity, and still continues to be easily the best dollar engine in the market.

In construction it is simple and sensible, and in all its parts strong and durable. Unlike other dollar engines it has no steam pipes to get filled with rust and dirt. steam chest, steam and exhaust ports, whistle, whistle valve and throttle valve seats are all cast in one piece, and locked steam tight to top of boiler. It is made throughout of well tempered polished sheet brass. It exhausts steam through the smoke stack as shown in cut; which no other engine does.

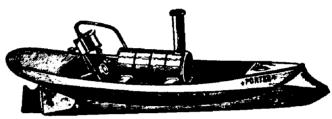
The safety valve is the lever and ball pattern. The valve seat is made large in order that the boiler may be easily filled through it. boiler. It is made

Every engine is thoroughly tested before packing, and fully

All parts of the engine are interchangeable, and we have al-ways on hand duplicate parts with which to supply our cus-

Each engine is packed securely in a wooden, locked-corner box suitable for mailing or expressing. Full directions for running the engine will be found in each box, with the price of duplicate parts.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price \$1.00 Torpedo Steamboat



This Steamboat has a nicely modeled hull (torpedo type) well put together, and is very attractive in appearance. It has a polished brass boiler firmly secured to the thwarts; steam chest mounted on an inclined frame, to which the cylinder is adjusted.

Length of Hull, 151/2 inches; of Boiler, 33/4 inches.

A small balance wheel is connected to the cylinder and propeller shaft, and to the latter is fixed a three bladed brass propeller.

The lamp is securely soldered in the bottom of the boat to prevent it sliding about while the boat is in motion.

The whole is finely decorated in colors, and each one is tested and guaranteed.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 40c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 80c. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

### The Practical Typewriter—No. 2



This is a very complete machine, having key for each letter, roller feed, automatic inking and spacing, sight writing. Will take a small letter head, and can be easily and rapidly operated. By reversing the carriage the machine can be used for addressing packages or writing in books. Has feed roller as shown.

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### Eureka Scroll Saw Outfit



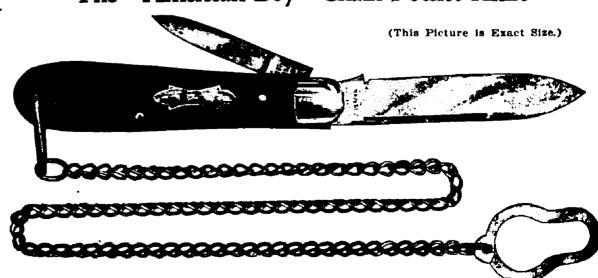
With this outfit any boy or girl can have endless amusement and at the same time earn omney by making and selling Brackets, Card Cases, Handkerchief Boxes, Jewel Cases, Easels, Photo Frames, Doll Furniture and hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles out of cigar boxes or other thin boards. No experience or skill required. Anyone can use it

boxes or other thin boards. No experience or skill required. Anyone can use it.

Contains 16 pieces as follows: 1 Saw Frame, 8 Saw Blades, 1 Awl, 6 Patterns, 1 Sheet Impression paper, 1 Sheet Sand Paper, 1 V Strip, 2 Screws.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly scription. Price 50c postpaid. 

The "American Boy" Chain Pocket Knife



A splendid knife. Everybody wants it. Ebony handle 3½ x % inch. Steel bolster, two best steel blades, steel chain about seventeen inches long, with loop to fasten to button on pants or coat. Neat and handy. You always know where your knife is.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c postpaid.

# The McFeely "Brave" Wigwam Tent



Forty-nine square fect of floor space. Seven feet high. Absolutely water-proof. Made of 10 ounce duck. Weight ready for shipment, 8 ibs. Like the wigwam in accompanying picture. This is certainly the largest and hest tent of any kind ever offered for four times the money. It is made in wigwam style and is large enough to shelter three six-foot men comfortably. It wam style and is large enough to shelter three six-foot men comfortably. It makes a roomy and pleasant home for a camping party of four or five boys. It can be packed into a very small space and carried on a bicycle, in a grip or on your back. It is the greatest tent in the world for outdoor trips, such as walking, fishing, hunting, bicycling or canoeing.

Remember the "Brave" is made of 10

Remember the "Brave" is made of 10 oz. duck and will not leak in the hardoz. duck and will not leak in the hardest rain storm. It is absolutely water-proof. It can be pitched without poles. Full directions are sent with every wigwam so that anyone can set it up in five minutes with or without poles. We do not send poles or stakes with the "Brave." Only three poles, each eight feet long are required, and these can easily be secured anywhere. There is no pole in the center. The express charges on this tent will be but a trifle to any of our subscribers in any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 6 new yearly subscriptions; or for 5 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 4 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.00; or for 3 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.50; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.00; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$2.50. Price \$3.00. All tents shipped from Chicago by express at receiver's expense in either case.



### Our Special Fishing Outfit

Consists of everything herewith described and illustrated. In adding this Fishing Outfit we felt sure of immediate success, and we have not been disap-

The articles in this Outfit were selected with great care and are good for regular fresh water fishing. This is what we supply: A three-piece Natural Wood Rod; 1 All-Brass Reel, strongly riveted; 9 Fishing Lines of assorted sizes; 6 Trout and Bass Flies, popular styles; ½ doz. Snelled Hooks; 2 doz. Kirby Hooks, assorted sizes; 1 Kidney Bait; 3 three-foot Leaders; 1 Float, 1¾ inches; 1 Patent Adjustable Sinker; 2 doz. Split Shot and 3 Swivels.

We send everything herewith set forth. Sent sccurely packed by mail.

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### The "Ever Ready" Electric

### Scarf Pins and Button Hole Flowers

In asking your consideration to the different styles of Scarf Pins presented below, we wish to lay particular stress on the fact that they should not in any way be compared or confused with the "so-called" cheap electric scarf pins now on the market, as these worthless imitations will not give satisfaction and are simply a toy.

The "Ever Ready" Electric Pins give a strong, bright light, rendering legible the finest print. From the fact that the best of material and workmanship enter into their construction, and further THAT THE BATTERY AND BULB ARE MADE FOR EACH OTHER, satisfaction is assured in the way of service and wear. way of service and wear.

In use, the small wire cord which connects the pin with the battery and push button is quite concealed, and the latter can be carried in any convenient pocket, when the slightest pressure on the small stud causes the miniature bulb to glow.

Using these pins a second or two at a time, from 1,500 to 2,000 flashes will be obtained before renewal of battery. The "Ever Ready" Battery used with these pins is the smallest made, and can easily be adjusted.

New batteries can be fitted with the greatest ease, by simply undoing the two small nuts which hold the flexible cord.



This pin can of course not only be attached to tie, but equally handly to vest or coat lapel.



Button Hole Flower.

A perfect flower model, made of material unaffected by moisture, translucent and wears translucent and wears 1-2-2-10 for cents. Extra 1-2-2-10 for cents.

No. 1.—Price complete, \$2.25. Extra Battery, No. M-20, 30 cents. Extra bulb on pin, 75 cents. Extra bulb only 50 cents.
The above flowers can be furnished in all the natural colors.



Jewel Scarf Pin.



### Skull Scart Pin.

Made of pure Ivory. When lighted becomes No. 4.—Price complete, \$2.25. Extra Battery, No. M-20, 30 cents. Extra bulb, 50 cents.

### Elk Head Pla.

A very neat and tasty design, made of pure Ivory. When lighted be-comes thoroughly transparent.

No. 5.—Price complete \$2.25. Extra Battery, No. M-20, 30 cents. Extra bulb, 50 cents. No. 5.-

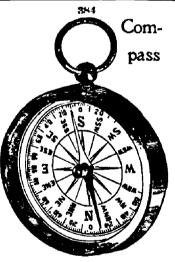
Any one given to "American Boy" subscribers for 4 new yearly subscriptions; or for 3 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 2 new yearly subacriptions and \$1.00; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$1.50. Price of any one, \$2.25, delivered.

### Daisy Air Rifle



Shoots BB shot or darts. They shoot as straight as any gun made, and entirely free from danger, smoke and noise. With a little practice any boy can become a crack shot.

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# Hints on Sprinting, for Boys

By ARTHUR F. DUFFEY, Georgetown University World's Record Holder for 50 Yards and 100 Yards

bition few know outside the trained and successful athlete the hardships, self-denial and hard work to be encountered before one can literally come to the front in athletic sports, particularly in sprinting

sprinting.
No hard and fast rules can be laid down for building up the body and alone, whether training it for athletics, as no two constitutions or bodies are allke, each individual requiring different treatment.

Each must exercise and train to suit his After leaving wn physical requirements and capabili- a

LL SCHOOLBOYS are more or less interested in athletics, either on the gridiron, baseball diamond or the cinder path, and nearly all of ward knee, and let the body fall forward as if you were going to fall on your face.

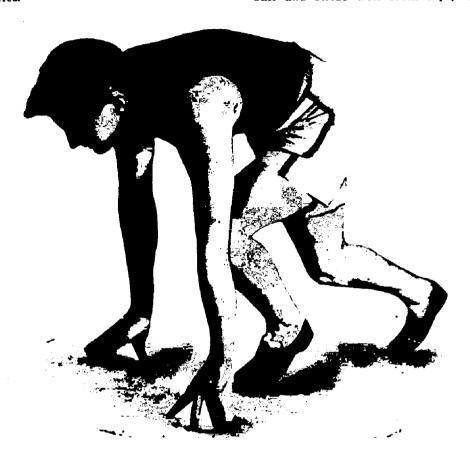
It is chiefly to boys that I address these hints on training, which are the collection of my own personal experience during my athletic career, which began during my schoolboy days. For this ambition few know outside the trained and successful athlete the hardships, self-denial and hard work to be encountered down the track.

down the track.

Now you are going—pay no attention whatever to your opponents; keep your head up and look straight forward all the time. Run as if you were running alone, whether your opponent is ahead or healing you.

### ACQUIRE LONG, BOUNDING STRIDE.

After leaving the mark try to acquire a bounding step similar to a rubber ball and stride well from hips, which



DUPPEY AT THE "GET SET"

### STRICT TRAINING RULES NECES-SARY.

First, elementary training must be commenced long before the more vigorous course required to prepare one's self for public performance or championship form.

To the beginner in sprint running, I would say that the strictest rules must be followed and a regular life led. Rise carly, take a cold or tepid bath and a hard rub down. Eat plain and wholesome food. Never overexert yourself, and with the foregoing rules and early to bed every night any boy or man will be put in fair condition as a preliminary to a regular course of training.

Begin by jogging about a mile or two across country in the morning at an easy pace, keeping this up for two or three weeks, and always taking a good rub down when you return home. After this preliminary work in the morning take a rest, and during the day use chest weights or dumb-bells for developing the arm, chest and shoulder muscles.

As in running, begin these exercises gently, gradually increasing the violence and length of duration when you find you can do so without fatigue. Never overtire yourself in any way. Take a brisk walk before going to bed and retire early.

After a course of about three weeks as given above you will find your mus-

After a course of about three weeks as given above you will find your muscles developed, your lungs in good condition and your body generally so evenly developed that you will be in proper shape for training.

### LIVE AND TRAIN REGULARLY.

Having gotten your body into condition to undergo a strict and rigorous course, begin by running sprints of fifty or sixty yards for a week, running the distance about five times at almost your ton speed

top speed.

The afternoon is the best time for this, and here I may say that I have always tried to do my training as near the hour at which my race is to be run as possible. The reason for this is that if a regular "!!" is led your body will not have had a longer or shorter time in action than if the training is done at the regular time, when you toe the mark on the day of the race.

### WAY TO START.

After a week of these bursts of speed, the art of starting may be taken up. On the start depends the race, and starting is the most difficult part of sprinting for the beginner to master.

The old method of an upright standing start has gone out of date. The proper method of starting is the "crouching" start.

ring" start.

First the hands must be on the line, the forward foot being five inches behind the line, one knee touching the ground and level with the instep of the forward foot. At the "caution" from the starter the athlete approaches the line and assumes an easy position. At the next word, "get set," raise the back

gives you the advantage of a longer stride. While I am barely five feet seven inches in height, I take a stride in racing of nine feet, as big as that taken by Bernie Wefers, the former champion, who is six feet one inch. On nearing the tape, say about ten feet away, the runner should pull himself together with all the force that he can command. Put out every effort, wherever your opponent may be, and fall forward, or practically throw yourself bodily on the tape at the finishing line. This will gain you many inches and win you many a race.

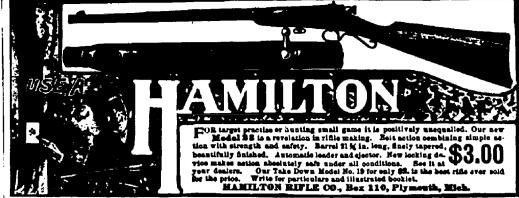
Of course, the start, the stride, the spurt and the finish must all be practised separately, a good spurt and finish being fully as essential as a good start, which, as I have before said, is half the

### MODE OF BREATHING IMPORTANT.

To become a good sprinter you must master the art of breathing. As the run-

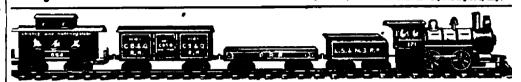


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ner approaches the mark at the cautionary command to "get set" the inhalation should be deep but not to the full expansion of the chest. The breath should then be held during the time you are crouched on the mark. Your whole attention should then be concentrated to listening for the pistol crack. Keep totally oblivious to everything else, in fact, hold yourself literally in breathless suspense. At the crack of the gun, force the air from the lungs by a quick ejaculation or grunt. This helps your start just as a pugilist adds force to his blow by grunting as he drives it home. Catch another deep breath with a gasp instantly, which will be in your second stride, and hold that breath until the tape is reached (in a fifty or sixty yard sprint), when you involuntarily gasp it out as you reach the tape.

Although this is an awful strain, the athlete will become used to it and perceive its advantage. In a longer race, of one hundred yards, I take two breaths, the second one being at about sixty yards, which lasts me to the finish. The breathing must be done through the mouth, as it reaches the lungs quicker. Never entirely empty your lungs. The minute you do you collapse and lose your speed.

A beginner should practise breathing

your speed.

A beginner should practise breathing daily according to these rules and should expand the chest and lungs by the chest weights.

### USE OF THE ARMS.

The arms should be developed as well as the legs, as they play an important part in sprinting.

On rising from the start clinch your fists. Bring the left arm diagonally across the chest as the rear foot is pushed forward, and each arm is swung across the body alternately in unison with the stride. This cross motion of the arms, I have found, proves a great help to maintaining the "bounding" stride. Great care should be taken when practising this motion that the arms are practising this motion that the arms are not swung too far out or the assistance

will be nullified. The body should be carried at an incline forward of about 80 degrees. Many a race is lost by a man carrying his body upright and rigid, both of which retard

### DON'T SMOKE OR DRINK.

In conclusion I would lay down the following rules: Let the diet be plain. Dispense with pastries, candies and, above all, never smoke or drink alcoholic liquids when training. You will be better without the two latter at all times. Cigarettes are fatal to athletes. Bathe daily and always use rough towels after a bath and after taking any exercise. Never over-exert yourself and exhaust all your strength in any trial. Always finish your training with "something left in you." Only work the hardest in the race itself.

By practising the above methods and

the race itself.

By practising the above methods and persisting in them until they are entirely mastered you will gain strength and increase your speed to a degree beyond your expectations. Finally, let me impress on all aspiring athletes the fact that rigidness in purpose in training and the degree was assential as steady perseverance are as essential as the buildog determination necessary to land you a winner at the tape.

### A Cat of the Snows

In the high land of Thibet and in the cold and snowy steppes between the country north of Himalaya and south of Siberia, there is a beautiful cat with a silvery fur, and a glorious bushy tail that is marked with many coal black rings. Exquisite shadings of chocolate and yel-low are drawn in fine lines over her here and there, making her probably the prettiest of the small cat animals.

In general appearance and size she is like our pussies, but she is a savage little thing, and so far the only specimens that

thing, and so far the only specimens that have been brought into Europe or America have been dead ones, for no hunter has been able to take any alive.

This cat is called the Manul Cat, and now that something is known about the Thibetan country, it is probable that the pretty creatures will become residents of the big soological gardens before long, and they may turn out not to be so hard to tame after all.

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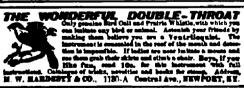
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ARDENERS APPLY the term percentials to plants that are perfectly hardy and do not have to be planted anew from year to year. Some of these plants do better with a slight protection—a thick layer of autumnal leaves, for instance, which is their natural covering—but by far the greatest number are not affected by the coldest weather.

is their natural covering—but by far the greatest number are not affected by the coldest weather, even when they are fully exposed to it. Most of the old-fashloned flowers, so-called, belong to this class. They are very easy to raise from seed and repay ordinary care with a wealth of floral splendor. To a boy, who lacks time, on account of chores or study, they would naturally commend themselves.

Perhaps you are so fortunate as to have a fine old grandma, who believes you are the most perfect boy that ever lived. Well, if you want to see the eyes of that dear old lady light up with pleasure, just raise some of the flowers she used to love when a girl. And then you will make a surprising discovery, namely, that all the world admires these flowers, for they have come into fashion again and now occupy the place of honor in many gardens.

and now occupy the place of honor in many gardens.

It is really wonderful how much floral beauty can be purchased, in the form of seeds, for a dollar or even half of that sum. Seeds are remarkably cheap, and the difficulty in selecting them is not how much to buy, but what to order. In turning the pages of the splendidly illustrated catalogues, you may be bewildered by the extent and the variety of the offerings. Hence I shall endeavor to help you select the best and to make your hardy garden a success that will be your hardy garden a success that will be

a joy forever.

I shall take it for granted that the garden has been thoroughly dug and raked over and enriched with manure or artificial fertilizer. By the time we get settled weather, the borders or beds should be ready for seeding. Did you ever stop to think what a marvelous thing a seed is? It may lie dormant for years, and yet, placed in the ground, it will speedily germinate into life, and turn into a beautiful flower, or a handsome shrub, or a mighty tree. They say that the ancient Egyptians worshiped the lotus. I do not wonder at it, for I have seen the flower. This reminds me of water-plants in general and suggests a plan to raise them without difficulty. These aquatic plants, so-called are the lazy man's favorite, for they require no of water-plants in general and suggests a plant to raise them without difficulty. These aquatic plants, so-called are the lazy man's favorite, for they require no care whatsoever and multiply rapidly. These aquatic plants, so-called are the lazy man's favorite, for they require no care whatsoever and multiply rapidly. They will even fourish during a long train turns brown. To establish a lit is water-plant garden of your own takes the water-plant garden of your own takes found in swamps, sow your seeds of the white or pink water-liky, gradually ill up the tank with water, and the trick is found. The rest you can safely leave to divide some of your own is the nature. At the beginning of the next of divide some of your own is the nature. At the beginning of the next of divide some of your own is the nature. At the beginning of the next of divide some of your own is the nature. The population of the production of the pr

do not know its English name—is one of the best yellow flowers for cuiting, being long-stemmed and fine of flower. To do its best, however, it must have plenty of room to spread.

Margaret Carnations are perfectly hardy out of doors while young, but they are almost invariably ruined by the cold of winter when they are two or three years old. Therefore it is advisable to make a new sowing every year. If sown this spring, the plants will bloom next

The Paris Daisy, or Marguerite, a mem-The Paris Daisy, or Marguerite, a member of the chrysanthemum family, does equally well for pot culture, or in the garden. Its single white flowers, with a golden center, are horne on long stems. The plant is both useful for cutting and pot culture, which accounts forthe fact that it is largely grown by florists. While the perennial chrysanthemums are not comparable to the splendid large-flowered sorts of the autumn shows, and equally well for pot culture, or in the garden. Its single white flowers, with a of biennials of easy culture. I should golden center, are horne on long stems, unhesitatingly choose the Campanula. The plant is both useful for cutting and pot culture, which accounts forthe fact that it is largely grown by florists. Brompton Stock. It might be well to say, however, that the last named cannot comparable to the splendid large- may be transferred to the house in fall flowered sorts of the autumn shows, and and returned to the garden in spring.

should not be confounded with the lat-ter, they commend themselves to us be-cause their pretty hardy pompons make bright masses in our gardens long after heavy frosts have cut down other flow-

MAGNOLIA

holo

Curiously enough, the Delphiniums. or larkspurs, are much more robust when grown from seed than they are when obgrown from seed than they are when obtained through a division of old plants. The dwarf varieties should receive the preference for bedding and the tall sorts be planted among shrubbery or employed as a background for other plants. The tall varieties require plenty of room to attain perfection, hence should be planted about two feet apart.

The Snap Dragon, although a perennial, must be sown every year to give satisfaction.

The perennial varieties of Lobelia, more familiar to us under the name of the Cardinal Flower, on account of its color, are tall, handsome, showy plants, quite effective for a background or grouping. Although the Lilac may be more easily grown from cuttings, these are not always obtainable, which is particularly true of the rarer sorts. The Japanese

true of the farer sorts. The Japanese tree lilac mny also be raised from seed.

Some of my boy friends in the South some of my boy friends in the South may not be aware of the fact that it is possible to grow Magnolias from seeds. Among the varieties offered by seedsmen, that known as the grandiflora or large-flowering Magnolia, is particularly commendable. With us, in the North, the Magnolia is not hardy without protection. tection.

If I were asked to make a selection

A good plan to grow perennials and biennials is to put them among the vegetables in the kitchen-garden and to transfer them in early autumn to the places in which they are to bloom.

PERSIAN LILAC

### STORIES OF BIG BIRDS

### Owl's Devotion to Dead Mate

A remarkable instance of bird instinct and devotion is reported from Quaker Neck. Early last week Henry Brown, a farmer there, set several jump-traps about his farm to catch prowlers, of whatever nature, that had been playing havoc with his flock of fowls. A day or two later he missed one of the traps. Yesterday Bartus Trew, a neighboring farmer, discovered two owls in an apple tree. One, a large horned owl, was in evident distress, trying to shield and warm its mate. To a leg of the dead hird was hanging Brown's jump-trap with chain attached.—Philadelphia Record. A remarkable instance of bird in-

### Eagles and Chamois in Fight

A desperate combat between two eagles and a chamois was witnessed on a snow-covered mountain near Flushi on Sunday. One of the eagles attacked a young chamois, when it was charged by the sire of the herd, which was some distance away. At this point another eagle appeared, but the chamois repeatedly beat them both off by flerce thrusts of its antiers. The struggle continued for half an hour, after which the birds took to flight. The chamois remained immovable with head erect, gazing defiantly at the soaring birds until they were lost to sight.

Some sportsmen next day found the spot where the heroic combat had taken place littered with feathers and fur, and the snow was splashed with blood.—London Express.

Mr. Archibald Wilson, a farmer of Badnoon, Ardgay, was out on the hills gathering sheep; in company with two or three assistants, when he observed

an eagle, apparently in a state of great exhaustion, soaring over a neighboring hill. It gradually sank until it had to alight on the hillside, and, on being ap-proached, it was found to have a trap attached to one of its claws. Though unable to rise, the eagle made a desper-ate resistance with its free claw, beak and wings, and for a considerable time succeeded in beating off its would-be captors, exhausted as it was by its cum-

captors, exhausted as as the brous flight.

It was ultimately secured by Mr. William, the owner of the ground at Dunie.

The eagle proved to be an unusually fine to solve the solve of the specimen, in splendid plumage, and measured fully seven feet from tip to tip of its outspread wings. It is not known where it was trapped, but it must have been a long distance from where it was found.—London Chronicle.

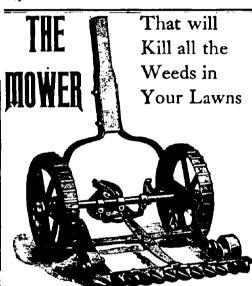
### Crow as a Pet

It is surprising to see the amount of intelligence that can be shown by a crow, but a tame bird owned by Sherbrook Howard, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Howard, exhibits it to a large

Henry W. Howard, exhibits it to a large degree.
Each morning the bird flies to his master's bedroom window and utters shrill cries to awaken him, but will never go toward the window again during the day. Whenever hungry he flies to the kitchen and keeps up a continual squawking until fed. He refuses to run away, and, so far as known, has never been more than a quarter of a mile from his adopted home.

his adopted home.

A few nights ago several other crows from neighboring fields did their utmost to get him to fly away with them, but, preferring the home of his young master, Mr. Crow refused to stir.—Bath Independent



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F the yellow-breasted chat knows anything of the admonition, "It is wise to be more often seen than heard," it persistently disregards it. I was one day walking through an old wooded pasture which seemed to be filled with these birds, so numerous were their notes, yet I could not get my eye upon more than two or three. They are birds of the low tangled woods, and they know how to utilize the underbrush for concealment. Unless one is accustomed to their ways

The Frogs' Spring Party

"Cheer-rup, cheer-rup, The wood frog cried.

"Creep, creep," piped Hyla, A-swing in his tree. "Creep from your beds. And be happy like me."

Then out crawled the frog folk, Green, spotted and gray, To bask in the sunshine

"Tonight," cried the leopard, His spots all aglow, "Tonight, if it's fair,

We'll give a spring party, What fun it will be! We'll invite all the frogs, From here to Swamp Lee.

There'll be a cress salad, Fly hash and worm stew, A little shrimp relish-Tis something quite new.

There'll be leaping and dancing, A swimming match, too, High diving with somersaults All the way through.

When sporting is ended,

Then comes a bass solo, 'O, Give Me a Fly.' nd 'Good Night, Dear Froggies,'



"'Tis spring, 'tis spring," His friend replied.

That joyful spring day.

And the wind doesn't blow,

The frog chorus gay
Will sing, 'Summer, dear Summer,
Is Now on the Way.'

As morning draws nigh."



YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT'S NEST AND EUGS

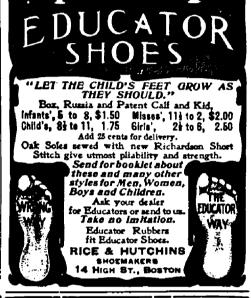


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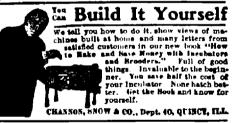
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### A BOY MUSICIAN WHO EARNS **THOUSANDS**

THOUSANDS

A lad to be envied is Florizel von Reuter, twelve and a half years of age, the friend of kings and queens, a magnificent player of the violin, a composer, a conductor, a great traveler, he has a man's brains in a boy's head. And, what is more, he talks like a man. He was born in Germany, and is known in practically every country in Europe. To say that he is a phenomenon is only to speak the literal truth. There is no other youngster to compare with him. Although he still remains in knickerbockers, he has been a professor of music at the Conservatoire at Geneva, where he gave orchestral lessons; he thinks nothing of rehearsing and conducting an orchestra of eighty experienced musicians, and he thoughtfully allows himself some thousands a year pocket-money—his own earnings.

Through the kindness of his impresario I was enabled (writes a representative of "Chums," an English paper) to have a delightful talk with this marvelous prodigy. I discovered him in the company of his mother, up to his eyes—not in play, as I had expected, for he had just concluded an important rehearsal—but in work. He was composing a piece of music. Although of a serious turn of mind, Florizel von Reuter is a cheerful little fellow, and is by no means overburdened by his responsibilities. He is not bigger or smaller than he ought to be, his hair is fair and curly, and his

to be, his hair is fair and curly, and his



PLORIZEL VON REUTER

complexion is pink. He is solemn and humorous by turns.
"Tell me, Florizel," I said, "something

"Tell me, Florizel," I said, "something about the notabilities you have met."

"Well," the youngster replied, "I have played before Queen Alexandra, President Loubet, the Sultan of Turkey, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, the King of Denmark, the King of the Belgians, the King of the Hellenes, and the Queen of Roumania, with whom I am composing an opera. The Queen is providing the libretto and I am writing the music. Her Majesty has recently presented me with a magnificent collection of lead soldiers representing all nationalities. There are two thousand of them, and they were made expressly for me. It's a capital game—playing at soldiers. I've a lovely fort."

"You'll have to be a soldier yourself one day—that is, if you go back to your native land. The Kaiser will take care of that."

of that

or that."

Von Reuter dissented from this.
"No," he rejoined, gravely, "there are plenty of people in every country to be soldiers, but there are not plenty to be musicians."

"By the bye, how did you fare with the Sultan of Turkey?"

Anderte the total and the same \_\_\_\_ KIN & SEC bit 100 page PART 123 1 Brek Cools 1 22 2 2 La ===3 ---مليتاه P 17 Betters 1 alter BPE 7.1

REDUCED PACSIMILE OF MS. OF MUSIC CCMPOSED BY PLORIZEL VON REUTEE



THE ONE HUNDRED PILIPING BOYS AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

play to him when I next visited Constantinople."

The loss of the money did not trouble this extraordinary youth, for he coins money wherever he goes. In fact, he is a kind of walking mint. A mortal more active mentally it would be impossible to encounter on the face of the globe. He is never really happy except when he is composing or figuring in public When he is on the platform he looks rather delicate, but in his case appearances are deceptive. He is well-built and strong, notwithstanding that he positively gloats over hard work. In the train when he is speeding along to fulfill an engagement he composes music, and when he is at sea he does the same. There is no rest in him. He is perpetually adding to his repertoire. The loss of the money did not trouble music, and when he is at sea he does the same. There is no rest in him. He is perpetually adding to his repertoire. Unceasing toil is pure, unadulterated recreetion to him, and a London doctor has observed that since he cannot be induced to refrain from using his brain it would be better if he performed every night of the week. This would prevent him from engaging in wholesale musical composition.

Words are inadequate to describe this

him from engaging in wholesale musical composition.

Words are inadequate to describe this amazing representative of the Fatherland. He can speak five languages the five languages the second of the fatherland. He can speak five languages the second of the languages wonderful in a foreigner—he was able to talk before he celebrated his second birthday, and by the time he was four he had mastered thoroughly the "Pligrim's Progress." His knowledge of history is profound. He went to the Tower of London in the autumn, and while there he had the services of a guide. Before many moments had elapsed he showed that he knew a good deal more than the guide himself, who was so astonished at the precocity of his infantile employer that he remarked: "You ought to have a diploma for your knowledge of the Tower's history."

"When did you begin to study music?"

"When did you begin to study music?"
I inquired of Von Reuter presently.
"I can't remember when I didn't play.
At the age of three I was able to play tunes on a quarter-size fiddle, and I could distinguish any note or combina-tion of notes that was struck on the

plano.

piano."

"Aren't you nervous when you face a huge London audience?"

"Not a bit. I just feel happy."

"An audience composed of Royalties upsets you a little, perhaps."

"That's not so. I'm never nervous. You see, music is my life. When I'm playing or conducting I'm having a jolly time—you may be sure of that."

"Apparently you have no passion for games."

games."
"Oh, I like some games. I have never witnessed a cricket match, or a foothall match, but I am fond of playing with a ball, and of running and fencing. At

(Continued on page 191.)

### A HUNDRED FILIPINO BOYS COME TO THE UNITED STATES

In a recent issue of the American High School, Domingo San Jose, a Filipino student in the Indianapolis High School, writes interestingly of the hundred Filipino boys who in 1903 were sent to the United States at the expense of the Philipaire Construent and placed in America. United States at the expense of the Philippine Government, and placed in American schools. The young man writes that on September 27th, 1903, he, along with ninety-nine other Filipino boys, was sent to the United States, with a pension of \$500 each a year, to obtain an education and to familiarize themselves with American ideas. miliarize themselves with American ideas. The entire hundred were under the superintendency of W. A. Sutherland, one of Governor Taft's interpreters. After a pleasant voyage, during which all but seven of the boys were badly seasick, they reached San Francisco; there the boys were distributed among the schools in the different counties of Southern Callfornia. Of the nineteen sent to San Diego Intendency of W. A. Sutherland, one of Governor Taft's interpreters. After a pleasant voyage, during which all but seven of the boys were badly seasick, they reached San Francisco; there the boys were distributed among the schools in the different counties of Southern Callfornia. Of the nineteen sent to San Diego

Learning to add and to divide Instead of sweeping o'er the tide!"

Just then fear struck the buccaneer, For teacher had him by the ear;

And the brave pirate cried: "Ouch! Oh! You hurt! Please, teacher, let me go, And I will never more repine Because I am not on the brine."



DOMINGO BAN JOSE

various states, six of them, one being Domingo San Jose, going to the Manual Training High School at Indianapolis.

### TO GET AN EDUCATION

Vernon Householder, an Ohio boy, wants to know if a person can receive as good an education at home through correspondence schools as by going to some residence schools. Such a question cannot be answered by yes or no. A good correspondence school may give better instruction than a poor residence school. The chances are that the residence school will do better work for the student than the correspondence school. The best way to learn about a correspondence school is to obtain the names of some of its students and graduates and ask them regarding their experience with it. I would not advise any boy to stop going to a residence school ence with it. I would not advise any boy to stop going to a residence school and take up a correspondence course, unless he has learned upon good authority that the residence school is not doing good work and that the correspondence school is doing good work. The chances are always in favor of the residence school dence school.

### BUILT HIS OWN SHOP

Victor Adams, of Blaine, Washington, though but fourteen years of age built his own shop, which is a combina-tion of carpenter shop and blacksmith shop, and we are able to present a pic-ture of it. The building is 30 feet by 12 feet, and it is in two parts—a carpen-



VICTOR ADAMS' SHOP

ter shop equipped with a full set of carpenter's tools, a turning lathe and a scroll saw, and a blacksmith shop with a forge, anvil, vise and hammers. Vica forge, anvil, vise and hammers. Victor lives in the very northwest corner of the United States, the boundary line between the United States and Canada being only two blocks from his home.

### ROBERT THE PIRATE "The class room is no place for me,"

Said Robert with a frown; My proper sphere is on the sea With pirates fierce and brown. There on the heaving main would I In my long, rakish vessel lie,
And with my sure ten-pounder gun
I'd make the frightened galleon run,
Alas!" said Robert, "that I must
Spend my young days in heat and dust,
Learning to add and to divide



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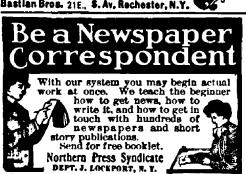
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### A MAINE FOX FARM

Up in Dover, Maine, on a tract of several hundred acres of land, is a sight that would delight and interest the average American boy to the point of enthusiasm. A fox farm—an innovation indeed, for, without doubt, it is the only one in the United States, is to be found there. More than half a hundred foxes play mischievously within the enclosure formed by an immense wire fence, and they are multiplying rapidly.

The owner of the fox farm is Ellijah Morton. At a cost of \$150 for the foxes and about \$100 for transportation charges, he first secured six blue foxes from Alaska. Later he added silver gray and red foxes. On the arrival at Dover of the foxes from Alaska. Mr. Morton fenced in two acres of land with a fence ten feet high and so arranged at the top that the animals could not climb over. Beneath the fence a stone foundation was laid to prevent the foxes from burrowing under. The land thus enclosed was next divided into tweive distinct yards. A house with upper and lower apartments was built in each yard.

Mr. Morton has enjoyed watching the habits of the animals on his farm greatly. In summer he finds that they prefer to live in burrows, while in winter they appreciate the shelter afforded by the little houses, always occupying the second floor. In captivity the animals become quite tame. They also seem to enjoy playing with those with whom they are familiar. They will eat anything that a dog will eat.

### A BOY'S SKILL AND BRAVERY



Harold Burr, an eight-year-olu Concord, Ohio, boy, dis-played remark-able bravery and skill dur-

while the people who witnessed the affair held their breath. After a long run the team came to an embankment leading to a river. Here Harold, thinking of what might happen, skillfully climbed out of the wagon and alighted on the ground without injury.

### TOOK THE ADVICE

A boy in Livingston, Montana, who may not want his name used, so I do not print it, writes of the pleasure that he experienced in reading our February number. He says, too, that his father and mother were delighted with it and that he particularly enjoyed and profited by the editorial on quitting school. "It seems," said he, "as though you wrote that for my own special benefit. You can be able to say that you kept one boy in school, anyhow. The way I was fixed I wanted to go back to school and still I wanted to stay out. I was ashamed to go back, but after I read your letter to boys, I decided to go back, and it was the last day of the week, too; so your wish came true."

### A MAINE BOY AND HIS SPORT



A Northport, Maine, boy is getting some notoriety in the Maine newspapers on account of his ability to use the shotgun and rifle. Wal-ter R. Nealey is his name. He is twelve years of age, weighs 61 pounds and

of age, weighs 61 pounds and is four feet five in ches tall. When very young he began practicing with an air rifle; later his father gave him a fine new "32-40." He can shoot rabbits on the run and partridges on the wing. Recently when out hunting alone he came across a fine doe. Before she got away, he had taken three shots at her, each one taking effect. The shots were made when the animal was on the run. The doe weighed seventy-eight pounds, dressed. As we can well imagine, Walter was at once the happiest and most envied boy in Northport. He has a dog, of which he is very fond. He claims the dog can say, "I want" and "Hello" just as plainly as can a man.

### THE AMERICAN STUDENTS AT **OXFORD**

The American students, beneficiaries The American students, beneficiaries of the Rhodes Scholarship Fund, who have just closed their first term at Oxford, have already made their mark. The amount allowed to them from the fund enables them to live comfortably with a little left over for vacation journeys. There are forty-three of these American students, and they hail from every part of the Union. The only distasteful thing "Friento them in their experience at Oxford is

the discipline to which they are subjected. Although the average age of the young men is twenty-two, and they are as a rule broad-shouldered fellows and an eight-year of a Concord. Ohio, boy, displayed remarkable skill during a runaway at Painesville, Ohio. Harold had been left in charge of a team of horses while his father along and the horses becoming frightened with vehicles, but Harold jumped for the reins and with remarkable skill guided the runaway horses through the midst of the many vehicles, while the people who witnessed the affair held their breath. After a long run

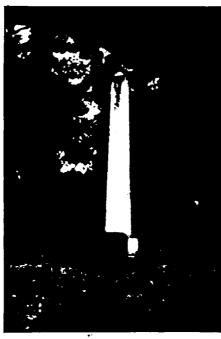
an eight-year as a rule broad-shouldered fellows and many of them valedictorians from our treated like boys, work with tutors at their elbows, are watched and disciplined as if they were mere children. Of the forty-three, thirteen have entered for English studies, one for theology, and two undetermined. The Oxford two undetermined. The Oxford two undetermined two undetermined. The Oxford two undetermined two undetermined. The Oxford for English studies, one for theology, and two undetermined. The Oxford two undetermined two undetermined to reme, four for modern, three for science, four for modern, three for kept here.

A HUMBLE HERO

In the public cemetery at Marion, Alabama, is a monument that attracts more than ordinary interest from visitors. It there have a a runaway of them valedies, one for theology, and two undetermined. The Oxford law is the proportion of the boys have selected law.

bama, is a monument that attracts more than ordinary interest from visitors. It speaks of heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of a humble negro.

The monument was crected by the students of Howard College and the Alahama Bapitst Convention, in appreciation of the conduct of a young negro servant employed in the college, who, forgetful of self, lost his life in efforts to save the students on the occasion of a great fire in 1854 that destroyed the college buildings. The inscription on the monument tells the story:



HARRY'S MONUMENT

servant of H. Talbird, D. D., President of. Howard College,

Who lost his life from injuries received while rousing the students at the burning of the college buildings on the night of October 5th, 1854.

Aged 23 years.

He was employed as waiter in the College and when alarmed by the flames at midnight and warned to run for his life replied. "I must wake the boys life, replied, "I must wake the boys first," and thus saved their lives at the cost of his own. A consistent member of the Baptist church, he illustrated the character of a Christian servant, "faithful unto death."

As a grateful tribute to his fidelity and to commemorate a noble act, this monument has been erected by the students of Howard College and the Alabama Baptist Convention.

### Where to Feel

A Quaker hearing a person tell how much he felt for another who was in dis-tress and needed assistance, asked him-"Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

### The Bulletin Board

Indiana amateur journalists have organized a state association with A. M. Keefer, Mongo, president; Stanley Scheidier, Cambridge City, vice-president; Miss Lena Minton, Sheridan, secretary; Phurman H. Williams, Hagerstown, treasurer; Roscoe W. Goens, 1512 E. 8th street, Muncle, official editor; Russell L. Joseph, 1927 N. Illinois street, Indianapolis, historian, and Howard Rice, Scottsburg, Samuel Goldstein, Indianapolis, and Frank Hills, 109 E. Main street, Fort Wayne, directors. A neat official organ has been issued.—Amateurs are always glad when any one of their number enters the professional magazine field. Ira Eugene Seymour, a youthful almateur writer of Kansas City, has just come east to become managing editor on a juvenile magazine. His duties will be with the business rather than the literary department.—The Philadelphia Amateur Journalists City has entered upon its fourteenth term of continued prosperity. The officers are, President, Chas. H. Russell, 1407 Thompson street; vice-president, M. E. Oechsle; secretary-treasurer, W. R. Murphy, official cditor, Harold C. Whiteside.—The proposed correspondence debate between the Baltimore and Kansas City Amateur Press clubs has been abandoned, at least temporarily.—"The Fairy Amateur Press Association" has been organized by a number of bright western boys. The reason for the name lies in the fact that each member has entitled his paper with the name of some kind of a fairy. "The Sylph," "The Dryad." "The Fairy" and "The Elf" are samples.—Cleveland amateur journalists are making extensive arrangements for the entertainment of visitors to the convention of the National Amateur Press Association next July. A good time is promised to all who come.—The cditor of this department has some hundreds of amateur papers which he will give to all who send a self-addressed, stamped wrapper to this office.

### The Reviewer

"A Resurrection of Indiana's best amateur paper" is the description given by the editors of "The Amateur Clubite" to their finely printed 10-paged (6x5 inches) paper. A good selection of contributions makes an interesting issue. "When Golden Dreams Do Pale," by L. Minton, is a well written story save for its occasional extravagance of diction. The author should tone down his style. Editorials by Roscoe W. Goens, Muncie, Indiana, show an evident lack of revision, though the writer's thoughts are good. The co-editor is A. M. Keefer, of Mongo, Indiana.

### A Youthful Publisher

Sixteen-year-old William H. Dixon, Jr., is far ahead of most boys of his age in literary and business ability. He is a publisher, printer, advertising agent, editor, author and poet. "Independence," which he prints at his home, 5115 Ohlo street, Chicago, contains twelve pages 1x61/2 linches, neatly printed. A liberal amount of advertising is interspersed with the reading matter, the latter consisting of several poems and a serial story, all by the young editor. In his letter he asks for criticism, for, as he says, "a little kindly criticism helps the publisher and author"—in his case the same person. The typographical arrangement of "Independence" is very neat. The "impression" is not entirely



WM. H. DIXON, JR.

clear and the printer should read the instructions in last month's AMERICAN BOY. The poems show good thought and vocabulary but the metre is not a curate. The article on "Prosody" in any standard grammar will give the ordinary rules of versification. The young man has also branched out into the book publishing business. He compiled a "cook book" from recipes made He compiled a "cook book" from recipes made up by ladies in his town and printed the entire fifty-two pages himself. From the sale of the "cook book" he hought a large printing press and type and now has a fine little office. In his spare-time—one marvels that he has any—this husy boy takes subscriptions for magazines, and of course finds THE AMERICAN BOY one of the most popular on his list.

The editor of this department will, on receipt of postage, send a few copies of typical amateur papers so long as the supply on hand lasts.

### An Acre of Land

How much profit will an acre of land produce? It depends. Here is a story which will interest all farmers.

A Mississippi farmer gave his young son an acre of land from which he was to have all the produce raised by his own effort. The hoy began by putting twenty loads of fertilizer on the land, which he then plowed and harrowed until it was in good condition. He planted one-half with early potatoes, the other with black seed onions. Both crops he cultivated himself, the former by horse. cultivated himself, the former by horse, the latter by hand. He hired several hoys to help him weed the onions. Outside of this, he did all the work himself in his spare moments. Here is the re-

sult:
Received for 60 bushels of pota-Received for 250 bushels of onions 112.50

Total .......\$172.50
Expenses.
Paid for seeds..........\$ 7.50

Paid for help..... 15.00

. . . \$150.00 This balance does not include the ad-

22.50

AMATEUR JOURNAL- ditional profit to be earned in planting winter wheat and the earnings from Spring garden truck, probably bringing the profit up to \$200.

### Loyal to his Town

Oberlin, Ohio, must be a very fine town if we are to believe Byron B. Johnston, one of our boy subscribers who lives there. Many of our readers will, of course, know that one of the oldest colleges in the country, "Oberlin," is located there. Our young friend says the village of Oberlin is a good place for boys; that there are no saloons or similar places for taking the boy's earnings or destroying his manhood. Of course, in Oberlin, as he confesses, there are some boys who are not making the best of their opportunities, but he lays the blame all at their own doors. He is interested in the discussion, which will never cease, as to whose chances are better in life—a country boy's or a city boy's. That question never can be answered. better in life—a country boy's or a city boy's. That question never can be answered. A country boy's chances are better for some things, and, on the other hand, a city boy's chances are better for some things. It is like asking the question, Which is it better to be, a man or a woman? Our friend favors the country boy's side. The fact is, that an ambitious, industrious boy, possessed of good sense and good morals, will succeed, whether in the city or in the country.

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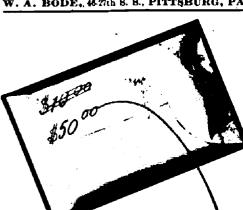
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Book keeper Stemographer Advertisement Writer Rhow Card Writer Window Trimmer Hechan'i Draughtsman Ornamental Besigner Hustrater Unit Mervice Chemist
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Name Street and No. State, City.

# BOY POLICE FORCE firmly to the commissioner, who in turn takes him to his class teacher. Such conduct comprises what is known as reconduct comprises what is known as reverset kind of condemnation, for it alms a blow at law and order and attempts to belittle the authority of the boy of-



OW TO MANAGE sixteen hundred school-boys, many of them brim full of life and prone to mischief, in a school house where they are free from the restraint of their regular class from the restraint of their regular class teachers, is one of the many boy problems the school authorities of Greater New York have to meet. In one school, the picture of which is given herewith, this problem has been most successfully solved. Where this school is and how the problem was solved, the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY will now be told. The school is No. 166 in Eighty-ninth street, between Amsterdam and Columbus avenues, a district of the city which has so many rich, very rich, men in it, that it is often spoken of as the "mil-



THOMAS MOORE, PRINCIPAL OF THE SCHOOL

THOMAS MOORE, PRINCIPAL OF THE SCHOOL

Illonaires' section." Thomas Moore, aman with a personality that makes for success in any work, is the principal. He has thirty-seven teachers as assistants, building after that time. This duty falls parentage, who is bright and resourceful to a high degree. Mr. Halligan, some six years ago, felt that in America, a country which boasts of its government, the sendol at times when they are obliged to be in the school house but this spirit and teacher. There was too much disorder on mech disorder on much disorder on much disorder in fact to the commissioner is the inspector. This office is here filled by Don Momand, a sturdy young American, fourteen years of age. Don is not only pounted in the inse count on insertice is here filled by Don Momand, a sturdy young American, fourteen years of age. Don is not only pounted in the insertice have on account of his cheerful disposition and quick wit, is a favorite in his class. He has charge of the school late. Coming to school attem to the school late. Coming to school attem to the school discipline. It is necessary, therefore, to the school makes it times who enter the time set for the opening excises is considered a breach of school attem to the school late. Coming to school attem to the school late. Coming to school attem to the school late. Coming to the time set for the boys who come to the school and time set for the boys of the late patrol—a special detail—which looks after the boys who come to the school and takes. Coming to school attem to the school late. Coming to school attem to the school attem to the deal.

The street patrol is an important part of the department, and Commissioner to the deal.

The street patrol is

straint of the teacher. There was too much disorder on the streets, in the playground and on the stairways. How to get the hoys who were guilty of this disorder— that was the vexing ques-The teachers had h to do to enough to do t look after their enough to do to look after their boys after they had them in the class-room. It would not do to add to their numerous duties, but some one must he found for the task. It was then that he decided to let the boys govern themselves. At first this was done by appointing a few monitors to watch at points where they could see the movements of all the boys. Each term more monitors were added and with the growth of the force came the need of organization. The cipolic department which handless to the could department which handless to the could department which handless to the could be added to the could be added to the could be considered to the considered to need of organization. The city police department, which handles so successfully New York's great so successfully New York's great population, became the model, and now there is in this school a system in miniature, which, in all essentials, is an exact copy of that which has its headquarters on Mulberry street. The success of the organization proves conclusively that those hove are hest governed who

hoys are best governed who govern themselves.

JOSEPH MOLINDEN

mored might as in the police department of the strate of try, there is here a commission of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of try, there is here a commission of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of try, there is here a commission of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of try, there is here a commission of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "Your gang can't touch my strate of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "It will wreat any strate of the part of the bench," your gang can't touch my strate of the bench, "It will wreat any strate of the bench," the bench is detailed to look with the strate of the part of the present of the court was strated to the submit to him the respect does not part of the court was strated to the part of the court was strated to the part of the court to have themselves of the court to have the strate of the court to have the stra

them. John Repko, a boy who in fearlessness is second only to his superior officer, is in command here as captain. His "beat" covers the whole block on which the school building stands and a very husy officer is he when those sixteen hundred lusty - lunged youngsters swarm, like bees from a hive, through the gates at noon. It speaks well for the discipline he maintains that on days when the street is filled with snow not one of these

atreet is filled with snow not one of these hoys will dare to throw a snowball while on the block. All the commands are expected to be on duty in the school playground on the ground floor at 8:35 o'clock in the morning. At that time the principal, from his desk on the fourth floor, sounds an electric bell and all, who have entered the building, fall in line and obey these commands:

West stairs, first division: Captain Mostyn Drake; Sergeant F. Kemp.

Captain Mostyn Drake; Sergeant P. Kemp.
West stairs, second division: Captain Walter Fromme; Sergeant A. Wilmurt.
East stairs: Captain Frank Schlosser; Sergeant Wm.

An offense that comes to the notice of the patrolman is entered upon a printed blank form, provided for that purpose. A copy of this blank is here given:

Date..... Name..... Offense..... No. of room ......

Patrolman ......



AN ARREST



THE WHOLE PORCE

Thomas Moore, "either in the street or in school building. The system works like clockwork. It is not only a great easement on the teacher but it is also an excellent thing for the boys themselves. Those who are under the command of the ylearn to observe the bonds of discipline under one another in a spirit they never would have if the teachers were after them all the time."

"I have found," says Mr. Halligan, the factors the bigs self reliance and gives them invaluable lessons in handling their fellows. When a policeman first gets a club he feels inclined to whack some one in the sheer joy of having it, but that exaggerated sense of authority wears off very soon with the boys. I have noticed that they use their power tactfully and early become excellent and provided has been fostered by the system. Boys come from other schools and tell how they formed in a gang and rushed a teacher against the wall and are told that such a thing and rushed a teacher against the wall and are told that such a thing alout the proved and have been called upon to select a greater than any clique that could be a proud boast that the patrol system is that the patrol system is that the patrol system is the term they feel apersonal interest in by the system. Boys come from other and quicker than self government.

A point worth mentioning in connection with the system is could never happen here. It has become and have been called upon to select a formed and have been called upon to select a formed and have been called upon to select a formed and have been called upon to select a formed and have been called upon to select a formed and have been called upon to select a formed and have been called upon to select a formed over the power that the patrol system is that the patrol system is formed and rushe held the position of commissioner and the time.

"I have found," says Mr. Halligan, the formed and rushe held the position of commissioner and the patrol system is the terming the have been called upon to select a fall times. An excellent t

# BIG INJUNS AND LITTLE FILIPINOS

By ALFRED WM, CUTLER

HE WORLD'S FAIR at St. Louis is now a thing of the past, but human beings are always interesting, especially when they belong to a nation foreign to our own, and this is my excuse for writing an article on what otherwise seems to be a somewhat untimely subject

excuse for writing an article on what otherwise seems to be a somewhat untimely subject.

The Negritos were unquestionably the most interesting of the various tribes of Filipinos exhibited at the Fair. As is generally known, they are the most primitive of all the Filipino tribes, and their old-fashioned way of hunting and tilling the ground would certainly indicate that they are not far removed from the lowest types of the human race.

They are very expert in the use of the bow and arrow. On more than one occasion I saw the little Negrito boys shooting at illes several feet off, and they rarely missed their mark.

The Igorrote village proved a never failing scurce of interest to the kodak fiend, and those who were fortunate in securing really good photographs of these little nude people have reason to



A SIOUX CHIEF AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

congratulate themselves. It was by no means easy to get them to pose properly, even when the inevitable tip was paid in advance; in fact I have not yet seen first-class amateur photograph of an

My first experience with the Igor-rotes was with one of the women. She was a little bit of a woman, but made was a little bit of a woman, but made up for her size in ugliness and viciousness. She had only one eye and looked very wicked. I saw her coming towards me and prepared to take a snap-shot of her with a view to making an interesting addition to my World's Fair photographs, but just as I was about to "press the button" she flew at me, and after jabbering and gesticulating violently for a few moments said "Ten cents," which modest request I was glad to comply with for the sake of my camera.

to comply with to the same camera.

It was only after repeated visits to the village and many outward acts of good-will that I was enabled to secure a fairly good photograph of one of the hoys,—Keptop by name. The casual visitor had to depend on snap-shots, and these were not always taken in a friendly spirit, as will be seen from the nar-rative related above.

Geronimo, the notorious Apache chief, who gave the United States Government so much trouble between the years

1883 and 1887, must have reaped quite a harvest by posing for amateur photographers. He would accept nothing less than one dollar. Everything was "One dollar" with Geronimo. He sold photographs of himself and bows and arrows, also small visiting cards with his name written on them. When asked the price of these various articles he would hold up his finger and say solemnly "One dollar."

I also secured a good photograph of a

"One dollar."

I also secured a good photograph of a Sloux Chief, but was unable to find out his name or anything else about him, heyond the fact that he belonged to the Sloux tribe of Indians. "Big Chief,—twenty-five tribes," was all I could get out of him. He got fifty cents out of me. Perhaps of all the human exhibits at the Fair the Indians were the most superstitious about being photographed, and so I suppose I ought to consider this an act of graciousness on the part of the chief. At the same time this phase of photography became a little expensive after a while, as you had to



have your hand in your pocket all the time. One can hardly blame these poor fellows, however, for extracting a small fee wherever they could do so, as their lives must have been made quite miserable by the fact that it was almost impossible for them to turn in any direction without facing the camera of some enthusiastic photographer eager to obtain a photograph of something which he might never have an opportunity to he might never have an opportunity to secure again.



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GERONIMO AT THE WORLD'S PAIR

KEPTOP



HEN I was fifteen years old I went to visit my cousin, Joel Evans, who lived on a farm some six miles from Viroqua, Wisconsin. At this time this part of Wisconsin was thinly populated. Joel's home was a good two miles from any other house, and the country round about was covered with a heavy growth of timber. A few hears and deer were left in the woods, while wolves and wildcats were often seen, even during the daytime; their howls and cries were heard nearly every night. Of course, boy-like, I was every night. Of course, boy-like, I was ambitious to shoot a bear; and for that purpose I had brought with me an old-fashioned, single-barreled, muzzle-loading rifle. Joel's father had an old army ing rifle. Joel's father had an old army musket, which, when loaded with buckshot or ball, made an effective bear gun. With these two guns in our hands Joel and I considered ourselves more than a match for any bear that walked the woods; and our petitions to Joel's father for permission to go hunting—we did not say, but we meant bear hunting—were constant and pressing, and at last successful.

It was a cool September morning when we shouldered our heavy guns, and, with our powder flasks and ball pouches hanging by our sides, started for the woods, litle dreaming of the exciting and perilous times we were to have before the

ous times we were to have before the sun set that day.

As soon as we were out of sight of the house, Joel said, a note of excitement and triumph in his voice: "Oh, Sid, I know where Big Ben's den is! And if we kill Big Ben we'll be famous!" Joel was always dreaming of being famous. He is a politician now, and is serving his state in Washington. But to return to the story.

Now Big Ben was the most notorious desperado of a bear in all that region, and for three years had terrorized the country. He had killed two men, hunt-

and for three years had terrorized the country. He had killed two men, hunters who had wounded him, and had carried off many fat hogs, sheep and young cattle. In vain the most skilled hunters tried to kill or capture him. So far Big Ben had proven himself too cunning for them all, and had escaped rifle halls and trans and continued his depredations. traps, and continued his depredations. Indeed, ever since my arrival at my cousin's my ears had been filled with the fame of the doings of Big Ben, and now the thought that we were to lunt this frightful monster was at once pleasing

frightful monster was at once pleasing and terrifying.

"Where is the den?" I asked, my heart jumping with excitement. "How did you find it? Oh, Joel, if we only could kill Big Ben!"

"Well, we can," was his determined answer. "Now, let's fire off our guns and put extra big loads in them, big enough to make Big Ben think a cyclone struck him when they hit him; and then I'll tell you how I found the den and what my plan is. Let's see if you can hit that squirrel," and he pointed toward a squirrel sitting on a stump some ten rods away.

rods away.

I knelt on my right knee, and resting my left elbow on my other knee, took careful aim and fired. The ball struck the squirrel near the head, killing

shoulder.

Joel's face flushed. "Well, I guess we do know how to shoot all right," he said. "I pity Big Ben if he comes within range of our guns. Now, let's load. I think you had better put two balls and a double charge of powder in that rifle of yours; and I'll put a handful of powder and buckshot in this old musket. I don't care if she does kick worse than a mule."

We both loaded our guns with active

don't care if she does kick worse than a mule."

We both loaded our guns with extra care. I followed Joel's suggestion and put a double charge of powder and two balls in the rifle; and when Joel had rammed down the last wad in the musket eight fingers' length of the ramrod stuck up above the muzzle.

"Great Scott, she'll kick worse than a mule!" Joel exclaimed, as he looked at the protruding ramrod. "But I don't care. Big Ben is worth it. Now, come on and I'll tell you how I found Big Ben's den and the way I've planned to kill him," and he started off down the road which led to the great woods north of the house. I walked close by his side so that I could catch every word he said.

"You know father sent me to town afoot last Saturday after that letter he's expecting," Joel began. "Well, when I started home it was a little late, so I cut across through the north woods. I could save nearly a mile and a half by doing this. Spike river runs through

these woods, and after a while I came to where it makes a bend called the Neck. It's a wild and lonesome place; and on the north bank of the Neck is a pile of huge rocks so steep that nobody can climb them. A long time ago a great pine tree that grew from the top of the rocks fell down in such a way that the top of the trunk is in the middle of the river and the butt high up on the rocks. top of the trunk is in the middle of the river and the butt high up on the rocks; and the only way one can get to the top where the tree grew is by climbing up the trunk from the river. When I reached this place I was a little tired, and I sat down to rest; but I hadn't been there the minutes before I heard a there five minutes before I heard a splashing in the water; and, Jiminee! there was the biggest bear I ever saw in my life wadng up the river. I knew it was Big Ben, because there was the white spot on his right side that I had heard the hunters tell about. My, but he is a whopper! I was so scared that I hardly dared breathe, and I lay perfectly still, hoping that he would go by without seeing me. When the bear got opposite the tree trunk he swam to it, and then, climbing up, disappeared among the rocks. The moment he vanished I leaped to my feet and ran. Oh, Sid, I know Big Ben's den is on the top of those rocks; and that is how the cunning old rascal has fooled the hunters so long. The dogs can't track him because he wades in the water a long ways before he reaches the trunk. At first I thought I would tell father, and then I thought that if I did, somebody else would get all the honor and glory of killing Big Ben; and I knew that father would let us go hunting soon, and then we could go to the Neck and kill Big Ben all by ourselves; and, oh, Sid, if we do we'll be the heroes of the whole county!"

"But how can we get to his den? You don't mean for us to climb the there five minutes before I heard a splashing in the water; and, Jiminee!

whole county!"

"But how can we get to his den? You don't mean for us to climb the tree trunk!" and I shuddered at the thought.

"This is my plan," and Joel stood still in his excitement. "On the south side of the Neck is a monster oak tree, with great branches that spread out over the water and almost overhang the trunk itself. We'll climb this tree, and find a good place to roost, and wait there until Big Ben comes along; and then, when good place to roost, and wait there until Big Ben comes along; and then, when he's on the trunk and almost under us and so near that we can't miss him, we'll shoot; and if we don't kill him we'll deserve to be eaten up," and Joel frowned, and looked very flerce, and a great deal braver than I, at least, felt.

Of course I could see nothing wrong with this plan, and was as excited and as hopeful over its outcome as was Joel as hopeful over its outcome as was Joel himself. But I can now remember that the nearer we came to the Neck the slower we went; and when at last we reached the great tree on the bank of the river, I am sure both of our hearts were thumping like bass drums. I know mine was. We crouched down by the side of the trunk for a few minutes, listening and not daring to speak a word above a whisper. Everything was quiet, and there was not a sign of bear. Very cautiously we climbed the tree. There was a huge branch about fifteen feet above the ground that projected out over the river. We climbed out on this limb until we were over the water, and had a clear view of the trunk of the pine had a clear view of the trunk of the pine

resting my left elbow on my other knee, took careful aim and fired. The ball struck the squirrel near the head, killing him instantly.

"Hurrah!" shouted Joel. "Do as well as that when we find Big Ben and he is ours! Now, I'm going to imagine that stump over there is Big Ben, and that the bunch of moss on it is the fur overhis heart, and I'm going to see how many Joel, scorning to take a rest, raised the heavy musket to his shoulder and fired at the bunch of moss.

We both ran to the stump and examined the moss. There were three buckshot in it, and all within a space but little larger than my hand.

"Bully shot!" I clapped Joel on the shoulder.

Joel's face flushed. "Well, I guess we do know how to shoot all right," he shallow water close to the shore until he came opposite to the trunk of the shallow water close to the shore until he came opposite to the trunk of the shallow water close to the shore until he came opposite to the trunk of the shallow water close to the shore until he came opposite to the trunk of the shallow water close to the shore until he came opposite to the trunk of the shallow water close to the shore until he came opposite to the trunk of the shallow water close to the shore until he came opposite to the trunk of the plainly hear his grunt of satisfaction as the climbed out of the water on the cli

most home and evidently very glad of it. most home and evidently very glad of it. By this time we boys were ready for him; that is, we had our guns pointed toward him; but I was so excited and my hands shook so at the sight of the monster so near to us, that I really don't believe that I took any aim at all; and I am sure that Joel was in the same condition. I glanced at him. His eyes and his mouth were wide open, and he was trying to say something. At that moment the bear paused and looked up at us.

ment the bear paused and looked up at us.

"Fl—fi—Fire!" yelled Joel, pulling the trigger of his old musket.

At the same instant I pressed the trigger of my rifle. There were two deafening reports, a roar from the bear, and something knocked me off the limb—I found out afterwards that it was the kick of my overcharged rifle—and I was tumbling headfirst into the river, followed by Joel, whose gun had served him in the same way. We were both good swimmers and we didn't care much for the water. But the bear! My head was hardly out of the water when I heard a wild yell of terror from Joel, and saw him swimming frantically toward the shore. Almost at the same moment there was an angry roar from the bear, and I saw his great black head swimming toward us, not two rods away. the bear, and I saw his great black head swimming toward us, not two rods away. Well, the way Joel and I got out of that water and climbed up the great oak tree on the bank would have surprised our most intimate friends. We did not have sense enough to remember that a bear can climb a tree quite as well as a boy can; and before we were fifteen feet up the bear was clambering up the trunk after us, growling in the most horribie and blood-curdling manner. When we were ahout forty feet from the ground, Joel, who was in the lead, clambered out on a great limb, that here branched from the main trunk, and I followed him.

The bear was not six feet behind me. For a moment bruin hesitated and then

The bear was not six feet behind me. For a moment bruin hesitated and then growling fiercely he began crawling out on the limb toward us. The branch under our combined weight shook and trembled so that we had to cling to it for dear life, while the constant approach of the bear forced us out on the limb, until at last we could go no farther.

Big Ben was now within three feet of where I sat hunched up on the shaking limb, his eyes shining blood-red and his mouth wide open—I shudder even now when I think of that great mouth, with its gleaming rows of white teeth and its long red tongue. The bear took another step toward us, and, partly raising himself on the limb, aimed a savage blow at me with one of his paws. There was a frightful crack, the limb sagged suddenly, and then a louder crack; and we were falling, but still clinging to the broken limb. I heard the bear utter a squeal of fright, and saw him crashing downward through the branches of the tree. Then there was a tremendous jar that almost wrested our hands from the limb, and our flight downward was arrested. Big Ben was now within three feet of

It was some minutes before we recov-It was some minutes before we recovered our wits sufficiently to know exactly what had happened; and then we found that the falling limb had struck crossways on two strong branches and held there a good thirty feet above the ground. With a shudder we glanced down and saw the bear lying in a huddled heap motionless on the rocks below. "Jiminee, but that was a narrow escape!" Joel exclaimed between his chattering teeth. "I wonder why our shots didn't kill the brute? He must have holes in him big enough to run our fists through, and he glared savagely down

through, and he glared savagely down

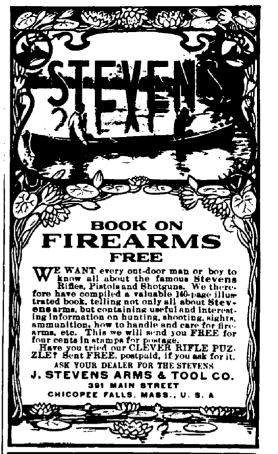
Some fifteen minutes later, after had positively assured ourselves that the bear was dead—the fall had broken his neck—we discovered the reason why his neck—we discovered the reason why Big Ben refused to be killed by our shots. My rifle balls had cut his short tail off slick and clean, and Joel's buckshot had torn off the tops of both of

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with a stout line for barracuda, when a fish was hooked which at first they supposed was a shark; but immediately it rose into the air six or more feet, a glistening mass of silver, and with a vicious side swing sent the balt flying through the air. This, possibly, was the first tarpon hooked by boys.

Imagine a sardine lengthened out to six or seven feet; give it a flerce protruding lower jaw, large fiery eyes near the top of the head, three by four inch scales the lower half of which are like newly-minted silver dollars, making the animal enveloped in this armor of silver, a resplendent spectacle in the sunlight, and you have a tarpon. and you have a tarpon.

a resplendent spectacle in the sunlight, and you have a tarpon.

The tarpon has a very powerful tail, and just back of the dorsal or top fin is a long, spine-like fin; altogether the fish resembles a gigantic herring. It is a semi-tropical fish, going to the Central American coast in winter, found in large numbers about the latitude of Tampico, and in March moving north into the Guli of Mexico and up the coast of Florida on both sides, spawning at various places.

Some years ago when the tarpon had only been hooked accidentally and often grained (speared), a northern angler was so convinced that it could not be held a moment with a red had been affected to pay the appenses of any angler to Florida who would successfully land a tarpon with rod and reel and light line. This attracted the attention of anglers to the fish, and it was not long before the feat was accomplished.

From this time on tarpon fishing took its place strong the great

was accomplished.

From this time on tarpon fishing took its "last articing the great and regitimate sports. Anglers from all over the world went to Florida to take the tarpon, and hundreds of men at the various resorts became tarpon boatmen. The fish, which previously had been despised, as it was of no practical value as food, became an important factor in the interests of the State. The coming and goof the State. The coming and go-ing of the tarpon was heralded far and wide, and was the means of bringing thousands of dollars into Florida.

of bringing thousands of dollars into Florida.

As in other instances, it was not long before certain ambitious boys began to dream of taking tarpon with rods, and several attempted it. At first the loss of rods and lines was appalling. Injured and skinned fingers were common, and some boys were tipped over in their boats, and one was towed out into the breakers and nearly lost. Wonderful tales were told of the tarpon. It was known as the silver king in various sections, and fishermen off the coast of Louisiana told of its dangerous nature; how on several occasions when tarpon that had been caught in seines found themselves being dragged inshore, leaped out of water over the net, striking the men. Other tarpons had leaped into boats, one going through the bottom of a boat, sinking it. To illustrate the power of the tarpon, an instance was cited of one that leaped to the deck of a steamer, ten or twelve feet above the water.

the deck of a steamer, ten or twelve feet

above the water.
Such accounts, in many instances true, might have tended to discourage anglers, big and little, but they only served to encourage fishermen, and soon tarnons ranging up to two hundred pounds were

The migration of the tarpon is very much like that of birds. They go up the coast from Central America in vast numbers in spring, and swim along up the Texan coast. Here there is an offshore fringe of sandy islands, often eight to ten miles in length, occasionally cut by narrow openings through which the water runs into the inner hay which is six miles wide. These openings are termed passes, and several have become famous, as Pass Christian, Louisiana, and Arkansas Pass in Texas. The latter is about an eighth of a mile wide, forty feet deep in places, and has a long stone jetty on its north side, which tends forty feet deep in places, and has a long stone jetty on its north side, which tends to keep it open. The vast schools of tarpon coming up the coast enter the pass to feed on the schools of mullets which are found here, and, especially at Arkansas, afford sport that can only be appreciated by those who have enjoyed it. In a single day sixty-four tarpons, appreciation of the length have been

it. In a single day sixty-four tarpons, averaging six feet in length, have been taken here, some by boy anglers.

One spring a party went down to Arkansas Pass and a young angler determined to distinguish himself if posarkansas rass and a young angier determined to distinguish himself if possible. His father had provided him with rod, reel and lines. The rod was about seven feet long, having a short butt and long tip, with agate guides and tip. The reel, a large machine capable of holding six hundred feet of twenty-four thread line, what is known as a 10-0 Van Vleck hook, was used, and a long leader; the bait was mullet about three inches in length. The little town of Tarpon is huilt on the sand of Mustang Island, where everything depends upon the coming of the tarpon. No one goes there except to fish or shoot, and from April to October there is always a company of anglers, men, women and children, many

of whom perform prodigies of valor in landing the big tarpon.

The young angler secured a good boatman, and early one morning he was on the dock to find "Bill" tossing his net in shallow water in search of mullets for bait. These being secured, they got aboard the skiff, the angler sitting in a chair astern, while "Bill," the boatman, rowed slowly out through the pass. It was an ideal spot for fishing; the water was an ideal spot for fishing; the water was an ideal spot for fishing; the water was smooth in the pass and along the jetty, while on either side the sea broke heavily as far as the eye could reach down the coast. Once in the pass the line was tossed and unrecled until about thirty feet was out, the bait being trolled slowly along not twenty feet from the jetty. On each side the first sandy wastes of Mustang and St. Joseph's islands stretched away, upon which the sea beat and pounded, the mist and spume being caught by the stiff breeze and blown far inland.

There was something weird, perhaps uncanny, about these strange islands inhabited almost solely by crabs. But there was not much time to think, as suddenly there came a sharp tug at the line; the blood rushed from the young angler's face and left him pale and trembling.

"Give him a chance!" whispered the

angler's face and left him pale and trembling.

"Give him a chance!" whispered the boatman in a sepulchral voice.

Then came the tug again, and the boy straightened up just as he had often seen his father do; not jerking the rod, but swaying back steadily.

Then, as the boatman said later, "there was something doin!" Up into the air rose a magnificent fish, at least six feet long; a fish in an armor of silver, flashing and gleaming silvery lights from every scale. It went up and up, until it appeared to hang in the air eight feet above the water, then it swung its



WILBUR B. MOSS, THE BOY WHO MADE A RECORD

powerful tail until it almost touched its head, its big gills opened, wide, red and gleaming, then it dropped, hurling aloft

gleaming, then it dropped, hurling aloft a column of water, and disappeared amid the loud notes of the reel and the victorious shout of the boatman.

There was no holding such a fish, no stopping such a leaper, and the angler bent his entire strength upon the thurb brake, which only made the reel sound a deeper plaint. The line seemed to be literally torn from the reel until one hundred feet had gone, then into the air went the tarpon, nearly throwing a back somersult to repeat the leat several went the tarpon, nearly throwing a back somersault, to repeat the leap several times until it was entirely across the little channel, when it sounded and rushed out successfully taking another one hundred feet.

one hundred feet.

All this time the angler was pressing the reel, holding it with all his power, endeavoring to find an opportunity to turn the crank, while the boatman was backing the boat after the fish. What splendld sport it was! What excitement! How the chills ran up and down the young angler's back! How his lingers and arms trembled! How quick his breath came, and how it almost went! But in a few moments he "pulled himself together," overcoming the excitement consequent upon the first rush, and with his rod butt firmly fixed in the leather cap, his feet braced on the stern seat, his eye on the tip of the rod, he was ready to match himself against the ready to match himself against the game. The moment the fish stopped

was ready to match himself against the big game. The moment the fish stopped leaping he began to turn the reel, and as the boatman was pushing him astern he soon gained ten feet, though the tip of the rod was bent to the danger point all the time. Again the tarpon leaped into the air and lashed it, turned over, fell, then dashed out of the channel, dragging the boat slowly behind.

Fifteen minutes slipped away in this manner and the young angler's muscles were weary with the tremendous strain. The tarpon now rushed across the submerged part of the jetty, leaping three or four times, and apparently making for the surf; so the boatman rowed against it and the boy held hard. Would the delicate rod and line stand the strain? That it would was presently evident, for he began to gain line, and, hurrah! it came in as fast as he hurrah! it came in as fast as he could reel.

"Give it to him," said the boatman; "you've got him on the run."

How the boy recled! IIIs hand fairly

flew as he garnered the precious line that brought him so much nearer the prize. Again the tarpon leaped, now hardly clearing the water, and the boatman rushed the skiff astern, calling on the boy for the last spurt. The tarpon was quickly brought alongside, where it made a splendid leap, shaking its savagned so near the boat that it appeared to be coming aboard. Another turn and the boatman grasped the double part of the line above the leader, held it, and put a bullet into the tarpon's neck, fortunately severing the spinal cord; then

put a bullet into the tarpon's neck, fortunately severing the spinal cord; then he slowly dragged it in. The young angler raised his hat and shouted aloud. What a fish it was! Six feet one inch, a mass of molten silver, weighing possibly one hundred and fifty pounds, yet caught with a twenty-four thread line! Such an experience had Wilbur B. Moss, son of Dr. Robert E. Moss, of San Antonio, Texas, who, the summer he was twelve years of age, took four tarpon; one six feet one inch; one four feet six inches; one four feet two inches, and one five feet six inches—a record which stands in the United States for boys of that age.

### Boys' Books Reviewed

SPORTSMAN JOE, by Edwyn Sandys. The delight in reading "Trapper Jim" will be only increased in perusing "Sportsman Joe." Mr. Sandys has good materials and handles them in Sanlys has good materials and handles them in true workmanlike style, and there isn't a boy in America, and for that matter, mighty few grown-ups, who would not rather have been with Joe Emmons and "Big Bart Monroe" in their trip through Canada and the North West in the Rolling Tepee than anywhere else in the world. Fishing, hunting, shooting, trapping, climbing mountains, and instruct in in all the art and science of life in the great out-of-doors are set forth in most fascinating and alluring fashion. Wood lore, and the habits and nature of the denizens of forest and are depicted by a master hand, and the lessons of self-reliance, endurance and true sportsmanlike methods will not be lost upon the delighted reader. The full page half-tones and the numerous atchings are by J. M. Gleeson and C. W. Pancoast, 338 pages. Price \$1.50. The Macmillan Co.

Macmillan Co.

STORIES OF DISCOVERY, as told by Discoverers, by Edward E. Hale. This popular book for young people has been revised and made more interesting by the addition of many illustrations which will greatly heighten it in interest and instruction. Among the Discoverers whose deeds are recorded are: Columbus, Vasco Da Gama, Sir Francis Drake, Captain John Smith and Pocahontas and many otherk. A first class book for boys. The index will be found useful. 290 pages. Price \$1.25. Little, Brown & Co.

THE MINUTE BOYS OF THE GREEN THE MINUTE BOYS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, by James Otis. The period of the Revolutionary War has formed a never-failing theme for the story writer. Mr. Otis has written of the events of 1777 and has made a story that will interest and delight the boys. There are excitement and adventures to satisfy the utmost craving of the reader in these directions, and the historical information the book contains adds to its interest. A Burnham Shute has some fine fillustrations. 350 pages. Price \$1.25. Dana, Estes & Co.

Dana, Estes & Co.

THE PATHFINDERS OF THE WEST, by Agnes C. Laut. Miss Laut has by this work forged a most important link in the chain of the history of an important portion of the North American continent, that of the Great Northwest. This is history, true history, yet reading like fiction. The life of Pierre Esprit Radisson—at least all of which there is any record from the time when as a boy of from the time when, as a boy of seventeen he was taken captive by the Iroquois Indians was one of daring, courage and endurance. His career as explorer, fighter and exile is a veritable romance. Other pathfinders whose deeds Miss Laut abiy received area. La Vernedrica 1922 1922 1922

finders whose deeds Miss Laut ably records are: La Verendrye, Hearne, MacKenzie and Lewis and Clark. The book shows much study and persistent research, and with the coplous index at the end makes a most valuable addition to our knowledge. The pages are embellished with many fine illustrations, and the mechanical workmanship leaves nothing to be desired. 380 pages. Price \$2.00. The Macmillan Co.

ship leaves nothing to be desired. 30 pages. Price \$2.00. The Macmillan Co. COMEDIES AND LEGENDS FOR MARION-ETTES, a theater for boys and girls, by George and Goddard King. To the parents who wish to provide home amusements for their children and thus keep them indoors evenings, as well as to the boys and girls who love private theatricals, this book will provide ample instructions. It tells all about the making and working of a doll's theater, with complete information as to operating, making and clothing the puppets. The illustrations are very funny and we are mire that the boys and girls who will learn any of the legends, comedies or pantomimes given in the book, which are all good and full of jolly good fun, and follow the directions for manipulating the puppets, which is done by means of wires, will provide an endless fund of amusement for themselves and their friends. The illustrations are by Anna R. Giles. 203 pages. Price, \$1.25. The Macmillan Co.

by Mary P. Wells Smith. This volume commences the "Old Deerfield Series" of stories of the days long before the Revolution, when the French and Indians were enemies and the English were allies of the settlers. Mrs. Smith has written a story portraying in vivid language the dangers, privations, endurance and courage of the American boys of long ago in their struggles with the wilderness, wild animals and the savage Indians. The accurately historical setting of the work, showing most painstaking care, and the lively, stirring imagination of the writer has produced a book which fully sustains Mrs Smith's reputation as a pleasing and instructive writer of books for young people; and even the grownups may profit in the reading. Handsomely illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. 304 pages. Price, \$1.25. Little, Brown & Co. THE BOY CAPTIVE OF OLD DEERFIELD.

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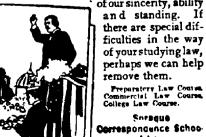
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### Hints for Collectors

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Do not paste stamps down tight in your alhum, for doing so depreciates the value greatly from a financial standpoint.

Other forms of separation are Pin Perforated, holes made by sharp pointed pins; PERC'E EN ARC, cuts made in form of a semi-circle or curved; PERC'E EN SCIB, or zig-zagged cuts.

PAPER is of various kinds, such as LAID, showing lines vertical or horizontal; WOVE has no lines; BATONNE has laid lines crossing each other, forming little squarres; RIBBED show lines raised above the paper as if embossed.

Buy your stamps from a liberal firm, who have a reputation to maintain and who have sufficient experience to know the difference between counterfelt stamps, reprints, etc., and who circulate only guaranteed genuine stamps.

Terms of various printing are 1st, ENGRAV-ING, a print from engraved plates; 2nd, TYPO-GRAPHED, a print from electrotype or stereotype plates; 3rd, LITHOGRAPHED, a print from stone: 4th, EMBOSSING, a print or impression in relief or raised above the surface of the paper.

According to "Universal Standard Catalogue of the Postage Stamps of the World," the total number of all known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the governments of the world up to the present time is 19,242. Of this number 205 have been issued in Great Britain, and 5.711 in the various British colonies and protectorates, leaving 13,326 for the rest of the world. Dividing the total among the continents, Europe issued 4,089; Asia, 3,628; Africa, 4,005; America, including West Indies, 6,095; and Oceania, 1,435. Salvador has issued more varieties of postage stamps than any other country, numbering over 450; Poland and Wadhwan have each found a solitary specimen sufficient for their postal needs.

### Stamp Notes

Uganda.—A strip of three of the 2½a of the British East Africa stamps have been discovered with the double surcharge in red.
Salvador.—The Zc Rose of the 1900 issue, surcharged "Franqueo Official" in an oval has been discovered with the surcharge inverted.
Thousands of letters, packages, newspapers, etc., addressed merely in care of the "St. Louis World's Fair," await their owners in the U.S. government building at the fair. The weight of the unclaimed mail amounts up into tons.

The weight of the unclaimed mail amounts up into tons.

China has still the old system of delivering mail. Small postoffices are zcattered through each town. When a Chinaman desires to mail a letter he goes to one of these shops and argues with the proprietor. If successful he pays about two-thirds of the amount, leaving the receiver to pay the other one-third upon the receiver.

the receiver to pay the other one-third upon the receipt.

A very good book on stamps is the A. B. C. of Postage Stamps, by Fred Melville, of London, Eng. Its title gives a collector exactly what the book contains, starting from the very beginning, telling what hobbies are. Philatelics, etc., what histories are contained in postage stamps, giving a very good description of reprints and remainders, also devotes a chapter to conterfeits and fakes, besides many other very good points which stamp collectors should know.

Whenever envelopes or wrappers are sold at a postoffice singly or in odd quantities, the fraction of a cent come from the purchaser. To the present time these fractions, which amount annually it is estimated to about \$100,000 for the whole country, have been retained by postmaxters and used to counterbalance possible errors in making change at stamp windows. The department has now issued an order requiring postmaxters to make returns of these sums, just as in the case of other postal revenues. More off the deficit. returns of these sums, just as in the case other postal revenues. More off the deficit.

### Stamp Inquiries

Stamp Inquiries

A. J. K. Benzine will not hurt a stamp. To detect water marks with it. place the stamp on a dark colored glass, black if possible, face downward and then apply the benzine, a couple of drops is plenty. K. E. B. Get a Scott's Catalogue, and it will give you the number of stamps in all countries and it will also tell just what they are.—H. W. M.: The stamp you mentioned catalogues 6c.—A. I. G.: The 25c certificate revenue cats. 1c. The 50c Surety Bond, cats. 10c. C. B. G., Jr.: Write or send your collection to a dealer that advertises in The American Boy, he will buy it from you.—J. R. H.: The 2c blue Proprietary Revenue cats. 10c, the 2c Pan-American cats. 1c.—P. D.: For the answer to your first question, see the answer at the top of column. The 3c Centennial stamp cats. 30c. The 3P N. S. W. cats, from 6c to \$1.50, depends on the watermarks.—S. C.: Notice article in March under Hints for Collectors.—R. B. C.: The stamp you mentioned, if red, cats. 30c; if green, cats. 20c.—G. F. C.: The 7c Canada cats. 3c.—R. J. W.: Virgin Islands, 1883-84 4/P cats. \$1.00 used. The 1c Star Match Co. cats 3c. The 3c Telegraph Revenue cats. 25c. The 1P cats. \$1.00 used. The 1C Star Match Co. cats 3c. The 3c Telegraph Revenue cats. 25c. The 1P cats. \$1.00 used. The 1P cats. \$1.00 used. The 1C Star Match Co. cats 3c. The 4/S. Heligoland \$17.50. Paraguay 1 centavo of 1870 cats. 25c. The 3c Post Office dept. cats. 2c.—E. L. T. No. 1: There is no such stamp as 1P blue 1840 of Great Britain. No. 2 cats. 15c, No. 3 cats. 20c, No. 4 cats. \$1.00, No. 5 cats. 2c.

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### The Numismatic Sphinx

Charles Leavitt: Your Chinese coins belong to the following dynasties. (1) Chien-Lung, 1735-96. (2) The present dynasty. (3) Kang-Hsi, 1661-1722.-Frank Price: Your coins are all very common. The one with the legend "Brodrafolkens Dal," is from Sweden.—Everet Holmes: Your rubbing is from a common 4 reals of Spain, 1805. Age does not give a coin value. These old Spancoes not give a coin value. These old Spanish sliver coins were issued in enormous quantitles for use in the Spanish colonies in America and it is doubtful if they ever become scarce.—Kenneth English: Only the 1856 flying eagle cent is rare. The others are common. It was a printer's error.—G. I. J.: The dealers charge sixty-five cents for an 1838 dime without stars. Half cent of 1825, fifteen cents. Others common.—Earl Smith: A gold half dollar of 1871, in good condition, is worth about \$1.50. Others common.—Ralph Diotler: The 1853 three-cent sliver piece sells for fifteen cents. Fractional currency will not bring a premium unless in perfect condition. The Missouri Defense Bonds come in different denominations from 1 to 100 dollars. They may be purchased as curios at from ten to twenty-five cents each. 1849 cent, if in good condition, ten cents.—C. Johnson: All gold dollars bring a premium, selling at from \$1.50 upwards according to scarcity of issue. A fine 1885 three-dollar piece sells at the dealers for \$5.00. We know nothing about a quarter "kobo" coin of Palestine. Your others as far as we can determine from your letter, are only worth face value.—S. John McCarthy: (1) Canada, Bank Token. (2) German token, which we presume to be brass, (3 and 4) common German pfennings. (5) Denmark, 1 ore. These pieces are all quite common as are the U. S. coins you mention.—Branson Tharp: There is no premium on the 1884 or 1894 silver dollars. Over thirteen million of the first were issued and some over three million of the latter date.—Jean Roberts: 1849 cent, ten cents, Spanish 2 reals, 1777, common. Canada "bouquet token" also quite common.—R. H. Jenness: Your rubbing is from a Jackson cent or "Hard Times" Token. The inscription "Millions for Defense, Not One Cent for Tribute." has been referred to before in these columns.—Herman Burley: Your drawlings are all from very common U. S. coins.—John Arneson: (1) Ne'herlands. (2) France, Louis XV. (3) Saxony, 1845. You do not state size or condition of these pieces so it is ish silver coins were issued in enormous quantitles for use in the Spanish colonies in America and it is doubtful if they ever become See answer to P. S. Salisbury.—Joe Graham: A good 1819 quarter dollar should be worth a dollar and a half. There are two varieties: large and small 9. The large 9 is worth more.—C. J. Leland: The government authorised a coinage of 25.028 gold dollars in 1904 in commemoration of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, that is to be held this year. We believe the pieces are held at \$2.00 each.—Merrill Manker: The 1851 gold dollar is worth \$1.50. No premium on the quarter eagle of 1852.—Arthur Dawson: (1 and 6) Common Chinese cash. (2, 3, 4 and 5) coins of Turkey. last one of Morocco a province of Turkey. (7) England, shilling of Victoria. These coins are all common still interesting pieces.—Richard Green: The legend so often seen on English coins, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," is French, and means "Evil to him who evil thinks."—Roy N. Hinds: The coin of which you inquire is usually classed as a "Hard Times" token and is common. The legend on the coin, "Millions for Defence but not one cent for Tribute." is a quotation from Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, our Minister to France in 1796, and has reference to that time when this country did pay tribute to the Barbary pirates of North Africa.—N. Douglas Foshay: You will not be able to get a premium on any of the coins you mention.—C. B. Simrell: The cent of 1811, if in good condition, should be worth \$1.50.—Alex. Truitt: The 1827 half dollar sells for seventy-five cents. There are two varieties of this date—straight base 2 and curled base 2—yours is the former.—Eugene T. McCoy: Your coin is an Upper Canada haif-penny token of 1818. It is often called the Brock half-penny. There are at least six varieties and they sell for from ten to twenty-five cents each.—Earl E. Charles: Your rubbing is from a 2 real Spanish silver coin struck in the City of Mexico in 1773. It is common.—Frank Sjostrom: Your drawing is from a small silver coin of Adolph Frederick of Sweden, 1783. It is not a rese coin in this country, and to bring a premium worth mentioning it should be in

coin is in fine condition.

T. L. ELDER, 82 East 23d St., N. Y. City.

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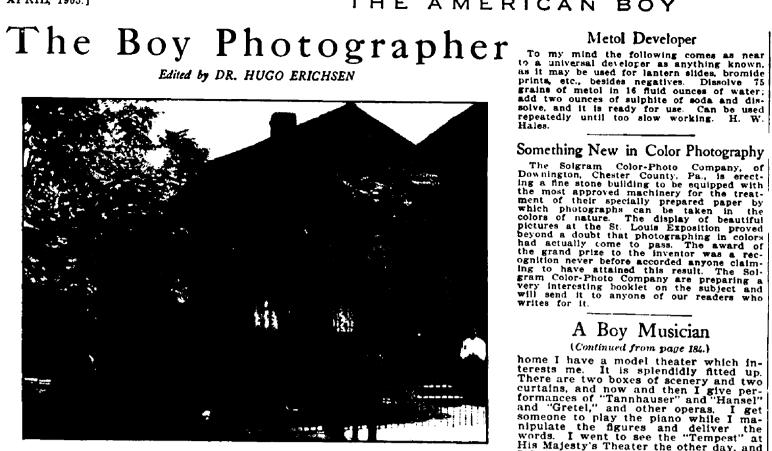
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HOUSE IN CLEVELAND, WHERE VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS LIVED WHEN STUDYING LAW

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 pnotographs 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 interest the contestant. address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

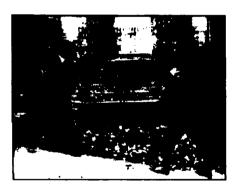
### Get Ready

Now is the time to prepare for spring camera work. Overhaul your camera and make sure that it is in good condition. Wipe out the bellows with a moist (not wet) cloth and make sure that they do not leak light. Insert a plate-holder, draw your slide halfway and leave it in that position fifteen or twenty minutes. Upon development, there will be a sharply defined line in the center of the plate, if the camera is not impervious to light. Remove the dust from your plate-holders, carefully polish the lens, and examine the shutter.

THE EDITOR.

### The Letter-Box

Geo. T. Sanders, Detroit—The so-called pinholes on negatives are due to particles of dust. You will experience no further trouble in that respect, if you will dust your plates, with a soft camels-hair brush, before you insert them in the plate-holders. F. G. Mc-Culloch, Clarksville, Tex.—For blue-black tones on gelatino-chlorise papers Liesegang advises: water, 25 ounces; sulphocyanide of ammonium, 1 ounce, and phosphate of soda. 1 ource A few hours before toning add to



"READY FOR ALL COMERS"

10 ounces of this solution a solution of 5 grains of chloride of gold in 1 ounce of water. After this bath has been used, add some more of the gold solution; it can then be used again. Sulphocyanide of ammonium is a poison that should be used with care. Altogether, we believe you will find it more ratisfactory to use platinum paper, when you want a platinum effect. John Cosner, Meina, Neb.—Unmounted. F. E. Ferguson, Van Wert, O.—Your question concerning comparative time of lenses is not stated correctly, but even if it were, I cannot give up valuable space to mathematical calculations. The Anastigmat is considered a very good lens. Allan Hovey, Hilton, N. Y.—A rectilinear lens is that form of objective which will give images of parallel lines in all parts of the picture without distortion. A doublet lens is said to be symmetrical when both combinations are precisely alike and possess the same optical properties. A rapid rectilinear is usually preferred. A fairly good camera might be purchased for the amount you mention. No, a mounted photograph does not stand more of a chance. It will not injure a photographic print to wet it, after it has been dried, previous to mounting. John W. Hudson, Davenport, Cal.—Brownie camera prints are at a disadvantage in our contests on account of their small size. J. E. Guest, Island Pohd, Vt.—I should prefer the regular velox. As regards coloring prints, you'll have to do a bit of experimenting, I can give you Island Pond, Vt.—I should prefer the regular velox. As regards coloring prints, you'll have to do a bit of experimenting; I can give you no information beyond that cited in the article referred to. Hugh A. Fargo, Buffalo. N. Y.—I must frankly confess that I cannot answer your question. Perhaps some of our readers can. It is herewith submitted to them: Kindly inform me how to strip the paper from the film of a print, after pasting it face down on the glass? What is the best kind of adhesive fluid to use? Edward M. Underhill—I. There is no difference. 2. The Seed 27 sensitometer is about as fast as any 3. Never heard of it. 4. Yes.

### Current Comments

Joe W. Leedom, Osmond, Neb - You have Joe W. Leedom, Osmond, Neb —You have already pointed out one defect in the picture What about the prominence of the lady's hands? With a little practice, you will be able to do good work. Perry N. Track, Silver Creek, N. Y.—Probably the reason we do not receive floral photographs worthy of reproduction is because flower photography is not quite as easy as it is commonly supposed to be. The defects in your pictures are due to a lack of detail in the shadows. If you had



Photo by Willis E. Elliott, Buffalo, N. Y.

photographed a few roces loosely placed upon the table, you would have been more success-ful, as every outline of flower, stem and leaf would have been discernible against the light background. O. R. Read, Philadelphia—Yes, it is a great curiosity, but it would be impos-sible to tell from your photograph whether the calf has five legs or four. Why not merely photograph the fore legs?

high standard the doctor established when he first took charge. New York: Am. Photographic Publishing Co. which he permitted himself; and we also give a reduced fac-simile of a portion of one of his own compositions.

### Something New in Color Photography

The Solgram Color-Photo Company, of Downington, Chester County, Pa., is erecting a fine stone building to be equipped with the most approved machinery for the treatment of their specially prepared paper by which photographs can be taken in the colors of nature. The display of beautiful pictures at the St. Louis Exposition proved beyond a doubt that photographing in colors had actually come to pass. The award of the grand prize to the inventor was a recognition never before accorded anyone claiming to have attained this result. The Solgram Color-Photo Company are preparing a very interesting booklet on the subject and will send it to anyone of our readers who writes for it.

### A Boy Musician

(Continued from page 184.)

(Continued from page 184.)
home I have a model theater which interests me. It is splendidly fitted up. There are two boxes of scenery and two curtains, and now and then I give performances of "Tannhauser" and "Hansel" and "Gretel," and other operas. I get someone to play the piano while I manipulate the figures and deliver the words. I went to see the "Tempest" at His Majesty's Theater the other day, and I found that I could do the piece on my stage. Mountaineering I am also keen on. When I was nine I did a climb of nine thousand feet in the region of Mont Blanc.

"Music, of course, is what I love, and, as a rule, I would sooner sit down and compose or play the plano than do anything else; but you must not conclude that boys' recreations don't amuse me. I have a grand railway train with a steam locomotive and a set of rails, and switches and turn-tables and things. This was a gift from the Prince of Liechtenstein. Then I have a library of twelve hundred volumes, every one of which was presented to me. I treasure books. I've written one myself; it dealt with curious animals. I've had a lot of pet animals. One was a lizard."

"What pocket-money do you allow yourself?"

"Every penny that I make is pocket-"Music, of course, is what I love, and,

"Every penny that I make is pocket-money. I bought my Stradivarius violin out of my earnings. It cost sixteen hundred pounds (eight thousand dol-lars). I won't accept money from any-body."

"You're very independent, Florizel,"
observed Madame von Reuter.
"I should think so," returned the prod-

igy. "What is your main ambition?" I

"What is your main ambition?" I asked.
"My ambition is to become a great conductor, a great violinist, and a great composer. I wish to be able to compose operas like Wagner's."
"What pleases you most—violin playing, conducting, or composing?"
"They all please me, but at present I prefer the violin."
"Isn't it a trifle strange to you to control a large orchestra consisting in part

"Isn't it a trifle strange to you to control a large orchestra consisting in part of hald-headed men who are old enough to be your grandfather?"

"It is not strange in the slightest. I am accustomed to it. And it is no more difficult to direct an orchestra of eighty men than it is to lead one of thirty, provided that they are all talented musicians."

You must have gone to school pretty

"I have never been to school. I have been educated privately at home, and since I was ten I have been touring Europe, giving recitals in the principal cities."

Honorable Mention

The number of good photographs submitted this month is so unusually large, that it would detract from the meri, of the distinction to publish all the names. Therefore, the Roll of Honor is emitted.

The American Amateur Photographer

Under the able editorial management of Dr.

John Nicol this picneer among amateur photographic publications is still up to the light standard the doctor established when he first took charges. When we have the content of the principal cities."

As it was now growing late and the boy had a score of music before him and a pencil in his hand, I left him to his own devices. On the morrow he was due at Bath, and on the following day he had to be in London again to conduct at St. James's Hall. A busier lad does not exist. Some months ago Queen Alexandra invited him to have afternoon teams with her at Buckingham Palace, and he actually had to decline the honor because his orchestra was waiting for him!

The picture of an orchestra reproduced on this page was drawn by Florizel von Reuter during a few hours of leisure which he permitted himself and management of the principal cities."

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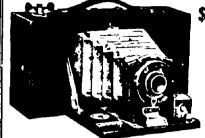
The picture of management of Dr.

The picture of an orchestra reproduced on this page was drawn by Florizel von Reuter during a few hours of leisure which he permitted himself and the cities."

As it was now growing late and the lotters.

The picture of management of management of the him to have afternoon teams of the principal cities."

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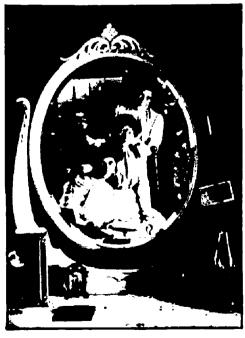


### Innocence of the Heron

"The heron is becoming scarcer each "The heron is becoming scarcer each summer season about the marshes and lake shores," said an old-time hunter. "I remember drawing a bead on one while it was displaying its delicacy and elegance of attitude, together with its majesty and graceful playfulness in all its movements, and I refrained from firing at it.

its movements, and I refrained from firing at it.

"The innocence of this water fowl respecting danger is exceptionally noticeable, and when it skips in the shallow water, striking at fish with its long, sharp-pointed bill, it is directed by a keen watchfulness. The heron is the most beautiful of all the waders, and is said to be held sacred by the African tribes; should one happen to be killed, even by accident, a calf or young cow must be slaughtered as an atonement.—Times-Democrat.



"REFL**ECTI**ONS" Made by fointing the Camera at a Mirror. By Peter C. Whyte, 16 Seventh Ave., Carbondale, Pa.

### Few Bad Fathers Among Birds

Bad fathers are rare among birds. Unsually the male rivals his mate in love for their children. The carrier pigeon—in fact, so do nearly all birds—feeds his mate while she is on the nest. More than that, the crow, the most dismal of all birds, often sits on the eggs in the nest in order that Mrs. Crow may have an hour or so of relaxation.

may have an hour or so of relaxation and gossip among the other Mrs. Crows of her acquaintance. The blue marten, the black-coated gull, the great blue heron and the black vulture all do the same.—Louisville Post.



By Archie M. Goshring, Key West, Pla.

A "BUCE DANCE"

# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asted by boys, be answered in these columns.

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

steps.

We will make a great deal of apparatus that will not be difficult, and when we begin to make instruments, they will be practical, useful, and while quite simple, as pleasing to the eye as and it remains on the surface of the wax as a charge.

Rub the glass and rubber rods, and also the resin in the same way and notice that they behave in exactly the same manner.

You can try a number of substances and find that they are all influenced by quite simple, as pleasing to the eye as quite simple, as pleasing to the eye as ROBERT G. GRISWOLD.

Experimental Lessons In

Electricity

Dear American Boys:

I have no doubt whatever that the most of you are interested in electricity and would like to know a great deal about it. You would undoubtedly like to have your own electrical laboratory and fill it with batteries, bells, motors and other apparatus of your own construction.

And you can do it work a great leading wax. Balance the vane on the plece of sealing wax. Balance the vane on the plece of apparatus is complete.

Secure for these experiments a stick of sealing wax, a glass rod, a rubber penholder or ruler (a comb will answer), a plece of resin, and a piece each of brass, iron and copper wire, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and eight inches in length. You will also want a piece of slik, as a handkerchief, a piece of flannel, and it possible a piece of fur. Some bits of issue paper (about one-eighth inch square) and a little bran will complete the list of materials needed.

EXPERIMENT 1, Place the whirling

and other apparatus of your own construction.

And you can do it very easily if you follow this series of lessons and make all the apparatus that will be described under each division. To learn a science in the language of experiment is to learn it well. All of the lessons that follow are progressive and the experiments teach one principle after another, so that future experiments that would now seem hard will be led up to in easy steps.

And you can do it very easily if you terials needed.

EXPERIMENT 1. Place the whirling vane on a level table and see that it moves casely. Bring one end of the stick of wax close to one of the paper vanes and notice that it has no effect on it. Now rub the stick of wax with the plece of silk quite briskly for a second or so, and then bring it near one of the paper vanes. You see that the wax now attracts the paper vane and will cause it to follow it completely around a circle. This is a new property that it dld not possess before, and is due to the frictional electricity that is generated by the friction of the silk on the wax, as a charge.

EXPERIMENT 2. Rub the brass, iron and copper wires with the different cloths

EXPERIMENT 6. Make a small stirrup of wire like that shown in Fig. 3 and suspend by the silk thread from the hook as in Fig. 4. Break the glass rod in halves (or better still, procure another similar rod) and after rubbing one of the pieces with the silk, hang it in the stirrup. Then rub the remaining piece with the silk and bring it near the suspended piece. Immediately the two repel each other and the suspended rod will rotate in its efforts to get as far as possible from the other.

EXPERIMENT 7. Rub the rubber pen-

diately the two repel each other and the suspended rod will rotate in its efforts to get as far as possible from the other.

EXPERIMENT 7. Rub the rubber penholder with the silk and present it to one end of the suspended glass rod, which must also be rubbed with the silk as before. Notice now that they attract each other.

We evidently have two different conditions of electricity residing upon the surfaces of the glass and rubber rods, as both of them have been rubbed with the silk and in the case of the two glass rods, it is very plain that the charges upon each piece must have been the same in nature, and we also notice that they repelled each other. But when the rubber rod was rubbed with the silk and presented to the glass rod, there was an attraction between them, which would lead us to suppose that the charges in this case were not alike, and we will find out later that they are not.

These two opposits conditions are called positive and negative to distinguish them apart, and when writing about them, or otherwise indicating them, the positive condition is indicated by the plus (+) sign, while the negative condition is indicated by the minus (-) sign. Do not misunderstand these signs to mean a difference in quantity, because the present state of the science has not yet proven which state is the greater.

In the following list is a number of substances, arranged in such an order that if any two of them are rubbed together the one standing carliest in the series becomes positively electrified, while the one standing later is negatively electrified:

Fur,

Wool,

Ivory,

Wool, Ivory, Glass, Glass,
Silk,
Metals,
Sulphur,
India-rubber,
Gutta percha, Collodion Celluloid.

Collodion,
Celluloid.

EXPERIMENT 8. Sprinkle the small bits of paper or bran in a small circle on a table and hold one end of an electrified rod over them as in Fig. 5. They will immediately jump from the table to the rod, remain there a second, and then fly away from it suddenly; as soon as they touch the table they will again jump to the rod, and so on, keeping up a very lively dance.

This action is due to the fact that they become charged upon contact with the rod, with electricity of the same character as that on the rod, and as we have learned above, these two states repel each other. But as soon as they touch the table they are instantly discnarged when the rod attracts them to it again. This action continues until the rod loses its charge. In some electric machines this principle is used to make small images of men and women, cut from pith, dance up and down between two facing metal plates, the upper one being connected with the machine, and the under one with the ground.

The exact meaning of the word "charge" can now be readily understood. It refers to the quantity of electrification of either kind produced by friction or other means upon the surface of a body. These charges may be large or small, and of opposite character (+ or -). When the electricity is removed from a body by contact with another it is said to be "discharged."

EXPERIMENT 9. Rub the wax rod with the flannel and bring it near one of the

is removed from a body by contact with another it is said to be "discharged."

EXPERIMENT 9. Rub the wax rod with the flannel and bring it near one of the vanes of the whirl, but not close enough to touch it. It attracts the vane. Now touch the wax rod to the wall or floor for a few seconds, or better still, some metallic object as a stove, rubbing it about so that the entire surface may come in contact with the metal or wall, and then bring near the vane. No attraction now exists between the two as the electricity on the wax has been discharged, or passed from the wax into the wall or stove.

Good conductors (generally the metals) are instantly discharged by coming in contact with the hand or any other conductor in contact with the ground. A nonconductor (glass, rubber) may be readly discharged by passing it through the flame of a candle or alcohol lamp. The hot gases carry the charge off and dissipate it in the air.

The ready detection of small charges, too feebic to affect the whirl, may be easily made by the use of a gold-lear electrometric for measuring stating and we will and we will and we will and the price of the charge on and dissipate it in the air.

The ready detection of small charges, too feebic to affect the whirl, may be easily made by the use of a gold-lear electrometric conductor on the second (an instrument for measuring stating stating to the charge on and we will second the conductor of the charge of a gold-lear electrometric conductor of the charge of the char

feeble to affect the whirl, may be easily made by the use of a gold-leaf electroscope (an instrument for measuring statical charges) like that shown in Fig. 6. scope (an instrument for measuring statical charges) like that shown in Fig. 6. Secure from a druggist a six or eight ounce wide mouthed bottle of clear glass, and clean it thoroughly. Pass a brass or copper wire through the cork, which has been soaked in melted wax (paraffin) and bend the inside end into a flat hook; the outside end is bent into a ring. Then get at some paint store or from some painter a strip of gold leaf one-eighth inch wide and four inches long. This material is so very delicate that you will have to handle it carefully and only with a camel's hair trace that you will have to handle it carefully and only with a camel's hair brush. Do not touch it with the fingers. Hang this strip over the hook so that an equal length hangs down on either side.

This electroscope is so delicate that it

will indicate the charge on the chips falling from the sharpening of a lead pencil, upon the wire loop.

EXPERIMENT 10. Be sure that the jar is dry and clean—no dust on the cork. Electrify the glass rod and bring it into contact with the ring. Note how the leaves diverge, even before the rod has touched the wire. Try the other materials in a similar manner. To discharge the leaves at the contact with the finger or simply touch the loop with the finger or

a wire.

This tendency of the leaves to fly apart is due to their being similarly electrified, causing them to repel each other.

causing them to repel each other.

EXPERIMENT 11. Place four tumblers on the floor with a board on top of them. Stand upon this insulated stool and ask someone to strike you briskly with a slik handkerchief, or stroke you with a clothestrush. Then touch the loop with your finger and notice how strongly you have been electrified.



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whirling or circular motion creating the effect known as "magnetism" and that of rapid oscillation, or moving to and fro, known as "waves." These will be taken up in later lessons.

Now frictional electricity makes itself known principally through the effects of "attraction" and "repulsion," and in order

"attraction" and "repulsion," and in order that this effect may be made visible to our minds through the eyes, we will make the simple whirling vane shown in Fig. 1.

The base a is a piece of wood about two inches square with a sewing needle b driven through its center to form a pivot upon which the vane turns. Select from a sheaf of wheat or rye straw, several straight, long and perfect straws. From one of them cut the piece a twelve inches straight, long and perfect straws. From one of them cut the piece c twelve inches in length, and in cutting use a very keen, sharp knife so that the straw will not be crushed and broken at the ends. Cut the two vanes d and e from white writing paper and fasten them to the ends with a drop of sealing wax or glue. Then cut from one of the joints in the straw the piece f. The joints look similar to h and have no hole through them, and the cut should be made at the spot marked k so that the hard diaphragm will form a bearing for the point of the needle as at i. Lay the piece flat on a board and fasten

LESSON I.

STATIC, or FRICTIONAL ELECTRICITY.

ILEN YOU ask the question, "What is electricity?" the only possible answer is, "It is not known." We merely know that whatever it may be, all that can be learned about it is through its effects upon matter of different kinds. In itself, it does not affect any one of our five senses as other things do but it does have a direct effect upon our its essenses as other things do but it does have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our its essenses as other things do but it does have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a direct effect upon our force, as you have a first provided in the first instance, because the following induction coil.

In other words, it is invisible, possesses no odimensions of which we are aware. It cannot be destroyed and is neither mattern or energy the same, although it makes itself known in four different ways. The effects of electricity when standing still are different from those when it is in motion, so when it is at rest we speak of it as "stantical" from the when left you have the same, although it makes itself known it is at rest we speak of it as "stantical" from the when left you have the provided with the same as when it is used to denote the "charging of electricity," on the whole of the provided with the whole of the provided with the provided w

EXPERIMENT 5. Suspend the two pith balls from the hook and touch them both at the same time with the electrified glass rod. As soon as they are repelled by the rod, remove it and notice how they repel each other, coming together very slowly as the charges are dissipated in the air. These experiments teach two facts: First, that a charge of electricity may be transferred from one object to another by actual contact through the medium of induction, and, second, that the charge thus given by

and, second, that the charge thus given by one electrified body to another unelectri-fied body caused the two to repel each

away from it.

The ball in coming in contact with the electrified wax was given a charge of electricity similar in character. The process of transferring this charge from one body to another is called "induction"; in other words, the wax rod induced an electrified condition upon the surface of the ball exactly similar to that that would have been obtained had the ball itself been rubbed. But the experiment has taught that the charge imparted to the ball caused it to be repelled by the wax.

EXPERIMENT 4. Suspend the feather

EXPERIMENT 4. Suspend the feather from the hook and try the same operations as in experiment 3. and note how very much farther the feather is hell away from the wax by this repulsion.

EXPERIMENT 5. Suspend the two pith hells from the hook and touch them beth

SENDING

MESSAGE



This electroscope may be used to determine the nature of a charge, as to whether it is positive or negative. In testing any unknown charge, first electrify the leaves by presenting the glass rod rubbed with silk to the loop: The charge on the glass and that imparted to the leaves is positive (+). Then bring the electrified body near the loop, and if the leaves diverge or fly apart still farther, the body is charged with positive electricity, while if the leaves come together the charge is negative. In the latter case the negative charge neutralizes the positive charge.

EXPERIMENT 12. Place a sheet of writ-

EXPERIMENT 12. Place a sheet of writing paper on a table and brush it with a bristle brush. Then hold it near the wall and see how closely it will stick to it.

and see now closely it will stick to it.

EXPERIMENT 13. Take a cat into a dark room and stroke its fur a few times and then give one stroke in the opposite direction. Note the thousands of little sparks and the crackling sound. This is frictional electricity, and the colder the atmosphere the greater the amount generated.

erated.

EXPERIMENT 14. On a dry, cold day o evening shuffle across the floor in a pair of woolen stockings and then present your knuckle to a gas fixture or the stove and note the bright spark that leaps from your finger. It is possible to so charge your body in this way as to give a perceptible shock to a person's ear or nose, and to even light a gas jet with a metal tip. All these experiments are illustrations of the generation of frictional electricity and its detection. Lightning is exactly the same thing, only on a vastly greater scale. Our next lesson will deal with magnetism, and there will be a number of beautiful and interesting experiments to perform

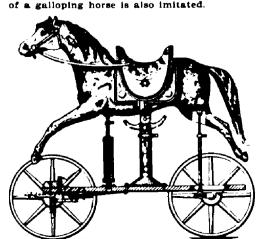
### **NEXT MONTH**

Experimental Lesson in Magnetism Also, How to Make a Telephone

### A New Rocking-Horse

At this time, when a great deal of interest is being devoted to electrically-propelled vehicles, steam-propelled vehicles and the like, a rocking-horse-propelled vehicle is certainly worthy of some interest, particularly on the part of our younger readers.

This traveling rocking-horse not only imitates the up and down movement of a horse when galloping but, by means of a rod connecting the hind legs of the horse with a crank on the rear axie, the forward movement of a galloping horse is also imitated.



IS DOUBTFUL if there are many boys at the age of fif-teen years that understand wireless telegraphy but P.son can claim two, Newell A. Thompson, Jr., and Samuel Breck, who not only understand it, but have built and are operating two complete outfits. are operating two complete outfits. The former has established one station in the home of his aunt at No. 31 Brook street, while half a mile distant the latter has installed another similar outfit.

Newell A. Thompson began the study of electricity five years ago at New haven. Both boys have been working for several months on the apparatus and have had some difficult problems to solve. They are

cult problems to solve. They are members of the graduating class of the Prince Grammar School, and caused considerable surprise at a school exhibition held last May by school exhibition held last May by exhibiting a complete wireless system they had built. Their first ideas were received from a display given in Mechanics' Hall, and while the first outfit would not work over a greater distance than 256 feet, by careful and persistent experimenting the distance has been increased to that between the present stations.

The messages are transmitted from aerial wires, suspended from the top

aerial wires, suspended from the top of a slim pole, sixteen feet above the roof of each boy's home, as shown in Fig. 1. Young Thompson has set up his apparatus directly beneath the pole, devoting the balance of the room to his workshop, while Breck has established his station in an upper room of his home. He also has

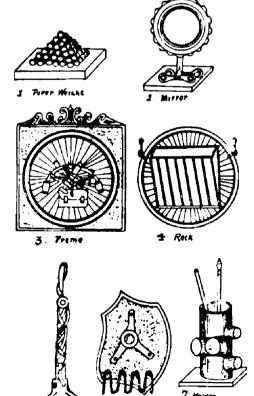
NEWELL A THOMPSON - SAMUEL BRECK INVENTORS AND OPERATORS OF A PERFECT WIRELESS SYSTEM

an elaborate workshop in the basement

an elaborate workshop in the basement. Thompson has a patent pending on the instrument exhibited at the school.

The boys have invented a feature which is claimed to be a great improvement over the former device, being more reliable in its action. This device was successfully used last June between the S. S. Saxonla and a station in Charlestown, The new apparatus now under construction will operate over a distance of at least eight miles, and the boys have great hopes of perfecting the apparatus so that they may send and receive messages over far greater distances.

## Articles Made of Old Bicycle Parts

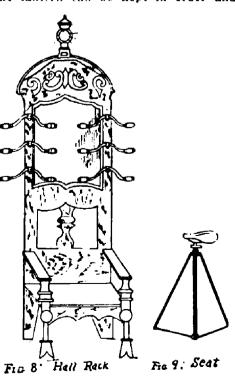


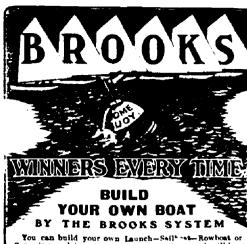
An idea of the character of the articles obtainable from cast-off bicycles is shown. Figure 1 is a collection of balls from several ball bearings, formed into a pyramid by means of cement, and nickel plated or gilded. The pyramid is then cemented to a wooden base and forms a useful desk paper weight. A table mirror (Fig. 2) is made by fastening a circular mirror to the center of a wheel sprocket gear; the stand is a pedal and pedal shaft. The pedal shaft is screwed tight to the pedal and consequently keeps the affair perpendicular. The sprocket, pedal and shaft are bronzed or plated and if desired, the sprocket may be wound with fancy ribbon. Fig. 3 is an old wheel, the tire of which is filled with sawdust to keep it expanded, and in the center of which are several mementos of a bygone cycle season, and ill are hung to the wall. The tire of the wheel is artistically ornamented with oil or water colors or coated with silver bronze. The spokes are polished, while the saddle leather is reated to a surfacing of gold or silver composition, making an attractive and useful plece of hall furniture.—Popular Mechanics. An idea of the character of the articles

GREAT DEAL of pleasure may be derived from turning parts of old bleycles into articles of use or ornamentation. Many original: ideas can be used in this work and it is good plactice for the boy of an inventive turn of mind. Sprocket gears, cone shafts, handle bars, wheel rims and other parts of old bleycles which were formerly disposed of as junk, are now carefully assorted, cleaned, polished or nickel plated, and used for wall and archway decorations. Plating outfits are expensive, but persons who possess them will do that part of the work for a small charge.

There were supposed to the work for a small charge.

There wooden base is either sanded or finished in natural state. Fig. 7 is a crank banger separated from the tubes, japanned or bronzed, and used for a pencil and pen holder. Fig. 8 is a piece of hall furniture from which the hat pins are removed and blevele handle bars substituted. The is done by simply putting the bar posts through the shaft holes in the forks and the posts on the back by means of clamps. A cycle lantern is placed at the top, with fork and head niece, by expanding the fork and prongs to conform to the shape of the top. A set screw is put into the wood through the shaft holes in the forks and the whole affair is firmly held in place. The lantern can be kept in order and





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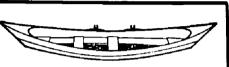
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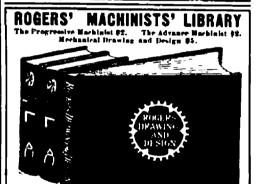
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THE publishers of The American Boy want stories full of humor---such stories as boys will laugh over. The stories should be suited to boys of the age of sixteen. The humor should be clean and wholesome, but not of the silly style nor childish. Such as are accompanied by illustrations will be most appreciated and will bring the highest compensation. Do not send mere jokes or anecdotes. Stories of from 1000 to 3000 words are wanted

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### Interested in Electricity

Interested in Electricity

James Irvine Finnie, Clinton, Mass, in a letter complimenting us on the February Number of THE AMERICAN BOY, speaks particularly of the pleasure he has derived from the page devoted to mechanics and electricity. He has been following up the articles on wireless telegraphy. He has made the coil and hatteries and has them in working order, and has tried the batteries for a distance of seven hundred yards and they work all right. He is expecting to go to the Massachusetts School of Technology, next September, having already passed his examination therefor. He is at present in the high school and in the evenings goes to a drawing school. His class in the high school, which is graduated next June, will go in a body to Washington City to see the sights.

### Scribs Melee Association

When I was about nine years old I induced my father to buy me a printing press, promising to do job printing for merchants and pay him back the money the press cost. One year later I was still in debt to him, so I hit upon a plan to make money faster. It was this:

I was to form a news association for amateur editors. I was to get reporters in the large cities to send me the latest news every week; the matter they sent me I was to copy and send to the members of the association. I heard about the "Scripps-McRae League" and I thought that I could have something like it, so I of the association. I heard about the Get the number of hours from mid-"Scripps-McRae League" and I thought night, divide by two and point the hour that I could have something like it, so I at the sun so that the shadow of a match

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called mine the Scribs Melee Association. I had a circular printed reading like this:

"Amateur editors, this is the one chance of your life. Join the Scribs Melee Association and get all the latest news, written by some of the best known writers. Representatives in New York, Chicago, Toledo, Denver and St. Louis get all the latest news. Dues 50 cents per month."

The next thing I did was to borrow 50 cents from my father and buy with it twenty-five two-cent stamps. I wrote to refer the watch, and 12 is north, 6 south, 3 east, and 9 west.



Photo by M. A. Yauch, Rochester, N. Y.

"PAPER MISTER"

reporters and received answers that they were at my service, but they didn't state their prices. I then sent out twenty circulars to amateur editors. Some of them responded with 50-cent pieces. Then I received "copy" from my reporters, which I forwarded to the members.

Everything went along all right until I began to get bills from the reporters. The first batch of bills was for \$25.00, and as I had only received \$7.50 from the members, the Scribs Melee Association went into a receivership. My father was appointed receiver. He settled up the bills and took me out into the woodshed and settled with me. I got a receipt all right. settled with me. I got a receipt all right. This ended the Scribs Melee Association.

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He can write a successful play. John O'Keefe, the famous Irish actor and playwright, wrote a play that is considered good today, when he was only fifteen. He can become famous. Charles Dickens did his "Sketches by Loz" so well that, before he was twenty-two his name was known to all the world.

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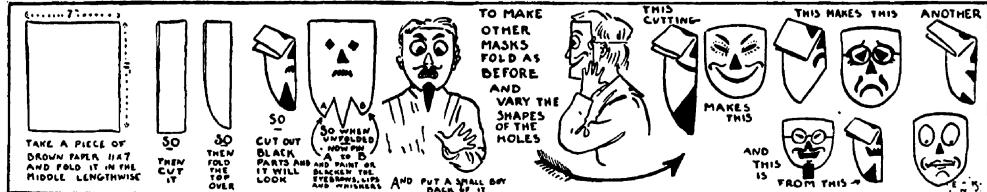


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American Handkerchief Co., TE. 14th St., New York, GIRLS.-We give beautiful Silk Parasols any color or size, for sell-in, only thirty-two of our gine bandkerchiefs.

Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

### Funny False Faces that Can Be Made by Any One



### When I Hear My Laddie Whistle

When I hear my laddle whistle,
Dark, and stormy though the day.
Though the thorns of teasing trouble
Seem to strew my shadowed way;
I forget the weight of worry,
Life becomes serenely bright,
E'en though time, and tune together,
Oft the whistle puts to flight.

When I hear my laddle whistle When I hear my laddle whistle, Hymn, or two-step, shrill and clear, Well I know the heart within him Bubbles o'er with grateful cheer; Deep within its crystal center. Pure as snow the thoughts I see, That is why my laddle's whistle Always sounds so sweet to me.

When I hear my laddle whistle,
Half-way down the street at noon,
Then I know the door will open
With a smile of greeting soon;
Tender lips will touch my forehead,
Tender words will charm my ear,
That is why my laddle's whistle Seems so strangely sweet to hear.



When I hear my laddie whistle,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Oh, what waves of Heaven's comfort
O'er my being seem to roll;
Since I know within his bosom,
Never touched by doubt, or care,
Lives the truth his whistle measures,
Like an angel singing there.

When I hear my laddie whistle. When I hear my laddie whistle,
Vernal airs around me blow,
Life is full of sunny promise.
I have said Good-bye to woe;
What though music groans in spirit,
What though critics laugh at me,
When I hear my laddie whistle,
I am happy as can be.
—Birch Arnold.

SPORT!SPORT!

Watch Our Spring Numbers

### A French Frog and FISHING MADE EASY an American Eagle

(Continued from page 176.)

timidity of temper be judged unfit to un-dergo the ordeal of the initiation Cere-mony, it shall be lawful for the president, at his discretion, to dispense with the said at his discretion, to dispense with the said ceremony, and admit the candidate to full membership of the society by inscribing his name upon the roli before witnesses; such inscription being held to be equivalent to initiation in the ordinary course. Hereditary Grand Recorder Martin Crickhowell, commanded Carclough, as he finished, "insert the name of Austin Bentley Anstruther on the roll of the society, appending to it the simple comment, Excused!"

"Stop a bit!" cried Anstruther impetuously. "Do you mean to say that you've got the cheek to stick me down as delicate and timid and excused on that account? My word! If that's what you think—"

"Recorder!" rang the stern voice of the "Recorder to the stern voice of the said that he came from Ninevell, and some of the younger hows thoughts.

# How to Play the Mandolin

THIRD LESSON. We will now learn to place the fingers on the scale. The Mandolin fingerboard b is divided into frets. Frets are strips of metal placed across the fingerboard of the Mandolin. Always place your fingers between the frets— not on them.

The notes on the G string are g on

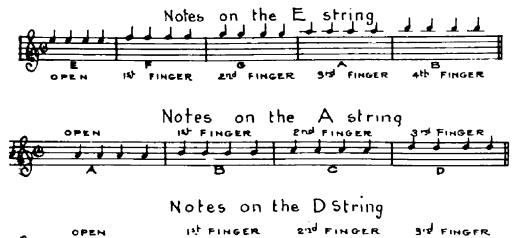
TAUGHT IN EIGHT LESSONS > By LILLIAN STANDIFORD

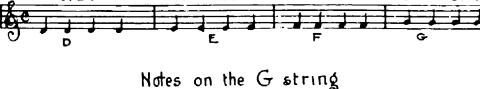
The notes on the G string are g on the open string played without fingering, a with the first finger, b with the second finger, c with the third finger on G string, between the first and second finger, between the first and second finger, a with the second finger on G string, between the first and second finger, a with the first finger, g with the second finger, a with the first finger, and between the third and fourth frets; c is the third finger on G string, between the fourth finger. The fourth finger, and between the third finger on G string, between the first finger on E string, between the nut and first fret; the exercise—four g's, four a's, four b's, and four c's.

The notes on the D string are d open, e with the first finger, f with the second finger on E string, between the first finger on D string, between the first finger on D string, between the first and second so that you know all the notes on the first and second so that you know all the notes of the third finger on A string, between the fourth and fifth frets. Notice on the D and A strings the fingers are in the corresponding places.

The notes on the D string are e open, f with the fourth finger, a with the fourth finger, a with the fourth finger, a with the second finger, a with the second finger, a with the fourth finger, a with the second finger, a with the fourth finger, a with the fourth finger, a with the fourth finger, a with the second finger, a with the fourth finger, a with the second finger, a with the fourth finger, a with the second finger in the corresponding places.

The notes on the D satring, between the string finger o made open, e is the first finger on D seventh frets. Practice these exercises string, between the first and second so that you know all the notes and frets; f is second finger on D string, between the second and third frets; g is eyes to find the places as little as you the third finger on D string, between the can.









THE BEST FISH-HOOK ON EARTH for Sea. Lake and River Fishing. No losing bait. Nor coming home without your largest fish. No breaking loose or tearing out. No one can afford to fish without one. No springs to get out of order. It is simple and strong, being a LEVER, the harder a fish pulls the stronger it will hold him. It is easily adjusted to all kinds of fishing by sliding the little clamp on the rod.

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sition. Expense small. We teach by meil only and guarantee success. Money refunded if not perfectly satisfied. Hundreds write: "Wish I had known of your school before." For backlet, testimonials and full information, address, U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 28B, 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

in the families commont. Excusses: Impetuously. To you mean to say that you we got the check to stick me down as delicate and timid and excused on that a voice that he was dressed in a rather was all means and the mean that he was already as momber of the game on myself. I'll—I'll was a mean of the younger boys thought in the regular way. You shall see whether I'm timid or no. Do you suppose I'm firm of the you have been the regular way. You shall see whether I'm timid or no. Do you suppose I'm firm of you have readed the money and the younger boys thought in the regular way. You shall see whether I'm timid or no. Do you suppose I'm firm of you have readed old ceremoids them on myself. I'll—I'm the too help the younger have been the cardidate that his protest came too late, and that he was already a momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and that he was already a momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and the was already a momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and the was already a momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and the was already a momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and the was already a momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and the was already a momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and the was already as momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and the was already as momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came too late, and the was already as momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest came to late, and the was already as momber of the Gang cutting sentences, informed the candidate that his protest

Channel, nor changeful green like the North Sea, but of a distinct and golden yellow—a fact noted long ago by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King." Very lovely it is too, when a setting sun is going gloriously to his rest, and under that flaming sky you see far-off the "white sails flashing on the yellow sea." It is not difficult then to fancy that the last beams are glancing on white plumes, silver armor, and fluttering pennons as a company of king Arthur's knights come down to yonder strand to the barque that shall carry them across channel that they may to have

knights come down to yonder strand to the barque that shall carry them across channel, that they may join their master "In hall of old Caerleon upon Usk."

However, that is a digression; and I should be very sorry for any member of the Gang to catch me sentimentalising in any such girlish fashion. Only I pity the chap who never gets taken that way, especially when writing about his old school. One can be moderate; at least some of us can. We are not all like Mr. Villiers Brown, who, a year or two ago, could not be restrained from publishing, at vast expense and with absolutely no returns, an elegant thin volume of poems on the subject of the surrounding scenery, dedicated to Doctor Hardress. Such humbug! Of course every fellow, nearly, felt bound to order a copy to take home to friends. And then, when you had got it (and it was published at half-a-guinea!) the poetry inside was like the jam in one of Mr. Popjoy's three-cornered tarts—no matter which angle you start from, there's only one little pool in the middle. So half Brown's book was blank parchment, or measly vignettes. And that was the best half too!

I am afraid I have been digressing again, but the truth is, never having



gentler and more wooded, for a mile or two. Then they gradually recede, the river makes a sudden bend, and you emerge from Crosscombe valley into the open country. None of us, as far as I know, have ever explored much in that direction. Generally we prefer to go west, where the hills become perfect crags, and there are caves and stalactites and all manner of games. We are taken there periodically on chipping expeditions, and generally come back with cartloads of ammonites and perizzites and so on, for the museum. I myself once found a petrified lobster without a head. I suppose some beggar in the Stone Age was just preparing it for a salad, when some other chap stole up behind and clubbed him. I think science is no end of sport. After showing Pickens round the water-meadows we brought him back by Duck Lane to the Winston high road, from which a long avenue leads through the Doctor's private grounds to the north side of the School House. Pickens seemed to have greatly enjoyed the walk and, on parting, particularly thanked Baines for the interesting information he had given him, saying that he hoped at some future time to go with him and stalk a centaur or two. He spoke quite gravely, but Baines re-

him and stalk a centaur or two. He spoke quite gravely, but Baines re-marked to me afterwards that he was afraid he had wasted his time.



### A Stranger From Pekin

When the allied forces fought their way into Pekin at the time of the Boxer uprising, a general assault was made on everything that belonged to the Chinese.

everything that belonged to the Chinese. There was a part of the city which, in itself, was called the "Sacred City," where the Dowager Empress lived. Even within the precincts of the "Sacred City" the soldiers looted and carried away everything of value that could be put into a soldier's knapsack.

The day after the battle a member of the hospital corps, with the American troops, entered a pagoda, whose idols and draperles had been hacked to pieces with swords and strewn upon the floor. Walking among the debris, the soldier found a small idol which had lost one arm, but otherwise was intact. Picking it up, he carried it back to camp, and, placing it among his medical supplies, did not touch it again until his regi-



wormending scenery, dedicated to Doctor Hardress. Such humbug! Of course every fellow, nearly, felt bound to order a copy to take home to friends. And then, when you had got it (and it was published at half-a-guinea!) the poetry inside was like the Jam in one of Mr. Popioy's three-cornered tarts—no matter which angle you start from, there's only one little pool in the middle. So half Brown's book was blank parchment, or measly vignettes. And that was the best half too!

I am afraid I have been digressing angain, but the truth is, never having too much cash in hand myself, my blood hoils when I think of that ten and sixpence, less discount. To resume description. If, instead of crossing the stream and climbing the heights, you follow the river eastward, you have the hills on either side of you, rather in the brought it out and displayed it with the brough tit out and displayed it with the brough tit out and displayed it with the brough tit out and displayed it with are satisfaction. The idol was made of hard wood, but was so old that it was greatly decayed. The paint that had been daubed on it was worn away, although little spots of red or white or inches high and on its horrid face was a mustache and whiskers of human hair. On uncovering a cavity in the back, a sickening stench arose. A Chinaman given the information that whenever an idol was placed in a temple, the cavity in its back was filled with human flesh to give it life so that it might understand and help human beings. The soldier had great trouble in keeping his made to steal it. For a year and a half he carried it about with him. To-day it occupies a prominent place among his war relics.

Thie Handsome



ters.

Benjamin L. Miller, 129 North Clark st. Chicago, wins the prize for best list of swers to February Tangles. He found 29 batties in number 25.

Morton V. Morton V. Morton T. Morton in the prize of the st. of the

Morton L. Mitchell, Orillia, Iowa, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

A total of 211 original new puzzles arrived from our Tanglers in this month's competition

from our Tanglers in this month's competition.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: John H. Black, Florence DuBols, Henvis S. Roessler, Willie R. Schoenberger, Fred H. Gunkel, Jr., Allert Brager, Emmons Emerson, W. L. Rothermel, George G. Taylor, Abram M. Karker, Eugene A. Scanion, Walter T. Horton. E. D. George, Wm. O. Simon, Conger Roads, Stanley B. Welch, Dana Reid, Henry Jackson, V. R. Dunlap, Harry Newquist, John E. Caughey, Earl A. Porter, Albert W. Moss, Edward Marvin Underhill, Stanton D. Willard, Thomas DeWind, Brancon Tharp, Roy Hallings, Eugene Marlus Stewart, Osborn J. Dunn, Adam G. Quandt, George V. Jehu, Curtis Moody, F. M. Smith, Howard Francis, Willis F. Holley, Howard Dickey, H. Roy Davis, S. John McCarthy, Nels W. Kindgren, Ralph R. Williams, Lloyd Harden, Ada T. Drake, S. Ward Seeley, Otis Merlin Sisson, J. Edward Shields, F. C. Millspaugh, Willie D. Burdick, Noble P. Hollister, Arthur L. Schieber, Charles Williams, D. Waldo Brown, George Harrison Stanbery, The Gopher Tangle Club, Frank N. Blanchard, Charles Roland Kerbaugh, M. Gray, Old Poser, Herman H. Voelker, Joseph P. Smith, H. Ward Lewis, Blaine Vess, John Willing, Jr., Merrick Huston, Frank L. White, Leo Dale Dunlap, Alfred W. Robertson, Sarah Gilles, Ruscel Dickey, Acheson Callaghan, Willard S. Worcester, Leonard Ward, L. Schembeck, J. Horace Trumbull, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Thomas Hellier, Robert D. Holmes, Jr., George Murdock Jackson, Ralph Herbert Cowdrey, L. R. Pineo, Harry Dinges, C. Clyde Nickum, and others from St. Paul and San Antonio who forgot to sign their names.

Monte M. Katterjohn's puzzles all appeared in The Little Chronicle November 5, over other

Monte M. Katterjohn's puzzles all appeared in The Little Chronicle November 5, over other names. Several sent in answers to January too late to be acknowledged.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to the April Tangles re-ceived by April 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of, original puzzles received by April 20. Let them be full of June, and commencement, and outdoor sports, and all the good things boys will like to read about in June.

### Answers to March Tangles

27. Proverbs XVII., 7. Excellent speech becometh not a fool, much less do lying lips a prince. X (10) cell Lent 8 peach beak comet H knot a fool M (1090) U C (100) H less (minus sign) duel eye in G lips ape prints

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3. Natur	A	L	<b>.</b>	V	e	N	1	c	e
4. Rinal	đ	Q	4.	S	1	c	1	1	У
5. Yverd	0	N	5.	G	$\mathfrak{a}$	1	a	Т	z
s. Wyomi	n	G	6.	O	р	0	r	t	0
T. Altdo	r	F	7.	$\mathbf{B}$	8.	n	t	$\mathbf{R}$	У
8. DeVin	n	E	8.	т	h	8.	M	e	8
9. Shebu	e	L	9.	В	r	$\mathbf{E}$	m	e	n
to. Wende	1	L	10.	G	R	e	e	c	e
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	Jug		4.	N	e	r	a	$\mathbf{c}$		

4. N e r a C
5. T o m a H
6. P a r o S
7. A i s n E
8. T e l a V
9. R o q u E
10. I r w i N
11. C a b o T
12. K a l b E
14. D i x o N
15. A l o s T
16. Y o u t id
16. Y o u t id
17. Initials, Saint Patrick's Day; finals, March seventeenth.

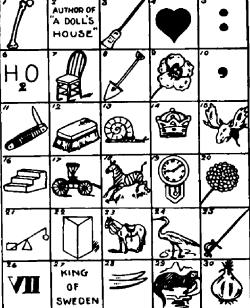
2. Oglethorpe. 3. Sa
| March a Rarrisburg, Harrisburg, Harrisbu In . Ne Ha. Ar aw w l u n Initials, Benjamin

35. 1. Brandywine. 2. Oglethorpe. 3. Savannah. 4. Texas. 5. Ohio. 6. Nashville. 7. Mayflower. 8. April. 9. Spaniards. 10. September. 11. Americans. 12. Chesapeake. 13. Rahl. 14. Essex. Initials, Boston Mas-

sacre.	
36. ArkansaS	87. 1. Arthur
VermonT	2. reaso N
MississipPi	3. Dental
MontanA	4. latte R
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MissourI	7. Jargon
New Mexico	8. nause A
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TexaS	10. attac K
Rhode IslanD	II. Sluice
CaliforniA	12. potat O
Kentuck Y.	10. Nitrio
Starred letters, St.	Alternates, Andrew
Patrick's Day.	Jackson.

### New Tangles

APRIL CALENDAR



Interpret each numbered pictorial square by word of five letters. Place the second leter of each of these words on the date in the 

1905		A	PRI	L	١	905
SUN.	MON	TUE.			FRI	SAT.
						<u> </u>
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10					
16	[7	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

-Morton L. Mitcheil

### EASTER ENIGMA.

My whole is composed of 23 letters, and is a message an angel brought on the first Easter morning, as told in Matthew.

2-4-7-15-22-14 a book of the Old Testament.

23-16-10-3 a person named in Luke in the genealogy of Christ.

5-9-17 Saul's grand-father.

1-6-10-21-11 an animal employed only in war in Bible times.

20-18-8-17 two men of the same name, mentioned in I. Chronicles.

IV. 12-13-19 the first word of Matthew XX.

—Thomas DeWind.

### AESOP TANGLED.

Each sentence is a complete moral from one Each sentence is a complete moral from one of Aesop's Fables with the words all tangled up. You are asked to straighten them out correctly.

1. Ought he to share the shares who prize the danger?

2. Not those who do right know their aucht place must be it.

3. A trusted he who is his own family friend illtreats as to be not.

4. As here is in the well, brave as words in deeds.

5. Large bear with little courage less than men they do often misfortunes grievances.

6. Believed to be tale is every not.

7. Realities our life of its mere anticipations outrun.

8. Hide to be hid which things do not cannot attempt.

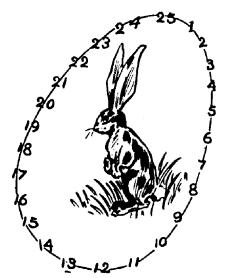
—Willie R. Schoenberger.



The letters from the key words when inserted in their numerical positions about the egg will surround it with the following, in

order, from 1 to 25:
(1) A school holiday in some states, observed in April in Nebraska, where it was founded by Governor J. Sterling Morton; (2)

Mey words: 23-8-11-20-b a vice-president who became president in April. 15-21-3-13-25-17-1-19 a September holiday 12-4-14-10-24-6 the experience of most American boys on April first. 22-18-7-2 a river and canal of



### Easily Earned This 22 Caliber HAMILTON **HUNTING** Riffe is not a toy air rifie, but is a Genuine Blue Steel Barrel Hunting Bifle, with Front and Rear Peep Sight, Automatic Shell Extractor, Extra Premium

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X	L	R	R	o	E	0	R
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R	G	R	E	L	F	K	8

-Fred H. Gunkel, Jr.

### MARINER'S ENIGMA.

My whole has 70 letters, and is a marine quotation from Byron. 51-27-8-57-32-70-36-60 is a kind of vessel. 22-65-61-27-8-57-32-70-36-50 is a rind of vessel: 22-55-47-34-60-53 is a large wave. 15-44-27-39-2-20 is a part of every vessel's equipment. 42-62-12-64-50 is a rope that controls a sail. 31-25-59-67-28 is typass the end of a rope through a pulley. 1-9-27-21-52 is what ships must avoid. 42-53-5-60-11 is a kind of fish. 21-48-13-23 is the lowest part of a ship. 51-21-69-56-14-49-60 is the master of a vessel. 18-65-58-55-1 is a water fowl. 46-4-64-1-65-17-20 is the sail of the of a snip. 51-21-69-56-14-49-50 is the master of a vessel. 18-65-58-55-1 is a water fowl. 46-4-26-41-66-17-63-20 is a flat fish. 3-68-30-35-54-31-16 is what all ships are required to carry. 62-29-10-33 is to pull, as a rope. 24-6-45-19-41-37-61-36-18 is what the true sallor must ever be. 43-46-38 is towards the stern. 7-15-20 is a salt-water sallor—James L. l'aine.

### CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

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Upper: A consonant in hode Island; a cooking tensil; a tavern; a de-oction from dried leaves, consonant in Rhode Isl-

Left: A consonant in lew Hampshire; to by ble; the best thirst uencher; clear of all

### BEHEADINGS.

47. BEHEADINGS.

The beheaded letters in order spell a day whose observance is encouraged by the United States Secretary of Agriculture, as inducing an interest in the subject of forestry. Some states observe it in April: Arizona, in February; some in May, and many not at all.

1. Behead to humiliate, and leave a foundation. 2. To wander similessly, and leave to move easily. 3. Any large four-footed animal, and leave a fixed portion of food. 5. Reckless and leave a tree. 6. Peril, and leave vexation. 7. To encourage or assist in a criminal act, and leave to wager. 8. To long for earnestly, and leave to gain by labor.

—The Humbug.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC

48.

All words are of the same length. The center letters, read downward, spell an importent commercial transaction in American history, consummated in April.

1. A beautiful shade tree. 2. An elephant's proboscis 3. A famous American commodore. 4. Pertaining to the voice. 5. Remains after combustion. 6. A country of Europe. 7. The easternmost county of Vermont. 8. A manufactured metal. 9 The water's edge. 10. A nickname for a Welshman, and so used in Mother Goose. 11. A shrub, bearing clusters of fragrant flowers. 12. The bird that is supposed to bring the habies. 13. A large, conspicuous feather. 14. Christian name of our President's eldest child. 15. A title of rank in Turkey and Egypt. 16. The king of Troy, at the time of the celebrated siege. 17. Commander of the federal forces at the battle of Gettysburg. 18. An American bay, on the same parallel as Portland, Oregon, and St. Paul, Minn., remarkable for its tides, said to reach 70 feet. 19. A current French coin.

—Ralph R. Williams.

Quick Returns.



---Emmons Emerson

### APEIL MYTHOLOGY.

All the names have eight letters. Their initials spell an April day celebrated in all Christian lands.

Christian lands.

1. The wife of Orpheus.

2. The father of Aeners, the Trojan hero.

3. A god, protector of woods and fields.

4. A son of Zeus, afflicted with a raging thirst, but condemned to stand in a lake and under a loaded fruit tree, the water and fruit always receding when he reached for them.

5. The old Roman name for the river Rhone.

—John Willig, Jr.

### WORD SQUARE.

1. A month. 2. Inordinate self-esteem. 3. A kind of firearm. 4. A loafer. 5. Sly looks.
—Stanton D. Willard.

### APRIL FRACTIONS

Take three-eighths of Michigan, two-sevenths of Alabama, six-elevenths of Connecticut, seven-ninths of New Jersey, four-sevenths of Florida, six-tenths of California. Arranged correctly they will spell the names of four Presidents born in April.

—Merlin Sisson.

Large and deductions: a consonant in New Hamp shire.

Right: A consonant in California: a deep hole: a flowering shrub; a vegetable product; a consonant in Oregon; the ocean; to rule; mature years; a consonant in Oregon.

Large will served in their numerical positions about the aggretic served in their numerical positions about the served in their numerical positions about the served in their numerical positions about the server in my imagination, and no foul words on my tongue. I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants; be tender toward the unfor-tunate—all this I should strive to do for the sake of being a comfort to people, a joy to my parents, and a help to the next century

If I were a boy I should play and romp, If I were a boy I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers and be able to do all the manly things that belong to the manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study hard and with a will when the time came for study; read the best literature—works of the imagination. tion, history, science and art according to my taste and need; get a good knowledge of English; try to speak accurately and distinctly; go to college, even if I exand distinctly; go to college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer or a mechanic; spend my Sabbaths reverently; try to be a practical, every-day Christian; help on every good cause; never make sport of sacred things; be "about my Father's business," like the boy of Nazareth; "use the world and not abuse it"; treat old men as fathers. "the younger men as brethren, the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity," and thus I would try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous.

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# ATAIRICATIBOS. MAST. 1905.



THE SPRACUE PUBLISHING CO DETROIT. MICH.



Benjamin L. Miller, 129 North Clark st., Chicago, wins the prize for best list of answers to February Tangles. He found 29 battles in number 25.

Morton L. Mitchell, Oriilia, Iowa, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

A total of 211 original new puzzles arrived from our Tanglers in this month's competi-

A total of 211 original new puzzies arrived from our Tanglers in this month's competition.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: John H. Black, Florence DuBois, Henvis S. Roessler, Willie R. Schoenberger, Fred H. Gunkel, Jr., Allert Brager, Emmons Emerson. W. L. Rothermel, George G. Taylor, Abram M. Karker, Eugene A. Scanion, Walter T. Horton. E. D. George, Wm. O. Simon, Conger Roads, Stanley B. Weich, Dana Reid, Henry Jackson. V. R. Dunlap, Harry Newquist, John E. Caughey, Earl A. Porter, Albert W. Moss, Edward Marvin Underhili, Stanton D. Williard, Thomas DeWind, Brancon Tharp, Roy Hallings, Eugene Marius Stewart, Osborn J. Dunn. Adam G. Quandt, George V. Jehu, Curtis Moody, F. M. Smith, Howard Francis, Willis F. Holley, Howard Glickey, H. Roy Davis, S. John McCarthy, Neis W. Kindgren, Ralph R. Williams, Lloyd Harden, Ada T. Drake, S. Ward Seeley, Otis Merilin Sisson, J. Edward Shields, F. C. Milispaugh, Willie D. Burdick, Noble P. Hollister, Arthur L. Schieber, Charles Williams, D. Waldo Brown, George Harrison Stanbery, The Gopher Tangle Club, Frank N. Blanchard, Charles Roland Kerbaugh, M. Gray, Old Power, Herman H. Voelker, Joseph P. Smith, Ward Lewis, Blaine Vess, John Willig, Jr., Merrick Huston, Frank L. White, Leo Dale Dunlap, Alfred W. Robertson, Sarah Gilles, Ruscel Dickey, Acheson Callaghan, Willard S. Ruscel Dicke

Monte M. Katterjohn's puzzles all appeared in The Little Chronicle November 5, over other names. Several sent in answers to January too late to be acknowledged.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to the April Tangles re-ceived by April 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the hest lot of, original puzzles received by April 20. Let them be full of June, and commencement, and outdoor sports, and all the good things boys will like to read about in June.

### Answers to March Tangles

27. Proverbs XVII., 7. Excellent speech becometh not a fool, much less do lying lips a prince. X (10) cell Lent B peach beak comet H knot a fool M (1000) U C (100) H less (minus sign) duel eye in G lips ape prints

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Merrimac.

30. Five (Hayes) times two (Early) plus nineteen (Stamp Act) minus eight (Ericsson) plus nine (Monitor and Merrimac) equals thirty (Alaska).

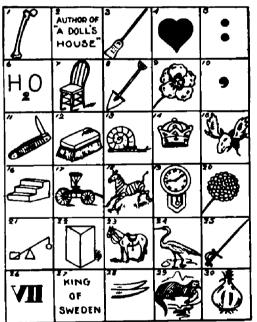
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### New Tangles

APRIL CALENDAR.



Interpret each numbered pictorial square by a word of five letters. Place the second letter of each of these words on the date in the ter of each of these words on the date in the subjoined April calendar corresponding to the number of its square. Beginning with the dates under Sunday, reading each row of days downward in order, to the last Saturday of the month, find the names of the capital and the largest two cities in a state admitted into the Union in April.

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9	10			13		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

-Morton L. Mitchell

### EASTER ENIGMA

My whole is composed of 23 letters, and is

a message an angel brought on the first Easter morning, as told in Matthew. 2-4-7-15-22-14 a book of the Old Testament. 2-4-7-15-12-14 a book of the old leatment.
23-16-10-3 a person named in Luke in the genealogy of Christ. 5-9-17 Saul's grandfather. 1-6-10-21-11 an animal employed only in war in Bible times. 20-18-8-17 two men of the same name, mentioned in I. Chronicles, IV. 12-13-19 the first word of Matthew XX.—Thomas DeWind.

### AESOP TANGLED.

Each sentence is a complete moral from one of Aesop's Fables with the words all tangled up. You are asked to straighten them out correctly.

1. Ought he to share the shares who prize the danger?

2. Not those who do right know their 'aucht place must be it.

3. A trusted he who is his own family friend illtreats as to be not.

4. As hero is in the well, brave as words of the dead.

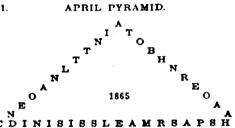
5. Large bear with little courage less than men they do often misfortunes grievances.

6. Believed to be tale is every not.

7. Realities our life of its mere anticipations outrun.

8. Hide to be hid which things do not cannot attempt.

—Willie R. Schoenberger.

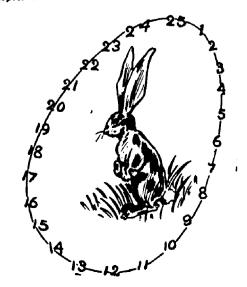


The letters from the key words when inserted in their numerical positions about the egg will surround it with the following, in order, from 1 to 25:

(1) A school holiday in some states, observed in April in Nebraska, where it was founded by Governor J. Sterling Morton; (2) A name customarily given to the first day of April; (3) A movable church festival, occurring this year in April.

Key words: 23-8-11-20-5 a vice-president who became president in April. 15-21-3-13-

Key words: 23-8-11-20-b a vice-president who became president in April. 15-21-3-13-25 17-1-19 a September holiday. 12-4-14-10-24-6 the experience of most American boys on April first. 22-18-7-2 a river and canal of



### Easily Earned This 22 Galiber HAMILTON Thie Handson HUNTING Riffe is not a toy air rifie, but is a Genuine Blue Steel Barrel Hunting Rifle, with Front and Rear Peep Sight, Automatic Shell Extractor shoots 22 caliber cartridges, and just the Extra Premium thing for target practice, or rabble, squirrels, fox, or other small game. We will give any hon-Quick Returns est boy one of these rifles Absolutely Free for est boy one of these rifles Absolutely Free for selling 30 pieces of our handsome jeweiry at 10 21 caliber carridges cands. These beautiful goods are entirely new for quick this season and the greatest sellers you ever saw. You can easily sell the 30 pieces in a couple of hours. Just send your name and address and we will send you the 30 pieces by first mail, postpaid. When sold send us the money you receive for the jeweiry, and the very day we receive it we will send you this rifle to pay you for your work. You Need No Money in Advance. We Trust You with the goods until you sell them, and Take Back all you cannot sell. Write Now. Don't Delay. And be the first in your town to have one of these fine hunting rifles. Costs you nothing to try. Address, ARLINGTON MFG. CO., 741-748 Unity Bidg., 1502 Chicago, III.

WANTED—Strong young men, age : 0 to 30, for firemen and brakemen on all railroads. MONTHLY Firemen earn \$65 to \$100 monthly, become Engineers and earn \$130 to \$160 monthly. Brakemen earn \$60 to \$75 monthly, become Conductors and earn \$100 to \$140 monthly. Name position preferred. Send stamp for particulars. Railway Association, Room 1, 227 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Beginning at a certain letter in the lower row, using the letters once only, by the king's move in chess, which is one square in any direction, find seven places that were attacked in April, five during the civil war, one to during the revolution and one during the seven war.

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-Fred H. Gunkel, Jr.

### MARINER'S ENIGMA.

My whole has 70 letters, and is a marine quotation from Byron. 51-27-8-57-32-70-36-50 is a kind of vessel. 22-65-51-27-8-57-32-70-36-60 is a kind of vessel. 22-65-47-34-40-53 is a large wave. 15-44-27-39-2-20 is a part of every vessel's equipment. 42-62-12-64-50 is a rope that controls a sail. 31-25-59-67-28 is to pass the end of a rope through a pulley. 1-9-27-21-52 is what ships must avoid. 42-53-5-60-11 is a kind of fish. 21-48-13-23 is the lowest part of a ship. 51-21-69-56-14-49-60 is the master of a vessel. 18-65-58-55-1 is a water fowl. 46-42-6-41-66-17-63-20 is a fiat fish. 3-68-30-35-54-31-16 is what all ships are required to carry. 62-29-10-33 is to pull, as a rope. 24-6-45-19-41-37-61-36-18 is what the true sailor must ever be. 43-46-38 is towards the stern. 7-15-20 is a sail-water sailor.—James L. l'aine.

### CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

	-	Upper: A consonant i
		Rhode Island; a cookin
		utensil; a tavern; a de
		coction from dried leaves
•		a consonant in Rhode Is
		and.
		- Left: A consonant i
		<ul> <li>Left: A consonant in New Hampshire; to be</li> </ul>
-		able; the best thirs
		quencher; clear of a
		charges and deductions;
		con onant in New Ham

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—Merlin Sisson.

CDINISISSLEAMESAPSHE

Beginning at a certain letter and taking every third letter in a certain direction until all are used once only, find a calamitous event in American history, that occurred in April.

—J. Edward Shields.

The letters from the key words when inserted in their numerical positions about the served in their numerical positions about the served on onant in New Hampshire.

Con onant in New Hampshire.

Right: A consonant in California; a deep hole: a flowering shrub; a vegetable product; a consonant in California.

Lower: A consonant in Oregon; the ocean; to rule; mature years; a consonant in Florida; a toy; to carouse; fresh; a consonant in Florida; a toy; to carouse; fresh; a consonant in Colorado; an exchange, I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights or stories in my imagination, and no foul words on my tongue. I should no foul words on my tongue. thoughts, pictures, sights or stories in my imagination, and no foul words on my tongue. I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants; be tender toward the unfortunate—all this I should strive to do for the sake of being a comfort to people, a love to my parents and a help to the joy to my parents, and a help to the next century.

If I were a boy I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers and be able to do all sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers and be able to do all the manly things that belong to the manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study hard and with a will when the time came for study; read the best literature—works of the imagination, history, science and art according to my taste and need; get a good knowledge of English; try to speak accurately and distinctly; go to college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer or a mechanic; spend my Sabbaths reverently; try to be a practical, every-day Christian; help on every good cause; never make sport of sacred things; be "about my Father's business," like the boy of Nazareth; "use the world and not abuse it"; treat old men as fathers, "the younger men as brethren, the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity," and thus I would try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous.

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# ANDRICANDO MAST. 1905



THE SPRACUE PUBLISHING CO DETROIT. MICH.

# Every Niece and Nephew of Uncle Sam

should be deeply interested in what he has said about soda crackers, because they are the one food with which all of them are familiar.

Uncle Sam has given out figures showing that soda crackers are richer in nutriment and body-building elements, properly proportioned, than any food made from flour.

This is saying much for common soda crackers, and much more for **Uneeda Biscuit**, because they are soda crackers of the best quality. They are baked better—more scientifically. They are packed better—more cleanly. The damp, dust and odorproof package retains all the goodness and nutriment of the wheat, all the freshness of the best baking, all the purity of the cleanest bakeries.

Your Uncle Sam has shown what food he thinks best for his people. His people have shown that they think **Uneeda Biscuit** the best of that food, nearly 400,000,000 packages having already been consumed.

# Uneeda Biscuit

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# American

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

VOLUME 6

DETROIT, MICH., MAY, 1905

Number 7

# THE PIRU CONDORS



RUPERT CRAM

By

firs on the

lined up."
"You can't make it," said Jim, as he stood poised over the deep, black canyon. "It is over three hundred feet to the bottom. Think what a slip would mean to you!" "I don't care about the height," Bob replied,

"I've trailed those condors for two months and climbed my legs off trying to locate them. Now I have them." "But it's dangerous—"

"Dangerous! Of course it is. If you fellows are going to back out now, I will get some one else to help me."

Jim hesitated an instant. "Ave and I will let you down, although I don't like it. I wouldn't go down there for all the money Uncle Sam has in his bank.'

"Oh, I'd do it for the fun of it. When I twitch the rope three times, stop pulling. Two for down and one for ready. I will climb out on this ledge and look for a good approach. I can't see over far enough from here.'

Bob as he spoke stepped to the brink and caught hold of a scrub oak. With a light swing he stood upon an eightinch ledge, a few feet below, ready for the downward

"Wait until I can tie this rope around you!" cried Jim. For reply Bob jumped to a lower ledge. From here a narrow, steep fissure full of broken rock fell almost vertically to another foothold fifty feet below.

The top of the slide looked secure enough, so Bob took one step out upon it. He barely saved himself from a fall as the loose mass began to move under his weight. Standing with his feet together and working them slightly, to keep the broken rock moving, he went down the incline as though sliding on ice, coming to a stop with a crash into a manzanita bush.

The condor's nest could not be seen from where Jim and Avery were; about halfway down there was a small clump of young firs growing on a narrow seam of dirt in a ledge, which hid the nest. As Bob dislodged the boulders and sliding rock in his descent upon this spur, the boys above him saw the old condor rise from beneath the firs and fly away.

"I wonder if Bob saw that bird? Do you think she will fight?"

"I don't know. I have heard that the mother bird will fight anything that disturbs her nest. Bob ought to have the rope tied to him," answered Avery. 'We had better fasten one end of the rope to this dead fir.'

Jim jumped up and soon had one end firmly tied to the tree. He fastened a good sized stone on other end and began to lower it over the edge. Often the stone lodged in a crevice and had to be "whipped" out in order to clear the wall. Once Jim snapped it against a big, round boulder, which slipped from its light bed and went crashing straight down towards Bob. The yell of the boys reached Bob's cars above the roar of the avalanche of rock started by the boulder. He looked hastily up and saw a wave of rocks, little and big, coming like a roll of surf down the narrow slide. A hurried glance showed him a little niche with a large boulder for its roof, close to his right. Like an antelope he jumped for it.

From the shelter of the friendly niche he watched the rocks ricochet far out over the chasm and heard them splash into the water.

He leaned out and shook his fist at Avery and Jim when the last rock had passed. The weight of the sliding rocks had swept the way clear of all bushes and spurs. There was no getting out of his niche without the rope.

"That was a close one, Jim," Avery said, as he

leaned far over the top, looking for Bob. 'I couldn't help it. It wouldn't have happened if Bob had had sense enough to tie the rope around him," Jim growled, carefully coaxing the anchorstone around a bunch of Spanish bayonets,

"Let down the rope!" "He's all right, Ave. But where is he? I can't see him."

"There he is. See the handkerchief!" "Let down the rope!" came the call again.

By walking a few feet along the bank, Jim swung the weighted rope close to the boulder. The boys

could not see Bob, but they felt the rope tighten and knew he had it.

Bob could now see the nest, a large hollow in the rocks, with its two young condors, under the firs at the very edge of the ledge. By its side stood an old bird, its shining eyes fastened on Bob as he peered over the rocky slide. It was a monster condor, over tour feet high and black as the shadow around it.

Bob now securely formed a loop in the rope, in which he sat. He then gave the signal to be lowered. He felt the rope tighten, and as soon as he received the answering signal he stepped off into space.

It was fun at first, almost play, until he glanced down and saw that a little spur of rock and soil with three or four fir trees on it, was all that lay between him and the muddy Piru two hundred feet below.

He clutched the rope with a grip of iron and forced his eyes away from that fascinating depth.

At last he was on the spur. The quarry of two months' chase lay close before him. He now tied the rope under his arms, for he knew there might be a struggle while he was stealing the young con-

Picking up a long, dead fir pole he walked slowly towards the snorting sentinel. A few close passes with the pole sent the old bird hissing over the edge, where she disappeared. Hastily grabbing the young ones he thrust them, head first, into a sack, then turned and made his way to the wall, for the smell of carrion was sickening almost beyond endurance.

Firmly tying the sack about his neck, he adjusted the rope and sent up the signal. For a moment it seemed as though the boys could not move him; then he was pulled upward for a few inches.

They can never do it!" he exclaimed, as he examined the clear stretch of rock, fifty feet up, without a break or a knob for a foothold to ease the strain. But slowly, inch by inch, he rose.

A deep, heavy, moving shadow passed over Bob's head. He turned and saw the old condor, followed by two more, coming with the speed of an express. straight for him. A chill of fear crept over him, as he wound one arm about the rope and pulled out his hunting knife.

"This is more than I bargained for," he murmured, "I wish those young ones would quit their squalling." Then a feeling of exultation passed over him as he

thought of his strange situation. He was swinging in midair from a small rope and fighting for his life. against three California condors.

"Come on, you vultures!" he cried, as he caught one a sweeping blow on the head with his foot.
"Take that and that and that!"

He was in a frenzy of fear and braveness and horror. He stabbed and thrust with all his might until the motion set the rope swinging like a pendulum along the rock.

Jim and Avery wondered greatly at the swinging motion until they caught sight of the three condors, and the echoes of the fight came rolling up the canyon to them.

"Pull, pull!" Jim cried. "There are three of them!

They will kill him!"

The two boys, gasping and sweating, bent anew to the task and hand over hand raised Bob with a rush to the friendly knob of rock at the edge of the wall.

Bob with ready presence of mind stepped out upon the spur. Here, clinging to the tight rope with one hand, he turned at bay and plunged his knife with all his strength deep into the breast of one of the fighting condors, as it swooped upon him. The force of the blow turned him around, whereupon one of the birds, seeing the advantage, darted down, fastened his huge talons into his shoulder, and started to fly away with him.

Although unable to lift the weight, the condor managed to swing him away from the rock before Bob, holding fast to the rope, reached over his shoulder with his free hand and caught it around the neck close to the ring of white feathers. There was a sharp struggle, then the great wings relaxed and Bob and the condor fell back against the rocks with

Although almost breathless from the force of the shock, Bob gave the signal to be raised. The fight was over. Two vanquished condors were crashing and fluttering down through the branches of the firs.

The young babies had ceased their squawking, and the remaining condor, after a few wide, swift, savage sweeps at Bob, sailed like an arrow down into the sunless canyon and out of sight.

"I don't think I should care to do it again," were Bob's first words as he climbed over the bank and prepared for the tramp home.

Three weeks after the condors were shipped Bob received two letters from the department; one was a letter of thanks for the good condition in which the birds had been taken, with a draft for two hundred dollars; the other contained his appointment as Summer Ranger.

A week later saw Bob a full fledged Ranger, with a fine new saddle, a heavy Colt's revolver with its glistening helt of cartridges, two suits of khaki, shoes and blankets, and last of all, a big, strong-limbed saddle horse he had hoped to own some time. The horse he called by the name of "Condor."

AY, BOB," said Ranger Baldwin one day, "here is a chance to win your spurs. Read this letter."

The letter was from the Smithsonian Institute at Washington to Forest Ranger Baldwin. It contained an offer of one hundred dollars apiece for a pair of live young California condors.

"Whew!" exclaimed Bob, "that is a good price for a couple of birds!"

"I don't think so. At any rate I can't attend to it, as I haven't time," said the Ranger. "The contract is yours if you want it."

"Want it! I should say so! It will buy my outfit if I'm appointed Summer Ranger. I think I'll start right out to-day."

"I guess you don't need instructions," Baldwin laughed, as he swung himself upon his horse and started off for a long patrol through his district.

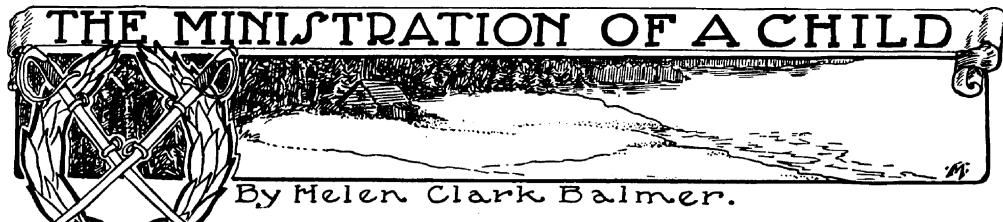
For two months Bob tramped and hunted the mountain crags for condor nests. Twice he saw the big birds soaring through the air several miles above his head, but those great black condors, with white ruffles about their necks and a big band of white under each wing, were not to be caught. Building their nests from a thousand to ten thousand feet above the sea, they chose the bare face of a cliff for their aeries and were wonderfully careful not to betray the direction to their homes.

One day, almost discouraged, Bob sat watching a straggling lamb from a high precipice over the Piru river. Suddenly a black condor, flashing in the sunlight like a streak of lightning, darted through the air upon the lamb. There was a pitiful bleat from the lamb, a hoarse, snorting screech from the condor, then the great bird slowly stretched his ten feet of wings and carried his prey to a small spur of rock nearly in the center of the three hundred foot cliff.

Bob Willits fairly flew over the ten miles to his home. At the wane of his hopes he had discovered the nest. He must succeed in capturing the condors! It meant much to him: the equipment necessary for the position of Summer Ranger.

Bob first purchased two hundred feet of stout rope. Returning from the store he called at the house of a neighbor for Jim and Avery Rawlins. Saddling up the old plow horse and tying the rope and several canteens of water upon it, the three boys started back for the Piru.

"It was right here, Jim. I had those three dead



E was such a little fellow, even with the addition of the big bunch of wilting field flowers which he tightly held in both hot, wee hands. that I could not resist the mute pleading of his moist brown eyes, and bade John stop the carriage and take the weary child out of the dust and put him beside me, encumbered as I was with palms and rare hot-house roses destined for the graves of our soldiers. When John had perfunctorily dropped the small wayfarer into a bower of lilacs and ferns, it was a very surprised but contented little face that looked up into mine; and before I could think of some congenial topic of conversation which might be within the mental capacity of my traveling companion, a sweet, childish voice began to babble about my flowers.

"Ugh-um! What good smells! Is you goin' ter de cem-tery, lady? I is, 'cause Mike's dhere; an' l is takin' dhese ter put on his grave. He only went dhere las' monf, I t'ink; an' I p'omised Mike I ud pick dese en de woods 'hind his house, an' dec'rate him up wid 'em. W'at does folks do, lady, ter dec' rate? Is you goin' ter dec'rate de sojers, to-day? Mike wanted er flag, too."

"So Mike was a soldier?" I inquired, trying to appear interested.

"No 'um, but he knowed er sojer onc't; an' Mike he keeps dat man's sojer clo'es put er way en er trunk, an' maw says I ain't ter ast questions 'bout dat sojer, 'cause p'rhaps he is gone dead; an' folks oughtenter be cur'ous bout peoples dat is gone dead.

"What did Mike look like?" I asked, condescending, in a friendly way, to be inquisitive and un-

"Mike? W'y he look mos' like Santa Claus; but he ain't got no sleigh ner reindeers, jes' er boat en er fishin'-pole. He like ter sit on de pier an' ketch fish. Mike learn me how, so I ketches dandy fish fer maw an' granpaw. Mike he live down en er lil' house w'ere de sand is stretch way, way f'om de woods ter de lake. Onct he tooked meh inside, w'en it rain hard, an' I stays mos' till supper-time. Mike he makes meh sit on de chair, 'cause dhere ain't but dat one, whiles he sit on er box, by de winder, 'jes' erso'tin heaps of hooks an' strings fer fishin' wid,' he says. Mike's got er stove an' er lil' bed, wid er red an' w'ite an' blue quilt; an', my land, I ain't never see so many sojer picters like Mike has on his walls, Seems if ud took er year ter see dem all

But, bime-bye, I gits tired, an' den Mike he look queer, an' tooked meh uppen his lap an' telled meh 'bout er lil' boy he knowed er long time ergo-how dat lil' boy didn't like ter go ter school half so much as playin' sojer, till he growed up an' went erway tuh de wah. An' how it ain't no fun ter hev ter sleep en er real tent ner ter march an' march en de rain, widout no shoes, p'raps; ner not seein' no en'my ter shoot at. How de sojers git sick of de rations an'-an' wants ter run erway. Den Mike he ain't tell meh no more, but he open er big trunkan', lady, dhere is er ole blue sojer coat wid gole buttons, an' er cap, an' er canteen, an' er gun! I asts Mike ef all dat b'longs ter de boy he knowned onct, an' Mike he nods his head widout sayin' nuttin'. But somep'n funny sounds en his froat, whiles he hunt en de trunk an' fetches up er shiny picter en er pink paper an' asts meh 'how I likes dot one.' 1t 18 er sure 'nough sojer-man wid black whiskers, an' one hand stuck proud-like inter his coat. I likes him fust rate. I tells Mike: an' I wants tuh ast w'ere dat sojer is now, but de rain is mos' stop, so Mike he says how dat I can go home all right. Den we shakes hands, an' w'en I is outside de house, I finds er nickel in meh pocket. Yas 'um, Mike he's meh fren.

Now, thoroughly interested, I patted the small, brown hand so near mine, while my imagination began to kindle under the child's naive recital. Could I read between the innocent lines the tragedy of one who had been recreant to his duty?

The brougham passed under the stone archway of Rosehill, and, as far as the eye could reach, every avenue was a sinuous stream of floral waves with the brilliant Stars and Stripes, rising, here and there. like some gorgeous exotic, amid the billows of snowballs, plumes of fragrant lilacs, and a shimmer of waving palms. My contribution to the offering of Memorial Day was intended for two brave youths who had fallen at San Juan. But I ordered John to drive past the burial place of those young heroes, while I began to question my little acquaintance more closely, and, with innocent confidence in my sympathy, he eagerly imparted all his meagre information concerning the hermit, Mike. "Yas. um. Mike he often show me dem sojer clo'es an' canteen; an' onct I ast him fer er drink out of it. An' Mike he rinsed an' rinsed dat canteen; but my! it tasted bad. I didn't t'ink canteens is so bad.

'Does you want tuh hear how Mike tooked meh wid him ter see de vet'rans?" continued my small narrator with all the assurance of a born story-teller. "Well, Mike telled meh 'bout Dec'ration Day,

w'en you fetches flowers ter put on de sojers' grabes dat is all gone dead. An' first he telled meh 'bout de vet'rans dat ud come marchin' erlong; so Mike an' me stands erwaitin' whiles de wagons, chuck full of lil' boys an' girls, widout no hats, everyt'ing w'ite an' green an' pink, keeps er comin' erlong de road. Den de music-drums beatin' grand, an' car'iages of big mens-meh granpaw sittin' 'side er gen'ral an' er cap'n, Mike say; an' last of all comes de real sojers w'at Mike telled meh is vet'rans! My sakes, lady, I is never see dat many mens, old like Mike an' granpaw is, walkin' erlong! Mike he pinted'em out tuh men, fer he knowed er heap 'bout vet'rans, bein' as how he knowed dat sojer. Mike an' de odder mens on de sidewalk tooked off deir hats, but Mike he ain't cheer loud like de crowd on de sidewalk; an' w'en de flags comes erlong, Mike he ketches tight hole of meh hand an' on'y says, 'Lawd! Lawd! Lawd!' Den one, de biggest an' de raggedest of all dem flags, kinder brushes Mike's cheek, an' Mike he jes' grabs dat ole flag an' kisses it quick, 'fore it's done gone erlong. I wonders w'y ole Mike do dat an' w'y he keep his arm 'crost his eyes; so w'en de sojers is all done gone, Mike an' meh we goes home tuh his house, an' he lets meh hole de sojer's gun, whiles he breshes de clo'es. He t'inks a heap of dem clo'es. I sees; so I asts Mike w'y he 'ain't never been no vet'ran himself.' Den I is awful sorry I ast dat, 'cause ole Mike he tu'n erway an' cry It couldn't er been worser if I ud asted him 'bout dat sojer-man an' de picter. I ud sure minded maw 'bout not bein' cur'ous. But ole Mike he cried jes'

### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 9 From the Governor of West Virginia



GOVERNOR ALBERT B. WHITE, OF WEST VIRGINIA



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT CHARLESTON WEST VIRGINIA

May 30, 1904.

W. C. Sprague, Beq.,

Editor, Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir:

You ask me for a message to the boys. Here it is: Be manly; despise meanness. fight down consucus and swil thoughts: always honor your mother, and don't shirk duty. Put your heart into your work as well as into your play. Deserve success by earning it. Be thoroughly American and patrictic. Rejoice in your youth and its glorious opportunities

As one of the boys who has not forgotten that he was once a boy, I am.

Clebert Bloke

awful till I climbs uppen his lap an' asted him, 'please notter.' Bime-by Mike say, 'Boy, don't tell dat I is got dem sojer clo'es till I's gone dead.' Den he sit er long time an' look out on de water an' say. 'Gawd fergive me, 'cause I 'serted.' But he say right 'way quick: 'Hush, boy, I ain't done nuttin'; an' mind you pick all kines of flowers fer my grave w'en I is been put over dhere.' Den he tells me lots of stories 'bout marchin', an' campin', an' shootin.' An' I asted him how he do so much shootin,' an' he laugh an' say, 'Youngster, I is tellin' w'at dat sojer done.' An' den he gits sorter cross an' shoves me off his lap. I ain't see him again till de day he's took ter de horsepital, w'ere he stay er long time. I gits mighty lonesome fer Mike; but, one day, a nice lady like you comes an' tooked meh ter de big horsepital ter see him. Mike is dat w'ite an' still, I is mos' scared; but w'en he asts 'bout de flowers, I knows he 'members meh. An' I is right glad I bringed Mike dose heaps of flowers dot grows en de woods 'hind his house, for Mike he holes meh hand an' keeps de flowers nex' him on de piller till de lady w'ispers dat Mike is done gone ter sleep. An' I is goin' ter dec'rate Mike to-day, 'cause I p'omised Mike sure.'

A call at the office of the cemetery and a talk with the clerk gave me the necessary directions to find the grave of the poor, unhappy deserter among the outcasts of Potter's Field. Before noon, however, no spot in the fair home of the dead was so heaped with roses, lilies and lilacs, as the low mound under which rested the once faithless soldier, Mike. At the top lay the withered blossoms of his little friend, and over all waved the Stars and Stripes.

### BE YOURSELF

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS

Have a mind of your own. Do your own thinking. Respect your own ideas. Do not be afraid to diner from others, but be slow to put forward opinions that differ from those of the rest of a company unless yours be such that should be put forward. Have convictions and stand by them. But do not hesitate to change your mind when occasion de-One has said that a person who never mands. changes his mind is one who does not have a mind large enough to change, and another that for a man to change his mind is simply to confess that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Be yourself. You can't be another if you try; people will respect you more when you are living your own natural life and not trying to live that of

Allow others to likewise be themselves. One of the greatest authors has said that one of you is enough for the world.

### A FATHER'S LETTER

From "Books and Authors" in March St. Nicholas.

When Sir Philip Sidney was twelve years old he had made such good progress in his studies that he wrote to his father a letter in Latin and one in French. Young Philip's letter seems to have greatly pleased his father, for in return Sir Henry Sidney wrote a charming letter of advice and counsel, well worth reading in full.

We can quote only a little of it. As to study be

wrote, in the old spelling:

"Apply yowr study to suche howres as yowr discrete master dothe assigne yow, earnestlye; and the tyme, I knowe, he will so lymitt (limit) as shal be both sufficient for yowr learninge and saf for yowr health. And mark the sens and the matter that yow read, as well as the woordes. So shal yow both enreiche (enrich) yowr tonge with woordes and yowr witte with matter; and judgement will growe as yeares growyth in yow. . . Yf yow heare a wise sentence, or an apt

phrase, commytte yt to yowr memorye, with respect to the circumstance when yow shal speake yt."

### WHAT THE BOY CAN DO

In speaking about special courses of work for school children an officer of the New York City Board of Education, said the other day:

"The girls are taught how to make a room look cozy and homelike; why should not the boy know how to do his share in the work of keeping it so? On the boy ought to fall the responsibility of attending to the odd little jobs for which his sisters are never supposed to have any liking or training. Among these jobs may be mentioned the keeping in repair of doorknobs, locks and hinges; the putting up of shelves, hooks and fixtures; the oiling, staining and waxing of floors. He can usurp the function of the glazier, the painter, the carpenter and the locksmith, and his usurpation will save quite a drain on the family purse. Many of these things can and ought to be taught to hoys, especially city boys, through special courses in the schools."



cross ensign broke out from a masthead of the nearest ship.

"Russian, by Jove!" exclaimed the captain of the Cochise. "Show our colors, quartermaster."

This order was obeyed, and the Stars and Stripes streamed out defiantly from the after jackstaff; but the speed of the great ship was not slackened until a peremptory order in shape of a solid shot hurled across her bows bade her come to a halt. By the time her momentum was lost and she lay sullenly rolling on the long swells, she was abreast and within a cable's length of the nearest man-of-war. From this ship two boats filled with armed men were lowered, and a few minutes later the Cochise was boarded by a Russian naval officer accompanied by a guard of ma-

rines in charge of a lieutenant.

While the latter scattered his men, placing one in the pilot house, another at the forecastle companion-way, two more in the engine room, and the rest at various important points, the officer in charge of the boarding party, speaking English fairly well, exchanged a few words with the captain, and then the two disappeared together in the direction of the main saloon. To this place also the purser, with the ship's papers, was summoned a minute later.

The two passengers were left alone, and Dunster, forgetting his dislike for his companion in the present excitement, asked him if he thought there was any danger of the ship being seized "Who knows?" replied the Frenchman, shrugging

"Who knows?" replied the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders, and at the same time nonchalantly lighting a cigarette. "A Russian, with the power to enforce his will, does as he pleases, the same as everyone else."

"But America is not at war with Russia, and this is a peaceable American merchant ship."

"Very true; but if she should happen to have on board anything contraband of war she doubtless would be considered a lawful prize."

"What would be done with her in that case?"
"Who knows? She might be set on fire and left
to burn; she might be sunk at once by a few shots,
or she might be taken to the nearest Russian port
and condemned."

"And what will become of us?" asked the young correspondent interestedly.

"Ah, my friend! that will depend, like the ultimate fate of all mankind, upon the lives we have led. If they are free from suspicious acts, all will doubtless go well with us; but if otherwise, then, pouf! who can tell what may happen?"

At this moment a steward notified M. Delar that he was wanted below, and for the next ten minutes Dunster was left alone to gaze moodily at the sullen warships that threatened to interfere so seriously with his plans. Then came his turn to be summoned for examination, and, filled with mixed curiosity and apprehension, he made his way to the saloon. Its only occupants were the Russian officer. M. Delar, and half a dozen heavily armed marines. While Dunster was wondering what had become of the captain and purser, the officer addressed him by name and asked if he could advance any reason why he should not be considered a prisoner of war.

"Certainly I can," answered our lad hotly "I am an American citizen, as I have the papers to prove, on a peaceful mission to Japan"

"It is conceded that you are of American birth," said the officer; "but you are believed to be of Russian parentage. At any rate, you wear about your neck a holy ikon of the Russian church. In spite of this, you are suspected of being a traitor to Russia and devoted to the interests of Japan."

"That would be a very serious charge," replied Dunster quietly, "if it were true, or if by any means you could make it appear true. As I know that to be impossible, your implied threat does not cause me the slightest uneasiness. I am an American citizen, and demand to be treated as such."

\*Possibly, then, our information is unreliable, and you are not interested in a submarine torpedo hoat shipped on this very steamer to the Japanese government, though billed merely as machinery and consigned to Shanghai."

In spite of Dunster's desperate efforts at self-control, he knew that his face suddenly had become pale, and then vividly flushed. At that moment he could not have framed a suitable reply to the startling accusation to have saved his life. Fortunately, he was spared the necessity, for the officer continued:

"If you are not thus interested, it seems strange that you should, at great inconvenience to yourself, have accompanied that same submarine on a goods train across the American continent, should have engaged passage with it on a freighter instead of sailing by a swifter and far more comfortable passenger ship, and that you should have taken these pictures of anything so little picturesque as crated machinery in process of transfer from one conveyance to another."

Thus saying, the officer handed Dunster half a dozen of the very photographs the latter had taken

at Seattle, and which, until that moment, he had supposed to be in the roll-holder of his camera, still undeveloped.

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KIRK MUNROE:

For a few seconds the lad stared at them in amazed silence. Then, carelessly flinging them down, he said:

"I never before saw those photographs, and have nothing to say regarding them. As I already have stated, I am an American citizen relying upon the papers issued to me by my government for proof of my claim, and for protection; unless, indeed," he added bitterly, "I have been robbed of them."

"Certainly not," replied the officer politely. "I have them here, and am personally responsible for their safe-keeping until such time as their production may be demanded."

As Dunster had left those same papers in his stateroom, locked in his suit case, this was not reassuring.

"In the meantime," continued the officer, "as this ship is the prize of his Imperial Majesty's cruiser Rurik, I am obliged to ask you to give me your parole, as your fellow-passenger, M. Delar, has just done that you will make no attempt to leave her, or to escape beyond Russian jurisdiction, until the merits of your case have been decided by a court of inquiry."

"If I refused to give it, what would happen?" inquired Dunster.

"I should unhapply be compelled to confine you to your cabin under guard, and the restraint would be continued after we reached port," replied the officer.

For a moment the lad thought rapidly; then he said: "Very well, sir, I give my promise not to attempt to escape within the time limit you have fixed. Do you want me to take oath to it?"

"Certainly not," replied the officer, smiling. "The word of a gentleman, and especially of one so recently a cadet officer in the American navy, is more than sufficient. Also, I am happy that you have made this decision; for not only would it be most unpleasant to order you into confinement, but I should have missed your company, which I hope to enjoy while we continue to cruise together. My name is Zemaloffsky, commander in the navy of his Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia, and I look forward to meeting again at dinner the Monsieur Brownleigh of America."

With this the officer rose, gathered up his papers, and, followed by his guard of marines, took his departure, leaving the two passengers sole occupants of the saloon.

"It decidedly is an unpleasant interruption to our voyage," remarked the Frenchman.

"Decidedly," answered Dunster shortly, at the same time turning into his own stateroom and closing its door behind him. He did not wish to converse with his fellow-passenger just then, for with anyone until he had carefully considered the situation.

His first move was to examine his suit case, which he found locked as he had left it, but his papers were gone. Also the roll-holder of his camera was empty. His next discovery was that his revolver, together with its ammunition, had been taken.

"I wish I knew whether I had been robbed before the Russians came on board," he mused. "Yes, it must have been, for those pictures could not have been developed since. I wonder if it could have heen that wretched Frenchman? If I had proof that it was I would make him smart for it before we left this ship. But how could he know, how could anyone know, that I wore what that Russian was pleased to call an ikon about my neck? That is a mystery."

The mystery would have been cleared promptly enough, could Dunster have seen M. Delar at that moment lying in the upper berth of an adjoining stateroom with one eye glued to a tiny hole bored through the thin partition, and intently watching his neighbor's movements.

But our lad had no suspicion of this, and shortly afterwards, when he met the Frenchman on deck, the latter at once began to relate his own grievances.

"They have broken into my cabin and robbed me of everything!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Did they take your money?"

"No," replied Dunster, "because I had none."

"Well, I had. It was one thousand francs in gold notes, and they have taken every sou. But they will be obliged to make restitution, the canaille! They will be taught that a citizen of the great French Republic may not be robbed with impunity on the high seas. Do you know what else they have done?"

"No; what?"

"They have transferred our crew, including captain, purser and engineers, to one of their own ships, and replaced them here with a Russian crew."

"Where do you suppose they are taking us to?" asked Dunster.

"I know not; but, as you may see, our course has been changed, and at full speed we are headed for the north."

"Then we must be bound for Vladivostok!" exclaimed the young American. "Of course, this is the Vladivostok squadron, for I remember that the Rurik was one of them. How stupid of me not to have thought of that before! And the others must be the Rossia and the Gromobol, for the Bogatyr was wrecked on their very first attempt to leave the harbor after war was declared."

"Yes," added M. Delar, "her steam steering gear went wrong in some way just as she was passing the most dangerous reef in the harbor, and before they could get the supplementary gear to working the ship had sheered and struck. Afterwards it was discovered that the gear had been purposely injured by some person on board, probably a Jap disguised as a Chinese table boy. Anyway, a lot of Chinese who had been on board were shot on suspicion as soon as they got ashore."

"You seem to know a lot about the affair," said Dunster, regarding his companion curiously.

"Oh, yes," replied the other. "I have told to you why I was coming out here, and of course, a person in my line of business learns much that is not made public. I hope, by the way, that you will not drop any hint about what I have told you of myself," he added with an appearance of anxiety; "for it would go hard with me if it were known. I have declared that I merely am a globe trotter on my way around the world, and that I came by this steamer because of the cheapness."

"All right," replied Dunster; "I won't give you away. I wish, though, that you had not told me."
"Ah! mon ami! How could I help it, when you with such frankness gave me the information of your own plan to become a correspondent de journal? And now I am very sorry that these Russians have such a suspicion of you, for it may make to

you much trouble."

"How do you suppose they got hold of those photographs?" demanded Dunster, turning sharply on the other and gazing full in his face.

"I know now! It is that purser," replied M. Delar, returning the lad's gaze without flinching. "For I remember to have seen him devil-up some photograph several times, and I think much about it. Of course, he only would have a key to your cabin."

"I wonder if I have misjudged this fellow, after all, and if I can trust him?" thought our lad. "If I only dared to, I expect he could help me a lot. Yes, I believe I will. There isn't anyone else, and I don't see how the situation can be made much worse than it is. Monsieur Delar," he added aloud, "as we seem to be equally up against it, I have—"

At that moment the two passengers were joined in their promenade by the Russian commander, whose presence evidently was so distasteful to the Frenchman that the latter, muttering an excuse, almost immediately went below.

When, late that same night, Dunster, unable to sleep, and, going on deck for a breath of fresh air, caught a glimpse, through an imperfectly curtained window, of his fellow-passenger and the Russian commander, laughing, chatting and drinking together in the captain's room, he no longer regretted that his attempt to confide in the Frenchman had been interrupted.

### CHAPTER XIV.

### DUNSTER TAKES THE WHEEL.

At the breaking out of the war between hig Russia and little Japan, the powerful navy of the former country was badly scattered. Many of its ships were in the home waters of the Baltic, ten thousand miles from the scene of hostilities, and many more were shut up in the Black Sea by the provisions of a treaty that forbade the passage of the Dardanelles by armored vessels. At the same time a powerful fleet, equal in strength to the entire Japanese navy, was in Eastern waters ready to give battle. That is, they presumably were ready, and should have beeen ready, but they were not. Most of them were at Port Arthur, where their officers spent as much time as possible on shore and attended as little as possible to their duties on shipboard. Four of the finest cruisers and several torpedo boats were at Vladivostok, nearly twelve hundred miles by sea from Port Arthur. Another superb cruiser together with a gunboat, was at Chemulpo, in Korea, three hundred miles distant from the main fleet, while ether gunboats lay in various Chinese harbors.

Instantly upon the outbreak of war the Japanese, keenly alert and fully prepared, sprang into such aggressive action that within twenty-four hours they had destroyed the ships at Chemulpo, crippled and driven to the heavily defended inner harbor of Port Arthur the main Russian fleet, and had established a blockade of that most important stronghold. Then in quick succession they captured the fine big passenger ships belonging to the Siberian railway system, compelled all Russian gunboats in neutral ports to disarm and tie up until the close of the war, and sent a small force to watch ice-bound Vladivostok in the far north. At the same time a great fleet of transports, bearing hundreds of thousands of troops, issued from the nearest Japanese ports and sped swiftly towards designated landing places on the coasts of Korea and Manchuria.

When the Russians bottled up in Port Arthur awoke to their danger, and to the fact that their aggressive enemy could no longer be despised, they made such desperate efforts to break the established blockade, and to recover for their fleet the freedom of the seas, that the Japanese were obliged to gather at that point every available ship to maintain the advantage thus far gained. At the same time they were compelled to keep a flying squadron in the straits of Korea to protect the stream of transports and supply ships constantly passing to and fro, and also to prevent a possible junction between the Vladivostok cruisers and those of Port Arthur.

It was to avoid this squadron that the Vladivostok ships, when making a dash for the open later in the season, crossed the Sea of Japan, passed through Tsugari straits between the two largest Japanese islands, and then laid a course down the eastern coast that would intersect the track of all westbound ships making for Japanese ports. The one they most wanted to capture was the big freighter Cochise, concerning whose cargo and movements they apparently had full information.

They had met with no opposition, had found excellent sport and target practice in the destruction of a number of Japanese fishing vessels and small coasters, and now they had captured the very prize they had set out to gain. Moreover, they had done this just as the state of their coal supply warned them that it was high time to head back towards the well-stocked bunkers of the only Asiatic port in their possession still open to them. So it happened that the day following the capture of the Cochise, the very day on which Dunster Brownleigh had confidently expected to land at Yokohama, saw that ship, guarded by Admiral Yezen's cruisers, steaming northward towards the island of Yezo. That night the squadron, with all lights extinguished, slipped through the Tsugari straits, passing unseen within range of the heavy guns mounted on Hakodate head, and two days later they were within sight of Vladivostok.

In the meantime, though the squadron had made its venturesome cruise unmolested, its every movement, from the time of its entrance into Japanese waters until it left them, had been noted by swift scout boats sent out from Hakodate, Yokosuka, and various intermediate ports. These, unarmed for attack, but capable of tremendous speed, fitted with gas engines emitting no smoke to betray their presence, painted a dull lead color, and lying so low on the water as to be invisible beyond a two-mile range, had hovered about the Russian squadron and had sent from coast stations frequent reports of its location and operations. Thus its capture of the Cochise was promptly noted and reported to Tokio a few hours later.

From Tokio the news was flashed up to Hakodate, together with an order that, within fifteen minutes of its receipt, sent a swift torpedo hoat dashing out of the harbor headed westward into the stormy waters of the Japan sea. Thirty hours later the same boat, wave-battered and salt-encrusted, appeared off the Manchurian coast in the vicinity of Usuri bay, and was quickly lost to sight amid the labyrinth of fog-enshrouded islands guarding its mouth.

Three days later the cruiser squadron, accompanied by their prize, hove in sight, and with colors flying from every masthead prepared for a triumphal entry into the harbor of Vladivostok. Just outside its nerrow mouth they encountered the Chinese fishing fleet of big sampans and small junks that makes daily excursions to sea to supply the city with one of its chief articles of food.

These craft, propelled by square brown sails, or, in times of calm, by sculling oars of great size. worked by several men at each one, made ludicrous haste to vacate the path of the on-coming ships Their occupants had learned by bitter experience that it is beneath the dignity of a Russian warship to swerve from its course by so much as the fraction of an inch to avoid running down so contemptible an object as a Chinese ishing boat. So all of them, except one, bore away in a direction that would carry them clear, and, aiding their sluggish sails by industrious sculling, made good their margin of safety. The one boat that failed to get promptly out of the way was quite the largest of the fleet, but its crew seemed paralyzed by terror or utterly incompetent to manage their craft; for their utmost efforts at the sculling oars only served to turn her in a circle directly ahead of the on-rushing ships. Only by a miracle did she avoid the leading cruiser, which grazed her so closely that the Russian sailors spat contemptuously down on her decks. She still was floundering and circling as the second cruiser came up, but had managed to work into a position of safety by as much as a score of yards. The third ship in line was the Cochise, and from her pilot house, in which during the entire voyage he had beer a privileged guest, Dunster Brownleigh gazed with eager curiosity at the quaint fishing boats and the approaching land with its innumerable points of interest. All at once his attention

was directed to the queer-acting junk that had been left behind the others, and which, having already made two of the narrowest possible escapes from destruction, seemed about to tempt fate for the third time. Leaving her position of safety, she actually was trying to recross the path of the cruisers as though in an insane effort to rejoin her companions. In another minute she would lie directly in the course of the huge freighter that would crush and sink her like an egg-shell.

Beside himself with excitement, Dunster sprang out on deck, yelling and vehemently gesticulating to the imbecile junk.

"Luff, you lubbers!" he shouted. "Luff up sharp! or we'll cut you down! Oh! the infernal idiots!"

On the bridge overhead the Russian commander and M. Delar were laughing at him. In the pilot house a stolid-faced Russian quartermaster gazed fixedly at the compass card as though nothing else in all the world mattered.

Suddenly this man was pushed to one side and other hands than his were whirling to hard-aport the little wheel that, with the mighty aid of steam, controlled every movement of the great ship. Before the amazed sailor could recover his outraged senses and regain his rightful position, the deed had been accomplished. For the first time in history a ship sailing under the Russian flag had departed from her chosen course to avoid sinking a contemptible Chinese junk.

The Russian commander was storming overhead and hurling down volleys of incomprehensible oaths; while the quartermaster, who had in turn pushed Dunster violently from the wheel, was glaring at him and rehearsing some of the penalties that ought to be visited upon a person so presumptuous as to interfere with the steering of a ship. But the young American cared not a rap what was said, though he understood much more of it than they supposed. He had saved the junk, which even then was bumping and scraping along the side of the great ship. and that was enough to make him feel well con-

Having seen the Cochise resume her proper

### Boys of Naples A SERIES BY MINNIE J. REYNOLDS No. VI-THE CAMORRISTA

There is in Naples an association called the Camorra, which is like the Mafia of Sicily. It is an organized band of thieves and robbers, whose leaders make things safe for the gangs through their political influence. Americans need not condemn this too severely, for it has been often enough charged that arrangements somewhat similar exist in all large American cities. Be that as it may, the Camorra is powerful in Naples, and it takes the brighter, more ambitious scugnizzi, and trains them for its ranks. A Camorrista boy of 13 or 14 will have a different look from the ordinary street boy. He will affect an air of bravado. He already smokes a pipe, and lords it over the little boys A Camorrista boy of 13 or 14 will have a different look from the ordinary street boy. He will affect an air of bravado. He already smokes a pipe, and lords it over the little boys of ten or thereabouts, who steal and beg under his direction, and bring him their spoils for division. Any tourist unwary enough to try to walk from the steamer from which he has landed up to his hotel, will be set upon by a gang of scugnizzi, who will badger and torment him until he yields and throws them coppers. He is actually prevented from walking by their importunities. He might fight, but it is easier to pay, so he flings some pennies on the street, and while the boys are scrambling for them makes his escape. It is ostensibly begging, but it is really a petty species of highway robbery. And the tourist may be sure that somewhere in sight lurks a boy Camorrista, watching the performance, and ready to take the lion's share of the spoils. share of the spoils.

course, the Russian commander descended from the bridge, and, his face white with rage, ordered Dunster into his stateroom.

"You are under arrest, sir, from this moment, and no longer on parole!" he roared. "We will see if the authority of Russia is with impunity to be defied in her own waters!"

As the lad turned, without a word, to obey this order, his eye caught a sight so startling that he gazed at it incapable of motion. The unlucky junk that already had caused so much trouble had drifted directly in front of the third cruiser, which was following exactly the course taken by the others. Even as Dunster looked he saw several figures leap from the junk and disappear beneath the waves. Then came the collision, and at the same instant a terrific explosion that seemed to lift the cruiser bodily from the water.

### CHAPTER XV.

### A "BOY" WHO SPOKE AMERICAN.

So terrific was the explosion resulting from the collision between the third cruiser and the junk, which, but for Dunster's prompt action, would have struck the Cochise, that for a moment every soul on board the last named ship was paralyzed into a motionless silence; while each person glanced at the startled face of his nearest neighbor as though seeking an explanation of the awful happening. Then ensued a bedlam of orders and counter-orders, an aimless rushing to and fro, and a confused jangling of engine room gongs that seemed to call for slow speed, full speed, stopping, backing, and going ahead, all at once. But these conflicting orders were unheeded, for every engineer, oiler, fireman and coal-passer was madly rushing for the upper deck, under the impression that their own ship was sinking. Before they could be driven back to their duties the Cochise was fully a mile from the scene of disaster. Then she was stopped and an order was given to lower boats. The Russian crew, unfamiliar with American patent davits, were so slow at this work that long before a single boat from the Cochise reached the crippled cruiser she was surrounded by the Chinese fishing fleet of junks and sampans, whose crews were picking up swimmers, wounded men, floating bodies and fragments of

Of the junk that had caused the catastrophe only a few splintered sticks scattered over a wide area remained. The great cruiser, that but a moment before had arrogantly plowed the sea in the conscious pride of her terrible strength, still floated, but that was all. Her how had been blown away and all the forward part of the ship was a mass of wreckage. She had settled by the head until her stern, with propeller still madly revolving, was lifted clear of the water; but evidently some transverse water-tight bulkhead remained intact and prevented her from sinking. Even after the awful cloud of smoke from the explosion had drifted away she was so shrouded by her own steam pouring from port and hatchway, that not for ten minutes could her true condition be appreciated.

The first rescuers who gained her deck were confronted by an appalling scene of death and destruction. Dozens of her crew had been killed outright, and as many more had been scalded to death by the escaping steam; while others still lived, but with their poor bodies so mangled that speedy death would be a blessed relief. Scores had leaped into the sea, where many were rescued by the fishing boats.

Dunster Brownleigh had actively assisted in lowering the boats of the Cochise, and even had at tempted to take a place in one of them, but had been detected and sternly ordered to remain on board. So he was forced to be content with viewing the thrilling scene from a distance, and while so doing he was approached by M. Delar.

"Isn't it horrible!" exclaimed our lad, as he became conscious of the other's presence.

"Indeed, yes; horrible beyond words," replied the Frenchman. "And well do I realize that but for your noble action, this ship instead of that one would have been blown up, and we, instead of those poor wretches, would now be dead, mangled or scalded. It is dreadful to contemplate; but also it is a cause for such gratifude that I for one to the brave Monsieur Brownleigh a heart with thanks filled to overflowing."

In the whirl of excitement crowding the past few minutes, Dunster had not given a thought to the narrow escape of the ship he was on, or to his own share in effecting it; and now it was so overwhelming that ere he could find words to reply to the

Frenchman the latter again was speaking.
"But the mystery of it all," he said, "is how you should have known of the attempt to blow up this ship, or which of those many boats was prepared for so gigantic a task. You never before have been to this piace?'

"No, I never have."

"Nor even have seen a Chinese junk until now?"
"No."

"It is not known to me that you have been in correspondence with any person outside of this ship since leaving America, and I have been your most constant companion."

'No, I have held no communication with any per-

son outside this ship."

"Then how, in the name of all the saints, did you know?" queried the Frenchman, his face expressive of eager curiosity.

"I didn't," replied Dunster.

"You did not know that the junk was a mine of destruction?" retorted the other incredulously.
"I did not."

"Then am I still more bewildered to account for your insane action. Why did you take the terrible risk of altering the course of this ship? Did you not know that any officer on board would have been justified in shooting you down?"

(Continued at bottom of page 203.)

# BOY WANTED J. L. HARBOUR

window having on it these words:

BOY WANTED.

And the boys began to appear, for it was during the summer when many boys were out of school. I was given the task of seeing the applicants for the place and explaining its duties to them. These duties were very simple. Any boy of ordinary intelligence could have discharged them, and the pay was five dollars a week, which was more than boys were usually paid for such service. I was to select one of the most promising of the applicants and take him to the proprietor, who was to question him

a little before engaging him. I rejected the first six applicants because I was sure they would not be satisfactor; to my employer, and I will tell you just why they v ere rejected.

Number one came into my room without removing his hat and his finger nails were "in heavy mourning." He had a swaggering air, which is almost always the accompaniment of impertinence. He would never do for a particular man like my employer.

Number two, although not more than sixteen years of age, brought an odor of tobacco into the room with him, and when I asked him if he smoked, he said: "Only a cigarette now and then. My employer was a man who refused absolutely to have a cigarette smoker in his employ, and when I told the boy so he said: "No the boy so he said: man can boss me by saying whether I can smoke or not." And he was shown to the door.

Number three gave certain evidence of being the type of boy who does things by halves. Only the fore part of his shoes were polished. His hands had been washed only to the lower part of the wrists. His front hair had been given a hasty combing, but the back of · his head was in a tangle. Only half of the buttons of his waistcoat were buttoned. His necktie was but half tied. I was sure

NE DAY the proprietor of an establishment in that that type of boy would never dust an office which I was employed put a placard in the thoroughly or keep things in order, and my employer was very particular on these points. This boy had to go.

> Number four plied me with questions in regard . to his exact duties, and gave me to understand that he would not be "imposed upon." He said that he had left his last place because they were always asking him to do things it "wasn't his business to I suggested that perhaps his employers felt that as they were paying him for his time from

eight in the morning until five in the afternoon they had the right to ask him to make himself useful in any way he could. When I told him that my employer would feel that way about it he said that he wouldn't take the place unless it was under-1891

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE AT OYSTER BAY.

There are few spots in this country dearer to President Roosevelt and his sons than the old school-house at Oyster Bay, Long Island, the little village where is located the residence which is really home to the Roosevelt family. In this unpretentious country schoolhouse all the President's children have at one time or another pursued their studies. The President has always taken a keen interest in the old school. When his children were pupils there he got into the habit of occasionally addressing the pupils, and he has kept it up ever since, even though none of the junior members of his family sare now in the classes. In this old schoolhouse, too, Mr. Roosevelt was wont in the old days to play Santa Claus (dressed in appropriate costume) for the benefit of his sons and their boy chums, and even yet he and Mrs. Roosevelt endeavor each Christmas to send some little present for each pupil at the old school. Some of the things which Roosevelt has said in his addresses in this old school building have become famous. He always preached against snobbery—declared that all boys who worked hard and studied hard and did right to the best of their knowledge and ability, were equal, and he always urged the lads to go in for strenuous athletics and not to shirk in football any more than they would in their class work in school.

stood in advance that he should do only certain things. As a boy was wanted who would make himself generally useful this boy did not have the opportunity of "taking the place"

Number five was one of these too smart boys. He had the "I know it all" manner of the boy who can never be told anything and who is too generous with his own information. Such boys always have an exaggerated idea of their own importance, and they are sure to make themselves disagreeable to others. This boy assumed a jauntiness of manner bordering closely on impertinence. My employer was a great admirer of real modesty in a boy, and this boy evidently had none of that excellent quality to his portion. He would never do.

Number six used no less than eight or nine of the silliest and coarsest slang expressions in the five minutes I talked to him. As a part of the duties of the boy to be engaged would be to wait on ladies and gentlemen and to give courteous replies to their questions, I was sure that this boy would not do.

I was almost sure that the seventh boy would be satisfactory the moment I saw him. He had such a good, wholesome look, and he carried himself in such a manly way. He closed the door quietly and carefully behind him, and off went his hat the moment he came into the room. He was tidy from head to foot, and it was easy to see that it was not a tidiness that had been put on for the occasion. Only the boy who is habitually tidy could look as he looked. His manner was modest and he gave frank and courteous replies to all my questions. When I told him that I could not well define his exact duties, he said: "I am willing to do anything you have for me to do." Once when he had not understood what I said, he said: "I beg your pardon, sir." And when a lady employed in the establishment came into the room to ask me a question, the boy opened the door for her when she passed out. She dropped a letter she had shown me and the boy picked it up for her. Our brief interview revealed the fact that this boy was neat, quiet, courteous, obliging, deferential to his elders and to ladies. The boy who has these attributes is always wanted. They are sure signs of a clean mind and an honest heart. Such boys will be sure to succeed in life, and they will never lack friends.

#### F O RTHE

(Continued from page 202.)

"No, I didn't know it, and it wouldn't have made any difference if I had.'

"But why did you do it?"

"To save the lives of those on board the junk, of course.' "To save the lives of those Chinese swine you

risked your own? Ah! my friend, it is impossible! You cannot expect me to believe such a thing." "It is true, all the same," replied Dunster hotly. "But I don't care a snap of my fingers whether you believe it or not.

Thus saying, he ended the conversation by walking away, leaving the Frenchman to stare after him, at the same time muttering:

"The imbecile! Of course I do not believe him. Of course he knew: and, if I mistake not, he now has fastened the chain so tight about his neck that it never any more can come loose. I might feel sorry for him if he had not so terribly la sufficance; but now, bah! I do not care. He is a fool."

The stricken ship was towed to the nearest beach, where she could be sufficiently patched to get her to a dry dock; and, after some hours of delay the surviving cruisers, together with the Cochise, steamed slowly into port with colors at halfmast. In company with M. Delar, Dunster was allowed to go on shore. The launch that carried them to the jetty reached it just as one of the fishing sampans with several survivors from the wrecked cruiser was moored alongside. Her crew immediately began to transfer their helpless passengers to the shore. where Red Cross ambulances awaited them, and Dunster was obliged to stand aside to allow one of the stretchers to pass. A half-stifled exclamation drew his attention to one of the bearers, a Chinese youth, evidently of the coolie class, who was staring at him as though the young American were some rare curiosity. Dunster had barely time to note that the garments of this person were wringing wet, as though he had recently been in the water. when a white-bloused soldier gave the stretcher bearer a shove with the butt of his musket and harshly bade him move on.

Under the guidance of M. Delar, who seemed quite at home in Vladivostok, the two passengers entered a droschky and were driven up the steep hill from the water front to the upper town, where they were deposited at the entrance to the Hotel Tissler. A few minutes later our lad found himself the sole occupant of a room on the second floor of a white-

MIKADO painted, green-shuttered, wooden building, that seemed fairly comfortable as hotel rooms in that part of the world go, but which could be reached only by passing through an adjoining apartment, now occupied by M. Delar.

Dunster did not like this arrangement, but had been told that only these rooms were vacant, and that he might change as soon as another became available. M. Delar, politely regretting the inconvenience, had given him his choice of them, and so there was nothing to do but make the best of an uncomfortable situation.

While he was unpacking his bag and wondering what would be the outcome of the strange position in which the Fates had placed him, there came a knock on his door, and M. Delar presented himself. "I have ventured," said the visitor, "to bring a

servant for Monsieur Brownleigh's inspection, knowing that he would immediately want one."

"Thank you for taking the trouble," said Dunster, "but you are mistaken in thinking that I need a servant.

"Pardon; but possibly it is you who are mistaken," replied the Frenchman, smiling. "In this place a servant is a necessity to every gentleman. He will care for your room, wait on you at table. procure much of your provision, run of your errand, and, in fact, do so many thing that one may not get on without him. Besides, this boy speaks a little English, which is very rare for a servant in these parts. For that reason also he demands one rouble per day. That is greatly expensive, but I believe him to be worth it."

"How much is a rouble?" asked Dunster.

"It is in reality about four francs, or eighty cents in your money; but it may be regarded as one dollar, since it is divided into one hundred kopeks."

"Then I must pay the servant one dollar per day?" "Yes. That is his extravagant charge for speaking the English."

"Is he a Russian?"

"Certainly not," laughed M. Delar. "He is of the Chinese, as are all the servants in this place

Well, if I must have a servant, I suppose it is best to have one who can understand what I say to him. Where is this English-speaking Chinaman?" "I will send him," replied the Frenchman, at the same time leaving the room.

Dunster heard him call "Boy!" and a moment later a young Chinese appeared at the door, bowing and smiling. For a moment Dunster fancied he had seen him before, but said to himself that of course he had not, and that all Chinese looked alike anyway.

"Do you speak English?" he asked of the nodding figure.

"Me spik Melican," was the answer. "That's as good, if not better. What is your

name?" "Name Sing-hi."

"Sing for short, I suppose. Well, Sing, how much

do you expect me to pay you?"
"Me git um queek," was the smiling reply. "What?"

"Me spik Melican," answered the "boy," nodding

his head rapidly. "So you have said, but that wasn't the question. How much am I to pay you?"

"Name Sing-hi."

"Look here!" exclaimed Dunster wrathfully, "I'll make you sing low if you don't quit this foolishness. What do you mean by it?"

"Me spik Melican," asserted the "boy" stoutly, but with a somewhat apprehensive expression, and all Dunster's efforts failed to win another intelligible word.

In spite of his disappointment at Sing-hi's limited vocabulary, he decided to engage him, and afterwards found no occasion to regret having done so, for a more cheerful, willing, resourceful chap it would be hard to find. He seemed to know by instinct just what his new master wanted and when he desired it. Also he knew how and where to get it. He proved a good cook, and, to Dunster's amazement, seemed to understand the American way of preparing and serving certain dishes. In fact, he became so invaluable that on the second day of their acquaintance his employer wondered that he had ever thought of getting along without him.

"Sing-hi," he said as he watched the blue-clad figure busily engaged in cleaning a travel stained coat you play such a snappy game that, if you could only understand the signals a little better, I believe I'd take you on for the whole season.'

Of course, Dunster had not expected to be understood, and so was wholly unprepared for the remarkable effect produced by these words. Sing-hi looked from the window and saw M. Delar walking down the street; went to the communicating door between the two rooms, satisfied himself by a quick glance that the Frenchman's room was empty, locked the door, and returning to his employer, with face aglow and narrow eyes sparkling, he said:

"Dun Brown, it is not now the ball-foot game we play, but the game of war with that Rus-si-an, and no ru-als but to kill him. Oh! my friend, Dun Brown! Do you not any more know me?"

(To be continued.)

# American Boy Day

WILL BE CELEBRATED AT

The Exposition, Portland, Ore., July 5, 1905, at Chautauqua, N. Y., July 22d, 1905, and at Boston, Mass. (date given later)

FTER much correspondence we are enabled to tell the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY that AMERICAN BOY DAY will be celebrated this year at the great Exposition at Portland, also at the Chautauqua Summer Assembly on Lake Chautauqua, New York, and at Boston.

The Portland Exposition management have taken hold of the enterprise with spirit and enthusiasm, promising us such co-operation as will make it a success from every standpoint. The boys will remember that July 5th was the date of our great AMERICAN BOY DAY at the St. Louis Exposition. The same date has been selected for the Portland Exposition as being the date on which there will most likely be a large crowd in attendance.

The Chautauqua Institution having completed its summer program before taking up the consideration of AM-ERICAN BOY DAY, was unable to give us July 5th, but will celebrate July 22nd.

#### AMERICAN BOY DAY AT PORTLAND

Now that July 5th has been decided upon as the date for the celebration of American Boy Day at the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, we ask the hearty co-operation of every boy in America in the making of it an even greater success than that achieved at St. Louis. The editor of The American Boy will go to Portland and act as president of the day. He will have charge of the making up of the program, and to him all letters should be addressed by boys who intend to be present on that occasion. He wishes especially to hear from boys who wish to take part in the program, either in the way of reciting, orating, singing or entertaining in some form. He wants the most expert talent he can find among the boys of the country for the program that will be rendered on the afternoon of July 5th in the auditorium of the Exposition. He wants suggestions from boys and friends of boys as to who of their friends and associates will be at Portland on July 5th, and particularly as to who of those expecting to attend on that day are able to entertain by speaking, singing, etc.

The auditorium at the Exposition holds twenty-five hundred people, and we expect to fill it from the stage to the door with enthusiastic American boys and their friends. It cannot be expected that as many boys from the Eastern and Middle States will attend the Portland Exposition as attended the one at St. Louis, so that it rests upon the boys of the Middle West and the Far West to plan to attend the Exposition on July 5th and make the occasion a success. We want to hear from every boy west of the Mississippi who reads this paper, telling us whether or not he will be present, and making suggestions as to the program and as to anything else that he thinks will be of assistance to us in making plans. Confer with your parents and friends with reference to the matter and write us. Do not wait a moment.

We have already put ourselves in communication with the Superintendent of Schools, the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and others in Portland with reference to interesting the boys of that city in the celebration, and no doubt we shall meet with the hearty cooperation of all Portland boys; but we want the help of boys everywhere.

#### AMERICAN BOY DAY AT LAKE CHAUTAUQUA

Everyone knows of the Chautauqua Assembly at Lake Chautauqua in western New York. This is the parent of all the summer assemblies of the country, and is the largest and most successful of them all. Here every summer thousands of persons congregate for summer sport, mingled with study and entertainment of the highest order. The Chancellor of the Chautauqua Institution is Bishop John H. Vincent, of the great Methodist Church, who, with Lewis Miller, founded the Institution in 1874. The General Council of the Institution is composed of Jane Addams, the celebrated settlement worker of Hull House, Chicago; G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University; Bradford P. Raymond, President of Wesleyan University: Melvil Dewey, of the New York State Library. The Principal of Instruction, who has charge of the summer program, is Prof. George E. Vincent, of the University of Chicago. After a thorough consideration of the matter by Prof. Vincent and his associates, a decision was finally rendered in favor of holding American Boy Day exercises at Chautauqua, and Saturday. July 22nd, is the date.

In a letter to us dated April 12th, Prof. Vincent writes: "We shall count upon your personal presence and supervision, and you in turn may expect from us hearty co-operation. We have already arranged for a large children's chorus for the afternoon."

This secures for the boys of the Middle States an opportunity to take part in and enjoy American Boy Day without going to the Pacific Coast. The railroad rates to Chautauqua during the summer are exceedingly reasonable, and there will be no excuse for boys, particularly such as live in Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio, not being present. We want from boys of the Middle States letters promising to be present, and suggesting names of boys who are expert declaimers, orators and entertainers in particular lines.

Dr. Jas. A. Babbitt. Philadelphia, is the leader of the big summer club of boys that is held at Chautauqua every summer. He will co-operate with us, and from the membership of his club many of the entertainers will be taken.

#### AMERICAN BOY DAY AT BOSTON

At the last moment before going to press we received a telegram from W. E. Dillon, Superintendent of the Chelsea Boys' Club, advising us that at a conference of the friends of boys in Boston it had been determined to celebrate American Boy Day in Boston, the great city of New England. The date is not yet determined. Now let us hear from New England boys. We shall have particulars as to date in a few days and a circular letter will be prepared for New England boys who ask for it.

#### AMERICAN BOY DAY EVERYWHERE

We have been endeavoring to have American Boy Day celebrated in as many communities throughout the country as possible. We do not care how small the city or town, if there is some one there who will undertake to find a hall or a church where the celebration can be held, and will undertake to find the boys who will take part, we will furnish the program, that is, select the declamations, suggest subjects for orations, and give pointers with reference to other parts of the program that will enable a local leader to carry on the day in fine style.

#### NOW GO TO WORK

The editor of THE AMERICAN Boy has done his part. Ever since July 5th, 1904, when American Boy Day was celebrated at St. Louis, it has been the desire of thousands that the celebration be repeated in 1905 in as many localities as possible. The occasion at St. Louis was inspiring in the extreme. It can be made doubly so this year. It is now up to the boys of the United States to have a successful American Boy Day in the summer of 1905. Do not think that this is for some other boy to attend to. It is for you. If you cannot go to some one of the places arranged for, then see to it that some one-the superintendent of schools, newspaper editor, pastors of churches, Sunday school superintendents, Y. M. C. A. secretary, or some one interested in boys, shall take the lead in your town. We are prepared to make it easy for a leader. Every town has its talented boys-boys who can declaim, boys who can write speeches, boys who can play the cornet, boys who can play the violin, boys who can sing. Every American town has enough of patriotism within its borders to make American Boy Day an immense success. What can you do? Think about it and write us. Do not wait a minute.

Finally, we again urge upon the boys west of the Mississippi that upon them depends the success of American Boy Day at Portland, July 5th; upon the boys of the Middle States, that upon them depends the success of American Boy Day at Chautauqua, July 22nd; upon the boys of New England, that upon them depends the success of American Boy Day at Boston; upon boys everywhere, that upon them depends the success of the day in their own communities.

## Young America the Victim of a New Evil Called by the Startling Name of "Schoolroom Deformity"

Written by PROF. MATTHEW O'BRIEN, Physical Director Boys' Central High School, Philadelphia, for The American Boy. Photographs accompanying this were posed especially by Prof. O'Brien with boys of the Central High School as the figures.



A CLASS POSED BY PROF. O'BRIEN, IN CORRECT ATTITUDES

It is popularly believed that in the schoolroom Young America waxes strong and
straight of limb by reason of the judicious
exercises arranged for him by boards of
education. It is startling to learn that there
are drawbacks to this method of training our
hoys; drawbacks of so serious a nature that
the boy who is exercised in school calisthenics without regard to his fitness for such
drill is steadily deteriorating physically.
Furthermore, despite the efforts of our teachers to compel scholars to sit up straight and
assume correct attitudes during school hours
there is, it is asserted a steady increase in
the percentage of scholars suffering from
what has come to be known among medical
men as "schoolroom deformity." The cause
of such increase, through lgnorance on the
part of the teachers, and the remedy, is
treated thoroughly in the following article,
written especially for this paper by Profes,
sor Matthew O'Brien, of the Central High
School, Philadelphia, from which institution
so many boy athletes have emerged to capture high honors in the world of amateur

the other, with the head inclined towards
the higher shoulder, as in writing, tends
to produce a lateral curvature. Weak,
poorly muscled children are particularto produce a lateral curvature. Weak,
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Weak,
poorly muscled children are particularto produce a latera education. It is startling to learn that there are drawbacks to this method of training our boys; drawbacks of so serious a nature that the boy who is exercised in school calisthenics without regard to his fitness for such drill is steadily deteriorating physically. Furthermore, despite the efforts of our teachers to compel scholars to sit up straight and assume correct attitudes during school hours three is, it is asserted a steady increase in the percentage of scholars suffering from what has come to be known among medical men as "schoolroom deformity." The cause of such increase, through ignorance on the part of the teachers, and the remedy, is treated thoroughly in the following article, written especially for this paper by Professor Matthew O'Brien, of the Central High School, Philadelphia, from which institution so many boy athletes have emerged to capture high honors in the world of amateur sports.—Editor.

convinced that the evil is a serious and a growing one, and one that should be cricked at once and with a at once and with a strong hand, in the in-terests of the future generations of Ameri-cans, it is only neces-sary to visit an Amer-ican schoolroom and closely watch the scholars.

Notice how the avdesk. The desks are all of one size, while the children naturally vary in size. They assume strained posi-tions. Some sit with the shoulders drawn forward, the head bent down, one shoulder thrown higher than the other, as the child writes, or the backbone assuming a

shape closely resembling the letter C as the boy or girl slides down in the seat. snape closely resembling the letter C as the boy or girl slides down in the seat. The heart, lungs and in fact nearly all the throat and body organs are cramped and cannot act vigorously. We know from experience that the bones and tissues tend to permanently grow into positions that they are made to assume habitually. Day after day the boys and girls sit in the deformed attitude that the conditions under which they work compel them to assume. In time the attitude becomes habitual and they suffer for life from "schoolroom deformity."

At first and during the growing years the bones and ligaments have not permanently grown crooked, if such a term may be allowed. In time the deformity becomes a hony one and cannot then possibly becured. Some of the most common deformities, with their causes, are:

Round shoulders—This term is an excedingly general one. It may mean that the child etters through babtuel elevant.

Kound shoulders—This term is an ex-cedingly general one. It may mean that the child, either through habitual slouchi-ness, or through general weakness, espe-cially of those muscles between the shoulder blades, has permitted his shoul-ders to droop forward, causing the typi-cal rounded appearance of the back be-tween the shoulders, with its accompany-ing horror of flattened chest and sunken tween the shoulders, with its accompanying horror of flattened chest and sunken stomach. It may mean that there is an unnatural curving of the backbone. Again, such a carrying of the head forward may be due to some eye trouble, for the near-sighted child naturally strains his head forward to see distant objects, thereby causing a spinal curve which ordinary nearly often term round. which ordinary people often term round

Another common deformity is an unnatural curving of the spine in the small of the back. Slouching down in the seat is the cause.

Sitting with one shoulder higher than

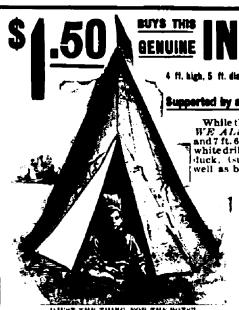


The cause of the incorrect position must be sought. In most cases it will be found to be defective eyesight, poorness-of hearing, or in the lighting or seating arrangements of the school itself. Each

teacher could roughly make tests of the sight and hearing with a very little trouble. Procure a card with the test letters



INCORRECT ATTITUDES THAT LEAD TO SCHOOLROOM DEFORMITY



4 ff. high, 5 ff. diameter, made of heavy sheeting, with colored cap and flag, side decorated in genuine Indian design. Supported by a Tripod. No Conter Polo. All Clear Space Inside. While this tent is excellent for boys for use on lawns, etc., WE ALSO MAKE this tripod wigwam, 7 ft. 6 in. high, and 7 ft. 6 in. in diameter, in extra heavy, thoroughly durable, white drill, colored drill, or 8-oz.

duck, (suitable for men, as \$400 to \$500 well as boys in camping)— HERE IS A BARGAIN probably the most reoffered in tents. These triped wigwams are the latest
not compare them with ordinary tents, sold for \$3,
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on it. Each child should be able to read on it. Each child should be able to read the letters at a given distance, usually sixteen feet, with either eye, the other being covered by a card. A card printed with diamond type should be read at distances varying from two to four inches, varying with the age of the child. If any child shows signs of defective eyesight, the teacher should insist that an oculist be consulted at once. When the boy or girl returns properly equipped with suitable glasses the incorrect attitude that was causing a permanent deformity will be found to have cured itself.

correct attitude that was causing a permanent deformity will be found to have cured itself.

No less important than the eye test is that for the hearing. Seat the child and hold a watch near one of the ears, closing the other with the hand. Then tell the boy or girl to sit with closed eyes and say whether or not the ticking of the watch can be heard. Gradually withdraw the watch until it is thirty or forty inches from the ear. At this distance a child with perfect hearing will still be able to detect the ticking of the timepiece. Note carefully at what distance the child ceases to hear the watch tick. Then try the other ear in the same way. Some boys will say they hear the watch tick when they really do not. To check this, hold to the ear the hand alone without the watch and ask if they still hear it. If the answer is "yes," it is safe to say that the boy's hearing is defective. It is not an absolutely accurate test, but a sufficiently good one for the purpose.

the purpose.

Watch the child at school sessions. Observe if there is an effort to see the blackhoard, a peering forward with puckered eyes. Notice if the head is bent forward in an attitude of strained listening. Many a child will be found to become almost a different being when fitted with glasses, or some insignificant defect of hearing is removed.

Having searched for and removed the prevailing reasons for the incorrect attitudes assumed by the scholars, insist on proper positions being maintained. Allow no child to slouch down in the seat or sit with hunched shoulders.

This is the simple path to the removal



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of such ills as have come to be recognized in scholastic circles as "schoolroom deformities."

#### A Heaven for Lions

In Western India there is a place named Junagadh. It is governed by a ruler called a Nawab. This Nawab has a peculiar fad. It is one that probably no other person in the world shares with him; at any rate, if anybody else has the same fad. it isn't likely at all that he can indulge it as the Nawab of Junagadh can. for in his territory is the great forest of the Gir, in whose 200 square miles there are believed to be more lions and panth-ers than are to be found in any other part of the world—and the fad of the Nawab is

lions.

In his territory it is a prison offense for a native to kill a lion or a panther; and it is only when visiting Europeans enter the land that the Nawab permits any hunting. Very prominent Europeans know so well that the Nawab does not like to have his lions shot that they politely decline his invitation when he extends it, knowing that this will please their host more than anything that they could do.

could do.
Even the Viceroy of India, who recently visited the Nawab, refrained from going out to shoot a lion, although, of course, that ruler had made all preparations for

Junagadh is probably the only spot in India where the lion still exists wild, and visitors to the country often have the unusual experience of hearing the terrible

usual experience of hearing the terrible roars of the brutes at night.

The Nawah naturally has the finest collection of lions in captivity in India, and it happens often that at night the cagod animals are nearly driven frantic by the roars of free lions which come out of the jungle and prowl around just outside of the menagerie.

# A FRENCH FROG AND AMERICAN EAGLE

STORY—By E. S. TYLEE

Slightly alarmed, master changed the subject. "No doubt! No doubt! By the way, do you propose taking your son into your own business?" "Sir, I propose nothing for Washington but an A1 education and the sort of start I had myself. Ef he should turn out a hustler

"Pardon me!-a-

"Pardon me!—a—
what?"
"Sir, I must apologize for using such a homely expression to a scholar of your eminence! In more classical language what I mean is, if he shows any horse sense, together with a disposition to get up and get, why, then, sir, I may he able to make use of him at the works, always supposing that his inclinations

up and get, why, then, sir, I may he able to make use of him at the works, always supposing that his inclinations lie in that direction. For the present, what I propose is to give him a year's schooling in each of the principal European countries, concluding with the empire of Japan. Washington P., sir, will follow the path of the sun!"

"A most comprehensive scheme, indeed!" assented Doctor Hardress. "It is to be hoped that your son may profit by his many advantages. But suppose Washington shows no disposition towards your own calling?"

"In that case, sir, he will carve out his career as I have carved mine," said Mr. Pickens. "So long as he is no idler, he is welcome to choose his own line. In fact, sir, I am willing to see him anything but a dude. If he wants to be that, he need not come to me for the stamps!"

It was at this moment that young Washington descried his father from the

is welcome to choose his own line. In fact, sir, I am willing to see him anything but a dude. If he wants to be that, he need not come to me for the stamps!"

It was at this moment that young Washington descried his father, from the other side of the ground and came strolling up with his hands in his pockets. He capped to the Doctor, of course, but greeted his parent with surprising ease. "How do, dad?" he said. "Mother well?"

"She's got her usual neuralgy, Wash!"
said Mr. Pickens. "Well, and so this is

"She's got her usual neuralgy, Wash!" so this is t

"She's got her usual neuralgy, Wash!" said Mr. Pickens. "Well, and so this is your new uniform for the British game of cricket!" he continued, critically inspecting his son's flannels. "I hope you are a first-class battist."

"So, so!" replied Washington, while Carclough, who as captain of the school had just been introduced to the stranger, exploded in the background. "It doesn't begin to be as good sport as baseball!"

"Wa'al, it doesn't seem to me to be as good fun as a wagon load of monkeys," said Mr. Pickens. "Never mind!—stick to it, my son, for the honor of the Stars and Stripes. I brought a few bills for you," he added, taking a roll of banknotes from his breast-pocket. "I guess you want to entertain your new friends!" But the Doctor interposed: "Excuse me, Mr. Pickens!" he said; "but what sum of money have you just handed to your of money have you just handed to your

"Sir," replied the American, "that wad is of the value of one hundred dollars twenty pounds of your currency! Washington's mamma requested me not to present him with any larger amount!"
"Quite right!" said the Head. "Indeed,
Mr. Pickans."

Mr. Pickens, I could not think of allow-ing any pupil of mine to have such a ing any pupil of mine to have such a sum at his disposal. In his own interests, as well as for the sake of the discipline of the school, I am bound to forbid it."

"That so, sir?" answered the millionaire. Well, I bow to your authority. But I hope that you will permit me to place the bills in your charge to be dispensed to Washington according to your own judgment." With some difficulty here. But I hope that you will permit me to place the bills in your charge to be dispensed to Washington according to your own judgment." With some difficulty he induced the Head to consent to this compromise. Then he stretched his long promise. Then he stretched his long promise. Then he stretched his long promise, and ordered his son back to his place in the field.

Presently an incident occurred which

that the sinner who would confess to piracy without a blush will not patiently

endure the charge of being no gentle-

troleum into various secondary products, and, as far as a self-made man could go,

he was a fair practical chemist.

"Our space is rather restricted here, I am afraid," said the Doctor apologetic-

ally. "But our Building Fund is small, and there have been several recent calls upon it. We have to do the best we

am afraid."

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL

CHAPTER IV.—A VISIT FROM A MILLIONAIRE.

THE YOUNG American's father, Mr.
Pickens, came over to Crosswindry following, and withersed the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the continued of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the continued of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The whole school were keeply anxious to see the great of the cricket match. The was acting the cricket match the prevent with the seed and great the cricket match. The proposed the boys were perpanding the cricket match. The proposed t

of the population there is one male college student (as against one out of every five of the population in elementary schools; one out of every 125, in high schools, and one out of every 1,500 or so in professional schools).

The figures regarding quality are more striking. The ratio of American men who have received a college education has been in the past but 1 per cent, though it is now over 3 per cent. But it has been shown that the number of college-bred men in the Senate and House of Representatives in two typi-

Senate and House of Representatives in two typical congresses was 32 times as great as might have been expected, if the fact of their college training were neglected, and

were neglected, and that in fifty-seven years 68 per cent of the members of the Supreme Court and 85 per cent of the Chief Justices of the United States have been college-bred men. One out of 40 college graduates, as against one out of 10,000 non-college graduates is mentioned in "Appleton's Encyclopedia of Biography." One in every 106 of college graduates is mentioned in "Who's Who," as against one in every 600 of non-college graduates. College-bred professional men have five times the chance of other men to attain eminence.—Walter L. Hervey, in The Chautanguan for April. L. Hervey, in The Chautauquan for April.

## What a Farmer Boy Thinks

An ardent admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY is Raiph R. Williams, Warsaw, Illinois. He wants to know why we cannot have a department of special interest to farmer boys. "I am," says he, "a farmer boy myself and I am glad of it. City folks may call us hayseeds, but if the hayseeds were all dead, where would the city folks he? The farm is just the place for a boy who does not hate work, for there is plenty of that article here. The farm is not the place tenance and charged Carclough to set the matter right with Briant, which the captain accordingly did, though he was burning to explain himself to Baines. The latter showed a singularly retiring disposition during the next few hours, but lame-footed Vengeance overtook him at length, and Carclough did not spare him. More than all else, Baines withered under the captain's scornful accusation of "bad form!" for it is a singular fact that the sinner who would confess to work, for there is plenty of that arti-cle here. The farm is not the place for a lazy boy, for the farm does not agree with such a boy. There is one thing about which I am puzzled. It is this: Some people and some authors ad-vise you to stand up for your rights and not to allow anyone to run over you, man.

The Doctor and Mr. Pickens left the cricket ground soon after Briant's unlucky debut, he having expressed a wish to be conducted over the school buildings. The millionaire expressed himself as very pleased with all he saw until they entered the laboratory, which, as the Head himself remarked, was somewhat small and inadequately furnished. It was with the critical eye of an expert that Mr. Pickens looked about him there; for it appeared that a large part of his business was the conversion of his petroleum into various secondary products,

vise you to stand up for your rights and not to allow anyone to run over you, while others advise you to be meek, unassuming and not too quarrelsome, and always try to keep out of trouble. Now, I don't see how a fellow can have all of these qualities." He wants to know what we think about it.

The editor approaches this question with some hesitation. Without giving much thought to the subject he would say that there is a golden mean which every boy and every man ought to seek to reach, in this matter of standing up for one's rights. One should always be sure that he is standing up for something which he assumes to be his rights. There is always a point where patience ceases to be a virtue; where that point is depends largely upon conditions and circumstances in particular cases. Boys who go around with chips on their shoulders will always find fellows ready to know! ders will always find fellows ready to knocl: them off. On the other hand, no-body admires an unduly meek man, who takes everything that comes without any spirit. My observation is that most boys are too quick to resent what they assume to be a treading on their rights.

#### Are You In It?

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HE old "He-One" very provincial New England expression, a little uncouth perhaps, but most expressive.

As I have heard it used, it refers to a trout or other New England game fish, of ex-

The term is almost synonymous with an "old settler," or an "old whopper."

The particular old "He-One" to whose affairs I will invite your attention, could almost always be found under an unpre-

affairs I will invite your attention, could almost always be found under an unpretentious little bridge that spanned one of the best trout brooks into which angler ever cast fly.

What a poem is suggested to the country boy, by the magic monosyllable, bridge. Whenever I hear this suggestive word, it is always accompanied by the pleasant murmur of running water, and the smell of willow and sweet flag, or perhaps the cry of the kingfisher mingles with these pleasant murmurings.

When one says bridge to the average country boy, he never thinks of those gigantic modern structures of stone and steel with which modern engineering genius has spanned the broadest rivers and bridged the deepest chasms, but it is always the quaint little country bridge perhaps not over twenty or thirty feet in length, whose planks are wheelworn and dusty, and whose railing is rough and rustic.

and rustic.

No country boy can ever pass one of these bridges without stopping to look into the cool, fresh waters beneath, no matter how urgent the errand on which

into the cool, fresh waters beneath, no matter how urgent the errand on which he is sent.

Many a half hour I have spent lying sparticular bridge, under which the old. "He-One" lived. There was some danger of having one's legs run over by a passing team, and one also might pitch headlong into the water, but these things only added zest to the performance.

It was worth walking half a mile any day, and lying upon one's stomach in the dust for half an hour, just to get one gillimpse of this speckled beauty. He would always be standing head up stream, gently fanning the water with his fins and tail. Sometimes a sunbeam would filter through a crack in the bridge and fall full upon him, lighting up the iridescent green and yellow upon his sides and back, and making his spots to shine like gold. Then he was a living that would seem almost incredible to any one but a woodsman, to die at last the shadow, the dark mottling upon his back looking almost black, but he was always a thing of beauty, and coveted by all the small boys in the district, as a miser covets gold.

Once and only once I hooked him squarely, but he got away after a royal battle of ten minutes. The ruse that I tried upon him this time was a very slimple one that I had learned of an old fisherman.

bridge tridescent green and yellow upon the sides and back, and making his spots to shine like gold. Then he was a living spowel.

At other times he would stand in the shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing of beauty, and the small shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing of beauty, and the small shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing of beauty, and the small shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing of beauty and the small shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing of beauty and the small shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing of beauty and the small shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing of beauty and the small shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing that would seem almost intricate traps and snares, displaying an ingenuity and current of the woods and shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a the hold shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a timing that would seem almost incredible to any one but a woodsman, to deat last at the hands of a mere boy, or to put shadow, the dark mottling upon as laving a time the hands of a mere boy, or to put shadow, the hands of a mere boy, or to put shadow, the dark mottling upon as the hands of a mere boy, or to put shadow, the laving and the way a great flest would a very allurement of the most clentific times before, and the same way a great flest will avoid every allurement of the most clentific times before devery allurement of the most clentific times before and the same way a great flest will avoid more thand the same way a great flest will avoid more the same way a great flest will avoid more than and a plece of same the same way a great flest will avoid more the same way a great flest will avoid more the same way a great flest will avoid more the same way a great flest will avoid more the same way a great flest will avoid more the same way a great flest will rever whith a same that the hands and flest flest the same way a great flest will well remained to the same way a great flest was t

made the most of that lact, which was all the consolation that remained. The manner in which Tow-head hooked and captured the old trout was quite different, and I venture to say that no other old settler was ever taken in quite such a way.

Tow-head was a ragged, dirty, white-headed urchin of about ten years. His chief characteristic was iaziness, and, considering this fact, the capture of the old trout was a double achievement. For thereby Tow-head performed an act that forever stilled the tongues of the country youth, which had continually wagged about his weakness.

Tow-head had been sent by his father to plant corn in the neighborhood of the hidge. But on arriving at the field, he had seen some crows sitting on a neighboring tree, watching to see just where he planted the corn, that they might go and dig it up. Of course it would be folly to plant any under such unfavorable circumstances, so Tow-head hid the seed corn and hoe in a bush and went to the bridge, to rest himself with the sound of running water.

There was just room enough to sit upon the end of the planks on the outside of the railing and dangle one's feet over the water, and at the same time rest one's back against the great post that held the railing. It was a rather doubtful perch, but quite safe if one kept his head and was not disturbed by outside parties.

I well remember a hair-raising experi-

parties.

I well remember a hair-raising experience that I had on the same perch one morning while fishing. I was wholly employed with angling and did not notice the approach of Uncle Rastus Billings, who was quite a joker in his way.

Suddenly in some unaccountable manner I slipped from my perch and started for a headlong plunge into the brook. But midway in air I was arrested by a violent jerk on my coat and drawn back on to the perch.

With my heart in my mouth I looked over my shoulder into the grinning face of Uncle Rastus.

"Golly," he ejaculated, laughing as though he would choke. "If I hadn't have caught you, you would hev' fell in that time sure."

He had pushed me off the end of the plank and at the same time held on to

with the pole."

"Something has got my right leg and I can't," whimpered Tow-head. "I guess it is a turtle; he has got me by the toe."

"Tain't a fish, is it?" asked the voice up on the bridge. Then Tow-head remembered the line on his toe, and new courage came to him. "Mebbe it is," he stammered; "I did have a line on my toe when I fell in."

Then he pulled gently with his foot.

stammered; "I did have a line on my too when I feli in."

Then he pulled gently with his foot, and for answer there was a sharp jerk on the line. "Gosh, it is." he exclaimed, all excited, "an' it is a wha—"

"Tain't the old 'He-One,' is it?" asked the voice excitedly.

Then Tow-head began working in to shore, all the time drawing gently on the strange something that tugged at his foot. Then a few bubbles came to the surface, and a second later the great trout, that we had so often seen under the bridge, gently fanning the water with his fins, floated to the surface and rolled over on his back.

For a second the boy thought he must be dreaming, the great speckled beauty was so much beyond his wildest expectations. He selzed him in both hands and scrambled up the bank, shouting at the top of his voice: "I hev gut the old 'He-One,' I've gut the old

village, shouting to every one that he

met:

"I've gut the old 'He-One,' I've gut the old 'He-One."

Five minutes later he burst into the country grocery store, breathless and excited, gasping:

"Mr. Murrey, come quick, 've gut the old 'He-One,' an' I want to weigh him before he shrinks." Mr. Murrey, who was quite a boy himself, came up the cellar stairs two steps at a time and hastily put the big trout into the scales. Tow-head's eyes opened wider and wider as the grocer shoved the weight farther and farther along on the beam. At three pounds and a quarter it refused to rise again, so that was declared to be the great trout's weight.



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# The Latest News Regarding American Boy Day

N THE day forms closed for this number of The American Boy we received from the management of the Portland Exposition their promise to give us for American Boy Day, July 5th:

- The Use of the Auditorium.
- The Exposition Band of 35 Pieces.
- A Welcoming Address by President Goode.
- 4 Fire Works (probably) in Honor of the Day.

Word comes from Chautauqua that a big children's chorus will take part in The American Boy Day exercises at Chautauqua, July 22d.

Boston American Boy Day sure; date named later.



of Representatives," declared Paul Rollins one day late in the fall, at the dinner table, "I read the other day that thirty-six pages are employed in the House of Representatives; they each receive \$75 per month during the session of Congress. I know I could get one of those thirty-six jobs."
"Don't talk foolishness, Paul," replied Mrs. Rollins, casting a deprecatory glance at her sixteen-year-old son. "You are going to do nothing of the kind. There may be thirty-six jobs or 3,800, for all I know. But one thing is certain; every one of them is mortgaged for all it is worth; you would stand about as much chance of getting to be a page as you would of getting the nomination for county sheriff. You will stay right here and work the farm; the idea of your traipsing off to Washington ('ity and trying to get to be a page! Why, I never heard tell of such nonsense. Who put such silly notions into your head, anyway?"

Two months previously Sanford Rollins, while repairing the roof of the

Who put such silly notions into your head, anyway?"

Two months previously Sanford Rollins, while repairing the roof of the barn, had fallen to the ground, striking on his head, death resulting instantly. The family of five—widow, Sadie, aged, nineteen, who taught the district school, Paul, aged sixteen, and two younger children—were left in fairly comfortable circumstances. The farm of 160 acres was clear, and the \$1,000 life insurance had paid all funeral expenses and left a snug balance in the bank.

"Mother, I don't want to run the farm," responded Paul. "I am not big enough nor strong enough to do a man's work yet; then, I don't want to be a farmer; I want to be a lawyer, or judge, or congressman. Farming is all right if you like it or haven't an ambition to be something else, but I have always had a great desire to work in the halls of Congress, where laws are made; it must be grand.

"You have got to have help to run

must be grand.

must be grand.

"You have got to have help to run the farm, anyway," continued the boy; "and you will find that after you have paid a hired man and the other expenses there will not be much left. Why not rent the place for a year, mother, as an experiment, and move to town. The \$3 an acre rent, with what Sadle and I can earn, will provide nicely for you and the children, and you will take more comfort and not have to work so hard. I know father would approve this plan if he could speak."

After many discussions, participated

After many discussions, participated in by Mrs. Rollins, Sadie and Paul, the girl having endorsed her brother's plans, it was decided that Paul should go to

it was decided that Paul should go to Washington and try to obtain employment as page. If he succeeded then the family would move to town the first of March and rent the farm for a year.

Sam Wayman, the stock buyer, promised Paul that he might look after the next car of hogs shipped to Chicago, a saving at the outset of \$11 railroad fare, and the following Wednesday morning, lugging a telescope packed with clothing and a big box of lunch, the farmer hoy started on his 1,300 mile journey to Washington to be a page.

Compared with Paul's likelihood of obtaining an appointment in the House

Compared with Paul's likelihood of obtaining an appointment in the House of Representatives, the expedition of the mythical Jason in search of the mythical golden fleece was a sure thing. In Chicago Paul bought a second-class ticket for \$12 and in due time reached the national capital. Having found a low-priced, reputable boarding house, and other reached the search of the sear low-priced, reputable boarding house, and exchanged his every-day traveling clothes for his best suit, Paul climbed the long flights of marble stairs and entered the rotunda of the Capitol building. Of a man in uniform, sitting near the door, the boy inquired: "Can you direct me to the officer of Congress who appoints the pages?"

"House or Senate?" asked the man.

"House." replied Paul.

"Floor below; follow the main corridor south until you come to an alcove with a sign above, 'Doorkeeper, House of Representatives.' Ask for Mr. Sanderson."

erson.
"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"
asked a middle-aged man having a business air and very sharp eyes, as Paul
entered a large room.

"My name is Paul Rollins; I would and the exhibitation of this august pres-like to apply for a position as page," ence. replied the farmer lad, approaching the official.

Paul heard one representative say scmething about "painful duty:" a page.

"Paul Rollins." repeated the doorkeeper; "are you the boy from Congressman Harper's district?"

"No, sir; I am from Iowa."
"Who is your congressman?"
"I don't know, sir."

"Who recommends you; who is your influence?"

"I have no influence, sir; I did not know influence was necessary; I have some letters of recommendation from the business men of my home."
"Jid you come from Iowa alone, expecting to get a position as page without the influence of a congressman?"

out the innuence of a congressman;
asked the doorkeeper.
"Yes, sir. I understood you would
need thirty-six page boys when Congress convened Monday, and thought
perhaps I could get one of the places;
so I came to Washington."

We "Agredove stored at the boy start-

Mr. Sanderson stared at the boy, started to say something, then settled back in his chair. Finally he said: "How much money have you?"

"Thirty-five dollars," replied the

would-be page.
"Well, he sure you save enough to buy a ticket home; you will need it very soon, I fear."

Paul felt a strange sensation in his

Paul felt a strange sensation in his throat, but said bravely: "Mr. Sanderson, I wish you would give me a trial; I know I can please you."

The doorkeeper started to say something, then settled back in his chair again. At last rousing himself he said: "My boy, this is a sort of tragedy. Do you know that I have more than five hundred applications for the thirty-six pageships, and that before the beginning of every session I have a fight with a hundred congressmen over this patronage? Every place has been mortgaged, and the mortgagee has been ready for a month to foreclose."

As the official said this the boy re-

month to foreclose."

As the official said this the boy recalled the prophetic words of his mother at the dinner table a month previous.

"Perhaps there may be a vacancy so you could appoint me; I have a great ambition to be a page in the halls of Congress, where laws are made," pleaded Paul, with great earnestness. "I should dislike very much to go home and have everybody know I had falled."

At this moment a distinguished looking gentleman, wearing a silk hat and

ing gentleman, wearing a slik hat and long coat, entered the room with a rush, exclaiming: "Hello, Sanderson, how are you? I've brought along my man Clark; position's ready. I suppose?"

The doorkeeper advanced to meet the congressman, remarking in an undertone gentieman,

to Paul, as he passed him, "No chance for you, my boy, but come and see me Mon-day, anyway."

day, anyway."

That was Saturday afternoon. Most people would have worried through rather a bad Sunday, but Paul Rollins' bump of hope was abnormal anyway, and the interview's disappointing close was soon forgotten in the multitude of attractions that everywhere confronted him.

Monday Paul was at the Capitol before 10 o'clock, and obtained a good seat in the men's gallery. It was well he came early. An hour before noon every seat in the galleries was taken and crowds swarmed through the corridors.

By 11 o'clock the chamber of the House began to fill with Representatives, and at 11:45 it was a perfect bediam of voices.

On the stroke of 12 the Speaker rose On the stroke of 12 the Speaker rose and, striking his desk with an ivory gavel, declared: "The House will be in order; the chaplain will offer prayer." The chaplain having concluded the invocation, instantly there arose a din of voices. Pages darted here and there; messengers rushed in and out; the clerks of the front were busy with bills and at the front were busy with bills and resolutions, and the official reporters hur-ried hither and thither taking down in shorthand all that was said by repre-sentatives.

Congress was in session and Paul was witness. The realization of it thrilled m. He had forgotten his mission had failed; that he must return to his home and go back upon the farm. He thought only of the grandeur of making laws

Paul heard one representative say something about "painful duty;" a page ran to the desk with a paper; the clerk read, but nobody could hear; the Speaker said something that sounded like "As er said something that sounded like "As a further mark of respect, the House will stand adjourned," and brought down the gavel with a bang. Instantly the greatest confusion prevailed. Members hurried from the chamber and the people in the galleries rose as one person and fought their way out. What did it all mean? From a policeman in the corridor Paul learned that the House had adjourned until the next day out of respect to Representative Anderson of Ohlo, who had died Sunday of heart failure, just as he was starting for Washington.

ure, just as he was starting for Washington.

That morning Doorkeepr Sanderson went over his lists. Several pages had not reported, among them George Stone, appointee of the dead congressman. The doorkeeper meditated a moment, and this is what he mentally said: "Stone is not here; if ever I needed page boys I need them now; Stone's influence is gone; Anderson's successor will name another boy even if I should hold the place open. If it is known there is a vacancy I'll have forty congressmen on my back inside of twenty-four hours. If the place is quietly filled there will be no scramquietly filled there will be no scram-

What Mr. Sanderson really did was to

What Mr. Sanderson really did was to carefully erase the name "George Stone." In its place he wrote: "Paul Rollins." "I rather like that hoy, anyway," he said; "he'll attend to business and make a good page." A telegram was sent to George Stone.

Paul presented himself at the door-keeper's office about 2 o'clock. "My boy," said the official, "I am about to do a most extraordinary thing---something I have never before done and which I probably never will do again; I am going to put on the pay roll of the House of Representatives a person who has not one ounce of political 'pull.' I am appointing you a page."

Paul was about to perform a war dance and had opened his mouth in an attempt to speak, but Mr. Sanderson waved his hand and continued: "A boy who has the spunk to travel alone 1,300 miles to Washington, with the expectation of getting a position in the House in the face of the wild clamor for such jobs, must have the stuff in him of which good pages are made. Saturday there was not the remotest possibility, apparently, of your being appointed. Since then events the remotest possibility, apparently, of your being appointed. Since then events have so shaped themselves as to render it possible for me to give you the place. port toniorrow morning at 10 to the

chief page."
Paul's expressed thanks were not artistic, but they satisfied the doorkeeper, and the happiest boy in the vorid walked

and the happiest boy in the verld walked out of that room.

A greater leap than from an Iowa farm to the floor of the House of Representatives could scarcely be conceived, and Paul's bewilderment when he presented himself to the chief page the next morning may be imagined. From the gallery he had obtained a hird's-eyeview; on the floor it all appeared amazingly different. He was given a diagram indicating positions of the desks, each of which had a number and was gram indicating positions of the desks, each of which had a number and was connected by wire with a tiny electric lamp in the annunciator in the corner of the chamber. This electric bulb glowed red when a congressman pushed a button on his desk. Paul's first lesson was to familiarize himself with the numbers and locations of the desks.

The Speaker's gavel fell; the formalities were soon over and law-making had begun. "Rollins, 126," said the boy at the annunciator, nodding toward the lowa farmer lad. Paul started to consuit his diagram, when a page who

sult his diagram, when a page who had evinced a friendliness toward him, whispered: "That's Henley; third row. second seat from the main aisle." suit his diagram,

In a moment the new page was at desk No. 126. "Get me half a dollar's worth of cigars—Regina bouquet; I'll be in the cloak room when you return," said the congressman, holding out the money. "Cigars—cigars—Congress!" thought

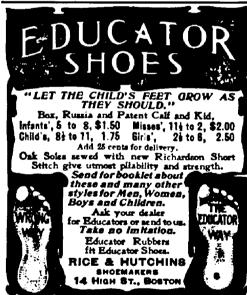
"Cigars — cigars — Congress!" thought Paul, in a semi-trance, at the same time hurrying somewhere. Had he been struck



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with a club the boy could hardly have been more dazed. "Cigars, cigars," he said to himself. "Cigars in Congress," yet he was quite sure he had heard coryet he was quite sure he had heard correctly; yes, the congressman had specified the brand—"Regina bouquet." Here he was in the lawmaking chamber of his country and his first official duty was to buy cigars; it was a severe blow to the farmer boy.

Paul knew the location of the restau-rant and quickly returned to the cloak the office of room with the purchase. "Here, boy," "Well, w called the member, holding out a coin, as Paul turned to leave him. "Oh, not

"You gave me money enough, sir," said the boy.

"Yes; but this pays you."

the boy.

"Yes; but this pays you."

"But I am paid by the month by the government," declared Paul

"Oh, I know that; this is on the side; it's all right; you need not be afraid to take it," said the member, noting the boy's hesitation.

Paul took the coin, gingerly, and resumed his place on the bench by the annunciator. "Is it all right to take money from representatives if they offer it to you?" inquired the new page of the boy who had directed him to the scat of Mr. Henley.

"Sure," replied his companion. "Got a tip, did you; how much?" Paul exhibited the dime. "Sometimes we get a dime; once in a while a quarter, and about once a session a dollar; but usually nothing," said the boy.

That night after the House had adjourned Paul found he was richer by 65 cents than at noontime. During the afternoon he had bought several packages of cigars, fruit and confections; gone to the document room for many bills and reports: to the law library for a Michigan law book; to the home of a representative for forgotten papers, getting a 25-cent tip for this; mailed scores of letters, besides running a dozen errands to committee rooms. He was tired, but happy. It was glorious. to committee rooms. He happy. It was glorious.

After supper Paul fell victim to a little spell of lonesomeness, and determined to find something to occupy his evenings. The suggestion of a lady at the boarding house that he attend night school was instantly seconded. Early the next morning he was at the office of the Board of Education and obtained a schedule of studies taught at the free public night school. It was still a quarter of 10 when Paul reached the Capitol and called at the office of Mr. Sanderson.

"Well, what's wrong?" inquired the

"Oh, nothing is wrong," replied the age. "I am going to attend night school; erhaps you will help me select the studpage.

Mr. Sanderson was pleased and not only said he would gladly comply with the request, but complimented Paul on his determination to improve his time. He advised the study of mathematics, civil government, English and Spanish. "One of these days a knowledge of Spanish, as well as English, will come in very handy," said the doorkeeper.

The "long session" dragged along well into July before the legislative slate was wiped clean of unfinished business. Paul had more than "made good." He was always at his post, did his work quietly and swiftly, and had the satisfaction of learning that the chief page had remarked to the doorkeeper that Rollins was the best page on the roll; worth a half-dozen boys that might be named.

In his studies Paul had made excellent

In his studies Paul had made excellent progress, particularly in civil government and Spanish, branches that were a delight to him. He had regularly sent home from \$50 to \$60 each month, according to the ebb or flow of "tips," and at the close of the session found himself possessed of a bank account of about \$400.

"Unless you hear from me to the contrary, report to the chief page as usual started on his long journey toward the Monday morning, December 5," were the farewell words of Mr. Sanderson, as Paul (To be continued.)

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## BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS AND MONEY SAVERS



THE CIVIC IMPROVEMENT League of St Louis has been carrying on a novel gardening class among the boys of that city Over 250 boys attended the classes in gardening last summer. This is an attempt on the part of the League to bring the country into the city. The League has employed competent instructors and the boys have come at convenient hours during the entire summer and received instruction in gardening. It has proved to be one of the most successful

hours during the entire summer and received instruction in gardening. It has proved to be one of the most successful undertakings among boys ever attempted.

The League has several objects in view in doing this work:—First, to direct some of the surplus energy of the children of the city, which would otherwise run to waste, into channels that will tend to develop in them manliness, respect for the rights of others, industry and thrift; second, to show how small areas of land in the backyard at home or on vacant lots, which may be leased, may be made to produce an abundance of fresh vegetables for the family; third, to teach how to grow flowers so that the home of each pupil may have bouquets of cut flowers during the growing season; fourth, to develop such a knowledge of an interest in plants and their habits as shall be a direct aid in making St. Louis a more

The League has found by actual experience that the work develops a better boy than does any other plan, giving him healthful employment, pleasure, and spending money. Even though the seeds, fertilizer, plowing, tools and instruction are furnished free, the boys soon appreciate the fact that they get nothing unless they are diligent in cultivating and earing for the growing crops.

Grand first prize, an oil painting valued at \$25, given to Walter Freudenberg, of 3131 Alfred St., St. Louis, for the most excellent garden for the entire summer.

On the closing day a Hocing Contest was given in which about one hundred boys took part. The boys were divided into five different groups, and were given twenty minutes in which to hoe their respective gardens, and see who made the best appearance in them in that time. Three prizes were given in each block (1st. 2d, and 3d).

#### The Value of a Dollar

There are three ways to learn the value of a dollar: The first is to spend it, and see what you get for it. The second is to earn it, and see what you give for it. The third is to save it, and yearn for all the things it might buy if you were weak enough to spend it.

#### Good Words and Good Wishes

I often wonder what the boys of one century ago would have given to have such a magazine of their own as THE AMERICAN BOY to read and to admire. The American boy is indeed lucky to ne American boy is indeed lucky to have such a paper devoted to his interests entirely. If I should ever amount to anything in this world, which I at present hope to, I will give credit next that of my mother's to THE AMERICAN BOY, edited by an unseen friend.

With hest wishes for your future success, which I know perfectly well you deserve and will get, I beg to remain,

Ever an American Boy.

Ever an American Boy.

CARNEY C. FESLER.



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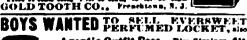
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# " Ureat American Boy A FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORAL

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#### New Companies Organized

Wm. Alden Smith Co, No. 70, Division of Michigan, Grand Hapids, Mich. Mohicans Co. No. 55, Division of Pennsylvania, Reading, Pa. Admiral Geo. Dewey Co. No. 29, Division of Kansas, Hope. Kans. Greenwood Prairie Co. No. 20, Division of Minnesota, Plainview, Minn. Tri-Lake City Co. No. 32, Division of Indiana, Warsaw, Ind. Fall River Co. No. 30, Division of Kansas, Eureka, Kans. Morgan Council Co. No. 4 Division of North Carolina, Morgantown, N. C. San Jacinto Co. No. 32, Division of Texas, Abilene, Tex. Brookfield Co. No. 11, Division of Maine, North Anson, Me. Tom Sawyer Co. No. 20, Division of St. Louis, St. Louis, Wb. Moville Hawkeye Co. No. 59, Division of Jawa, Moville, Ia. Minden Skirmishers Co. No. 20, Division of Nebraska, Minden, Nebr. Rifle Rangers Co. No. 75, Division of Ohio. Smithville. O. Illini Co. No. 49, Division of Illinois, Chicago, Ill. Daring Dewey Co. No. 11, Division of South Dakota, Lily, S. D. Young Amirican Ahletic Co. No. 28, Division of California, Petaluma, Cal. Uncle Sam's Boys Co. So. 6, Division of Utah, Salt Lake City, Uian. Joe Cannon Co. No. 50, Division of Illinois. Hidgefarm, Ill. The Sunny Kansas Co. No. 21, Division of Missourl, St. Louis, Mo.

#### Company News

GILVER GATE COMPANY NO. 28, San Dien, Call, is progressing nicely and has gathered, shoul is 50.0 for its clubhouse. It has a most of the company of the company of the company is a street of the company is a street of the company is a street of the company letter, from which we note that during February it held 4 meetings and admitted 5 nw members. As showing the diversified nature of the company is a street of the company in the company in the company is a street of the company in the company in the company is a street of the company in the company in the company is a street of the company in the company in the company is a street of the company in the company in the company in the company is a street of the company in the company in the company is a street of the company in the company in

# 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.

chased Company hats with the letters O. A.

B. in front. This Company is busy planning for the future, having in view a State convention and a trip to the beach. Debates have been a regular feature of the winter meetings. The LOYAL AMERICAN COMPANY NO. 69, Was asked by the members to act as their Company Counsel. This Company was their Company Counsel. This Company was organized last November with 5 members and Wyandotte, Mich., recently had an entertainment and a fine program was most successfully carried out by the members and friends. Supt. Sooy of the public schools was present and gave a very fine talk on "Patriotism." Rev. Guy H. Lemon, of the Congregational church, was also in attendance and gave a very pleasing address on "Lincoln." Hernard Harrington, of the Company, gave the address of welcome and a number of the other members also gave very pleasing and interesting papers on Washington and Lincoln. The clubrooms were very prettily decorated in colors.



MURRAH! A HOMB RUN FOR OUR SIDE

chestra consisting of 4 violins, 1 clarinet, 1 cornet and 1 pianist. As it has no clubroom yet, each member keeps the charter a month. The members have had fine times during the winter with entertainments and bob-sled rides. The Company has one of the free libraries and the members are enjoying the books. It has taken in 4 new members. MASSASOIT COMPANY NO. 37, Rockford, Ill., sends us copy certificate of membership which it issues to members. It is handsomely gotten up and certifies that the member is in good standing and entitled to all rights and benefits. It is signed by the Captain and Secretary. This Company has also adopted a new pin consisting of a bar containing member's name with pin and medallion. It has also formed two branch societies consisting of O. A. B. members a camera club and a cycle club. Ralph H. Woolsey is chairman of the camera club. The members have been corresponding with other clubs and are getting along nicely. SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY NO. 45, Decatur, Ill., has got 3 new members. The officers of the cadet company have been elected and the company will drill in the Y. M. C. A. gym. The boy of whom we received notice as being cared for in the hospital by this Company has now recovered sufficiently to go to his home. Officers have also been elected for the two ball teams. We are proud of the members of this Company in that they do not forget the needs and necesities of others and strive to help in every way they can.

#### Extract From Headquarters Company Letter for April

The number of letters I have received

Letter for April

The number of letters I have received from boys commending the plan of establishing Correspondence Clubs and wishing to join one or other of them assures me that I made no mistake, and that I was meeting the desires and wishes of hundreds of readers of THE AMERICAN BOY as well as of our Order. Those who have sent in their fee of 50 cents will receive a list of those who have joined the particular club in which they are interested on or about May Ist. I venture to believe that the information and knowledge to be received by boys hymeans of the Correspondence Clubs will be most valuable and lasting.

The last item of my letter this month, will, I think, prove of almost equal interest with the Correspondence Clubs. I have been corresponding for some time with the authorities of the Lewis & Clark Exposition to be held at Portland, Oregon, this year to allow us to celebrate American Boy Day at the Exposition, and I have received a communication granting to us the use of the largest hall on the grounds to celebrate American Boy Day and naming as the date July 5th, 1905, the same day of the month on which we had our great celebration last year at the World's Fair at St. Louis. Of course, this will only be one place in which the day will be celebrated, as I expect every city, town and village in our country will have its own particular celebration on July 5th.

Now that the date has ben fixed I am going right ahead with the program and I fully intend that American Boy Day this year will equal, if not surpass, that of 1904. But to do this I must have the hearty co-operation of every company and every member, as well as every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY.

There are still quite a number of companies who have apparently made little effort in the way of getting up a celebration. To these I would say, that if you do not join us in this matter, you will much regret it afterward, and your adult friends will not be ant to value you highly when they read of the doings in other towns. You should make it a matter tend to do, tell them that their part in the celebration will only be to procure a suitable meeting place, select the boys to take part, have a few rehearsals and act as chairman of the meeting. We will

act as chairman of the meeting. We will promise the material for the program During the month of March there was quite a change in the standing of the companies competing for these prizes. The following are the ten companies who on April 1st stood at the head of the list:

Loval American Co. No. 15

who on April 1st stood at the head of the list:

Loyal American Co., No. 19, Division of Michigan, Wyandotte, Mich.; Onondaga Military Co., No. 45, Division of New York, Syracuse, N. Y.; Plainville Sunflower Co., No. 28, Division of Kansas, Plainville, Kan.; Uncle Sam's Co., No. 19, Division of Minnesota, Fulda, Minn.; Seminole Co., No. 5, Division of Florida, Tallahassee, Fla.; Wm. B. McKinley Co., No. 47, Division of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.; Congressman Henry Co., No. 9, Division of Connecticut, Poquonock, Conn.; Muskingum Valley Co., No. 49, Division of Ohio, Zanesville, Ohio; Silver Gate Co., No. 26, Division of California, San Diego, Cal.; Franklin Pierce Co., No. 8, Division of New Hampshire, Keene, N. H. The prizes will be sent to the winning companies at once. April 1st began a new contest for similar prizes which will end on June 30th, and as these prizes will make handsome additions to the company clubrooms, I trust that every company will do its utmost to win them and increase its membership.

If you want your company picture to

and increase its membership.

If you want your company picture to occupy a place in our picture gallery you had better send it as soon as possible.

Yours for M. M. M. M., WM. C. SPRAGUE. President General.

# A Great Giver and His Home BO

By J. L. HARBOUR



CARNEGIE RUSIDENCE, 5TH AVENUE AND 90TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

the trowel is this in scription:
"Presented by the Library Committee to Mrs. Carnegie on the occasion of her laying the memorial stone of the Carnegie Free Library; the gift of her son, Andrew Carnegie Esquire, to his native city of Dunfermline, 27
July, 1881."

Andrew Carnegie was a very poor boy

brary: the gift of her son, Andrew Carnegie Esquire, to his native to his native to his native clay of Dunfermline, 27 Copyrighted, 1904, by Rockwood Livy of L

THE FATHERS in olden days taught that a man should have time before the end of his career for the making of his soul. I garded as a sacred trust by its possessor have always felt that old age should be spent, not, as the Scotch say, in 'making mickle mair,' but in making good use of what has been acquired."

These words were written by Mr. Andrew carnegie when making one of his many great gifts to the world. It is doubtful if any other individual in the world ever gave away many millions, and it is his instead of these gifts places the sum at 510, 38,830.

A least \$75,000,000 of this vast sum have the institutions in the United States, and the other 125,000,000 of his vast sum have to ibbraries' in his giving. He gave at one time to the city of New York \$5,200,000 with which to establish sixty-five branch library costing several hundred housand dollars built by Mr. Carnegie. And in the city of St. Louis \$1,000,000 of the sum of the housand dollars built by Mr. Carnegie and he has given by Mr. Carnegie and he

Tuskegee Institute in America. Other educational institutions in our country have been aided by him, and his private gifts, of which there is no record, have been many and large. If boundless generosity is helpful to a man in the "making of his soul," then the soul of Mr. Carnegle must be very strong indeed.

This great philan-

one of his books, presented to Mr. Carnegie:
"To my friend, Andrew Carnegie: The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world, knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at, well; if not, well also, though not so well."





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thropist simple justice when he wrote in one of his books, presented to Mr. Car-

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## **CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS**

By the payment of 50c only, a boy is put into correspondence with other boys along the line of any subject in which he may be interested. See page 168, April number.





# My Four Years at West Point

(BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER)

XVII.

BARRACK LIFE.

Y CALL to quarters on the evening of August 31, every one was furnished with text-books and the lessons for the next day, and the time until tattoo was devoted to study.

The class had been divided into sections

for each particular study, and every cadet was furnished with a card called "Hours of Instruction," on which were printed the time and duration of all his recitations and exercises. This card was placed on the mantel-piece, and if the owner of the card was found absent at any inspection and his "Hours" did not account for his absence, he was reported and compelled to write an explanation therefor.

Reveille was now at 6 a. m., sick call 6:15, police call 6:20, the first drum for breakfast 6:25, and the assembly at 6:30. After our return from breakfast, which was in the neighborhood of 7 o'clock, we were given release from quarters until 7:53, when the bugic sounded call to quarters. Recitation and study-hours lasted from 8 till 12:55, when the first call for dinner was beaten. We generally came back from dinner at about 1:35. We then had "release from quarters" until 1:53, when the call to quarters was again sounded on the bugle. from quarters" until 1:53, when the call to quarters was again sounded on the bugle, Recitations from 2 to 4. Infantry battalion drill (during September) from 4:10 to 5:30. Parade was at 5:45. Immediately after parade came the reading of the delinquencies in the area of the barracks. This having been completed, we went to our rooms, put away guns and trimmings, and came down for supper, which lasted about half an hour. Twenty minutes after supper the sentinels went on post, one in each division of barracks. Thirty minutes after the return from supper, another call to quarters was again sounded on the bugle, make a sllp.

Soon the novelty of the situation were from one section to the one above or became less frequent. Then, for amuser ment, I began to count the number of paces in my post. After an extended series of observations, and upon taking their mean I ascertained that there were 43 2-3 with his marks, and for the first time we had actual rank with all the advantages that go with it.

The last section in all studies has been called from time immemorial the "Imterior from supper, another call to quarters was again sounded on the bugle, make a sllp.

It is also customary to transfer a cadet from one section to the one above or become less frequent. Then, for amuser ment, I began to count the number of paces in my post. After an extended series of observations, and upon taking their was assigned to a section in consonance was assigned to a section in consonance of observations and upon taking their was assigned to a section in consonance of observations and upon taking their was assigned to a section in consonance of observations and upon taking their was assigned to a section in consonance of observations and upon taking their was assigned to a section in consonance of observations and upon taking their was assigned to a section in consonance of observations and upon taking their was assigned to a section in consonance of observations and upon taking their was assigned to a section in consonance of observati

return from supper, ar ters came. Studying was in order until tattoo at 9:30, when the bed could be made down. At 10, taps were sounded by the drummer, and lights were extinguished, except those of first - classmen, who were allowed to burn theirs until 11 p. m.

There was a considerable change in guard duty also. Guard mounting took guard duty also. Guard mounting took place at 7:15 a. m., on the grass plain in front of the Superintendent's quarters, in fair weather. At other times it was on the cavairy plain, north of the chapel, and near the camping ground, or in the area of barracks, or on the plazza, all dependent upon the inclemency of the weather and the dictum of the "officer in charge" (one of the tactical officers daily detailed to keep the corps correct).

After guard-mounting, the privates of

were absent, that he was absent by authority. The sentinel had to report the result of his inspection to the corporal, officer of the guard, and officer of the day.

The cadets being thus placed on honor had to report all cadets alike, for the offense of visiting the rooms of other cadets or for being in the hall of barracks unnecessarily. At first a pleb felt rather flurried when he was compelled to "rake in" his captain or a fellow like the "Colonel," but finding that no resentment was harbored, soon learned to "rake" a first-classman with as much coolness as he exhibited in reporting a helpless classmate. ("Report" and "rake" are synonyms. One is official and the other is not.) and the other is not.)

and the other is not.)
The sentinels when not in jecting, walked the first floor of barracks. The guard was kept on post until 9:45. On Sundays, in addition to the evening tour of duty, the guard was on post from 3 till 4:30 in the afternoon while call to quarters

For meals, the battalion was formed in the area facing barracks, A, B, C, and D companies from right to left in the order named. The drum corps was dispensed with in marching to and from meals. These formations served to remind the slouchy pleb that, although he did not have to "fin out" and depress his toes any more, still he must brace the same as

on Saturday, release from quarters is granted from 1 p. m. until evening call to quarters, and unless you are in confinement (as you are very likely to be) you can go anywhere on cadet limits during that time. There is the usual call to quarters in the evening, but visiting anywhere is because is allowed, and cadets on perin barracks is allowed, and cadets on permit can spend the evening until tattoo at officers' quarters or at the hotel on the

By A GRADUATE

One confinement could be served a day, except on Saturday and Sunday. On the former three could be served and on the latter two. But, in addition to confinement to the room, the authorities had for barrack life a more severe punishment, and one better suited to lead the culprit suffering the penalty to think more seriously on the error of his ways. This was extra guard duty.

One tour of extra duty lasted two hours, and Saturday afternoon was devoted to it. The extra-dutyman equipped himself as for The extra-dutyman equipped limself as for parade and at two o'clock fell in with his brother malefactors in front of the guard house. The officer of the guard posted them in the area of barracks and there they walked their narrow beats until the recess of fifteen minutes came at four o'clock. At 4:15, the extra-dutymen fell

in again and kept it up until parade.

The "area" is a good place to keep away from. It wasn't long before I received a dose of six tours for smoking. The first Saturday I walked, I started in with a resolution to comport myself in the most proper manner so as not to get any more tours because of misconduct. When I first went on, I was so busy in saluting officers that I did not have a chance to

densed, since as I have stated, they joined the battalion early in October.

the battalion early in October.

Our class was divided into sections of ten to twelve men in each study. In Mathematics, half of the number of sections went to recitation the first hour. 8 o'clock, and the other half at 9:30. There being no other way to determine seniority, we were divided into sections alphabetically, and the ranking man in each section was the "section marcher." An army officer was detailed as instructor for every two sections. two sections.

two sections.

The same order governed in the department of Modern Languages. Half of the class went the first hour, 2 o'clock, and the other half at the second hour, 3 o'clock. Our course of instruction the first half year was limited to Algebra and English. The text-books used were Davies' Bourdon, Whitney's Essentials of English Grammar, and later, Hart's Rhetoric.

The reader will appreciate the thoroughness of the instruction, when I tell him that in four months we went completely through these books three times. The rule

that in four months we went completely through these books three times. The rule is general in the Academic Department to give out advanced lessons for about seven or eight days. Then comes a partial review of two lessons at a time, and so on until the book is completed, when a general review follows, three or four lessons at a time.

generally stay there; but a member of my

generally stay there; but a member of my class invented the term "goats," and I think that this last term, while perhaps not so elegant, is more commonly used by the cadets.

I can give no more important advice to young men entering West Point, than to improve every spare moment during the first month of Academic duty, It is impossible to know a lesson too well. Keep out of the Immortals, as the entire section is as a rule "found" in pleb January. If you are destined for the "goats," you will no doubt ultimately get there, but, by a good start, and honest, faithful work, you may make your descent so gradual that when you, do faithful work, you may make your descent so gradual that when you do become a "goat," the greater part of the danger is past.

There is no favoritism at the Point, or at least it is less than at any other in-

the cover. When we had completed the "Green B. S.," we took up "Black B. S.," "Green B. S.," we took up "Black B. S.," or Hart's Rhetoric.
While I have no wish to advertise any particular text-book, still I advise you, if you wish to look up the subject of grammar before going to the Point, to examine Professor Whitney's book. He treats the subject in a peculiar, quasi-mathematical way. If you fail to do this, and are not acceptable. natural-born grammarian, you will be considerably at sea, when you come to discuss "He made the stick straight," and the syntax thereof.

(To be continued.)



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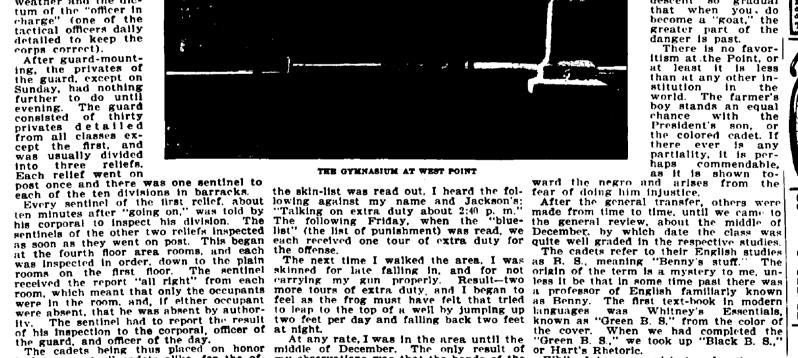




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At any rate, I was in the area until the middle of December. The only result of my observations was that the hands of the guard-house clock moved at an abnormalslow rate, and got stuck at 2:55 and at

The pleb Seps, whom I have mentioned before, were distributed around barracks, and, whenever possible, doubled up with each other. In some cases, however, a Sep each other. In some cases, however, a Sep was assigned to a June-pleb's room, as a third occupant. These classmates of ours were not given a very cordial reception,—in fact, they were compelled to "mister" us until the early part of October, when they joined the battalion. Some of my classmates, realizing how much the Seps had lost by not going through pleb camp, attempted to make up for wasted opportunities by giving the Seps a little exercise in the seclusion of some room in barracks, or by imparting theoretical instruction in swimming on the top of an alcove partition.

It was almost worth going through a pleb camp for me to lean up against the plazza railing and watch these poor fellows plazza railing and watch these poor fellows in "cits" marching around the area with toos depressed, "fins" out, and their coats wrinkled from bracing. And then what fun it was to jump out at one of them and, with the air of a first classman, demand his name! "Mr. Jones, sir." "Well, what State are you from, Mr. Jones?" "Ohio, sir." "Who's your pred?" "Mr. Smith, sir." "Well, Mr. Jones, get out of my sight, and wrinkle that coat a little more."

The Sens attended recitations with us.

sight, and wrinkle that coat a little more."

In the evening, but visiting anywhere in the evening, but visiting anywhere and cadets on persist can spend the evening until tattoo at spent their afternoons in setting-up drills in front of the library. Their courses of preliminary instruction was about the confinements were awarded as in camp.

## THE LARGEST PUBLIC SCHOOL IN THE WORLD By JOHN B. WHEELER



Photo by the N. Y. World

SCHOOL IS OUT

DUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 188, at the corner of East Houston and Lewis street, New York City, is the largest educational institution of its kind in the world. Even among New York's great schools it is a giant. Every morning at 8:30 o'clock 2,500 hoys and 2,000 girls swarm through the doors into the great assembly room to begin their day's lessons. It is a brain factory such as was never dreamed of in the days of the little old red schoolhouse in the lane where our grandfathers and grandmothers had to go.

This school building contains ninety-four class roms; its teachers handle 104 classes, of which twenty classes, or about 1,500 pupils, are on part time. There are boys and girls from Germany, Switzerland, Roumania, Hungary, Russia, France, Ireland, England, New Guinea, Venezuela, West Indies, Canada, Servia, Austria, Poland and other countries. No city in the world other than New York could produce such a school.

All the boys and girls of the different nationalities are placed in the great hopper, passed between the educational mill-

precision. Boyhood and girlhood are sunk in the quiet dignity of the student.

For twenty minutes the pupils sit in their places; then comes the time for assembly, when all the pupils of the ninety-four class rooms follow their teachers with the precision of soldiers into the big assembly room. Silently they take their seats, the girls on one side, the boys on the other, with eyes to the front.

The principal takes the Bible and turn-

The principal takes the Bible and turning to a chapter, reads, after which the morning song is rendered by the entire school, the voices ringing out with enthusiasm:

"Unfurl the starry flag we love, "Unfurl the starry flag we love.
O'er land and ocean let it wave.
To bear its message far and wide—
Hope to the fettered slave.
Where'er its ample folds are spread,
Ashore or on the swelling sea,
As blossoms to the genial sun
The hearts of men turn lovingly—
Flag of the brave and free."

After they cease singing, reading compositions, and delivering recitations, the pulls again march back to their class puils again march back to their class rooms. Then come the lessons, which last till 11 o'clock, when comes the "twice-a-day" exercises. At the command the pupils stand with the precision of a well-drilled regiment; they then protrude their chests, take deep breaths, inhaling and exhaling forcibly; following the breathing exercises, they bend the back gently forward and then back; they raise the chest and lift the arms high, and as far back as possible, keeping the elbows stiff and straight as ramrods; this is follow by knee bending, and a few more weathing exercises, then they again resume their seats. Many have fushed faces and it is easy

to see they have been brightened and strengthened physically by the exercis-

ing.
Geography (always a difficult study Geography (always a difficult study for a young pupil) is next on the list of studies—thirty minutes of oceans, bays, capes, islands, meuntains and various parts of the world. Then comes history. In connections with the school is a carpenter shop, where the boys are instructed in building frame work, stairs, boats and many other things.

Every scholar in the school is made to understand the value of thorough discipline, and it is seldom that any of the 4,500 are sent to the principal for correction.

#### HOME STUDY

"In neighborhoods such as this I do not believe in giving the children much work at home," said the principal to a gentleman visitor. "Generally speaking, the families are large, and many have enough to contend with in their surroundings, to maintain their health, without mental worries after school hours. I give them all the liberty I can, and try to make the hours they spend in city in the world other than New York could produce such a school.

All the boys and girls of the different nationalities are placed in the great hopper, passed between the educational milistones, ground and polished into American citizens, with a reverence for the flag and a love for the Constitution.

The pupils arrive between 8 and 8:30 o'clock, and buzz about the doors like bees around a hive, chasing each other, playing games, and once in a while the boys engage right heartily in fisticuffs.

The 2,000 girls, too, in their own way, enjoy themselves during their leisure hours, but when the time comes for them to to their different class rooms there is a transformation. They at once become serious. They step with military precision. Boybood and girlhood are sunk in the quiet dignity of the student.

Ever twenty minutes the number of 150, compose what is called a "guard."

the families are large, and many have enough to contend with in their surnational their health in their surnations the restory is well told the undings. They story is well told the pread to paint in the number of the great comperor. The story is well told and the author has selected incidents which and try to make the hours they spend in school as attractive as possible. They are obedient and well trained, even though the number into the thousands."

The pupils arrive between 8 and 8:30 o'clock, and buzz about the doors like bees around a hive, chasing each other, playing games, and once in a while the boys engage right heartily in fisticuffs.

FIRE DRILL.

As a general thing fire drill is given the hours have detected incidents which and the author has selected incidents which and the author heart can the real can develop the number

At the first sound of the automatic alarm they rush for the hats and coats, distributing them in a jiffy. Simultaneously the 4.500 children put away their books and sit like statues awaiting the command to form in line. The seats are thrown back as with the sound of one. The planist strikes up an air and the children march steadily along in a swinging quick-step for the street.

After the drill, recitations are resumed; slow and laborious work at penmanship follows, then ethics. At 3 o'clock the boys and girls form in lines in their different class rooms, and are dismissed for the day.

for the day.

#### Napoleon Bonaparte, a History Written for Boys

By William C. Sprague, Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY.



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of the long night was rapidly drawing near.

Under the shelter of a naked pinnacle of rock, known far and wide as "the devil's thumb," a lad scarce eighteen years of age crouched, holding two shaggy black dogs in leash. Beside him, and upturned so that it might lean against the side of the rock, rested his catamaran; and lashed thereto was his only remaining bag of mail, together with his snowshoes. A rifle was slung across his back by thongs of seal hide, and drawing his spotted sealskin cap more firmly down over his head and ears, he waited for the storm to cease. Farther progress, under the conditions which had suddenly overtaken him, was dangerous, if not impossible.

Adam Nugent, though but a youth, was a courier, or mail carrier, in the far North, and to his care was entrusted the safe delivery of the mail from outport to outport, over a distance of full sixty miles. In summer he journeyed with his shaggy pony and the little two-wheeled oart, but with the coming of October this means of transportation was discarded for the more sure-footed be as ts now restlessly nosing about his feet.

now restlessly nos-ing about his feet. He was alone, except for the companion-ship of his two dogs, and had reached the most desolate portion of his route. Between Cremaillere and Rose Blanche, not a foot of Blanche, not a foot of the ground was tillable, and his route, striking inland across the peninsula, carried him too far from the sea to bring him into any of the little fishing villages with which its shore was dotted. So he was compelled to travel this desolate, rocky plateau, which was, most fittingly, named "the barrena."

For a distance of

For a distance of fifteen miles one little hut alone broke the severity of the landscape, a rude shelter built by the government for the protection of the couriers, and it was in an effort to reach this hut before the close of the day that Adam had journeyed on, instead of remaining at the little village of Pouchette, where he was strongly advised against leaving. Adam could

pending, and he knew, too, the severity of the awful northern "dwy;" in which every particle of congested moisture, falling in almost impalpable powder, clouds the sight and impedes the breath. But he had miscalculated the possible time of its arrival; so, upon reaching "the devil's thumb," just as the full fury of the storm broke, he determined to secure himself and his dogs from further danger, and, under the lee of the rock, await the cessation of its violence.

"Down, Hector, down! Duke, lay close!" he commanded. "Tis safer ye be in the lee than in the open. There's nowt to

he commanded. "Tis safer ye be in the lee than in the open. There's nowt to fear, saving starving and freezing, and us have froze and starved afore, pups, and lived to see this day. And so 'twill be again," he muttered, as he pulled the dogs closer to him, that their warm hodies might add to the protection of the thickness of canvas wrapped about his

thickness of canvas wrapped about his legs.

Crouching low, he saw the outlines of his catamaran lose themselves in the drifting snow. First the lower runner, then the platform, and finally its upper runner disappeared, and only the two upper stakes, leaning against the rock above him, remained to show that his catamaran was beside him. Between these upper stakes he had lashed the mail bag, so that it formed a roof, and, little by litle, its leather sides sunk under the weight of snow and forced him into a still more crouching attitude. The air grew close and warmer. He realized that he was shut in from the fury of the storm, and, although he would suffer much discomfort, his life, as well as that of his dogs, was saved.

Taking a hard biscuit from his jacket pocket he munched it, giving now and then a small portion to each of his dogs, who cagerly devouring them, nosed his mittened hands for more. Patting their

TEADY, pups, steady! Bide quiet a bit 'til the storm lifts."

A winter gale was blowing. Drifting the snow into mountains of fleecy whiteness, wherever it encountered an obstacle to its headlong drive, it eddled and twirled it aloft in dense clouds. Sunset hour had passed, twilight had deepened, and the darkness of the long night was rapidly drawing near.

with a few words of command, and he was just falling into a doze, induced by both the severity of his exertions to reach this point and the closeness of the air, when Hector, raising his nose in feet, with every kair in his shaggy coat bristling, while Duke, springing to his side, growled deep and savagely. At the catamaran was dislodged. The next instant Adam saw a reach this point and the closeness of the air, when Hector, raising his nose in air, emitted a howl and started to his feet, with every kair in his shaggy coat bristling, while Duke, springing to his side, growled deep and savagely. At the same instant the catamaran was dislodged. The next instant Adam saw a pair of gleaming eyes staring into his own, and saw a huge paw fall upon and crush the skull of Hector, whose body fell lifeless at his feet; while Duke, springing to a vantage point upon the overturned catamaran, sunk his fangs into the coarse hair of an immense polar bear, whose wanderings had brought him across the path of the courier, and whose

It was late the following night when, after weary struggling and floundering through drifts often waist high, and often, too, stopping to conserve his strength, that he saw the lights of Rose Blanche twinkling like stars above the whiteness of the snow field; but, at that instant a sudden dizziness overcame him and with a moan of despair he fell prostrate.

Rose Blanche." When it was opened a crisp five-pound note lay within his hand, to which was attached the customary printed form of receipt. It was the courier's pay for his services during the past summer. As he wearlly handed it to his father a smile dawned upon his usually

gar Simpson



tend himself and his dog by beating the bear over its head. Whether this attitude disconcerted the dog, or whether the later's hold became loosened by its struggles, will never be known, but just as Adam was about to strike a blow the dog foll head. as Adam was about to strike a blow the dog fell back. Instantaneously the great paw of the bear shot out and fell, striking the dog with fatal effect. Selzing the opportunity offered by the action, Adam fired point blank at the gleaming eyes. Like the sudden snuffing of a candle the light of life faded out of them, and with a savage growl dying in his throat the huge yellowish-white carcass of the bear sunk upon the snow beneath it, while the fleecy covering of mother

throat the huge yellowish-white carcass of the bear sunk upon the snow beneath it, while the fleecy covering of mother earth crimsoned rapidly.

Adam now had time to glance about him and to note that, through the thinning clouds which were scudding over the heavens, bright stars were fitfully glowing, and the moon, low down near the horizon, shone as a silvery orb. The storm had ceased as suddenly as it had arisen; and, with its decline the gale was lulled into gusts of varying intensity. Quickly and carefully Adam gazed over the snow field surrounding him. Slowly and anxiously he scrutinized each mound and shadow, fearing that the mate of the dead bear might come lumbering toward him. He could discover nothing, however, and, with a sigh of relief, he prepared to move onward.

Twelve miles still lay before him, the remainder of his journey. At the end lay

Twelve miles still lay before him, the remainder of his journey. At the end lay the little village of Rose Blanche, and there, within their "tilt," his parents awaiting his coming. Unlashing the mail bag from the catamaran, he slung it over his shoulder, wondering at its extreme lightness, which up to this time he had not noticed. Then, binding his snowshoes firmly upon his feet and who cagerly devouring them, nosed his his snowshoes firmly upon his fect and mittened hands for more. Patting their grasping his rifle well in hand, he trudged broad heads, he stilled their restlessness onward with watchful eye.

#### Boys' Books Reviewed

THE WHITE CRYSTALS, by Howard R Garls. The boys will like this book, as it tells of the life of the farm and of the fields. A valuable deposit of salt is discovered on a farm in New York State and two surveyors attempt by various methods of deceit to gain possession before the secret of the valuable discovery would leak out. How these two villains are foiled by a boy from New York, Roger Anderson, who is staying with his uncle on his farm for his health, will hold the close attention of the reader. There is plenty of adventure and excitement throughout the pages. The book is nicely illustrated by Bertha C. Day. 243 pages. Price, \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

pages. Price, \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co. We have received from The American Sports Publishing Co. the following volumes of Spalding's Athletic Library: Official Basket Ball Guide for 1904; Indoor Baseball Guide for 1905: Official Bowling Guide for 1905. Official Bowling Guide for 1905. Official Ice Hockey Guide. 1905, and Spalding's Official Athletic Almanac for 1905. Each of these books is compiled by the most noted authority in that particular class of sport and is reliable in every particular. The pictares which each book contains of officials, champions and winning teams and trophies will be found most interesting. The Official Athletic Almanac contains the official records for all amateur sports as well as a complete list of all English champions since 1866. Each book is paper covered and is well worth the price asked for it—10 cents. The American Sports Publishing Co.

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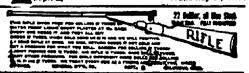
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THE AMERICAN game of baseball is distinctively an American sport, of American origin, and peculiarly adapted to the temperament and characteristics of the American people. From time immemorial, games of ball of different kinds have been played, and nearly every country has adopted some ball game, suited to its needs and conditions.

while there is more or less of a family resemblance in all games of ball, I consider baseball quite as much American in its origin, development and evolution, as cricket is of English origin, both being recognized as the national games of their respective countries. Some authorities claim that baseball came from the old English juvenile game of rounders, but I am de-

ers, but I am decidedly of the opinion that it opinion that it was a natural evolution from the old colonial game of one old cat. One old cat was played by three boys—a thrower, catcher and batsman. The latter, after striking the ball, ran to a goal about thirty feet distant, and by returning to the batsman's position without be-

haisman's position without being put out, counted one run or tally.

Two old cat was played by four or more boys, with two batsmen placed about forty feet apart. Three old cat was played by six or more boys, with three hatsmen, the ground being laid out in shape of a out in shape of a triangle. Four old cat was played by eight or more boys, with grounds

element has formulated the playing rules and governed the game.

Raseball clubs continued to multiply quite rapidly from the organization of the National Amateur Association, in 1858, to the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, but the game up to this time was confined almost entirely to New York city and immediate icinity. The New York soldiers introduced their new baseball game into the army, and it soon became a favorite camp pastime in both armies. While those two magnificent armies of the north and south could not agree upon national policies of government, both could agree on baseball, and at the close of the war the soldiers of hoth armies carried the game to every town and hamlet in the United States, and in 1865-66 baseball became a furor throughout the country. So it will be seen that baseball has its patriotic side and was one of the direct results of the Civil War, and the game can date its birth as the national game of the United States from that war.

I am indebted for my first acquaintance with baseball to a disabled Illinois soldier, returning from the war in 1863, when, as a lad of thirteen, I listened to his account of baseball as played in the camp, and under this old soldier's coaching I became a member of a boys' club in Rockford, Illinois, which I believe was one of the first baseball clubs organized in the west.

From 1865 to 1870 baseball clubs

in the west. From 1865 to 1870 baschall clubs sprang up everywhere, and the rivalry between cities became intense. The Na-

Every effort was made at this period to keep the game on an amateur basis, but the rivalries between cities became so intense, and the demand of the public for high class ball so urgent, that it was utterly impossible to keep the game on a strictly amateur plane. Veiled professionalism became the order of the day, and while the amateur status was insisted upon in the rules, young men possessed of skill as ball players were offered lucrative positions in commercial houses, with

The Origin and Early History of Baseball

By A. G. SPALDING

Character, and later demonstrated that had grown up in the was in extended trip through the west, in 1867, and met with adapted to the temperament and characteristics of the American people, of the Rockford club, of which I had the from time immemorial, games of ball honor to be the pitcher. The result of spans a man equal to the baseball government, and, as usually happens, a man equal to the emergency appeared in the person of William A. Hulbert, atterwards pression of William A. Hulbert, atterwards presion of William A. Hulbert, atterwards pression of William A. Hulb plane.
In the winter of 1875, through the kind-

In the winter of 1875, through the kind-ness of a mutual friend, I first met Mr. Hulbert in Chicago, at which meeting I explained the demoralized condition of the game, that it was in the hands of the gamblers, how nauseating these con-ditions were to the self-respecting play-ers of that period, and how difficult it would be to change the condition, be-cause of the strangling hold the gam-bling influences had on the sport. I exssible to keep the y amateur plane. In became the order the amateur status in the rules, young man then connected with the game who men possessed of skill as ball players were offered lucrative positions in commercial houses, with the understanding the because of its demoralized condition, I that they could play baseball all they wanted to yet a large part of the sport, throw his personality into the sport, and the local club or some of its enthusiastic members.

I recall my own experience, when in the fall of 1867. I was surprised with an offer of a salary of \$40 a week as bill clerk in a wholesale grocery house in Chicago, which I accepted with the insulation that my business abilities were so highly appreciated. I learned afterwards that the business concern appraised my services at \$10 a week and the baseball club made up the balance. This so-called amateurism, or veiled professionalism, was in existence at that the claggo in Jayer who signed the contract with me captain and pitcher ism, or veiled professionalism, was in existence at that period providing for in general vogue the explained of the Chicago club, he was not its leading the proposition was accepted the management and captaincy of the Chicago club and do his best to players as not players as the chicago. The proposition was accepted the management and captaincy of the Chicago in the championship to a week and the baseball club made up the balance. This so-called amateurism, or veiled professionalism, was in existence at that period providing for in general vogue the explained for the following season with the opposition of any player who signed throughout the contract for the following season with the contra

the name of the compact, was a contract of the present same of the compact, was a contract of the present same of the makes in president of the Chicago ciub, and, at a severe and the compact, was a contract of the same of the contract of the same of the contract of the same of the contract of the present same of the same into teams or saltes on contract of the same into teams or saltes on contract of the same of the contract of the same of the present same of the same of the contract of the present same of the same of the contract of the present same of the same of the contract of the present same of the same of the contract of the present same of baseball in cold was organized in the center of the present same of baseball city in 1842, but in a design of the present same of baseball city in 1842, but in a design of the came of the present same of the same of the came of the came of the present same of the same of the came of the came of the present same of the same of the came of the came of the present same of the came of the came of the present same of the same of the came of the came of the present same of the came of the came of the present same of the came of the came of the came of the present same of the came of th



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of the game.

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# WITH THE BOYS Tufts College ELMER H. CAPEN, D. LL. DEPARTMENTS THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS—Degrees, A. B. THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS—Degrees, A. B.

#### YOU KNOW THIS BOY

All of our readers who read the account of AMERICAN BOY DAY at the St. Louis Exposition, and particularly those who were present and took part in the ceremonies will remember the Japanese boy who spoke from the Festival Hall platform. His name was K. S. Inut. Those who have a copy of the August, 1904, number of THE AMERICAN BOY may there read about him and his address on that occasion and see his picture. All will be pleased to know that he is making a hit at the University of Michigan. He is a candidate for the position of pitcher on the University baseball team and has developed more speed and a greater number of puzzling curves and shoots than has any other one of the squad. He is also giving lessons to some of the students in the Japanese system of physical culture known as Jiu Jitsu. He has made a reputation as an orator, his work on AMERICAN BOY DAY showing him to have no mean ability in this direction. Last year at the University of Michigan he was second in his class oratorical contest, and this year he has taken first honors. This achievement puts him in the finals from which the representative of the University of Michigan in the Northern Oratorical League is to be selected. He has been delivering lectures throughout Michigan and neighboring states during his vacations and on Saturdays, and from the proceeds is putting himself through the University. He is at this writing (March 1st) a candidate for the office of President of the Students' Lecture Association, an important position.

#### A YOUNG KNIGHT OF THE KEY

The village of Houlton, Me., boasts of a young boy telegraph operator in the person of Willie Paul, familiarly known as "Billie" Paul. One day the agent of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Houlton wanted a smart, active boy to fill the place of his regular messenger boy, who had become ill, "Billie" got the job. When not delivering messages "Billie" was watching the operator and studying the Morse code. His enthusiasm attracted the attention of the manager,



who offered him every facility for learners as school and a memner of a fine literating the use of the telegraph key. The every Friday afternoon. I am an ardent rsult was that "Billie," who got permanent employment as messenger, learned in the course of three months the telegraph alphabet from A to Z and was able to send and receive messages. Since that time he has frequently been left in time he has frequently been left in charge of the office, and has sent and received messages to the utmost satisfaction of his superiors. He is probably the youngest keyboard operator in Maine.

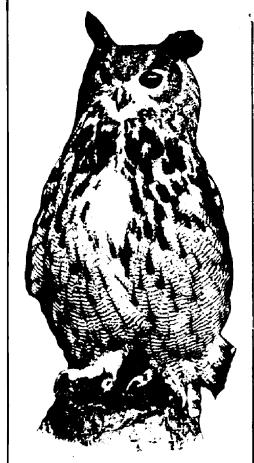
#### THE BOY EVANGELIST BACK FROM **ENGLAND**

Lonnie Lawrence Dennis, the eleven-year-old boy evangelist, whose picture appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY some time ago, has returned from a successful tour of the British Isles. He is said to have preached to four million persons during his three months abroad, and that his converts number twenty thouand. The boy has written an autobiography, in which he says his memory dates back to the ninth month after his birth; that, while still a baby, he was in the habit of arranging his dolls on chairs and preaching to them. His father's ancestors were French and Indian, and his mother's were African and

#### WHAT DISCIPLINE DOES

A reader of THE AMERICAN BOY, who has become interested in the continued story, "My Four Years at West Point," sends us an account of two incidents which illustrate the soldierly qualities of the West Point cadets after they have been subject to the strict dis-cipline of that best military school in the world. The incidents are as follows: In a parade of the cadets in Wash-ington on a recent occasion

ington on a recent occasion, some one threw an apple from the sidewalk, striking one of the cadets in the mouth. The young man never faitered; in fact, never



turned his head the fraction of an inch. At another time a cadet, while on the march in Washington, felt the sting of a poisonous insect on the back of his neck, yet he did not raise his hand to brush it off. Death resulted from the sting soon afterwards. This incident is related in the records of the war department. It is of such stuff that the officers of our army and navy are being made.

THE EDITOR IS WATCHING THE BOYS

#### A VERY AMATEUR FIRE COMPANY

Floyd Wiedemann of Harvey, Illinois, writes a letter about the fire company of which he is chief. Floyd is thirteen years old. The company has a small fire wagon, and a goat does service for horses. A regular drop harness is used and the engine house is a tent. The wagon is kept in the middle of the tent and the goat's stall is in one corner, another corner being occupied by a table, off which the firemen cat. The boys in the company, numbering eight, have suits. They have made a record of running a block in 23 seconds. Other boys in the town have fire teams, and races frequently take place between the rival Floyd Wiedemann of Harvey, Illinois, frequently take place between the rival companies.

#### AN ARKANSAS BOY ON A FRUIT FARM

Richmond J. Gipple, Bentonville, Arkansas, a fourteen-year-old farmer boy, writes about his home: "This is a great place for squirrels, rabbits, hawks, and quall. My brother Herbert and I have each a good gun and a good dog and we do lots of hunting. We also own a fine calf, and I am going to raise some money. My father owns a fruit evaporator and can dry about 240 bushels of fruit a day. Recently, during fifty-seven days, we can dry about 240 bushels of fruit a day, Recently, during fifty-seven days, we dried 13,794 bushels, at an average of 414 cents a pound. I am in the seventh grade at school and a member of a fine literary society in the school, which meets every Friday afternoon. I am an ardent lover of THE AMERICAN BOY, and worth for its coming with greet inter-

BOYS-

I want to meet you in Portland, Ore., July 5.

-The Editor.

#### FROM BRITISH INDIA

Ralph L. Martin, Sialkote, Punjab, British India, writes the editor a very flattering letter regarding The American Boy and particularly with reference to "For the Mikado," "My Four Years at West Point" and the Stamp Department. He says that he is looking forward to the message of the Governor of Ohio to American boys since he was born in the the message of the Governor of Ohio to American boys, since he was born in that state. He has a collection of about a thousand stamps from all over the world. He is thirteen years of age and has a brother of fifteen. His father, whose business he does not state, expects to return to America in three years and he himself is looking forward with great anticipation to returning, as he does not like British India "one bit." The two brothers go to school up in the hills. The school is an American Methodist Mission School. He says the boys call them "Amricans." 'He is living in a very hot part of the world, where the thermometer in the summer time registers as high as 150 and where the temperature in the house with all the doors and windows closed is up to 108 most of the time. No fire is needed to heat water for a bath. fire is needed to heat water for a bath. The water is just set out in the sun where in a short time it becomes so hot you can't get into it. The winter just has been the coldest in Britsh India for 33 years. The lowest point reached by the thermometer was 32 degrees above

#### A TRIO OF JUVENILE ARTISTS

A TRIO OF JUVENILE ARTISTS

Three Geneva (Ohio) juveniles have won distinction during the last few months along various lines.

Francis Miner, an 11-year-old, has shown a wonderful talent for painting in oil. The young lad is clever at his sketch work and still more so when it comes to putting the colors together and bringing out the finished product. The picture at the foot of the easel was his first effort in oil and is considered exceptionally good by those who have examined it. The time occupied on this picture by the young artist was two and a quarter hours. The picture on the easel is his first of the landscape pattern and was fully completed in a triffe over three hours. Artists claim he has wonderful ability along this line of work and his parents are giving him every encouragement.

Harold Smith, another one of the trio. encouragement.

Harold Smith, another one of the trio,



PRANCIS MINER

has great taste for music, and there are but few boys who can handle the violin better than he. Harold has gathered about him a company of eight young boys of about his age, 14 years, who spend their spare time in orchestra work. The orchestra sails under the name of the "High School Orchestra," and has furnished some exceptionally good music furnished some exceptionally good music at lodge, church and school functions.

When it comes to copying any of Gibson's work with the pen and ink Charles Means, age 14, exhibits great talent; so well does he execute the work that it is difficult to tell his copy from the original. The young man spends all of his leasure time at you work. of his leisure time at pen work.

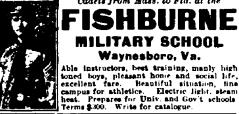


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# POLE VAULTING

THE POLE vault is probably the most difficult of all the dimcuit of all the events on the athletic program, for the reason that while the weight thrower must have strength, the immer agility jumper agility and the runner endurance, the athlete who wish-es to win success as a pole vaulter as a pole valuter must cultivate all three and excel in the two first named qualities.

Supposing the athlete to be of

athlete to be of average strength. it is the intelli-gent application gent application of that power and its gradual in-crease by practice that will bring success in this in-

success in this in-teresting event.
The first ques-tion that comes to the mind is, How can I ob-tain the kind of strength which is most needed?
The work can

strength which is most needed?

The work can be varied, for almost any exercise will assist in some degree to strengthen useful muscles. I would advise short distance running, hurdling, the broad and high jumps, and gymnustic exercises of all kinds, but don't do too much of any one thing.

After taking this preliminary courses as to limber up, commence the practice of the vault and cease the other work entirely. The number of times you should practice each week is a matter to be judged by the strength, but it should be at least three and not more than five. When competing cut the practice to twice on the preceding week.

The first thing for the beginner to do is to learn what is called the "shift," which is the handling of the pole previous to the actual jump.

The pole should be held with the hands two feet apart, the right hand, palm up, being uppermost, and the left hand with the palm down.

The nole should be held at the side.

The grey feet, three inches from the ground, and at the height of eleven feet, three or four inches below that height.

Any man or boy who can exceed that height can calculate the best place to grasp the pole.

As in all athletics, training is necessary habits.

The regular food can be eaten, but coffee and tea should be taken in moderation, and pastry left alone entirely.

Smoking must be left alone for many reasons, as it acts on the nerves to their detriment, but chiefly because it acts as a stimulant and increases the action of the heart in an unnatural way.

When this is combined with the natural and healthy increase of the heart's action by athletic exercise, the result is most unfavorable. Especially do cigartette height.

the palm down.

The pole should be held at the side, waist high, and pointing straight in

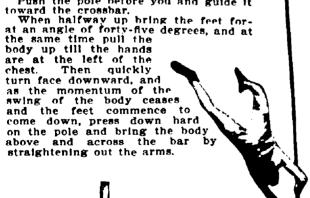
The pole should be held at the side, waist high, and pointing straight in front.

Take a few long strides as if approaching a jump, keeping the back straight, and then make the "shift," bringing the right hand above in front of the face and silding the left hand up to the other. This movement will naturally turn the point of the pole toward the ground ready to make the leap.

As soon as the "shift," is perfected the athlete can take a few jumps into the air, but keeping hold of the pole and endeavoring to travel a straight and not foo rapid course.

This part of the jump having been mastered, the beginner can try over a bar, at a low height, gradually increasing the height. Supposing the bar to be placed at eight feet, the pole should be grasped with the right hand at nine feet from the bar and the left hand two feet below. Start sixty feet away from the bar and, running with long, even strides, when you are within fifteen feet of a mark, just below the bar, perform the shift. Do not slow up in the run as you on this. You will then he within about nine feet of the bar, the pole pointing to the ground. As soon as it touches spring straight up into the air, keeping the elbows straight and the hands above and in front of the face and the back hollowed. Push the pole before you and guide it toward the crossbar.

When halfway up bring the feet forat an angle of foriv-five degrees, and at the left of the chest. Then quickly turn face downward, and as the momentum of the



By A. G. ANDERSON American Champion, 1902



A. G. ANDERSON

When the pole is within an inch or two of the bar, throw it back and the arms over the head, and you will be over.

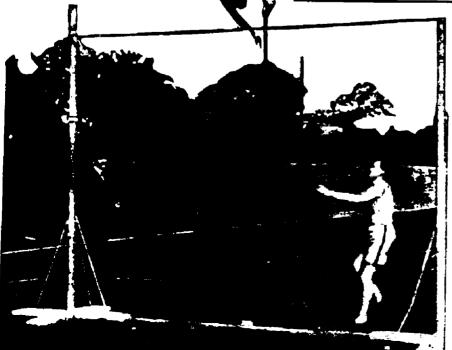
reasons, as it acts on the nerves to their detriment, but chiefly because it acts as a stimulant and increases the action of the heart in an unnatural way.

When this is combined with the natural and healthy increase of the heart's action by athletic exercise, the result is most unfavorable. Especially do cigarettes have this gifect.

The destruction of muscular tissue by athletic exercise makes it necessary that lots of sleep should be obtained, so that nature can not only repair the loss, but increase the strength little by little.

Every boy should take at least nine hours "sleep for this is just as essential as food; it means strength and stamina to those who sleep regularly.

Next Month A FINE ARTICLE ON SPRINTING



ANDERSON MAKING A NEW RECORD

#### AMATEUR JOURNAL-ISM DEPARTMENT

JA JA Edited by W. R. MURPHY JA JA

#### The Bulletin Board

The Bulletin Board

The Bulletin Board

(Current Happenings in Amateurdom.)

The present prosperity in the South is very encouraging. For a long time the South is contrast to the activity and enthusiasm which prevailed from 1870 to 1832 in that section. In the part of the ground don't be in too great a hurry. It takes some time after you are once launched in the air to get up to a bar nine feet high, and a very much longer time to reach eleven feet. Holding the pole for jumps to reach eleven feet to reach el (Current Happenings in Amateurdom.)

#### The Reviewer

The Reviewer

(Comment on Current Amateur Papers.)

The Mcotchman, edited and published by Paul J. Campbell of Georgetown, Ill. is an ambitious undertaking creditably carried out. The magazine contains twenty pages (7x10 inches in size), and a cover appropriately adorned with a thistle. The contents are varied and unusually well written. The editor contributes a poem, which is graceful in sentiment, although the metre is not smooth. His Maristocracy of Brains' and "Talk with Recruits' are of excellent literary worth. Two good poems are "A Winter Evening," in which James L. Pearson celebrates the delights of the study when all is cold without, and "After the Years," by F. Curtis Wedge, who waxes a trife melancholy. The Mtudent, a monthly published by the undergraduates of Southern Kannas Academy, is rapidly approaching its one hundredth issue. Neat in size and typography. The Observer is hound to attract attention. It is edited and published by Howard V. O'Brien and Wetmore Hodges, who also act in the dual capacities of contributors under the pen names "A. B. C." and "X. Y. Z.," respectively. Their paper contains eight pages of the half-century (5x1 inches) size and a cover designed by the boys' teacher, Mr. E. A. Bates of the Chicago Latin School faculty. The stock of paper used is good and typographical errors are nowhere in evidence. It might be well to enlarge the margins along the sides of the page. A fair-sized margin is by no means a waste of valuable space, but often maken the printing stand out more artistically. A single sheet suffices for the second issue of The Little Jap, but the young editor, Clarence E. Dittmer of Manchester, Ia., has succeeded in compressing a great deal of matter thereon, including a poem dedicated to Marshal Oyama, local news items, advertisements and an interesting article on an evidently much-needed new schoolhouse. The youthful editor is agitating this public movement in his columns, also be broken at the spilable and part carried over to the next income and the proposed and (Comment on Current Amateur Papers.)

Amateur Journalists' Correspondence Club

Every amateur printer, writer, journalist should become a member of the A. J. C. C. See page 188, April number.

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the conquesior MIGKEY M-GLOSKEY

"I've nothin' 'gainst you, Ben," he

"HE'S NOT AS HANDSOME NOW AS I AM, MOTHER"

whin they insult my father, that's—"
"And what could they say bout your father?"

One fellow said too much.

"One fellow said too much."
"The spalpeen, and who did it?"
"Buck Andrews. An' he's not as handsome now as I am."
"And phat did yees do to him?"
"Ask him. Perhaps he'd give you his pickter. He's a beauty, but he'd have some trouble looking pleasant while he

some trouble looking pleasant while he got it took for you."
"Mickey, you're the son of your father—but, Mickey, yees oughtn't to be always fightin," replied Mrs. McCloskey, quickly checking herself, while the father, who had been a silent listener to the dialogue, evinced his satisfaction by lighting his pine and leaping back for by lighting his pipe and leaning back for

a smoke.

The story of the day was drawn out of the Irish lad, and the sequel was particularly pleasing to both of the parents. In the practice game on the morrow even Buck Andrews, who played behind the bat, seemed to forget the incidents

"I'll do him up in three seconds," soliloquized the boy from Frog Hollow.

Professor Walker, a witness of the fight of the morning, said nothing to the pupils, rather felicitating himself upon the complete defeat of the lord of the playground, whose authority no one cared to dispute; but to prevent any further clash he devent any further clash he derest at the close of the session.

Ben Murphy awaited the Frog Hollow boy's coming at faction. Then when Mickey batted

faction. Then when Mickey batted the ball into the brickyard and made the circuit of the bases with two men on the bags, Buck led in the cheering over the exploit that added three runs to the grammar school

Ten to twelve, favor of the gram-

"Ten to twelve, favor of the grammar school," announced the scorer as the Tunnel Hill team came in for the last half of the ninth inning.

The first batsman was retired at first by a clever pickup and throw from shortstop, and a cheer went up from the grammar school partisans, which was succeeded by yells of delight from the Tunnel Hill supporters when Luke Phillips missed an easy fly in right field and Jim Davis failed to stop a grounder along the third base line. Then expectation ran high when Paddy Welsh, the star batsman of the visitors, walked to the plate.

Jack Marshall, the pitcher, tried a

Jack Marshall, the pitcher, tried a low ball and Paddy reached for it, but missed. A high ball tempted him and again his bat fanned the

"Two strikes!" called the umpire,

"Two strikes!" called the umpire, and everybody breathed hard.
Paddy waited. A ball came moving swiftly at his waist line, the sharp report of the impact came and the ball moved in a hot drive toward center field, while the two base runners sped on in the effort to reach the home plate.

Down at second base there was a vision of a red head and a long left arm vaulting into the air, then a baseman fell sprawling upon his back with his hand still uplifted. Mickey McCloskey had the ball!
Springing to his feet, he plupged to second base and completed the play—and the game was won.

second base and completed the play—and the game was won.
Dashing down the field, the first man to reach the Frog Hollow boy was Buck Andrews, who led in the rousing cheers for the grammar school and Mickey McCloskey.
"A streak of greased lightning shooting into the air, a cloud of dust and a double play—bully boy, Mickey!" was Jim Davis's description of the finale as the second baseman was carried off in triumph. triumph.

French Creek dam, then a spacious skating park, was filled with a merry throng on Christmas day, while crowds watched the moving picture from the shores. A game of hockey was being hotly contested, with Buck Andrews and Mickey McCloskey as opposing goal tenders. The wooden ball was being worked towards the lower goal when a muscular ironworker sent it flying over the icy surface. Failing to prevent the score, Buck turned and sped swiftly after the ball. A hundred voices yelled a warning in unison as he skated towards the foundry forebay, but the goaltender's momentum carried him to the thin ice, then the crowd heard the crash and saw him disappear.

Buck rose to the surface and struggled to reach the firm ice, then exhausted by his efforts, found himself unable to resist the current that carried him towards the forebay and too weak to grasp the line that fell close to him. At the upper goal Mickey McCloskey was not at first aware of the cause of the commotion at the lower goal and reached the scene as Buck's hands grew

skater, paralyzed by the spectacle, a form sped across the ice to the south form sped across the ice to the south shore and lowered itself from the footlog to the top of the fender at the foundry forebay. It was Mickey McCloskey. The people watched with breathless interest as he cautiously crept to the center of the narrow ledge, his face as pale as that of the drowning boy, but his broad jaw set in grim determination. He waited a few seconds—seconds that seemed an hour to the throng—then as the unconscious form was almost beneath him, he dropped into the water. A cry of horror arose as Mickey, with Buck in his arms, was drawn under by the strong suction at the fender, but the brave Irish lad struggled to the surface with his burden and, seizing the end of the line that was thrown from the bank, he was dragged ashore, still holding Buck's head above the water.

Cheers rent the air, but they sank into

Cheers rent the air, but they sank into what was strangely like a sob as the body of Buck was carried to the foundry nearby. Mickey, chilled and exhausted though he was, refused to leave the side of his schoolmate until he saw Buck's eyes open. Then an arm was raised and it was placed about the neck of the kneeling hero from Frog Hollow.



A FORM SPED ACROSS THE ICE

"Mickey!" said a faint voice.

And the old feud was forever buried.

Dr. Cauffman sat silently watching the breathing of the sleeper upon the cot in the humble home of the McCloskeys in the Frog Hollow row. Buck Andrews and Ben Murphy tried to read the thoughts of the physician as he held the pulse of the sick boy, but his impassive face gave no sign.

"How's me boy, doctor?" anxiously inquired Mrs. McCloskey.

The doctor shook his head.

"Send for me to-night if you need me," he said, and a minute later the rumble of the wheels of his departing carriage was heard.

Mickey McCloskey's refusal to leave Buck's side until assured of returning consciousness had culminated that night in a heavy chill for Mickey, and for three days he had tossed with four



NONE OF THE BOYS COULD TELL JUST HOW IT HAPPENED

Ben Murphy awaited the Frog Hollow boy's coming at the gate.
"Now, Murphy," said Mickey as he came up, "you've picked yourself out for a fight, just help yourself."

"Mickey," said Ben in his calm tone, "I'm not a fighter am not here to pick a quarrel with you. It will never do to keep this thing way of and surveyed the effect of her toil with a critical eye "And don't yer fergit that yer grandfather was on the Dublin perlice force an' as fine a cop as iver walked the strates, an' that yer father fit with Meade and Hancock."

It was the first Monday in September at the close of the Civil War, and Mickey, who had supported his mother by his toil in the Phoenix iron mills during the three years his father was in the army fighting his country's battles, was about to re-enter school.

Red hair, freckled face, pug nose and stocky frame, Mickey McCloskey was

Ben Murphy, said Ben in his calm tone, "I'm not a fighter am not here to pick a quarrel with you. It will never do to keep this thing you. It will never do to keep this thing way of showing it."

"Hookey," said Ben in his calm tone, "I'm not a fighter am not here to pick a quarrel with you. It will never do to keep this thing you. It will never do to keep this thing way of showing it."

"I'd on't blame you for licking Buck."

"And I'll knock the head off any fellish lad hotly, clenching his fists. "Murphy, you'se fellows thinks you're friends."

The sense came up, "you've picked yourself out for a fight, just help yourself."

"It was the first Modon't yer fergit way of showing it."

"I'd on't blame you for licking Buck."

"And I'll knock the head off any fellish lad hotly, clenching his fists.

"Murphy, you'se fellows thinks you're triends."

The sentence was interrupted by Ben, who laid his hand kindly upon the shoulder of the Irish lad, and with the quick instinct of his race Mickey yielded to the touch of friendship, and a faint smile played about his mouth and his clenched hand relaxed.

"I've nothin' 'gainst you, Ben," he

fighting his country's battles, was about to re-enter school.

Red hair, freckled face, pug nose and stocky frame, Mickey McCloskey was not a handsome boy, and he was ill at ease in the new clothes his mother had just finished for his use.

"All right, mother." was his enerry response, "and the first spalpeen that sez a word about—"

"Now, now, Mickey," interrupted his mother, deprecatingly, "yees 'ill be in a fight afore the first bell rings."

But the scion of the McCloskeys was scaling the back fence before further maternal advice could be given. Ten minutes later, conscious that the eyes of all the boys on the playground were upon him, Mickey entered the school gate.

"Hello pretty boy! How's Frog Hole."

gate.

"Hello, pretty boy! How's Frog Hollow society?"

It was the greeting of Buck Andrews, the undisputed champion of the school.

"As good as the suckers in this pond," was the ready retort of the Irish lad,

"As good as the suckers in this pond," was the ready retort of the Irish lad, and Buck flushed under the laughter of the boys.

"Mister Mickey McCloskey, fellows!" continued the champion in mock introduction. "Pat's boy, the member of the Irish regiment who never smelt powder."

None of the boys could tell just how it happened, but in a minute's time a dark blue semi-circle fringed the space below each of Buck's eyes and the champion was being led across the street to the pump, to bathe his bloody nose, while Mickey stood alone, unharmed, glaring at the vanquished enemy. A new champion had suddenly ascended the throne at the Phoenixville grammar school.

Gathered in a corner of the school yard at recess, the boys excitedly discussed the absorbing theme, "Who will conquer Mickey McCloskey?" And unconsclous that he was the one subject of thought, the Irish soldier's boy from Frog Hollow, detained in school, puzzled his brain over an example in fractions, while Buck Andrews, for sufficient reasons, absented himself from the playground. But the problem of subjugation was still unsolved when the belt rang.

The conference was resumed at noon, but no David offered to meet the new

The conference was resumed at noon, but no David offered to meet the new Philistine.

"No such interviews for me," said Luke Phillips. "Buck looked like a fellow going through a corn sheller while the festivities were in progress this morning."

"Gentlemen of the grammar grade with please make no invidious remarks about the Irish regiment in future," interposed Jim Davis, the wit of the school. "The Irish battery shoots twelve ways at the stone."

knew.
"This would never have happened,"
put in Ben Murphy, a mild-mannered
boy, "had not Mickey been insulted as "We don't need any advice from you, Murphy," sneered Andrews, who had been a silent attendant upon the confer-

ence. "Till tend to Mickey McCloskey," replied Ben quietly.
"You, Ben!" exclaimed a dozen boys in

"I'll tell your mother that you died happy, Ben," put in Davis. "Let's go for the flowers, boys."

"Join the angels if you want to, Benny," said Luke Phillips; "but I'd se-

"Join the angels if you want to, Benny," said Luke Phillips; "but I'd select an easier route."

But despite the protests and predictions of disaster, Ben calmly insisted that he would undertake the conquest. The battle would be after school and he and Mickey must be alone.

A jangling chorus of objections filled the air, but Ben was firm and finally won a reluctant consent to his plan. Then the bell rang and the boys filed into the school room wondering over the outcome. Though cut off from the fellowship of the playground by the events of the morning, Mickey learned of the conferences and of Ben Murphy's self-imposed task. The Irish lad cast frequent glances at the earnest-looking boy who had undertaken to meet him in fistic combat and once or twice their eyes met. There was no hatred in Ben's look and Mickey was a bit puzzled.

Ben Murphy awaited the Frog Hollow boy's coming at

#### Oh, In Those Far-Away Days



Oh, for the far-away days grown dim.

And our dear little ancestors, quaint and prim,

Standing so straight in a stiff, solemn row.

Watching the tapestry grow and grow.

grow. Just think to yourself how those children would stare If I had been there if you had been

Oh, in the never-think days of to-day.

With our curly heads running on nothing but play;

We loll in our chairs and forget to

while grandmother, horrified, shows her surprise. Indeed, with good cause might our ancestors stare, If I had been there, if you had been there.



#### Jeu De Charret

By GEORGE HAWS FELTUS

TRANGENESS OF TITLE sometimes lends attractiveness. So I have placed at the head of this article the name of a very fascinating Swiss game. The name is pronounced something like this: Zher d' sharray, and means the "play of charret." Not so tedious or intricate as chess, it is more varied in moves than checkers and meduces a greater range of skill. It will afford much pleasure to the boy who will take the trouble to make the game according to the directions given. I have seen the same game under a Norwegian name, and have been told that it is similar to a former favorite called Nine Men Morris.

Morris.

On a smooth board, or the back of a crokinole board, draw accurately this diagram, making the outside square one foot, the middle ten inches, and the innermost eight inches. The squares may be larger or smaller than these measurements, but this will be found a convenient size.

venient size.

For the men, checkers may be used, or even buttons will do. Two sets of nine pieces are required, each player, of course having a different color.

RULES.

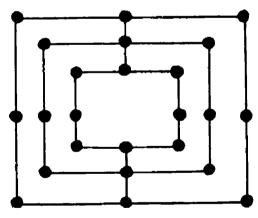
1. The immediate aim is to get three men of a color on consecutive spots on a straight line (not merely in a row, as on three corners).

2. Whenever a player succeeds thus in getting three of his men on a line he must remove from the board one of his opponent's men, except that he cannot take any one of three in a line, a combination which can be broken only by the owner at his pleasure.

3. The game is played in three parts:

(a) Play alternately from hand till the nine men are out, placing on the spots.

nine men are out, placing on the spots.



As often as either player succeeds in getting three of his men in a line he removes one of the opposite color, according to rule 2. (b) When all the men have been played on to the board, continue the game by moving in turn one spot at a time along connecting lines, trying, of course, to collect three in a line. (c) When either player has only three men left on the board, he is at liberty to move in his turn any one of these without regard to connecting lines, and still has the right of rule 2.

4. When either player is reduced to two men, being now unable to get three in a line, he fails and the game counts for his vanquisher.

for his vanquisher.

#### The Mysterious Tambourine

The Mysterious Tambourine

There was one trick which for a long time (that was before I knew anything about conjuring) puzzled me greatly, and that was the tambourine trick. The simplicity of the things used were not at all in accordance with the wonderful effect of the trick, yet when I learned the secret I really felt surprised that I should never have hit upon a solution of the mystery. Now, there may be some among my readers (and most probably not a few) who have seen this trick and yet have not been able to tumble to "how it is done."

For the benefit of such I will explain it. The conjurer first shows two wooden or brass rims of an ordinary tambourine, one of which is just a trifle larger than the other, and a sheet of newspaper. Taking the two rims in one hand and the paper in the other he informs his audience that he had intended giving them a few musical

he had intended giving them a few musical selections, but that, owing to an accident,

the tambourine had got smashed in the journey. However, he continues:

"I will endeavor, ladles and gentlemen, to extract something from these two rims and the piece of paper. I wish you to observe that otherwise I have nothing in my thands—except my palms; neither have I anything on my table, on which I shall lay the smaller rim. Over this P place the piece of newspaper stretching it tight, then, in order to make a sound tambourine I press over both the larger rim. Tearing away these paper edges you will see I have the required instrument."

He taps the paper with the wand, but fails to get much sound out of it; then, to let the music out, he thrusts his wand through, making a small hole. Immediately from this hole, comes at a rapid rate —assisted by the wand—yard upon yard of multi-colored paper ribbon until the performer has on the floor a heap a foot or two high. Now, where does all this come from? Certainly not from the conjurer's sleeve; certainly it is not placed in the hollow of the tambourine, for the performer continually turns the thing upside down during the progress of the trick.



Now, the whole matter rests with the sheet of paper and what it contains. If the price of paper and what it contains and it may destroy the sight.

Here, fix and similar seeds will grow on a plece of felt or other similar stuff it is kept wet contently and similar seeds will grow on a plece of felt or other similar stuff it is kept wet contently and similar seeds will grow on a plece of felt or other similar stuff it is kept wet contently and sill of the price of which, if I remember rigidly, is about 35 cents for a dozen. These useful additions to the conjurer's outlit when wound up (as supplied) measure about 354 in across and have a width of 156 in Elicit coil is generally in three colors, red, white and blue; in the center is a hole 54 in across and have a width of 156 in Elicit coil is generally in three colors, red, white and blue; in the center is a hole 55 in the procure two sheets of newspaper as near coils are used. For the tambourine trick procure two sheets of newspaper as near alike in printing matter as possible. Out of the center of one cut a square with a side five or six inches long. Then lay on the uncut paper a coil, and, having well gummed the edges of your centerplece, paste it down over the coil so that the protect the with of the pad, where will be funny, and if you will only give the other standard the reading matter is fairly regular.

It is very simple to make this kind of a long. Then lay on the uncut paper a coil, and, having well gummed the edges of your centerplece, will be contended to some the uncut paper a coil, and, having well gummed the edges of of the paper with your signature.

It is very simple to make this kind of a long. The lay of the center of the paper with your signature.

It is very simple to make this kind of a long the potential paper with your signature.

It is very simple to make this kind of a long the potential paper with your signature.

Pat or thump the paper with your hand after the most out," he really thrusta be the very simple to make the fold will be ex



wand through the center hole of the coil, catches hold of the tag end, and at once starts pulling the ribbon out, supporting the tambourine (paper side downwards, but occasionally turning it over to see where all the stuff comes from!) in one hand, bringing the colored ribbon out by the yard with the wand in the other.

When the coil is exhausted, he sticks the wand through the newspaper, tearing it all up, and hands round the rims for examination. This is a pretty trick, simple, and inexpensive of accomplishment, as a thirty-five cent box of coils will last a season.

#### A Famous Oriental Trick

The famous Oriental trick of making a mango plant grow from the ground in front of the beholder is one of the most fascinating of all "magical" tricks. It has held its interest for the world throughout the generations, although it is well-known now that there is no mystery about it at all, and that it is simply a feat of extraordinary clear juggiery.

ordinary clever jugglery.

But there is a way of making plants actually grow before the eyes of the observer, and the growth is natural. There is no jugglery or legerdemain about it at

all.

Set fire to a quantity of straw. Bean or pea straw is the best, because it contains the most fertilizing elements. Sieve the ashes thoroughly till you have the finest kind of powder. Now set it aside and soak some paraley or salad seed in strong brandy for twenty-four hours.

#### How to Make a Hectograph

A hectograph is very simply and easily made and by means of it many copies of writing can be obtained from a single orig-

inal.

Make a tray of either tin or pasteboard a little larger than the sheet of paper you ordinarily use and about ½-inch deep. Soak i ounce of gelatine in cold water over night and in the morning pour off the water. Heat 6½ ounces of glycerine to about 20 degrees F. (93 C.) on a water bath, and add the gelatine. This should give a clear glycerine solution of gelatine.

Place the tray so that it is perfectly level and pour in the gelatinous composition until it is nearly level with the edge of the tray. Cover it so the cover does not touch the surface of the composition and let it stand six hours, when it will be ready for use.

Make the copy to be produced on ordinary paper with aniline ink; using a steel pen, and making the lines rather heavy so they have a greenish color in the light. A good ink may be made of 1 ounce of aniline (2 R B or 3 B) dissolved in 7





strikes them and the ball impacts against a padded cushion at the back of the box. After striking the cushion, the ball drops down and rolls through an opening at the lower part of the box.

Knots and Miles

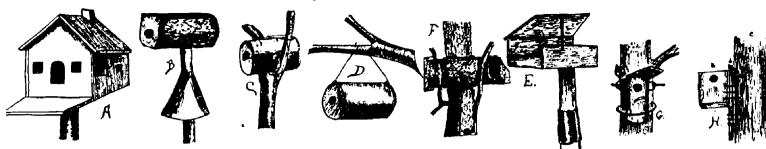
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2.25 2.5909	7.25	8.3485	12.25	14.1061	17.25	19.8636	22.25	25.6212
2.50 2.8788	7.50	8.6364	12.50	14.3939	17.50	20.1515	22.50	25.9091
2.75 3.1667	7·75	849242	12.75	14.6818	17-75	20.4394	22.75	26.1970
3.00 3.4545	8.00	9.2121	13.00	14.9697	18.00	20.7273	23.00	26.4848
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4.75 5.4697	9.75	11.2273	14.75	16.9848	19.75	22.7424	24.75	28.5000
5.00 5.7576	10.00	11.5152	15.00	17.2727	20.00	23.0303	25.00	28.7879
5.25 6.0455	10.25	11.8030	15.25	17.5606	20.25	23.3182	25.25	29.0758
5.50 6.3333	10.50	12.0909	15.50	17.8485	20.50	23.6061	25.50	29.3636
5.75 6.6212	10.75	12.3788	15.75	18.1364	20.75	23.8939	25.75	29.6515

For the benefit of those who are interested in the speed of sailing craft of all kinds, the Motor Boat has compiled a table of otherwise be necessary.

A nantical mile or knot is 6,080.27 feet. ready reference in which the various number of knots are reduced to land miles. The table will save a lot of figuring which would

# NESTING BOXES and BIRD NESTING Guide to Taxidermy

By H. A. SERVICE



T IS now acknowledged that birds are among the greatest friends of the grower of fruits or vegetation; and from the economic standpoint, they represent cash value far beyond previous bettlef. But to hope for the beneficial effects of their presence without first doing something to make them see that they are provided for and feel at home is to hope in vain.

The sooner this is done in the early spring the better it will be, hence it is hopd this article will be found at once timely and practical. New houses or boxes should have time to "weather" or let the newness wear off, before they are to be inspected by the feathered house-hunters. Birds have an appreciation of the appearance of stability and do not like to appropriate to their own uses structures that seem too recent or temporary. Of course, any structure placed out of doors will last longer if painted, and it is well to give bird houses a good outside conting of paint, but it must have time to thoroughly dry before the time for their occupancy.

Fig. A, represents a house-shaped structure in which many kinds of birds will nest. Yet we would advise the omission of the platform in front, as that is too convenient for English sparrows, and

ture in which many kinds of birds will nest. Yet we would advise the omission of the platform in front, as that is too convenient for English sparrows, and other native birds do not care for it. It has but one door and as many windows (with glass well set in with putty) as the person building the house may choose. It is not necessary to make any windows in a bird house, yet one or two will prove acceptable to the birds. The door or passage opening is the main feature of interest to the birds, and this should be made with care. In size it should conform to the size of the bird for which the house is built. For wrens and chickadees, it must be an inch and a quarter in diameter, for bluebirds two, and for the purple martins about two and one-half inches. This is in order that the desired occupant of the house may be able to hold it against possible intruders; for it must be borne in mind that the quarrelsome little English sparrow is constantly on the lookout for an opportunity to sink his bill into a little egg, or to drive off birds not of his own kind. There should be but one entrance to each compartment of the house, and if this is

or to drive off birds not of his own kind. There should be but one entrance to each compartment of the house, and if this is the right size for the birds living in it, intruders will not only find themselves at a disadvantage in attempting to fight from the outside, but they will find it impossible to force an entrance through a snug port hole fairly filled with the beak and head of the defender.

Mr. H. Nehrling, in "Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty," says that after actual experiment, it was found that the English sparrow will not nest in boxes that are, like that of Fig. B, without a peg, floor, or supporting perch just outside the entrance (perch and peg shown in A and G, respectively), while the bluehirds fly in and out readily and seem perfectly at home in such a house, as we

hirds fly in and out readily and seem perfectly at home in such a house, as we have proven by actual test.

It is also commonly said that the English sparrow will never nest in a box or house that swings freely, as does D.

Fig. B represents one of the neatest kinds of bird houses and one that is very acceptable to the birds; it is also quite easily made. It is nothing more than a section of a hollow log or limb with the ends boarded up and an augur hole bored for the entrance. For cheapness, neatness, rustic simplicity, case of construction, and suitability to many birds it cannot be improved upon. We heartily commend this as one of the most simple devices that man may use as an auxiliary commend this as one of the most simple devices that man may use as an auxiliary in his efforts to atone for past neglect of his most valuable allies. Figure B also shows a simple device to protect nests, whether on posts or in trees, from the ravages of cats, squirrels, etc. It is recognized that squirrels, especially the red equirrel or chickeree are among the recognized that squirrels, especially the red squirrel or chickaree, are among the greatest enemies of birds' eggs, but this simple device can be used very effective-iy on trees or posts in parks, lawns, or other places, without injury to trees, squirrels or birds. It consists merely of an inverted funnel-shaped sheet of tin about a foot across, fastened around the post or tree which contains the nest to be protected. If it is a living tree and one does not choose to drive nails in it, the tin can be fastened effectively by merely tying securely with strong string or wire. In fact, the spreading condition of the tin is not necessary, as a band of tin one and one-half or two feet in width one does not choose to drive nails in it, the tin can be fastened effectively by merely tying securely with strong string or wire. In fact, the spreading condition of the tin is not necessary, as a band of tin one and one-half or two feet in width lying close to the post or tree will prevent any animal climbing over it, as shown in Fig. E.

Fig. C shows how an empty tin can may be utilized to become, "some happy creature's home." The end that was cut open has been removed by heating it, and in its place has been nailed a circular board with a hole cut in for a passage way. We have known those very interesting

We have known those very interesting

We have known those very interesting little birds, the house wrens, to nest in a tin can without even the closed end, and were it not for their having to protect their home against intruders, such as the English sparrow or jay, there is no reason why an open can should not always be used. For wrens the boxes or cans should be placed only high enough to be out of the way of prowling animals. A fence corner in a clump of bushes, or the midst of an old brush pile, makes an ideal place for such birds to nest. I have had them rear two broads of young in one season in a chalk box fastened against our porch post, as shown in H. Of course, most birds, excepting martins and sometimes bluebirds, prefer to nest in places that are slightly concealed, or at most not openly conspicuous. It would be cruel to place a tin house or

appear to enjoy it.

It is desirable that one end of all bird houses and nesting boxes be detachable in order to clean them after the brood has departed, so that they will be accepted by the next family of bird tenants. For this purpose, the end of the box may be fastened with a hinge or hooks.

Some species of birds that will not nest in closed houses or boxes will readily oc-cupy some modification of the open box,

This is but a box like a chalk box (for school crayons) with the two ends cut. away to near the bottom and a protecting board fastened to slope over one side. Among the species of birds that will nest in these open boxes are the robin, pewce and phoebe.

above ground, while bluebirds do not care to live so high. From 10 to 15 feet above ground will suit them best. Chickadees and titmice will also nest at this

adees and titmice will also nest at this elevation or lower, while the cunning little wrens prefer to keep still closer to terra firma, and will often nest in low stumps or the hollow trunks of old apple or other trees.

Among the best devices that can be arranged for the home of many birds, including woodpeckers, nuthatches, wrens, chickadees, bluebirds, etc., is an old dead stump with holes in it, set upright in the ground like a post. We know of birds this present year commencing to nest in

ground like a post. We know of birds this present year commencing to nest in such a place.

It is important to arrange for lighting and ventilating these houses. There should be holes or cracks on one side large enough to admit some light and air, but so small as to exclude other birds. These ventilating openings should not be at opposite sides, as they would thus permit currents of air to blow over and chill the young birds.

at opposite sides, as they would thus permit currents of air to blow over and chill the young birds.

Another important consideration is to place the entrance near the top rather than at the bottom. This is because the nesting material fills the bottom of the house or box, and the birds prefer to enter at the top and hop down to their nests. Fig. F shows how a hollow log may be closed at one end and fastened in a tree along a stream for the wood duck, that "vanishing game bird," and most beautiful of ail American birds, which nest in such places.

Fig. G is reproduced from that beautiful and interesting book, "Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty," by Henry Nehrling, of Wisconsin (Pub. Geo. Brumdee & Co., Milwaukee). It shows how a section of a dead log may be attached to a living tree in order to accommodate certain species of birds that nest in cavities.

old boxes of small size, or paint kegs, may be very successfully utilized for bird nesting, but new or recently used tobacco boxes or cigar boxes should never be attempted. May the hint suffice.

The elevation above ground at which the house is placed should depend upon the kinds of birds for which it is intended. Martins prefer a house 25 or 30 feet

## MAKING A CAVE DWIGHT WOODBRIDGE

ERE'S A WAY to build a cave—a cave where a fire can be built, apples, corn and potatoes roasted, and jolly good times enjoyed.

Such a cave will appeal strongly to a boy's heart. Select a spot at the foot of a bit of rising ground—a little hill—and begin to dig into the bank, making the opening only large enough to crawl through, drawing out the earth and piling it up at one side of the opening After the opening has been carried farther into the bank, it can be made higher and wider, the roof being supported by boards held up on either side by a framework. One of the illustrations shows a sectional view through the cave that will give a good idea of the construction. A fireplace of rough stones can be constructed at one end, as suggested in the sectional view and in the cut of a front view of the fireplace. An opening for the smoke to escape can be made up through the bank, with a



up over the opening in the bank. Stakes are driven into the ground and boards nailed on as shown, after which the earth that has already been removed from the cave is heaped over this wooden tunnel, completely covering every part except the open end. This is well shown in the sectional view. Now, to

THE PIRE-PLACE

peted with sand, moss or leaves. Care should be taken to have the roof well supported that earth and stones may not loosen and drop down from overhead. Let some older person inspect this part of the work and see that the roof is made safe.

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PUBLIC LIFE

#### KOSCIUSZKO

N THE 7th of this month there will be unveiled in one of the parks in Cleveland, O., a statue of Tadeusz (Thaddeus) Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who assisted the American colonies in obtaining their independence.
Kosciuszko was born in Lithuania, Po-

Kosciuszko was born in Lithuania, Poland, February 12, 1746, and was educated at the Military Academy at Warsaw, and also in France, at the expense of the Polish government. In 1776 he arrived in Philadelphia, with a note of introduction to Washington, written by Benjamin Franklin.

"What do you want?" asked Washington



"I want to light as a volunteer for American independence," answered the Polish soldier. "What can you do?" asked Washing-

Polish soldier.

"What can you do?" asked Washington.

"Try me," was the quick reply.

The result was that in October of that year Kosciuszko was a colonel of engineers, and in the following year the principal engineer in constructing the works at West Point, on the Hudson. He received the thanks of Congress for his services in the army and was made a brigadier-general. In 1792 he was in Poland fighting against the Russians; again in 1794 he was at the head of the Polish insurgents as Dictator, with 5,000 peasants under him, armed mostly with scythes. Not until the Austrians had joined the Russians with 150,000 men did Kosciuszko yield, and not then until he had fallen covered with wounds, uttering the words, "Finis Poloniae."

He was a prisoner at St. Petersburg until Emperor Paul set him at liberty and offered him his sword. Kosciuszko refused to accept it, saying, "I have no need of a sword, since I have no country to defend." In 1797 he visited the United States, receiving a splendid welcome, together with a pension and a grant of land. Later he lived near Paris and still later in Switzerland, where he was killed by a fall from his horse October 15, 1817. His body lies in the Catholic church, Cracow, Poland. There is a fine monument of him at West Point, erected by the cadets of 1823.

#### FLORENCE NIGHTING-ALE

By H. D. MONTGOMERIE

THE OLDER readers of THE AMERI-CAN BOY who remember our war with Spain, and the Boer war, and are now reading the accounts of the appalling loss of human life in the struggle between Russia and Japan, know that women nurses form a most necessary part of the equipment of an

army
The work of Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross Society is known everywhere, and yet fifty years ago such a thing as wounded and suffering soldiers being attended and cared for on the field by women was almost unknown.

It was a women who convinced men

hy women was almost unknown.

It was a woman who convinced men and women that the caring for the poor, stricken bodies of soldiers was peculiarly the work of women, and showed that instead of its making a woman indifferent and careless to pain and suffering, such work drew out the best and noblest of womanly traits. It is of this woman, whom the British people today call their "Angel of Mercy," that I want to tell the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Florence Nightingale was born in May, 1820, in Florence, Italy. Her father was William Shore Nightingale, a gentleman who owned considerable property in England; thus Great Britain's future "queen of mercy and gentleness" was born and reared amid wealth and lux-

while yet a mere child Miss Nightingale was in the habit of accompanying her mother, carrying little delicacies, in her round of visits to the sick poor in her mother, carrying little delicacies, in her round of visits to the sick poor in the neighborhood of her home; as she on any particular subject? If so, join grew into maidenhood the desire to help one of our correspondence clubs. See the sick and the suffering so strongly page 168, April number.

appealed to her warm, loving nature that she determined to make nursing and the care of the helpless and afflicted her life-

To carry out her high resolve Miss

To carry out her high resolve Miss Nightingale made a long and comprehensive study of the large British hospitals and the institutions for training nurses in France and Germany.

In the spring of 1854 war broke out between Great Britain and Russia, and an army of 25,000 British soldiers was at once dispatched to the scene of conflict. On the 20th of September the celebrated battle of the Alma was won by Britain and her allies, but at a terrible cost in killed and wounded. Those who could be removed were speedily transferred to Scutari, where the great barracks erected by the Turkish Sultan had been converted into hospitals.

Most inadequate were the means of caring for the sick and helpless soldiers, no attention whatever being paid to decency or cleanliness; the commonest necessaries of a hospital were altogether lacking, and men were dying without the least effort being made to save them. When the tidings of these conditions reached Britain the whole nation was roused to wrath. A perfect storm of denunciation and abuse was hurled at the Secretary of War and the government officials.

Miss Nightingale, resting quietly at her

officials.

Miss Nightingale, resting quietly at her beautiful home in Derbyshire, recovering from illness brought on by her work ing from illness brought on by her work in connection with the organization of a sanitarium for governesses in London, also read the story of the horrible condition of England's wounded heroes in the far east. At once she wrote to the Secretary of War, offering her services for hospital work, and they being accepted, she, on October 21, accompanied by thirty-eight carefully selected nurses, quietly left London for the Crimea, where she arrived at Scutari on the day on which Inkerman was fought and won by the allies.

The task before Miss Nightingale was appailing, but she neither flinched nor faltered. The government having given her a free hand, she at once began the work of organizing. A sick kitchen for invalid cooking and a laundry for disinfecting and cleaning linen, were speedily erected.

In her work she encountered many difficulties, but her patience, persistence and firmness conquered. With the sick and suffering her sympathy and her smile succeeded where the orders of the doctors failed. Her efforts were crowned with success, as witness the fact that on her arrival the mortality among the wounded and diseased was 60 per cent, while during the last six months of her stay it went down to normal. One who saw her work wrote: "Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even among the struggles of expiring nature. When all the medical officers have retired for the night she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds."

It was this incident of the lamp which inspired Longfellow to write:

"A lady with a lamp shall stand her work she encountered many dif-

"A lady with a lamp shall stand In the great history of the land, A noble type of good, Heroic womanhood."

With the fall of Sebastopol in Septem-With the fall of Sebastopol in September, 1855, negotiations for peace were entered into which put an end to the war, but it was not until the spring of 1856 that Miss Nightingale again set foot on the shores of England, arriving as quietly as she had departed. But honors soon came thick and fast. Queen Victoria, whose motherly heart had bled for her brave sons, sent her an autograph letter and a cross set with diamonds. The Sultan of Turkey forwarded to her a diamond bracelet. The British nation, to show its gratitude, subscribed a quarter of a million dollars to enable her to esof a million dollars to enable her to es-



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE Bust by the Late Sir John Steele, Presented to Miss Nightingale by the British Soldiers After the Crimean War.

tablish the "Nightingale Home" for the

tablish the "Nightingale Home" for the training of nurses.

Since that eventful time Miss Nightingale has not been idle, but with voice and pen has advocated the interests of nursing and been a leader in planning hospital improvements. Now, at the ripe old age of eighty-five, she still lives, honored and reverenced as a queen in the affections of a grateful people.

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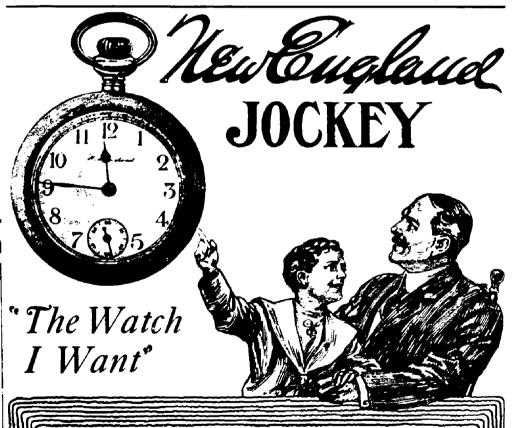
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#### Stamp Notes

650,000 telegraph stamps have been surcharged by Chile.

A 10-cent registration stamp has been issued for Panama.

There are about 700,000 stamp collectors in the United States.

Brenin—We have seen the 10c of the 1892 with inverted surcharge.

Salvador has issued 450 varieties of stamps which is a record for any one country. United States—A pair of ic postage due issue have been discovered imperforated.

Somali-The 50c green on vermilion 44 has been discovered with an inverted center. Hayt!—The 10c Commemorative series '93 has been discovered with a double surcharge.

Italy—The one lira postage due stamp has been discovered with figures of value inverted. The 3-pies gray of the Victorian type of England has been surcharged for use in Jhind.

The color of the 5 centimes adhesive of Caledonia is changed to brown and blue, the value in brown.

South Australia—The block of 4 of the 1 shilling stamps "postage" in thin letters imperforated vertically.

Great Britain has issued 205 different stamps, and for her colonies there has been issued 5,711 varieties.

The 80, 150, 300 and 1,000 reis stamps of Mozambique have been withdrawn. The 115 130, 400 and 700 reis have been issued to take their place. The 21/2 penny ultramarine of Great Britain

has been surcharged "Bechuanaland" and "Protectorate" for use in Bechuanaland, the surcharge is in black.

Last week the Bureau of Engraving in printing, over printed for the Philippines 100,000 of the 1c, 200,000 2c, 200,000 of the 5c, and 50,000 of the 8c. China has issued a series of due stamps, all of which are printed in the same color, blue. The denominations are the ½, 2, 4, 5, 10, 20 and 30 cents.

A lot of incased postage stamps of 1861 U. S. consisting of 14 pieces, all denominations, ic to 90c, in a recent auction brought the liberal record price of \$230.00.

1d; 3. Mauritius, 1847, 2d; 4. Hawaii, 1851, 2c blue; 5. British Guiana, 1856, 2c; 6. Hawaii, 1851, 13c U. S. A.; 7. Hawaii, 1851, 5c; 8. Roumania, 1856, 81p.; 9. Hawaii, 1851, 13c; 10. British Guiana, 1856, 4c; 11. Canada, 1851, 12d. black; 12. Tuscany, 1860, 31; 13. Roumania, 1856, 27p.; 14. Roumania, 1856, 108p; 15. Reunion, 1852, 30c.; 16. British Guiana, 1850, 4c; 17. British Guiana, 1850, 8c.; 18. British Guiana, 1856, 4c.; 19. Reunion, 1852, 15c.; 20. Geneva, 1813, double 5c.

#### Stamp Inquiries

N. A. W No. 1. Write to L. T. Brodstone. Superior, Neb. No. 2 is a revenue stamp and cats. 10c. C. H. The \$2 00 revenue cats. 12c. and 50c one cats. 1c. G. T. S. First get a Scott's catalogue and it will illustrate this No, there is no difference in the price of the 3c stamp mentioned. H. N. No. 1 cats. 3c. No. 2 1c, No. 3 6c, No. 4 3c, No. 5 3c, No. 6 4c, No. 7 no good, No. 8 is from Turkey, No. 9, needs a better description, No. 10 from Germany, No. 11 from any large book store. C. B. Your stamp cats. \$1.50. D. F. J. Need a better description, give wording if possible. C. B. Your stamp cats. \$1.50. D. F. J. Need a better description, give wording if possible. C. N. The used 8c Martha Washington's are worth about 10c per 100. D. K. The 50 Conveyance is worth 1c. H. L. N. The stamp you mention is cat. 2c.

#### New Issues

Austria-The 72 Heller has been reported

Austria—The 72 Heller has been reported as being on sale in Austria.

Dutch Indies—A new 50c red and brown has been on sale for some time.

Netherlands—A new value has been issued of the Current Postage Due stamps, the 7½c ultra-marine and brown.

Servia—A new set of stamps with the portrait of King Peter the First has been received, they were issued Jan. 14th, 1905. The stamps have the portrait of the king to the left in black in the center oval, and around the oval is a spray of laurel; in the upper right-hand corner is a small coat-of-arms, "Crbija" in plain Russian letters at its right.

#### The Numismatic Sphinx

A lot of incased postage stamps of 1881 U.

S. consisting of 14 pieces, all denominations, ic to 50c, in a recent suction brought the liberal record pitch of the stamps of 1897 white terms and the stamps of 1897 white terms are different to the stamps of pressing of 1886, should never be soaked in water to remove the paper as they were printed on material which is easily destroyed, the intention being to prevent cleaning and reuse.

Seychelles of the 1893, 90 and 98, only \$1.00 were issued, the catalogue values are \$3.00 and \$2.00 respectively, and would seem very pore figures for these stamps.

Two Austrian stamps, the 2k, iliac and the \$4k k green, have been surcharged for use in the Austrial offices in the Turksh empire. A interval is the stamp and the designer has succeeded in producing a very neat little stamp, which is quite un-Aslatic in the absence of the dragon.

The new Chinese Imperial postage stamps largely issued, are a great improvement on the old ones, and the designer has succeeded in producing a very neat little stamp, which is quite un-Aslatic in the absence of the dragon.

The new Chinese Imperial postage stamps has had the effect of making American money the basis for nearly all transactions being in an adjoining territory. At Barranquilla the consultation has been applied in violet to the sheet, every block of four are the Culmbian paper currency will be every stated in involces.

St. Helena Remainders—A large lot of 8t. Helena Remainders have come upon the market, and that it will be known as the beared diamond, cancellation has been applied in violet to the sheet, every block of four are thus cancelled or better disfigured. These stamps will be in a class by themselves, and will undoubtedly have market prices differing properties. The latter of the properties of the propert

## THE NUMISMATIST

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The Stamp Correspondence Club The Coin Correspondence Club The Curio Correspondence Club

Here are three correspondence clubs we have organized for the boys who are interested in this page to enable them to write one another about subjects in which they are interested; to buy, sell or exchange stamps, coins, or curios; to obtain information and exchange views; to complete collections and help one another in a great variety of ways. It costs but 50c to join. See page 168, April number of The American Boy.



Avoca, In., at the Game Between Oskland and Avoca High School Elevens last Thanksgiving. Avoca Won-Score 10 to 0. Photo by Louis James Norton

# The Boy Photographer

Edited by 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 is 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, said the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.



FIRST PRIZE PHOTO By H. L. Goodson, St. Paul, Minn.

#### Please Note

In submitting photographs for our monthly contests, our subscribers are kindly requested to state, on the back of the print, the name of the plate employed, exposure given, developer used and variety of paper on which print is made. Use a soft pencil to avoid spoiling the print.

THE EDITOR.

#### Our Prize Pictures

H. L. Goodson, of 108 Winnipeg Ave., St. Paul, Minn., hit the builts eye with his "An American Boy's Mother." It is a photograph that would have done credit to a professional. The lighting is particularly good and the pose is natural. Apparently the old lady is just taking a moment's rest. "Leap Frog." by Theodore E. Rein, of 3628 La Salle St., Chicago, the second prize photo., is an excellent illustration of a street scene that requires no explanation.

#### Current Comments

Elvin Boydstun: Your "Lena and I" is toned correctly for Solio. John C. Evans: Technically your print is above criticism, but it is defective from a pictorial standpoint. It would do you good to read the last number of The Practical Photographer to which reference is made in this issue. Harry M. Biggin: Your group is praiseworthy. The dry-plate factories buy old negatives when offered by the thousand. A fuzzy image is a photograph that is not in focus.

#### Items of Interest

Items of Interest

One of the largest photographic lenses in existence is that purchased recently for the Cape Astronomical Observatory in South Africa. This giant has an aperture (opening) of about ten inches in diameter. The total weight of the lens with its mounting and cameras is over six thousand pounds, one hundred pounds being the weight of the glasses. This large lens forms microscopically sharp images of the stars throughout a negative fifteen inches square, the exposure being about two hours for each plate.—Photo-American.

Many amateurs are perplexed when their prints sometimes appear lighter in the center than at the edges; these effects are often caused by pouring the developer on to the center of the plate, instead of flooding the whole surface evenly and quickly with the solution. When using rapid action developers it is most essential to cover the whole plate almost simultaneously. To do the take the dish in the left hand, and the measure containing the solution in the right. Then, slightly tilting the dish away from you, run the measure quickly along the edge of the dish, at the same time emptying the solution over the plate.—The Photographic Times.

#### Honorable Mention

A few of the contentants given in the following list owe this coveted distinction to one photograph among a number that have been



WHEELING MY DOUBLE" The Same Boy in Two Positions; done by a Trick of the Camera. Photo by Peter C. Whyte, Carbondale, Pa.

submitted. In these instances we have deemed it advisable to append the name of the photograph. This month the oil of honor includes: E. E. Trumbull, Carrington McCallip (Electricity Building at Night, St. Louis, Exposition), D. A. Beck; Arthur H. Black, Theo. E. Rein (A Vase of Beauties), J. R. Williams, John L. Hopper, H. Ward Lewis, Chas. H. Moore (Diamond Joe Packet), Harold L. Tilton, Howard Mulhall, Chas. G. Voigt, Jr. (Apple-tree in Bloom), and Perry N. Trask,

#### Transferring Prints to Wood, Metal, Etc.

Metal, Ltc.

The following simple method of transferring prints to wood, etc., was lately described in "Camera Craft." The piece of wood (or metal) is well polished where the print is to be placed and a coat of copal varnish given the surface. Before this is entirely dry, the print which has previously been given a bath in weak formalin, is placed face downward in the desired position and well rubbed into contact. Allowing the varnish to become thoroughly dry the print is well wet with water, and gentle rubbing entirely removes the paper, leaving the film containing the picture firmly attached to the wood. Another coat of varnish completes the process. The prints are made on Giant Aristo paper and are of course reversed. This can be avoided if the negative be a film, as it can be printed from the reverse side. The results are most pleasing, and prints so transferred ought to prove very effective in combination with the now so popular burnt wood work.

#### The Letter-Box

The Letter-Box

Ralph B. Deal: If you could see the pile of photographs we receive every month, you would not ask us to enter into their comparative merits. R. W. Chamberlain: To make blue-print paper a simple formula is: Citrate of iron and ammonia 1 ounce, water 4 ounces, Label this: Solution No. 1. Bolution No. 2 should consist of: Red prussiate of potash 1 ounce and water 4 ounces. Both solutions must be kept in glass-stoppered bottles, in a dark place. Care should be taken in handling Solution No. 2, as the ferricyanide of potassium it contains is a deadly poison. Mix equal parts of whatever quantity may be needed to cover the paper; an ounce altogether will probably be sufficient. Apply the mixture rapidly to unglazed paper (having first dampened the sheet) with a brush or sponge, putting on merely sufficient to tint the paper and avoiding streaks. The color is then a pale greenish yellow. Of course this work should be done in a dark-room or away from bright light When the paper dries, it is ready for printing. We believe, on the whole, you will find



"A SUNBONNET BABY" Photo by Howard Bartlett, Qeonomowoc, Wis-

it just as economical to buy your blue-print paper. J. E. Guest: Why not try both the Special and Regular and see which yields the best resuit? We cannot give you any further information in regard to the subject mentioned at the close of your letter. Harvey Offner: If you were going to produce photographs for sale, it would be advisable to buy a 5s7 camera; at any rate do not get anything smaller than a 4x5. Good work in photography, as in everything else always pays. Plates are preferable for a beginner. Geo. C. Ogle: Apparently your trouble is due to the lack of density of the negative. L. Culver. Photographs may be entered at any time.

#### What Makes the Sky Blue?

The sky has long been a puzzle to physicists. There are two mysteries to explain about it—its reflection of light and its color. The old view was that the blue of the sky was due simply to atmospheric oxygen. Oxygen has a faint blue tint, and the sky was due simply to atmospheric oxygen. Oxygen has a faint blue tint, and the idea was that several miles of the gas, even when diluted as it is in the air, would have a bright blue color. But this did not account for the intense illumination of the sky, and of recent years Tyndall's "dust theory," or some modification of it, has been generally accepted. This regards the blue color as an optical effect, like the color of very thin smoke, due to excessively fine particles floating in the air, which would also account for the large proportion of reflected light from the sky. Recent calculations by Professor Spring, of Liege, Belgium, however, indicate that the dust in the air is not sufficient in amount, nor finely enough divided, to support this explanation, and he rejects it for this and other reasons. He has gone back to the old oxygen theory and accounts for the general illumination of the sky on the hypothesis, first advanced by Hagenbach, that intermingled layers of different density, in the atmosphere, give it the power of reflecting light.—"Success Magazine."

#### The Amateur Photographers' Correspondence Club

What could be productive of more pleasure and profit to the amateur photographer than a membership in the A. P. C. Club? See page 168, April number

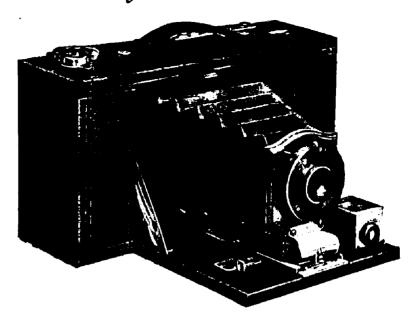
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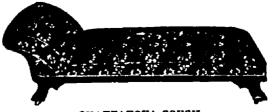
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# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician III

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boys, be answered in these columns.

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

# Experimental Lessons In

periment.

Long before the discovery of electricity the ancient Greeks knew of small, black stones found in Magnesia, of Asia city the ancient Greeks knew of small, black stones found in Magnesia, of Asia Minor, that possessed this property of attracting to them small pieces of iron. It was at that time thought to be a magic property, as scientific learning had not advanced very far. Then about the twelfth century it was discovered that they also possessed the very remarkable property of pointing towards the north when suspended by a fine thread. They soon turned this property to account in navigation, and, as soon as they learned to rely upon its actions they began to push out upon the high seas with greater boldness. Owing to the fact that this stone would always point in one direction, no matter how many times it was disturbed, they called it a "leading stone," and this name has since been corrupted to "lodestone," a term that we now hear applied to the little keeper that is supplied with all horseshoe magnets. This natural magnet is one of the many ores of iron, and its technical name is "magnetite."

But if we were to take a piece of hard steel, such as a knife blade, and stroke it several times in the same direction with one of the natural magnets, we would find that the blade now possessed a new property that it had not had before; it would be a magnet itself and would pick up small bits of iron or steel, the same as the lodestone had done. But there has been no apparent loss of

the same as the lodestone had done. But there has been no apparent loss of

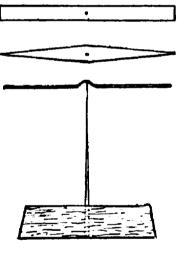


Fig 1.

strength on the part of the lodestone by imparting this magnetic property to the blade, and this is one of the most interesting facts about a magnet—it will magnetize another bar of steel without apparently diminishing its own strength in the least.

If you live near a mineralogist, or a

dealer in minerals, secure a small speci-men of magnetic magnetite for experi-ments. You will also need a two or three-jnch horseshoe magnet, a few needles, a piece of a mainspring from a

three-inch horseshoe magnet, a few needles, a piece of a mainspring from a watch and some fine iron filings.

Experiment 15.—Sprinkle some iron filings on a sheet of paper and lay the piece of magnetite (or lodestone) in them. Then pick it up and notice how many of the filings adhere to it. And they do not adhere all over, but just at opposite ends, and 'ou cannot make them adhere at any other points, or at least in any great quantities. A few pieces may adhere here and there where a sharp point projects.

This is due to the fact that any magnetized hody, like a har, always shows this magnetic property most at two opposite ends or points, and these points are called the "poles" of the magnet, about which we will learn more later. The reason why the magnetism is stronger at these points than elsewhere will also be explained.

Experiment 16.—Now lay a large sew-

Experiment 16.—Now lay a large sewing needle in the pile of filings and notice that they do not adhere to it; it is not a magnet. But now stroke it with the lodestone in one direction only, returning the stone to the other end by the path indicated with a dotted line. Do the path indicated with a dotted line. In this ten or twelve times, and then place in the filings. When it is lifted from them great tufts of filings will adhere to the ends, just as they did to the stone. It has now become a magnet and retain its magnetism for a long

If you rub a piece of soft iron wire in the same manner you will see that it will not become a magnet, excepting for the time that the stone is in contact with it. Hardened steel is the only material that will retain its magnetism for any length of time, with the exception of the nat-ural magnet.

In investigating magnetic fields (a magnetic field is that space surrounding a magnet in which the magnetic influence acts) a magnetic needle is often

used. This is simply a piece of magnetized steel supported on a fine point as a pivot.

To make one, get a piece of old mainspring from a watchmaker and heat it to a cherry red. Then bury it in the ashes so that it will cool very slowly, and when cold, file it to the diamond shape shown in Fig. 1. It should not be over an inch in length. Mark the exact center and make a small dent with the end of a large needle, using care to see that it does not go completely through. Experimental Lessons In

Flectricity

Lesson II.

MAGNETISM.

OUBTLESS you have possessed at some time a small horseshoe magnet that has interested and amused you by the hour with its invisible force of atraction for small bits of iron or steel. And you have wondered how it could pick up the small objects, even though separated from them by a considerable space, and why it always chose objects of iron or steel and had no effect upon other substances.

This invisible force, called magnetism, is what we shall study about in this lesson. It is simply a piece of magnetized steel supported on a fine point as a pivot.

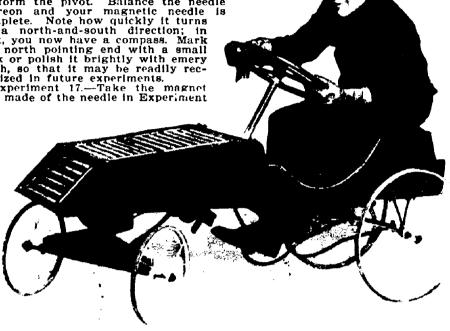
To make one, get a piece of old mainspring from a watchmaker and heat it to a cherry red. Then bury it in the ashes so that it will cool very slowly, and when cold, file it to the diamond shape shown in Fig. 1. It should not be over an inch in length. Mark the exact center and make a small dent with the end of a large needle, using care to see that it does not go completely through. Bend as shown and harden again by heating to a cherry red and dropping suddenly into ac up of cold water.

Now stroke it with a horseshoe magnetized water with the power of the forms of wood and drive a needle through it to form the pivot. Balance the needle is to form the pivot. Balance the needle is complete. Note how quickly it turns a current of electricity will always set to a north-and-south direction; in fact, you now have a compass. Mark the north pointing end with a small nick or polish it brightly with emery cloth, so that it may be readily rec-

over an inch in length. Mark the exact lible center and make a small dent with the end of a large needle, using care to see with that it does not go completely through. Bend as shown and harden again by heating to a cherry red and dropping suddenly into ac up of cold water.

Now stroke it with a horseshoe magnet several times, when it will become strongly magnetized. Make a small base of wood and drive a needle through it rms to form the pivot. Balance the needle thereon and your magnetic needle is complete. Note how quickly it turns set to a north-and-south direction; in fact, you now have a compass. Mark the north pointing end with a small nick or polish it brightly with emery cloth, so that it may be readily recomplication.

Experiment 17.—Take the magnet you made of the needle in Experiment



STANTON D. WILLARD AND HIS BOME-MADE AUTO

16, and present first one end to the ends of the compass needle and then the other. You will notice that when a certain end of the needle is brought near the polished end of the compass needle, it attracts it, and the other end will repel it. In fact, they are upon each other exactly the same as did the electrified pith balls in our first lesson.

If you were to make another compass needle supported as the first, and then bring the two north-pointing ends together, you would notice that they repelled each other and that the south-(Continued on page 226.)

The ends were then nailed in place and two places fifteen inches long cut from the two places affice in inches long cut from the two places affice in inches long cut from the two places iffteen inches long cut from the two places and the hood, one being nailed on securely and the other hinged to it, as shown in Fig. 8. A dash-hoard, shown by dotted lines B C, was then put in to close the end of the hood, a strip A being nailed across the top to meet the hinged lid.

In mounting the front axle I cut and shaped two places of the two by four scantling, as shown in Fig. 9. A hole for the bolt was hored through each with an augur. One of these places and the other inches long cut from the cover inches long cut from the welve-linch board to form the cover of the hood, one being nailed on securely and the other hinged to it, as shown in Fig. 8. A dash-hoard, shown in Fig. 8. A dash-hoard, shown in Fig. 9. A hole for the bolt was hored through each bring the form the well-repeal to the hood, one being nailed on securely and the other hinged to it, as shown in Fig. 8. A dash-hoard, shown in Fig. 8.

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(Continued on pape 226.)

How I Built My Auto-Wagon

By STANTON D. WILLARD

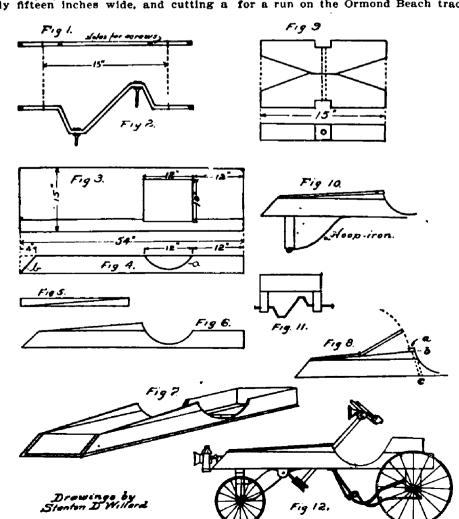
A AUTO-WAGON is four-and-a-half

In mounting the front axle I cut and shaped two pleces of the two by four scanling, as shown in Fig. 9. A hole for the bolt was hored through each with an augur. One of these pieces was fastened to the bottom of the body, and to the other was secured the square axle holes previously bored in them. A brace was made of hoop iron and secured to the bottom of the upper piece and the under side of the body, Fig. 10.

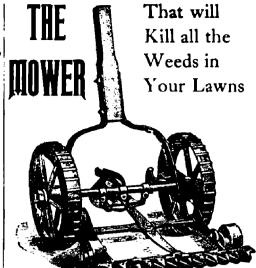
I had the iron bearings for the rear

Y AUTO-WAGONis four-and-a-half feet long by fifteen inches wide. I bought the axles; the wheels and rear axle, with pedals attached, as shown in Fig. 2, was taken from an old tricycle, while the front axle was simply a square rod, Fig. 1, the ends of which were turned to act as journals upon which the wheels revolved.

For the body, I purchased the following lumber: One board eight feet long, twelve inches wide and one inch thick; one board eighteen feet long, four inchs wide and one inch thick; and eight feet of two by four-inch scantling. The floor of the hody I made as in Fig. 3, by nailing together a twelve and a fourinch strip, planing the edges until exactly fifteen inches wide, and cutting a



HOW STANTON WILLARD MADE HIS AUTO



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#### The Electrical Correspondence Club

#### The Mechanical Correspondence Club

Here, boys, are two clubs that should appeal to every boy with a bent toward electrical and mechanical work. There are hundreds of boys who may gain great good from correspondence along these lines. See page 168, April number Ameri-

# How to Make a Telephone Bismuth 5 parts, lead 3 parts, tin 2 parts, melts at 212°. Bismuth 2, lead 1, tin 1, melts at 200°. Bismuth 4, cadmium 1, lead 2, tin 1, melts at 165°.

By WILLIAM BUSHNELL STOUT

DID YOU EVER make a telephone?
"Oh, no," I hear you say; "that's too hard." It isn't, though, and I'm going to tell you how to make a telephone that will work for quite a distance, is easy to make, and will give you lots of fun.
The oddest kind of a telephone I ever saw the hove make was where they tied a

you lots of fun.

The oddest kind of a telephone I ever saw the boys make was where they tied a string between two cans picked up in the back yard; the strings running through holes in the bottom of the can and tied to shoebuttons inside.

You know if you take a tin can and talk into it, holding your fingers on the bottom at the same time, you can feel the whole can shake, or vibrate.

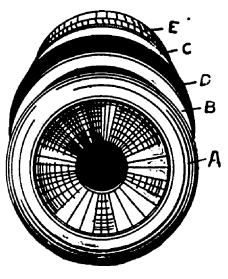
And so, you see, when you connect the bottoms of two cans with a string and shake one by talking into it, the string will shake the bottom of the other can at the other end; and, since it shakes just like the first can, it will say the same words, or make the same noises.

Thus we have a telephone that will work; but the tin is too stiff and the line not stiff enough for good work.

Well, let us make a "phone" that works on this same principle, but make it better so it will work for a greater distance. Then, too, we want some way to "ring up" the other end.

For this improved telephone, first take a piece of pine and cut from it a circle about

For this improved telephone, first take a piece of pine and cut from it a circle about four inches in diameter.



the piece A; if of wood, they may be cut of grape basket cover.

A four-inch circle of half inch wood, with a half-inch hole in its center is next made; and, after this, a springy lath, selected straight grained and free from knots, to act as a spring to keep the line tight and ring the hell.

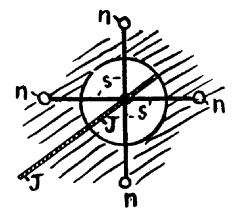
Two inches from one end of this lath, a half-inch hole is bored to correspond with the hole bored in the half-inch piece E.

And now for the "diaphragm," or the part which shakes or "vibrates" when you talk, corresponding with the bottom of the

part which shakes or "vibrates" when you talk, corresponding with the bottom of the tin can in the other phone. This is best cut from "tin-type tin," but may be cut from a sheet of very thin tin or iron.

I have made telephones of this kind with paper diaphragms which worked very well, by gluing stout writing paper between the washers when the paper was wet. On drying, the paper was as tight as a drum head and did me excellent service.

We are now ready to put our phone together.



And now run your line, with as few bends as possible, to your chum's phone.

If there are any turns, they should be arranged as in the drawings, R being a right-angled turn (to be avoided), N a smaller turn, while K shows the method of supporting the line J and keeping it from sagging.

It is needless to say that the line should be stretched as tight as allowable. Great care should be taken that the line touches nothing solid, as that would hinder its

Bell

vibrating and keep the phone from work-

Two crossed strings, fastened to tacks as shown, will prevent the line from touching at the hole H. This is shown in the

Through the center of this bore a oneinch hole and slant it off on one side to
form a funnel-shaped mouthpiece; rounding off the edge also till the piece looks
like A in the figures.

Next, cut two or three heavy washers,
of pasteboard, or wood, a quarter of an
inch wide, and of the same diameter as
the piece A; if of wood, they may be cut
of grape basket cover.

Two crossed strings, fastened to tacks
as shown, will prevent the line from touching at the hole H. This is shown in the
lower right-hand sketch.

The call bell arrangement consists of a
common dinner bell of the small variety,
fastened to tacks
as shown, will prevent the line from touching at the hole H. This is shown in the
lower right-hand sketch.

The call bell arrangement consists of a
fastened to tacks
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The call bell arrangement consists of a
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as shown, will prevent the line from touching at the hole H. This is shown in the
lower right-hand sketch.

The call bell arrangement consists of a
fastened by a small screw to the bottom
of the lath L. By shaking the lath, then,
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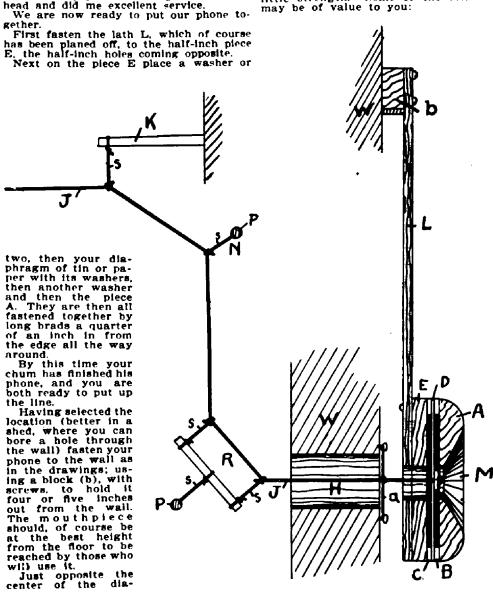
#### Query Box

How far will the wireless telegraph instruments described in the January issue operate?—F. H., Galva, Ill.
Ans. These instruments should transmit messages for one or two miles with ease, but this power to transmit for a considerable distance depends largely upon the battery power and delicacy of the coherer. With a very sensitive coherer messages should be easily detected at a distance of ten miles.

tected at a distance of ten miles.

Please give me a formula for an alloy of very low melting-point, yet of sufficient strength for balance wheels, pulleys, lathe tall stocks, and tool-rests.—J. H., Galveston, Tex.

Ans. Fusible alloys are very poor materials for this purpose as they possess little strength. Some of the following may be of value to you:



Kindly tell me through your column the approximate cost of the materials used in building the wireless telegraph instruments described in the January and February issues.—
A. D., Dorchester, Mass.
Ans. The cost of the bare materials for the entire set should not be over

for the entire set should not be over \$6.50. The wire, batteries and insulating materials are the parts that cost most; the other parts can generally be picked up about a house, and if not, they cost but little.

Can I use my five-ohm learner's outfit for the wireless telegraph sounder? How shall I wind the magnets to get the best results? Where can I get No. 16 bare copper wire, and other parts needed? What should the spark rods be made of?—R P. V., Pittsfield, III. Ans. Your five-ohm instrument would work with this set without re-winding. If it does not, try winding the magnets with a smaller size of wire until the resistance is sufficiently high to balance the tapper magnets. Any house dealing the tapper magnets. Any house dealing in electrical supplies can supply you with the things you need. Make the spark-

phragm bore a one-inch hole and run a string (hemp shoe cord is very good), through the hole and through a small hole in the center of your diaphragm D. Inside the phone the string is tied to a shoe button, as shown, to keep it from pulling out, For a long line use fine wire instead of string.

The wireless instruments described in the January issue are designed to use four layers of wire in the primary, while most coils have only two. Please explain this. Does it make any difference if No. 36 cotton covered wire is used instead of silk? About how large are the blocks upon which the coherer, sounder and relay are mounted?—J. S. S., Hillsdale, Mich.

Mich.

Ans. The four layers of wire were used in this design to give a stronger magnetic field with small battery power than would be possible with only two layers. Four layers have a tendency to make a coil sluggish where rapid work is required, and would not have been used. make a coil sluggish where rapid work is required, and would not have been used except for the fact that the expense to the amateur was considered. Cotton covered wire will do us well as silk, and is much cheaper, but it does not lay as closely when wound on the core. The size of the blocks you mention is immaterial; about two or two and a half inches high should be satisfactory.

What kind of wire is used for the acrial.

What kind of wire is used for the acrial wire? What is meant by taking the clip from the coherer and placing it on the coil terminal? Why are two coherers necessary? Is a hattery necessary for the ground wire?—
H. M., Toronto, Can
Ans. Bare copper wire. The wire is

Ans. Bare copper wire. The wire is supported by some insulating medium, such as the porcelain knobs used by electricians. The clip is provided as a ready means for connecting either the coll or the coherer to the aerial wire. When you are sending a message the clip is attached to one terminal of the coll so that the impulse travels directly up the aerial wire, but when receiving, connect the clip to the coherer so that the impulse received is transmitted directly to the filings, which, of course, are the only things that act under the influence of the impulse. These in turn close the circuit for the relay and that operates the tapper and sounder. An extra coherer was suggested so that one could be taken apart for renewing the extra conerer was suggested so that one could be taken apart for renewing the filings when they refused to act, and the instrument still be in working order. These filings gradually become oxidized and they should then be replaced with fresh. No, a battery is not needed for the ground wire.

How much larger must the induction coils be for telegraphing a distance of fifteen miles? About how many cells of hattery would be required for operating these coils? There are several steel wind-mills within a radius of fifteen miles of either end of my proposed line. Would they affect the operation of a wireless telegraph line, and could this disturbance, if any, be remedied by raising the aerial wires above the height of the wind-mills?—F. D., Hinckley, III.

any, be remedied by raising the aerial wires above the height of the wind-mills?—F. D., Hinckley, Ill.

Ans. Use silk covered magnet wire, No. 36, on the secondary, without any paper between the layers, and make the primary of two layers only. The secondary will require at least a pound and a half of wire, and two will make it much better. Run your aerial wires up at least fifty feet. A battery power of about ten volts and eight or ten amperes should be sufficient with a delicate coherer. The wind-mills will have little effect unless directly in line between the two stations. In that case they might intercept so many waves that those getting past would be of little value.

Does the armature touch the ends of the

Does the armature touch the ends of the magnets? If not, how far distant should they be? Does the sounder-tongue strike both the upper and lower jaws of the anvil?—W. E. A., San Pedro, Cal.

Ans. No, the armature does not touch the magnets, but comes very close to them, say by about 1-64 of an inch. Yes, the tongue should strike both the upper and leaves. and lower jaws, as the interval hetween these taps determines the signal.

## MONTH

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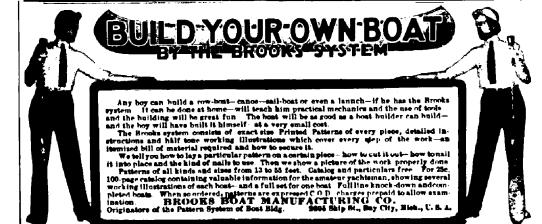
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## The American Boy

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President and Editor. Vice-President and Ass't Editor. Secretary and Treasurer.

## Fun Wanted

THE publishers of The American Boy want stories full of humorsuch stories as boys will laugh over. The stories should be suited to boys of the age of sixteen. The humor should be clean and wholesome, but not of the silly style nor childish. Such as are accompanied by illustrations will be most appreciated and will bring the highest compensation. Do not send mere jokes or anecdotes. Stories of from 1000 to 3000 words are wanted

The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

#### Lessons in Electricity

(Continued from page 224.)

pointing end of one would attract the north-pointing end of the other. Therefore, the north end, or north pole, as it is called, repels the other north pole and attracts the south pole, from which we derive the rule, "like poles repel, unlike attract."

Experiment 18.—Magnetize piece of watch spring that has not been annealed as we did for Experiment 16, and note that it is a magnet, attracting and note that it is a magnet, attracting filings to either end. Now break it in half and try it again on filings. Each piece is now a magnet, as perfect as the first. Again break each half into two and test these pieces; they will still be perfect magnets, and so you might go on dividing each piece until you got them so small that you could not handle them, but they would all be perfect magnets.

It is impossible to make a magnet with one pole only. There must always

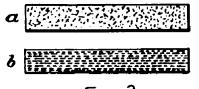


Fig 2

be an opposite pole, no matter how long or how short the magnet.

or how short the magnet.

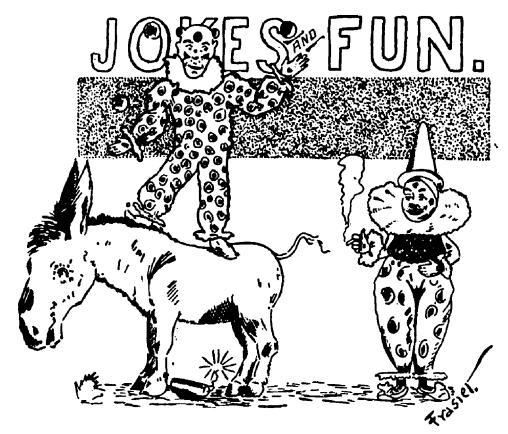
In Fig. 2 is given a diagram illustrating the theory of the force of magnetism, and how it affects the structure of iron or steel. Iron and steel, like all other materials, are composed of minute particles called molecules, which are ordinarily arranged in a topsy-turvy fashion as in A, but just as soon as the force of magnetism enters the piece these molecules arrange themselves in straight lines, as in B. In the case of soft iron this molecular change is not permanent, but when hardened steel is magnetized, the molecules remain in their new positions and the bar becomes a permanent magnet.

their new positions and the par becomes a permanent magnet.
Scientists have agreed upon speaking of this magnetic force as a form of energy that travels in straight or curved lines, and we therefore speak of the magnetism as "lines of force," leaving one pole of a magnet and returning through the other pole.

(To be continued.)

#### The Best

The Gopher Tangle Club, Hastings, Minnesota, in a letter of February 9th says the tangles in THE AMERICAN BOY are the best to be found in any paper that they have yet seen. They add: "The excellence of the puzzles seems to run through the whole paper and makes it the best boy's paper in the world."



#### A Living Question Mark

Father had finished his supper and picked up the daily paper, when Willie, who is a living question mark, commenced in a drawling monotone, showing that he was thinking and that something heavy was weighing on his mind and needed parental enlightenment.

"Papa, oh, papa!"

"Papa, oh, papa!"
"Well, what is it, son?" father answered. "Do they make whalebone out of whales?"

whales?"

"Yes, son," said father, glad for once that he could an wer Willie's question.

"Then do they make sealing wax out of seals?"

Father did not think this question even worthy of reply.

"Papa, are people of Greece greasers?"

No answer.

"Then I reckon people of Cork are

"Then I reckon people of Cork are corkers."
The paper was particularly interest-

Willie was silent for nearly five minutes, and then asked, "I read in a book today that a man was a flower; does that make me a sunflower?"

Willie was discouraged to think that the questions should go unanswered,

withe was discouraged to think that his questions should go unanswered, and then turned to his mother: "Mamma, do squaws wear war hoops?"
Father was getting tired of these questions, and turned to Willie and said, "William, it is time for you to go to bed."

Willie started, but at the stair door turned and asked innocently, "Is my little trundle bed a boycott?"—Northern Christian Advocate.

#### The Hardships of a Boy

I like roast beef and lemonade, And ham and gingerbread, And apple pie and pickles, just Before I go to bed.

But ma she says it wouldn't do To eat a single bite; She says that little hoys who eat Such things would die at night.

I'd hate like anything to die, Yet eating is such joy; Between the two it's pretty hard To be a little boy.

### A Strenuous "Arrangement"

A down-town broker some time ago engaged an office boy to serve during the illness of the lad who regularly performed the duties of that post. Tommy, the new boy, proved to be a jewel, and when Joe, the former incumbent, returned for duty the broker was looth to late ed for duty the broker was loath to let Tommy go. But the other lad wanted to come back and pleaded hard for rein-

"Well," said the broker, "you may have the place again if you can arrange matters with Tommy."

"I guess I can do that," replied Joe, as he went in search of the troublesome

he went in search of the country of the Tommy.

When the broker returned to his office an hour later he found Joe in charge. Tommy was nowhere to be seen. The office looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone. The glass in the private door was smashed, chairs were overturned and ink had been spilled upon the

#### Wasn't all in Johnnie

"Johnnie," said his mother, severely, "Johnnie," said his mother, severely,
"some one has taken a big piece of ginger-bread out of the pantry."

Johnnie biushed guiltily.
"Oh, Johnnie!" she exclaimed, "I didn't
think it was in you."
""Tisn't—not all of it, mother." replied Johnnie. "Part of it's in Elsie!"—
Spare Moments.



Two lads once tried with eggs to pick, To see which was the master.

They hit quite hard, but neither broke,

For hoth were filled with plaster.

---Words and picture by C. P. Winter.

#### The Conquest of Mickey McCloskey (Continued from page 218.)

boy is not goin' to lave us; fall in, boys." boy is not goin' to lave us; fall in, boys."

Under her instructions Buck and Ben
alternately took turns in rubbing the
arms and legs of the sick boy; but nine,
ten, eleven o'clock and midnight came,
and Mickey showed no signs of reviving
strength. The solemn tones of the big
bell in the clock tower of the school
house only three squares away tolled one
and two and the weary watchers saw house only three squares away toiled one and two and the weary watchers saw the life slowly ebbing out. But they worked on. Three o'clock and a faint ray of hope stimulated efforts. Four o'clock was tolled off by the solemn beli that sounded so like a funeral knell, and still Mickey's pulse heat faintly. With the first streak of day the Irish lad opened his eyes and found three anxious faces bent over his couch. Death had been conquered.

It was a merry day when Mickey McCloskey appeared at the grammar school when two weeks of rest had brought back the bloom of health. A ripple of applause ran through the room when Professor Walker at the roll call read out the name—

"Michael J. McCloskey."

No reproof came from the disciplinarian at an outbreak that at another time would have merited a stern reproof.

"Professor Walker." said a clear voice.

"and struggle. They are at the blockhouse! Where is the youngster?

Can't see him—yes—there he is battering at the door with the butt of his rifle.

Look! the enemy is on the run! At 'em! "Hooray for Dixle!" a big fellow from Alabama shouts.

"Yes, 'n' hooray for the corn-fed boys of old Kansas!" yells another.

"Call off that boy! Call off that boy! Call off that boy! We want to get action on the shanty with a barker!"

Can't see him—yes—there he is battering at the door with the butt of his rifle.

"Yes, 'n' hooray for Dixle!" a big fellow from Alabama shouts.

"Yes, 'n' hooray for the corn-fed boys of old Kansas!" yells another.

"Call off that boy! Call off that boy! Call off that boy! Call off nothing!

proof.

"Professor Walker," said a clear voice, and Buck Andrews rose. "I want to make an explanation," and again the applause ran through the room "I want to apologize to the bravest boy in the grammar school for the insult I offered to him last September. And I want to say that I bear him no ill for the artistic decoration he performed for my benefit that day. We started out to conquer Mickey McCloskey—he has conquered us."

door was smashed, chairs were overturned and ink had been spilled upon the
carpet.

"What does this mean, Joe?" inquired
the amazed broker.

"Tommy's gone, sir," replied Joe, smiling. "I arranged it with him all right,
all right."—Exchange.

conquer Mickey McCloskey—he has conquered us."

And Professor Walker only smiled in
approval as the fifty boys in the room
rose to their feet and gave vent to their
satisfaction in the school yell. Peace
hath its conquests
no less than war.



THE EDITOR AND THE BOYS INTRODUCED BY THE MAIL BAG. ISN'T THE EDITOR HANDSONE? DRAWN BY OME OF THE BOYS

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#### IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT

HE trenches were not deep. Under a blistering sun, lying close to the parched earth, the line of Yankees waited. Now and then a mischievous volunteer slowly raised his hat on the end of a bayonet a few inches above the ridge which did for breastworks.

above the ridge which did for breast-works.

Crack! crack! from tree and thicket came swarms of bullets, many of which passed over with a b-z-z! bing-g-g!—sounds not unlike those made by flying beetles—and some of them punctured the hat, which the Spaniards thought contained the head of a curious fellow.

Hark! A rumbling sound is heard—the tramp of hundreds of feet; and now a Spanish masked battery on the hillside in front is in action. Wicked shells screech and whiz overhead. The tramping draws nearer. Above the sound is heard the Yankee yell and soon there rushes by a charging regiment. The long-looked-for order to move is passed up and down the waiting line, and into the hail of bullets the volunteers charge.

See! it's every fellow for himself, with

See! it's every fellow for himself, with the volunteers. The raw recruits have had little discipline. What's the use of discipline, now, anyway? Yonder are the Spaniards. It's a case of win the charge or run and be driven into the sea; and Yankees don't run.

Who is that youngster yonder without a hat? Look at him! Why, he's trying to get ahead of that solid wall of regulars! His 'eeth are set; his eyes flash ulars! His teeth are set; his eyes flash fire. As he runs he tears loose the neck band of his shirt so he can breathe easier. Now, he throws away his canteen; now his canvas jacket is cast aside. He's down! No, he isn't! There—that is he! he only stumbled over a vine. He'll make it! Why, the silly boy won't last five minutes if he insists on trying to reach the enemy's blockhouse so far ahead of the others.

Heavens! What a fire! There must be ten thousand Spanish troops scattered

ten thousand Spanish troops scattered about up yonder. What's the matter now? Nothing. He only paused to snatch a flag from a color bearer. He's ahead! There he goes—they can't hit him, it seems.

Hurrah! hurrah! He has planted the flag! He turns and waves to the oncoming troops.

coming troops.

"Come on, fellers, let's eat 'em up!" he cries excitedly.

Does he think he's in a football game? The top of the hill is reached. The savage Yankee rallying cry is heard over the roar of guns. The line has suffered a great deal, but—

There they go! It's almost a hand-to-hand struggle. They are at the block-house! Where is the youngster?

Can't see him—yes—there he is battering at the door with the butt of his rifie.

Call off nothing! He hears! See, he's dropped flat on the ground.
"Let it go! Wow! Give 'em another like that!"

like that!"
There's a hole now. The youngster is going in. See him fight! The Spaniards have run up the white flag. Is the yellow-headed fellow safe? Of course. Who else is that on top of the blockhouse with the stars and stripes?
"Holler, boys, holler! If you can't yell any more, get clubs and pound!"
"What a racket!

"What a racket!

"For heaven's sake, Robert! Robert! Are you crazy? Are you trying to kill us? Robert!"

"Pa! What's the matter?"

"Matter! What's the matter? Look at that door—that window—that curtain!"

Then a puzzied boy assumed a foolish air and didn't know what to say.

Bobby had, just before going to bed, been reading tales from the history of the Cuban campaign. He dreamed he was in the thickest of the fight, a yellow-headed, hatless volunteer helping to make history. He got up in his sleep, and, as he charged through the house, grasped the plano stool. With this for a weapon he battered in the door of his parents' room and made things fly for a moment or two. When finally awakened, he found his father treed on the dresser, the glass of which was shattered into a million pieces. One window of the room was smashed and the curtain torn to shreds. Another "Spaniard," Bobby's mother, ventured forth from a closet whence she hau retreated for safety when the lad and his nightmare were running ahead of the main body of troops in Cuba, capturing blockhouses, planting flags on the prizes and putting to rout the Spanish troops.



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 puz-zles nor to reply personally to let-

Harold Westcott, 200 North Scoville avenue. naroid Westcott, 200 North Scoville avenue, Oak Park, Ill., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the March Tangles.

Harry Dinges, 55 Henderson avenue, Joliet, Ill., wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Harry Dinges, 55 Henderson avenue, Joliet, - Hil., wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: George F. Cook, Allert Brager, W. Earl Berry, S. John McCarthy, Benjamin 'L. Miller, Harry Newquist, Lawrence Drobisch, Eugene A. Scanlon, John E. Caughey, George Wells, Corrill G. Buck, Fred W. Kurtz, Joseph M. Heinen, George Kump, W. H. Woodruff, Acheson Callaghan, D. Waldo Brown, H. Ward Lewis, S. Levis Hibberd, Harold W. Ranney, Leroy Varner, Paul C. Hassler, Chas. Archer Smith, Richard M. Thompson, C. Clyde Nickum, Raymond Clark, C. Roland Kerbaugh, Sherman W. Reardon, George H. Stanbery, William Wyer, Lot Wilbur Armin, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Nels W. Kindgren, Sarah Gilles, Walter W. Wobus, Robert B. Gubbins, B. Frank Steeling, Arnold Lommen, Henvis S. Roessler, Old Poser, Harry M. Sawyer, Willard S. Worcester, Frank Bolton, J. Horace Trumbull, Theo. Bellharz, Jr., Paul Silas, Whitney H. Shepardson, Jas. P. Dawson, Harrison Brown, Brice Worley, Emerson G. Sutcliffe, John H. Seamans, Ira Siglinger, Raymond W. Blanchard, Walter T. Horton, M. Gray, K. Haren, Harry Heckman, Ray F. Macintyre.

A grand prize of a beautiful silk American flag, 4 feet by 2½ feet, mounted on a solid ash staff, with maple spear-head, bronzed, will be given for the best Fourth of July puzzle received by May 20.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to the May Tangles received by May 20.

#### Answers to April Tangles

Allswers to April 1 aligies

38. The illustrated words are as follows:

1. Femur. 2. Ibsen. 3. Broom. 4. Heart. 5.

Colon. 6. Water. 7. Chair. 8. Spade. 9. 8.

Pansy 10 Comma. 11. Knife. 12. Brush.

13. Snail. 14. Crown. 15. Moose. 16. Steps.

17. Buggy. 18. Zebra. 19. Clock. 20. Aster.

21. Lever. 22. Prism. 23. Horse. 24. Egret.

25. Sword. 26. Seven. 27. Oscar. 28. Ivory. /o
29. Otter. 30. Onion. Placing the second letters on the dates in the manner required, //
read, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Shreveport, //
cities of Louisians.

39. He is not here, for he is risen. Part of /2-

39. He is not here, for he is risen. Part of /2—Matt. XXVIII., 6. Key words: Esther, Nert, city Ner, horse, Ishi, for.

Ner, horse, Ishi, for.

40. 1. He who shares the danger ought to share the prize. 2. Those who do not know their right place must be taught it. 3. He is not to be trusted as a friend who ill-treats his own family. 4. The hero is brave in deeds as well as in words. 5. Men often bear little grievances with less courage than they do large misfortunes. 6. Every tale is not to be believed. 7. Our mere anticipations of life outrun its realities. 8. Do not attempt to hide things which cannot be hid.

41. Commence with T at the right of the

things which cannot be nic.

41. Commence with T at the right of the apex and read to the right: The assassination of President Abraham Lincoln.

42. The letters around the egg are: (1) Arbor Day, (2) All Fool's Day, (3) Easter. Key words: Tyler, Labor Day, fooled, Saar, Sal

43. Hans Christian Andersen. 44. Fort Pulaski, New Orleans, Sumter, Petersburg, Richmond, Lexington, Cerro Gor-Sumter.

45. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

(Childe Harold, canto IV.)

Key words: Schooner, billow, anchor, sheet, reeve, rocks, sword, keel, skipper, diver, flounder, lantern, haul, undaunted, aft, tar. 45.

47. 1. A-base h 2. R-amble 3. B-east 4. O-ration pot hotel tea R-ash
 D-anger.
 A-bet
 Y-earn can top pit waterevelilac net new tar r r c sea reign Beheadings, Arbor IJ

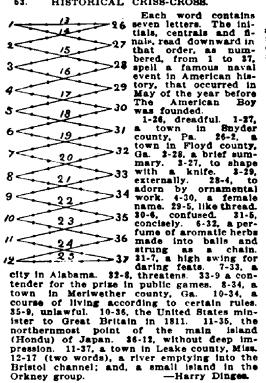
49. A rrowstum PRulerooka pILight FOoilershak OLibra 48. 1. m a P 1 e 2. t r U n k 3. P e R r y 4. v o C a 1 5. a s H e s 6. 8 p A i n 7. E s 8 e x 8. s t E e 1 9. s h O r e 10. T a F f y 11. 1 i L a c 12. s t O r k 13. p l U m e 14. A 1 I c e 15. P a 8 h a 16. P r I a m 17. M e A d e 18. F u N d y 19. f r A n c Centrals. Purchase o Alternates, April Fool. 50. 1. Eurydice 2. Anchises 3. Silvanus

4. Tantalus
5. Endymion
6. Rhodanus
Initials Easter. 51. A P R I L P R I D E R I F L E I D L E R L E E R S Centrals, Purchase of Louisians.

52. Grant, Monroe, Buchanan, Jefferson.

#### New Tangles

#### HISTORICAL CRISS-CROSS.



#### MAY HISTORY.

Beginning with a certain letter and proceeding in a certain direction, skipping a uniform number of letters each time, using the letters once only, find a great event in American history and the date of its occurrence.

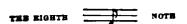
## How to Play the Mandolin TAUGHT IN EIGHT LESSONS By LILLIAN STANDIFORD

#### FOURTH LESSON.

A practice of the following melody will teach the pupil how to skip from one ng to another. Count four in a measure, and observe the quarter rests by taking string to another. Count the pick off the strings.



Notice in the Polka, you have a new note—the eighth note. It is made like a quarter note, with a hook added. It gets half a count; two eighth notes get one count. You count two in a measure in two-four time. In the first measure you



count "one and two and." The second measure is counted one and two. You stay twice as long on the quarter note as on the eighth note. Play these pieces over and over. Always play a new piece very slow at first until you get acquainted with the notes; then try and play faster. Keep your eyes on the music, count the time first,



# ngersolt

If you love life don't squander time, the material of which life is made. Don't be without a watch whatever your occupation.

No man who has any use for time whatever is unable to afford a watch when an Ingersoll Watch and good timekeeper can be had for as little as a dollar. Seld by dealers everywhere, or postpald by us. Every watch guaranteed. Price \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Ask for an Ingersoll—name on dial.

Ruse Attended & N.Y. Chy Agree That If without misuse lins Watch talls to keep good ame
FOR ONE YEAR.
They will upon its return to them to Coffer with this Agreement and S' for remaiting, Become it Int of Charge

#### ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., Dopt. 34. 51 Maiden Lane, New York

TORLBAGESNEOTDDFENEMIIWAGN whose given names were "Return Jonathan."

E 4. The first Secretary of the Interior. 5. President Lincoln's Secretary of State. 6. The Vice-President two terms under President H Monoce. 7. The first Postmaster-General. 8. F. President Polk's Secretary of the Treasury.

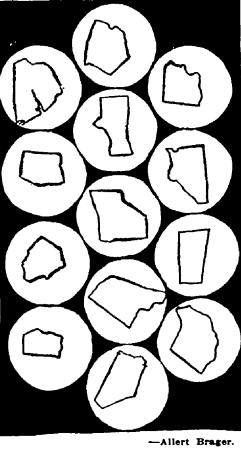
The Interior. T E

L S NONNH L GCAE E L R R A C L M N M L C M N A H A R A E D O S N E D I E P P E

move to adjacent let-ters using each once only and find the sur-names of seven Amer-icans whose deeds are commemorated on a certain day in May —The Gopher.

#### MAY GEOGRAPHY.

These are the outlines of thirteen counties, all found in one certain coast state. The initials of the county names, when arranged in correct order, will spell a May holiday, observed in the United States. The drawing is by the author of the Tangle.



#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

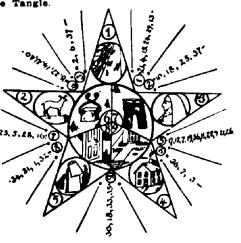
The words are of uniform length. The initials spell the surname of a celebrated American ornithologist, of French descent, born in May, 1780; the finals, a famous Swiss-American naturalist, born in May, 1807.

1. The name of that Herod, king of Judea, whose awful desth is told of in Acts. 2. A lake in Maine and New Hampshire. 3. A bay on the east coast of Africa. 4. The hero of the Odyssey. 5. The god of wine. 6. The present king of Sweden and Norway. 7. A city of Mississippi.

#### -8. John McCarthy.

#### SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA.

The key words are represented by the nine numbered pictures within the star, and the guide numbers to the key words are outside the star. The whole is a well-known quotation, of 37 letters, from one of Shakespeare's tragedies. The drawing is by the author of the Tangle.



-George F. Cook.

MAY ACROSTIC. The initial letters of the following surnames in order spell the name of an early American settlement, established by English colonists in May, whose anniversary will be celebrated in two years. The surnames are of varying

tn. The first Secretary of State. 2. The first -President. 3. The Postmaster-General Vice-President.

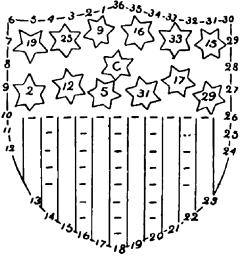
the Interior.

#### -John E. Caughey.

TANGLED SQUARES. 

#### EMBLEMATIC TANGLE.

From 1 to 9, a state admitted in May. 8 to 10, President Lincoln's pet name for one of his sons. 13 to 17, the "Valley" at which Washington wintered in 1777. 13 to 23, a flower emblematic of fidelity. 24 to 20, a surname of the American general who was chief engineer for the erection of the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty in New York harbor. 31 to 27, surname of the officer who captured Ticonderoga in May, 1775. 1 to 31, a state which organized as a territory in May, 1864.



Across, 10 to 26 (13 letters), a May holiday. The alternate stripes are to be read downward, and are defined as follows, beginning at the left: 10, 11, 12, a retreat. The chief seaport of Peru (6 letters). Roaming (8 letters). Tumultuous (9 letters). Introductory music to an opera (8 letters). A character in the Comedy of Errors (6 letters). 26, 25, 24, an affirmative.

The letters to be placed in the stars are the letters of the corresponding numbers in

The letters to be placed in the state and the letters of the corresponding numbers in the edge of the shield, and, including the C in the center star, when properly arranged will spell an emblem of the United States.

—Benjamin L. Miller.

#### FLOOD ACROSTIC.

All words of the same length. The initials in order spell an American city that was destroyed by a flood on a May day of the last century with a loss of at least 3,000 lives.

1. The largest body of the solar system, except the sun. 2. The last king of Ireland. 3. The first editor of "The Century," author of "Sevenoaks."

4. The goddess of divine retribution. 5. A river that forms part of the United States boundary. 6. A celebrated American clergyman, whose church in Brooklyn was burned three times. 7. Nero's wife. 8. The recently deceased American general, diplomat, lawyer and author, who wrote "Ben Hur" 9. A private secretary of President Lincoln.

—Eugene A. Scanlon.

#### TANGLED ADVERTISERS.

Here are the first words of certain advertise-ments that appeared in the February 1905, AMERICAN BOY. Take the very first letter of the name appended to each of these ad-vertisements, in the order here given, and obtain the name of another advertiser in the

vertisements, in an obtain the name issue.

(1) Your name of another advertiser in the same issue.

(1) Your name valuable to us. (2) 50 bulbs 25 cents. (3) 120 all different, rare Zansibar, China, Fiji. etc. (4) Which will you sleep on tonight. (5) Free, a good unused stamp catalogued 25c. (6) 5 cents buys the beautiful Triangle stamp. (7) Do you want to earn a dollar? (8) 300 Foreign stamps, 10c. (9) Plays for Parlor, School Room or Stage. (10) Free, 100 var. Foreign Stamps. (11) The Hand That Fills the Pay Envelope. (12) We Give Premiums. (13) 50 Packages Flower Seeds, 50c. (14) Free—100 Mixed Foreign Stamps. (15) Wanted Strong Young Men for Firemen and Brakemen. (16) Special 60 Day Offer. (17) Form a Library.

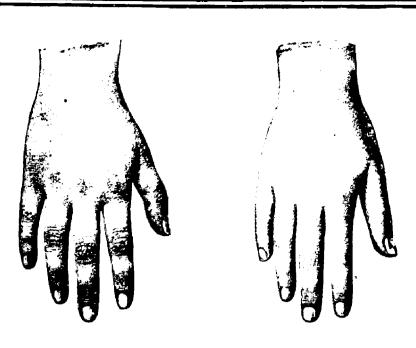
—S. John McCarthy.

#### AMONG THE AUTHORS.

64. Move the names to the right or left so that a perpendicular row of letters from the top down will spell the title of a famous story for

> LONGFELLOW SCOTT SPRAGUE STOWE HENTY ALGER MUNROE OPTIC DICK**ENS** DUMAS

> > W. Earl Berry



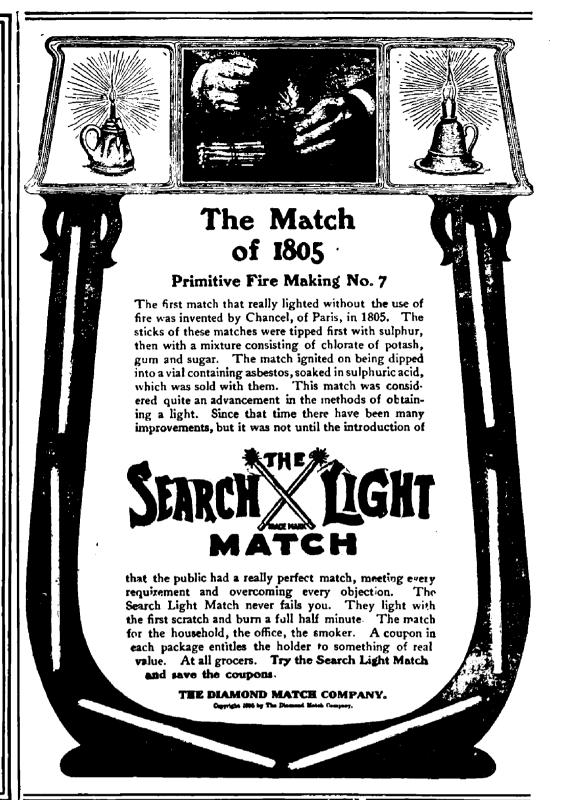
## Rough Skin and Smooth

Your skin becomes rough and chapped when the pores are deficient in their natural oils. This is why strong soap is so bad for the hands. It destroys the oils provided by nature to keep the skin soft and pliable—as oil affects leather—and so while the pores must be cleansed and kept open, these wonderful oils must not be exhausted. The soap problem, therefore, has ever been to cleanse and preserve and now

has solved it. A cleanser that gently dissolves the dirt as warmth dissolves snow; a soap and yet more than soap. Composed of those oils most helpful to the skin-Palm Oil, Olive Oil and Cocoa Butter-PALMOLIVE supplies what other soaps destroy, and the skin in its gratitude becomes soft, white and smooth, staying so as long as you use PALMOLIVE.

For the hands, the face, the bath, the nursery, there is no soap like PALMOLIVE, as you realize at the first using and yet, owing to the perfect method of making, you can enjoy its luxury for 10 cents a cake. Sold wherever soap is sold, or sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents and the name of a dealer who does not keer it. Isn't the common sense of it worth this investment?

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, 332 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis.



## HOW TO PLANT A TREE

Written for The American Boy by W. W. BARRETT, Ex-State Superintendent of Irrigation and Forestry, and State Fish Commissioner of North Dakota

If every boy who reads The American Boy were to plant a little tree in May it would mean a quarter of a million more trees. How many of our readers will do it?—The Editor.

The TREE MUST be sound and roots. If the tree should be of large size healthy and have good roots. Pro- and much exposed, it should be well of itself.

In planting a tree be on the alert; exercise thought, judgment and skill in every move and step, as regards condition of the ground, tree, protection of roots from sun and wind, moisture for the roots, trimming, manner of planting and proper protection from injury, and cultivation, and in all things necessary for the life and growth of the plant, and, conditions being right, success will crown your efforts in the way of a hardy and thrifty tree, the beauty and use of which may last through conturies of time as a token of your good work and use in the world. Then plant the trees and beautify the earth and bless the children of men.

tille tree in May it would mean a quarter of a millim more trees. How many of our readers could do it.—The Editor.

THE TREE MUST be sound and roots. If the tree should be of large size the county of the county o

chafing, place rags between the tree and the opening in the staying boards. See skipper was playing line with a large that the tree is well cultivated, the weeds steel shark hook baited with a big

"To tell the truth, sir," said the mate, "neither of them is either useful or ornamental, and if you were to stick the pair of them on the hook they never would be missed, except perhaps by the cook, who is kept busy all the time for the hungry young imps. Say the word, sir, and I'll have them on the hook in a jiffy."

The mate spoke as if he were terribly

The mate spoke as if he were terribly in earnest, and the boys, conscious, perhaps, that they had been quite troublesome to the mate since first they came aboard, began to be alarmed. The captain paused undecidedly, and then resumed his playing of the bait. His work was in vain. He couldn't interest the shark in the game at all. Finally the skipper hauled the hook and bait aboard, as if he had grown tired of the sport.

The mate took hold of the fishing line, coiling it down close for running. Then he swung the hook at the shark with all his might, and hit him fair in the head with. There was a great commotion in the water. The shark, roused to action, rushed at the bait, swallowed it and darted off. The other end of the line was fast to a cleat in the rail, and in a few seconds the shark was brought up all standing, with the barb of the hook fast in his guillet.

A great flurry followed, the shark struggling ineffectually to rid himself of the sharp hook. The captain came on deck, madder than a hornet that another should succeed where he had failed.

"Get the watch aft, Mr. Connery; hoist this beast in the waist. I don't want my quarter-deck messed up with his slaughter," he ordered in sharp tones.

Several sallors shuffled aft, and soon hauled the shark to a convenient place, where he was holsted aboard. As soon as he reached the deck, his tail was cut off by the carpenter with a well directed blow of his sharp axe. It is the unwritten law of the sea that Chips, the carpenter, shall always perform this duty, and that Slushy, the cook, shall rip him open and fall heir to whatever his interior may contain.

The carpenter fell heir to the backbone, of which he made a handsome The mate spoke as if he were terribly

may contain.

may contain.

The carpenter fell heir to the backbone, of which he made a handsome walking-stick. The jaws were given to Jack, while Billy obtained the tail of the shark—a trophy which he dried in the troplical sun and took home with him, investing it with a weird and remantic investing it with a weird and romantic story, of which he was the hero, as is the custom of all boys afloat and

# THE

# American Boy

June, 1905

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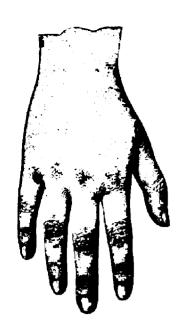
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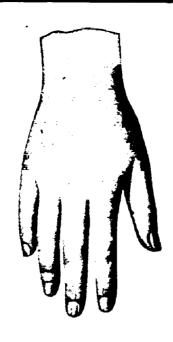
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No. 8

TEXAS BIDS GOODBY TO THE PRESIDENT FROM STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT 1905 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD NEW YORK





## Rough Skin and Smooth

Your skin becomes rough and chapped when the pores are deficient in their natural oils. This is why strong soap is so bad for the hands. It destroys the oils provided by nature to keep the skin soft and pliable—as oil affects leather—and so while the pores must be cleansed and kept open, these wonderful oils must not be exhausted. The soap problem, therefore, has ever been to cleanse and preserve and now

# **PALMOLIVE**

has solved it. A cleanser that gently dissolves the dirt as warmth dissolves snow; a soap and yet more than soap. Composed of those oils most helpful to the skin—Palm Oil, Olive Oil and Cocoa Butter—PALMOLIVE supplies what other soaps destroy, and the skin in its gratitude becomes soft, white and smooth, staying so as long as you use PALMOLIVE.

For the hands, the face, the bath, the nursery, there is no soap like PALMOLIVE, as you realize at the first using, and yet, owing to the perfect method of making, you can enjoy its luxury for 10 cents a cake. Sold wherever soap is sold, or sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents and the name of a dealer who does not keep it. Isn't the common sense of it worth this investment?

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, 332 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis.



# American Boy Day Celebrations

AT PORTLAND, OREGON, July 5th. The Exposition management have designated July 5th as American Boy Day. The exercises will be held in the Exposition Auditorium, which seats 2,500 persons. Boys and their friends, old and young, are invited. The Exposition Band will be in attendance. President Goode, of the Exposition, will deliver an address of welcome. There will be boy orators, poets, singers, instrumental soloists. There will be a salute to the flag, the reading of messages from Governors and other distinguished people, and other special features. The editor of The American Boy will preside. There will be special fireworks in the evening.

AT BOSTON, MASS., date not fixed. There will be present the boys' clubs of the city and vicinity, and hundreds of boys from all over New England. The program will be similar in character to that given at Portland, with different performers.

AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 22nd. Morning, afternoon and evening. The program will be much the same as that at Portland. A large chorus in addition.

AT OTHER PLACES. Celebrations may also be held in San Francisco, Cal.; Cairo, Ill.; Bedford, Pa.; and Lexington, N. C. Individual Companies of the Order of the American Boy are preparing to celebrate in their home towns.

CAN YOU TAKE PART?

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

See Page 242

# merican

RAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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AS SECOND CLASS MATTER

Volume 6

DETROIT, MICH., JUNE, 1905

Number 8



#### (BEGUN IN DECEMBER) CHAPTER XVI.

SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.

T WAS so incredible that Sing-Hi should be Takahaki, and that Takahaki, formerly a cadet at Annapolis, then an officer in the Japanese navy, and last heard from as one of a forlorn hope dashing into the mine-strewn harbor at Port Arthur, should be Sing-Hi, that for a moment Dunster gazed at the smiling figure before him in speechless amazement.

"Are you really my friend Taki Matsu?" he finally asked, still doubting. "If so, why are you here in this disguise? How did you get here? I thought you were at Port Arthur. Do you not know that discovery would mean certain death, and that I could not lift a hand to save you?

"Yes, Dun Brown, I am your friend Takimat, and I am here because you are here with that boat submarine that you bring for Japan.'

"How did you know I was bringing it?"

"I am not know it was you. It is said only that one man to represent the builder will come, and I am detail to receive that boat at Hakodate, to make him ready for the service, and then to have him in command. In a destroyer I go to Hakodate and there we wait. We know of the ships out from this place but may not attack them, only watch. Then in a hurry we get order: 'Proceed quick vicinity Vladivostok. Await return of Russian squadron. Plan destruction of Cochise containing submarine, now prize of Rurik.' So we come, we hide, we make of junk a floating mine and in it I seek to diss-troy that Cochise."

"You, Taki!" exclaimed Dunster. "Were you in

command of that wretched junk?'

Yes, Dun Brown, I am have that great honor. So I try and put her in front of Cochise, knowing that no ship of the Rus-si-an will turn to save poor Chinese junk. But Cochise did turn, I know not why, and so save himself. Then I do what is next best thing and blow up that cruiser; but also I save myself for try once more and diss-troy that submarine. I am fish from the water and brought on the shore where some soldier say 'Go to work, pig!' and I stretcher carry. Then I see my friend Dun Brown and almost I holler. But I say, 'Stop; he will need servant,' and I come here quick for that honorable position. I meet that Frenchman. He hear me speak some English word and ask me if I want easy job for which he give me plenty eat and twenty kopek each day. I say maybe so, what is it? He say it is be servant of one Englishman who is prisoner, and rip-port to him every day what that prisoner will say and do. Also to give him every day eighty kopek of what that prisoner will pay. Also to speak so little of English that the prisoner may not know is very little money for do so much thing, and he say, 'Go away then, I find other man.' Then I say: 'No, your excellency, I very poor man with old father and mother very hungry, so that I must have even such little money and I will try be servant.' For two day he listen, listen, all the time, and I am 'fraid to speak. Now he is go see Governor-General, and I find that chance. But, my friend, my dear friend Dun Brown, why do you come to this place of so great danger? Is it that you may be shot for spy, or sent to mines for life? Are you not knowing that the Delar man is one Russky who goes to America for find out things, who work in that shipyard and see you there, who know all the time of that submarine and send here word of it? For to get it only is why those Vladivostok ships go out. That now is known.

"Taki," broke in Dunster at this point, "I came because I couldn't help it. I have told you why I hated Russia, and why my ancestors fought her. Of course I did not mean to come here. I expected to land in Japan and there get the submarine ready for business. I am supposed to be a correspondent, and had papers proving me to be one; but they have been taken from me. I came on the Cochise and it was I who altered her course so that she should not strike your junk. Would you still have tried to blow up that ship, Taki, if you had known that I was on board?" "Yes, Dun Brown. For the Mikado I must even

diss-troy my best friend, but also would I diss-troy myself at same time. If I blow you up, I, too, would not be save. But why-

At this moment came a sharp rap on the door and an effort was made to open it.

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Takahaki sprang to unlock it, while Dunster dropped into a chair and picked up a book. As the door was opened Commander Zemaloffsky, closely followed by M. Delar, entered the room. Both visitors glanced quickly but searchingly about the apartment.

"We are sorry to have interrupted Monsieur Brownleigh's conversation," said the Russian officer, gazing keenly at Dunster, "but an affair of some urgency must be our excuse."

"Conversation?" repeated the young American, as though not comprehending the other's meaning. "Ah, yes! You perhaps overheard me reading aloud to myself. I often do so when there is no one to talk

"Your English-speaking servant?" suggested the

Russian.

"My English-speaking servant!" laughed Dunster. "That of course is your joke, Monsieur; but it is a sorry one for me, seeing that I am paying a rouble each day to hear this parrot of a Chinaman repeat over and over, three phrases of my native tongue 'Me spik Melican, Name Sing-Hi, Me git um queek' seems to be the extent of his English at present and I have little hope of teaching him more, for he appears very stupid."

'Undoubtedly so." agreed the other; "but probably he is as good as you will find among the low-class Chinese. Without exception they are ignorant as pigs, and the Japs are no better. All these yellow heathen simply are imitators—parrots, if you like. But, Monsieur, let us speak of your own affairs, which have reached a grave crisis. For two days have you been on tmai-

"Have I?" queried Dunster. "I did not know it." "Yes. That is, your case has been considered in all its aspects by a court-martial composed of the highest military officials now in Vladivostok, and I am commissioned to deliver to you their decision In spite of your American papers, you are believed to be a Russian subject acting in the interests of Japan. Russia's most deadly enemy, and therefore a traitor to our imperial master the Czar. For this crime there is but one punishment, and it is death. This being the case, I have the honor to inform you that you are sentenced to be shot at sunset of this very evening."

For a moment Dunster stared at the man who had so calmly uttered these awful words, with a white face and incredulous eyes.

You cannot mean that!" he finally gasped, as he stood clenching the back of a chair for support against the deadly faintness that had seized him. "You are joking, of course, and attempting to frighten me. Such a thing as a trial without the accused being heard in his own defense, or at least being present, is unknown in these days. Even if such a farce had taken place, I should appeal to the American consul for protection, or at any rate to see that I was given a trial with legal formalities and the opportunity of preparing a defense. I easily can prove that I am American both by birth and citizenship; and if so much as a hair of my head is harmed without every opportunity being granted me for producing that evidence, your government will be called to account by mine. And I warn you, sir, that the day on which Russia arouses the wrath of the American people will be the sorriest in all her sorrowful history. But of course you are only attempting to frighten me."

'Alas! my dear Monsieur Brownleigh, I am not." replied the officer. "You do not seem to consider that this is a time of war, that Vladivostok is no longer a commercial port open to the trade of the world, but a military base, subject to the conditions of blocks de, with consular service suspended, and civil government replaced by martial law. Not only are you charged with treason against our most illustrious master, but also with having deliberately and of set purpose caused the destruction of one of the imperial cruisers but three days since in this very harbor. No, my friend, a just sentence has been passed upon you, and it surely will be executed unless-

"Unless what?" asked Dunster, as the other paused.

"Unless you agree to certain conditions that I am authorized to offer, in which case the extreme penalty may be commuted for a milder form of punishment.

'What are they?"

"That you will place your knowledge of submarines at the service of the Russian government. and supervise for it, as you proposed to do for Japan. the assembling and outfitting of the boat so fortunately come into our possession with the capture of the Cochise. That, when the submarine is ready for sea, you will serve in her as engineer, giving instruction, to the full extent of your knowledge, to every person designated to receive it, and at the same time will obey implicitly the orders of the commanding officer. By accepting these conditions, and pledging your word for their fulfillment, you may at least save your life, which otherwise will be forfelted."

Of course the Russian officer did not use the fluent English here recorded, and in his efforts to make his meaning clear he frequently had to rely upon the aid of M. Delar. Now that individual, turning to Dunster, said:

"I urge you to accept this proposition, Brownleigh. Under the circumstances I call it a most liberal one: and anyway it cannot make the slightest difference to an American which side he serves in this most regrettable war.

Turning scornfully from the man whom he now knew to be the cause of all his present trouble, Dunster addressed himself to M. Zemaloffsky, saying:

Before giving you an answer, sir, I demand to be relieved of the presence of this contemptible spy, with whom I refuse to hold any further communication. He is-

"Monsieur," interrupted the Russian sternly, "it is not for you to make demands, but only to accept or reject, without delay, the proposition presented. What is your answer, yes or no?"

For a minute Dunster hesitated, with his mind a ferment of indecision, while the two men searched his face as though to read his very thoughts. Passing beyond them, his eye fell on Takahaki, who, during the foregoing scene, had been stolidly engaged in removing stains from a coat, apparently without giving heed to what the other occupants of the room were saying or doing. Now he was gazing intently at his friend and as their eyes met he almost imperceptibly nodded his head. Then he resumed his task as though absolutely indifferent to everything else. But his signal was understood, and in an instant Dunster's indecision had vanished.

"Monsieur Zemaloffsky," he said in a firm voice.
"I accept your proposition. I will serve the Russian government to the extent of putting the submarine into as perfect condition as my knowledge will permit; and afterwards I will act as her engineer to the best of my ability, obeying implicitly the orders of the officer in command. At the same time, I want it distinctly understood that I make this promise upon compulsion and under protest. Also that I shall use every effort to call the attention of the American government to my situation."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

COUNT CABIMIR OF WARSAW.

At one end of the Viadivostok water front is a complete naval station containing docks, shipyards, arsenal, machine shops, etc. At the other end of the town are the warehouses and wharves of commerce and beyond them is the merchant ship anchorage. Here, too, crowning a low hill, is the massive log

stockade of the Vladivostok prison in which are detained such Siberian exiles as had almost succeeded in making their escape on board outgoing vessels, only to be detected at the last moment and returned to the chains that, after years of ceaseless effort, they fondly believed they had cast off forever. It is one of the saddest prisons in the world, for, standing on the very brink of freedom, it is the burial-place of hope. From it prisoners are only sent to the living death of Saghalin, the "Isle of the Lost;" or if their identity can be discovered, they are returned to the dreadful places in the remote interior from which, through sufferings far worse than death, they have effected escapes, months, and even years, before.

To this stronghold of sorrow was Dunster Brownleigh taken immediately upon agreeing to Commander Zemaloffsky's proposition, by a couple of soldiers who had waited in the hotel apartment adjoining his, and he was told that here he must remain until his services should be required.

Although thus thrown into one of the worst of Siberian prisons and allowed no intercourse with the outside world, the young American was granted certain privileges not shared by his fellow-unfortunates. Thus he was allowed to draw money on his own letter of credit, to hire a servant, to rent from the warden a single room log hut in which to live, and in it to surround himself with a number of rude comforts. Above all he was permitted to retain all the hair of his head, while most of the prisoners were made at once ridiculous, and conspicuous beyond all chance of escaping recognition as a convict, by having one half of the head and face clean shaven. At the time of his entrance to the prison Dunster's name was taken from him, and thereafter he was known only as "No. 40."

When permission was granted him to maintain a servant at his own expense, he was asked whether he would continue to employ Sing-Hi, who could be allowed to wait on him only from sunrise to sunset, and must be expelled from the prison at night, or if he would prefer to employ one of the convicts, whose services would be at his disposal at all hours. He promptly replied that, stupid and high-priced as Sing-Hi was, he preferred to retain the Chinese "boy," who had become used to his ways. This was entirely satisfactory to the authorities, who continued to regard Sing-Hi as devoted to their interests, and the latter received orders to watch his master in prison as closely as before, making daily reports of all that he said and did, to M. Delar. In order to provide him with something to report, Dunster prepared, with every appearance of secrecy, a number of letters to various Amercan officials at home and in Japan, as well as to his own father. These he gave to his servant, one at a time, with promises of large rewards if he should succeed in smuggling them from the city. Of course every one of these was promptly delivered to M. Delar, who not only praised the "boy" for his faithfulness to the Russian cause, but allowed him to retain the money given him by Dunster for expenses.

Besides preparing these letters for the entertainment of his enemies, Dunster found so little to occupy him in that dreary prison that time hung heavily on his hands. The great, cheerless barracks, crowded with idle convicts, sleeping, quarrelling, or gambling, so reeked with filth and vermin that after a single inspection, he was thankful not to be obliged to enter them again. He spent much time in tramping briskly from end to end of the prison yard, and always while thus walking he sought to plan some means of escape from the perilous situation into which the Fates had thrown him. On one occasion he was so preoccupied by his thoughts that he carelessly brushed against an aged man who was tottering slowly along in the same direction. The collision was a slight one, but to Dunster's dismay, it was sufficient to overbalance the old man and cause him

Springing to the stranger's assistance, the young American raised him to his feet with profuse apologies. To these the old man replied with gentle courtesy, that it was his own fault for attempting to walk abroad while enfeebled by prolonged illness. Suddenly Dunster realized that both of them were speaking in Polish, and that he thus was revealing his knowledge of that tongue, which above all things he desired to keep secret. Also he noticed that the old man's face had been cut by his fall and was bleeding.

"Come to my quarters, little father, that I may bathe thy face," he said; and the old man consented to be led away. They made slow progress to Dunster's hut, and when they reached it the stranger's exhaustion was so evident that the other persuaded him to lie down on the bed while he wiped his face with a handkerchief dipped in a basin of water.

As Dunster removed the blood and dust from the wrinkled face he noted that its features, though ravaged by age and long years of suffering, were refined and that the snow-white beard had not been shaved according to the degrading custom of the prison, nor had the scanty locks been cut. These he gently combed and brushed, while the old man murmured

"What comfort! What luxury! A bed of such ease! A kerchief of linen! A comb and brush other than of twigs! Ah! the ages that have passed since I knew such things."

Our lad was about to question his visitor about himself when the door was flung open and the warden of the prison entered the room.

Dunster sprang to the attitude of attention that he knew the etiquette of the occasion demanded, and the old man on the bed attempted to do likewise, but fell weakly back.

What have we here?" demanded the intruder. "Do you not know, sir, that without permission you may not have guests? What is your connection with this convict?

"There is no connection whatever between us," replied Dunster. "I know nothing of him, nor did I ever lay eyes on him until a few minutes since, when by accident I knocked him down as we walked in the yard. Then I brought him here to repair as far

as possible the damage done. I did not know that it was forbidden. Now I ask your permission to keep him a little longer, until he shall have recovered from the shock, for he seems very feeble."

The man hesitated. "Of course," continued Dunster quickly, "I shall be only too glad to meet any expense that may be incurred by permitting him to remain.

"Very well," replied the warden; "I probably shall have to put on an extra guard at a cost of about ten roubles. If you care to pay that sum the old man may stay with you as long as you like."

A handful of silver being transferred from Dunster's pocket to that of the warden, the latter continued in a more friendly tone: "I must, however. warn you that you will be held largely responsible for the safe-keeping of this prisoner, who is a most desperate character. Some months ago, just before the outbreak of the war, he was detected stowed away in the cargo of an American ship as she was about leaving this port. He fought with the police and compelled such severe treatment before being subdued that he has been in the hospital most of the time since. He had no passport on his person, and has obstinately maintained silence as to his past history; but by diligent inquiry we believe we have located him. If our information is correct he is a political exile of the most dangerous type, who was sentenced to the mines of Nertchinsk for life. Twice has he escaped, and upon his first recapture he fought so fiercely as to kill two of those who sought to subdue him. For this he was severely punished; but apparently the lesson did him no good, for a few years later he headed an insurrection of convicts in which many were killed; but in the confusion he, with some others, got away. The others are known to be dead or recaptured, and now we think we have the leader. I was about to order him into irons this very day. So you see you have undertaken no small task though he is old and appears feeble, an appearance no doubt assumed for a purpose. Look out that he does not attempt to kill you; and call a guard to take him away whenever you tire of his presence, which you are certain to do in a short Wishing you joy of your new plaything, I have the honor to bid you a very good day.

During this conversation, which the warden had conducted in the broken English of the port, the speaker stood close beside the old man, who lay motionless and with closed eyes as though asleep Nor did Dunster seek to wake him until Sing-Hi arrived with a bountiful dinner. Then he gently aroused his guest and invited him to partake of food. The latter did not need urging, but ate like one famished, ravenously and in silence. He uttered no word until the meal was ended and Sing-Hi had departed with the dishes, leaving only a samovar of tea. Then, still speaking in Polish, the old man said:

'My son, it is more years than I can count since I have tasted food so delicious and so nourishing as that provided by thy bounty. That thou, a prisoner in this place, art able to procure it arouses my curiosity. May I ask that you gratify the whim of an old man by relating such of thy history as it may be deemed prudent for a stranger to learn? But first tell me where you acquired a knowledge of English, the blessed tongue of freedom?"

"How did you know that I spoke English?" asked Dunster, somewhat startled by this revelation.

While pretending to be asleep, I overheard your conversation with the warden and the fragment of my own history that he disclosed."

"Then you, too, speak English!" exclaimed the young American, regarding his guest with increased interest.

"I speak it now very little," was the reply; "but once was it a language dear to me. Also, through it was my life ruined. It is the cause of all my mis-

"You are a Pole?" asked Dunster with a sudden inspiration.

"I am, or rather I was."

"Of Warsaw?"

"Yes. But why do you ask?"

"And you taught English to the students of tho

'My son, it is true," replied the old man, trembling with excitement, "but how have you this knowl-

edge?"
"Are you the Count Casimir?"

"I am number ninety and one," answered the other gazing furtively about him, and speaking in a tenso whisper. "But perhaps once I was called as you say."

"Also, perhaps, once you were called——" Here Dunster bent to the other's ear and whispered a single word.

The old man uttered a cry that was almost a scream, sprang to his feet, tottered and would have fallen had not Dunster caught him and gently laid him on the bed.

'Who art thou that you should know that name?" gasped the exile, staring at the young American with

dilated eyes. "Quick! thy history." For answer Dunster tore from his neck that which the superstitious Russians had regarded as an Ikon and so allowed him to retain, pressed its secret spring, and took from it a bit of paper traced with characters in faded brown. Holding it before the eyes of his guest, he said slowly:

"Father, I am Casimir, son of thy daughter Mirska, who was born in free America according to thy instructions herein contained."

'My daughter! Had I then a daughter? How have I wondered and longed to know if I was a father, to know if my child lived and of its welfare; but in all the years until now there has come to me no word. Oh, blessed Lord! Thou are indeed good and merciful. And thou, my son! blood of my blood, and bone of my bone! To think that I am permitted to gaze upon the face of my own! But Nanisha, my wife, my beloved! What of her? Speak quickly, for I am weakened by great joy."

"Thy wife and my grandmother received the note traced with thy blood and followed its instructions. She fled to America, where my mother was born and grew up to marry my father. My grandmother lived

peacefully and happily, though always her thoughts were with thee, until I was old enough to know and love her. Then she passed easily away, filled with the hope of meeting thee."

"And my whole life since that dreadful day has been devoted to regaining her!" muttered the old "Always have I been beaten and baffled; but now nothing can longer separate us. No human force may avail to keep us apart. My son, shortly wilt thou be the Count Casimir of Warsaw. The name is one borne by kings and hated by Russia; but through all the centuries it is untainted by dishonor. My son-

As the old man's voice lingered fondly over the words, the door was flung open and Takahaki hur-

riedly entered the room.
"They are coming!" he exclaimed, breathlessly "The soldiers are coming to carry away the old man! For him are chains ordered, and the cell of darkness."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### ASSEMBLING THE SUBMABINE.

Takahaki had spoken in English and the old man understood him.

Dunster started to his feet and would have barred the door, but his grandfather detained him.

"My son," he said, in a voice so faint that the young man was obliged to bend his head to catch the words, 'resist them not, nor let them know that we are aught but strangers. They cannot harm me now, nor force me to their will. I am summoned by a Power mightier than those of earth. Embrace me, my son, my dear son. Sever one of my white locks and hereafter bend all thy energies to placing it in the hands of my daughter Mirska. 'Mirska;' yes, that was the name on which we had decided, should the child ba a girl. It is a sweet name, and was my mother's. Now am I to meet them; Mirska, my mother, Nanisha, my wife, and the myriad of glorious ancestors who await my coming. Oh, blessed Saviour! through death dost Thou send the greatest happiness of life. Hark! they come! Then must I go. My son, farewell!"

As the old man sank peacefully back on Dunster's pillow, an officer, halting a file of white-bloused soldiers outside, entered the room. Having no knowledge of English he did not attempt to address Dunster, but stepping directly to the bed on which the Count Casimir lay, he said, roughly:
"Get up, old man. Your hour of luxurious living

is ended and you will now return to the chains that so well become you. Move spryly or a sword-prick shall stir thy sluggish blood."

For answer, the aged exile opened wide his eyes and a smile of wonderful radiance flashed across his worn features; but he uttered no word.

The officer raised a hand as though for a blow. but before it could fall he was hurled to the farthest corner of the room. Striking the log wall with a crash, he dropped to the floor and ere he could regain his feet, Dunster Brownleigh towered above him with

blazing eyes.
"Dog!" he cried, in vilely accented but perfectly intelligible Russian, "how dared you lift a hand against a noble of Poland? Crawl back on your knees and make to him humble apology for the dastard act. Do it, or by the heavens above, you will never leave this room alive! 'Tis useless to look toward the door. That is barred, and you will have issued your last order long before your soldiers can force an entrance. Therefore, crawl, worm! and crawl quickly before I crush out your human sem-

So fierce was the speaker's aspect, and so evident was his strength that the man, recalling tales he had heard of the terrible Americans, dared not disobey. Thus was presented, in that prison hut, the startling picture of a Russian officer, rather stout and in full uniform, creeping, with extreme difficulty, on hands and knees, to the bedside of a Siberian convict and muttering an apology for an act that he had not committed.

"Now, stand up and gaze upon your work," commanded Dunster, sternly, and the man scrambled to his feet. On the pallet before him lay the waxen face of death. During those brief minutes of strife the Count Casimir of Warsaw had passed forever beyond the reach of Russian tyranny, and had entered upon the one form of freedom that is absolute. he had gone happily was evidenced by the smile of utter content that still lingered on the worn features; but that his death had been caused by a sudden spasm of the heart was shown by a trickle of blood from the recent cut on his forehead.

Twas cowardly to strike a helpless old man," said Dunster; "and to strike him a blow so terrible as to cause death is an offense that may bring to you very serious trouble. I am not ignorant that no convict, even the most unruly, may be done to his death, save by order of a court, or in self-defense. Therefore-

"But I struck him not!" interrupted fiv officer.

eagerly. "Do not seek to escape the penalty by lying," cried the young American fiercely. "Is not that blood a proof? Did not I see the blow? and is there not in the room another witness as well? If I choose to state the facts your punishment is assured, as also is the ridicule that will greet the Russian officer who crawled on hands and knees to beg forgiveness of a convict. But I am not hard-hearted, and am willing to make terms. Give me your word of honor that you will make no mention of my knowledge of Russian or of the personal encounter between us, and I, too, will promise to keep silence concerning all that has taken place. My servant also shall remain dumb. Is it agreed?

"Surely it is agreed," replied the officer, eagerly.

"And you pass your word of honor as a gentleman and a soldier?'

"I pass my word of honor."

"It is well," said Dunster, "and the incident shall go unnoticed. You are free, sir, to proceed with your

As the relieved officer stepped to throw open the door and summon his men, the young American pressed a furtive kiss on the placid brow of the dead, and severed one of the snow-white locks soldiers bore away the fragile body of his grandfather, found and lost within an hour. As they disappeared, Takahaki, standing stiffly at attention, and with hand raised in salute, broke the silence he had maintained during the whole affair by saying:

"It is the braveness of my friend Dun Brown that I am sarute. Also am I first to sarute my friend the

Count Casimir of Warsaw. Is it not?"

"Why, yes," replied the other, somewhat doubtfully. "I suppose in a way you are right, Taki. At the same time it isn't worth mentioning, for you know as well as I, that it is better to be just a plain. everyday American than to be all the Counts in the world. So I guess we won't say anything more about that part of it."

With this momentous incident closed, another phase of Dunster Brownleigh's captivity was ushered in; for, early on the following morning he was informed that his promised services were needed at the other end of the town, and in company with a guard, he was driven to the Vladivostok naval depot. Here he found a confused mass of steel plates and intricate machinery, discharged from the Cochise and awaiting his technical skill to be assembled into the deadly shape of a submarine torpedo boat.

In order to save the time required to convey the young mechanic to and from his prison hut, he was assigned quarters at the naval station, and was notified that he might occupy them until the completion of his task, though always under guard. Also, he was allowed to retain the servant, through whom the Russians fancied they were gathering so much information concerning him. With the constant presence of this trusted friend thus assured, Dunster tackled his difficult problem with a light heart. He would complete that submarine to the minutest detail, and then he and Taki would use her to make good their escape; when or how he did not know, nor did he care at present. There were long weeks ahead in which to contrive and plan.

The Vladivostok yard was not equipped with the latest machinery, nor with the most skilled workmen, both of these having been rushed to Port Arthur to keep in repair the fleet of splendid warships there gathered, and at which Admiral Togo was ceaselessly hammering. Among the force remaining at his disposal Dunster soon found that the Chinese were more skillful, more tractable, and quicker to learn than were the Russian workmen. Consequently he used

the former whenever it was possible to do so. Thus he gained a double advantage; for as he could not speak Chinese and so must have an interpreter, he was able to promote his servant to that office. this way he could have Takahaki's invaluable aid at every stage of the work without exciting suspicion.

In all the time thus spent together the lads strictly maintained their assumed relationship of master and servant. Nor did they find many opportunities for private converse, since an armed guard always paced before Dunster's room at night, while during the day he was never without the companionship of Russian officers desirous of learning what they might concern-

ing the construction of submarines.

The work of assembling the frame and skin of the boat proceeded rapidly, every piece of the cigarshaped steel structure being marked or numbered and accurately fitted for its appointed place. With this task finished came the tedious task of setting up the delicate and infinitely complicated machinery that should give life to the inert hull. There was the powerful gasoline engine that should drive the boat at ten knots on the surface or with base of the conning tower awash, and there was the auxiliary electric motor that would propel her at half that speed when submerged. Besides these were air compressors, fans, air and bilge pumps, batteries and indicators, all connected by an infinity of pipes and wires as complex and bewildering as the arterial system of a human body. At these things Dunster worked as never before in his life, day after day, and often far into the night through weeks that lengthened into months, and always Takahaki was beside him. The Japanese middy was ever ready with the right tool or the word of advice that should solve an apparently hopeless problem, never attracting attention to himself, but placing at his friend's disposal such an orderly mass of exact mechanical, electrical, and chemical knowledge as showed him to be an absolute master of the situation, and caused even Dunster to regard this unobtrusive helper with admiring wonder.

Summer had passed and autumn was merging into winter before the submarine was pronounced ready for launching and for her trial trip; but as yet the officer selected to command her had not appeared. M. Delar, who often visited the navy yard and always with a show of friendship for Dunster, informed him that this person was of wide experience with submarines and would be able to detect at a glance any defects or mistakes in the work; but he failed to

mention either his name or rank. In fact very little information of any kind was allowed to reach our lads, both of whom were strictly

confined to the narrow limits within which they lived and labored. They knew that merchant ships laden with provisions, coal and military supplies entered and left Vladivostok harbor with a freedom that proved the non-existence of a direct blockade, and from this they argued that the entire naval strength of Japan still was needed in the vicinity of Port Arthur. They only heard faint rumors of the great land battles of Nanshan and Liao Yang, and even these Russian disasters were reported in Vladivostok as signal victories for the troops of the Czar.

There was, however, one evidence of Russian reverses that could not be concealed even from them. and on it they based their faith in the continued success of the Japanese arms. Late in the summer the Vladivostok cruiser squadron had again gone to sea. only to limp back to port, some ten days later, riddled with shot and minus one of their number. The splendid Rurik was missing, and it was rumored that she had been sunk by Admiral Kamimura in the straits of Korea. Following close upon this news came the startling rumor that the Novik, fastest cruiser of the Russian navy, had been destroyed in Aniva Bay off the coast of Saghalin.

"If that is true then must Port Arthur be fallen," whispered Takahaki as he served his friend's dinner, "for she was of the fleet in that harbor. If such great thing has happen then quickly will this port be blockade and some friend of us will close at hand be."

Sustained by this hope, the young constructors pushed their work with redoubled energy, until at length all was in readiness for the launching. This would take place immediately upon arrival of the boat's commander, who was daily expected. As yet his name had not been divulged, but one day, as Dunster stood inside the conning tower testing the new adjustible alliscope that formed an important part of the boat's equipment, a startling apparition was flashed from his reflector. By means of the alliscope, while remaining completely hidden within the boat, he could obtain a very fair view of outside objects in every direction. He was engaged in estimating the radius of sight thus granted, when suddenly a familiar figure walked into the reflected field of vision and halted, apparently pointing directly towards him with outstretched arm. For a moment the young American was puzzled; then, with a sinking heart, he remembered. The figure, now uniformed as an officer of the Russian navy, was that of Suwarrow Suwarrowvitch, late of Land the giant tackle of its strongest football team.

(To be continued.)

#### "BE A SOMEBODY" By FRED MYRON COLBY-

ERHAPS YOU have all read the old story of Hercules' choice. As the legend goes, when the hero was a youth just starting out in the world, he came to a fork in the road. While hesitating which to take two beautiful women appeared to him, each advising him the right road to take. One told him that by following his left hand road he would find the way easy and full of delight. It was a smooth, pleasant path under shady trees and through grassy meadows where the birds sang all the

The other was the road to Accompashment. It was a hard, stony way, leading over hills and mountains and across foaming streams and through dangerous forests and morasses. By following it he would find many obstacles to be overcome and he would have to fight many battles, but he was sure to win glory in the end.

day long. They called it the road to Pleasure.

We know, of course, which road the hero took, for if he had not taken the path to Accomplishment we should never have heard of Hercules and his twelve labors and all the brave things that he did.

It is a choice that every young man has to make. Many young folks ramble along as easy as they can, content to take the smooth, pleasant road that requires little exertion. But the bright, ambitious boy who is determined to be "a somebody" will not travel

Much depends on the way you start and your determination. Of course it is much easier to walk along a smooth, level road than it is to climb, but if you do not climb, you will never reach the heights. All great men have been willing to climb.

Bulwer-Lytton, the famous novelist, once said in an address to a school of boys: "As I look at your young faces I go back to the days when I, too, tried for prizes, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing. I was as fond of play as any of you, and in the summer weather I fear my head might have been more full of cricket than of Terrence or even Homer.

But still I can always remember that, whether at work or at play, I had always a deep, though quiet, determination, that sooner or later I would be a somebody or would do a something. That determination continues with me to this hour."

Do not these words give the key to his success? He had a determination to do something, and having this object in view he became a somebody. This is the way in which we all must work if we intend doing anything worth doing at all.

Work toward an end, boys, and let that end be to be a somebody. From your early school days keep this in view. Let whatever you accomplish each day be only a stepping-stone to something yet higher and better.

Possibly you may not accomplish all you wish; we cannot all be Presidents; but that is no reason why you should not make an endeavor. He who climbs the mountain may not reach the top, it is true, but even halfway toward the summit he will be above the fogs of the valley, and the fairer view he gets will be well worth the climbing.

Do not falter because you fail once. Keep striving and you will do a something. Climb, though it

be ever so slowly, but whatever you do, climb. Do not be content to live on from day to day with no fixed end in view. Be a somebody.

#### Took the Boy's Suggestion

A traveling man relates that while riding on the new Orient line between Harper and Anthony a few days ago, one of the side rods of the engine broke, and the other side stopped on a "dead center," so

#### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 10 - From the Governor of Ohio



GOVERNOR MYRON T. HERRICE, OF OHIO

STATE OF OHIO

Executive Department

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

Columbus

The American boy has the largest apportunities in life of any in the whole world. All that is necessary is for hom to be hement, to be true, to be fair to all in his every day life, and reward will surely sens to him.

that when the repair was made it was impossible to start the train again. He says:

"The engineer, the conductor and all the passengers took turns going over the thing and trying to devise a way to make it run. Finally a boy came out of the field where he had been ploughing to see what was going on. He crawled through the wire fence and sat down on the bank and fanned himself with his straw hat. 'If you'd back that last car up the grade an' let 'er come down kerchunk, that 'ud start 'er,' he finally suggested deliberately.

"The railroad men sniffed contemptuously, but the passengers sided with the boy. Finally the conductor gave orders that the rear car be uncoupled. No less than fifty passengers caught hold and pushed the car up the grade. Once at the top the car was let go. The loose coach gained momentum as it came down hill, and in spite of the engineer's admonition to 'let her come down easy,' the emergency battering ram crashed into the train with a tremendous thump. The engine was bumped off 'centre' all right."—Kansas City Star.

## A Sample American Youth

(From the Illustrated Sporting News.)

New York has cause for self-congratulation in the representative that the State has chosen for the Cecil Rhodes scholarship at Oxford in the person of Warren Ellis Schutt, Cornell, 1905. The sturdy Ithacau will be as splendid a type of American manhood as will be sent abroad to the English university by any State in the Union. Schutt's career is thoroughly interesting. He is the son of a prosperous farmer who lives six miles from Ithaca. Young Schutt got his primary education at a country school near his home. and then won a four-year scholarship in the Ithaca High School in a competitive examination. Instead of moving into Ithaca to live, or even driving to and from school with one of his father's teams, as he might easily have done, Schutt walked to and from the high school each morning and night. In this way he prepared for Cornell University. His first year in college he continued to walk to and from his home. His scholarship continued to be of the same high standard as in high school, and he took all the prizes and scholarships to which he was eligible, ending up with the Cecil Rhodes scholarship at Oxford University. In his sophomore year for the first time Schutt entered college athletics. There the trainer took him under his care and developed him into the greatest cross-country runner in the country. It was here his twelve miles of daily walking to and from his home counted in Schutt's favor in the physical condition of the athlete. He ran in Cornell's victorious cross-country teams against Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania. On the track team ho captured the two-mile intercollegiate run and lowered the time. Last May he duplicated the feat and was subsequently elected captain of Cornell's 1905 track team. This position he will, of course, resign upon his going to England. He is only 20 years old, stands more than six feet in height and weighs 165 pounds.

# BUNKER HILL DAY IN BOSTON

¬O THE wail of the fife and the snarl of the drum Those Hedgers and Ditchers of Bunker Hill come,

Down out of the battle with rumble and roll, Straight across the two ages, right into the soul, And bringing for captive the Day that they won With a deed that like Joshua halted the sun. Like bells in their towers tolled the guns from the town,

Beat that low earthen bulwark so sullen and brown,

As if Titans last night had plowed the one bout And abandoned the field for a Yankee redoubt: But for token of life that the parapet gave

You might as well play on Miles Standish's grave!

Call the roll, Sergeant Time! Match the day if you can:

Waterloo was for Britons-Bunker Hill is for man!"

Bunker Hill Day in Boston is a sort of an avant courier of the Fourth of July. It is quite as much of a holiday as Independence Day so far as the suspension of all business is concerned. There is almost as much noise in the early part of the day, and Old Glory is flung to the breeze from every flagstaff. Red, white and blue bunting adorns many of the buildings and Bunker Hill is the Mecca of thousands. It is the greatest day of the year in Charlestown, and she puts her best foot forward. There is always a parade, and last year this part of the day's exercises was made particularly interesting by the addition of a float on which was the old Liberty Bell, which had been brought from Philadelphia expressly for this purpose, Mayor Weaver coming with it. This year the chief event of the day will be the unveiling of a statue to the noble General Warren of Roxbury, who lost his life at the battle of Bunker Hill and who, the year before his death, gave public expression to his patriotism in a long ballad or poem entitled "Free America." One stanza was exempufied in his own heroic conduct at the battle of Bunker Hill. It was as follows:

> "Lift up your hands, ye heroes, And swear with proud disdain, The wretch that would ensuare you, Shall lay his snares in vain; Should Europe empty all her force, We'll meet her in array, And fight and shout, and shout and fight For North America."

The entire poem, which was patriotic if not perfect as a poetic outburst, was published in all of the Massachusetts papers of that day, and it added to the high esteem in which Joseph Warren was held by the people. He was at this time Dr. Joseph Warren. and his home was in Roxbury, where he had been born in the year 1741. His superior intelligence, his manliness and his outspoken patriotism won for him the respect and admiration of his countrymen. No braver or better man than Joseph Warren fell at the battle of Bunker Hill. The Provincial Congress had made Dr. Warren a major general two days before the battle. Warren was at this time President of the Congress. It was on the night of the 16th of June when the Provincials left Cambridge Common to steal a march on the British and



By J. L. HARBOUR



STATUE OF GENERAL WARREN

take possession of Bunker Hill and fortify it. There were about one thousand men, led by Colonel William Prescott, of Pepperell, a brave man and true. The men lined up in front of the headquarters of the Committee of Safety and of General Ward. Just before they started President Langdon of Harvard College stood on the steps of the house—afterward the birthplace of Oliver Wendell Holmes-and offered prayer. Then the men stole away into the darkness toward Charlestown. The soldiers carried fowling pieces without bayonets, and they had but a limited supply of powder and ball, but more was to follow. When near Bunker Hill the troops were joined by General Putnam and Major Brooks.

Not until the eastern sky had begun to glow with the first faint rays of the morning did the British know that the Provincials had taken possession of Bunker Hill. Five British warships were at anchor in Boston harbor, and there was a good deal of commotion on those vessels of King George when it was known that the Yankees were working like beavers on their fortifications on Bunker Hill. A British sergeant who "ran to poetry" tuned up his harp and wrote these lines:

"The seventeenth, at break of day, The Yankees did surprise us, With their strong works they had thrown up, To burn the town and drive us. But soon we had an order come, An order to defeat them-Like rebels stout they stood it out. And thought we ne'er could beat them.

"About the hour of twelve that day An order came for marching-With three good flints and sixty rounds, Each man hoped to discharge them. We marched down to the Long Wharf, Where boats were ready waiting, With expedition we embarked, Our ships kept cannonading.

This merry ditty was sung by the British to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Like all ballads of those days it did not lack length as it had ten stanzas, closing with the following reference to John Hancock and John Adams, whom the British proposed to execute "without benefit of clergy" once they laid hands on them:

> "As for their king, that John Hancock, Or Adams, if they're taken, Their heads for signs shall hang up high Upon that hill called Beacon.

It was about three in the afternoon when the fighting began in dead earnest. The Provincials were waiting for the order to fire from Prescott, whose words on this occasion have become a matter of history-"Don't fire till I tell you! Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes!" The battle was short and decisive. It lasted but little more than an hour but in that brief time the British lost 1,054 while the American loss was but 449, which was about one-fourth of the entire number they had in action, some recruits having come to them after the main

part of the troops had left Cambridge the night before. The British lost more than one-third of their entire force. General Howe lost every officer on his staff. It could have been said of those early New Englanders, as it was said of the men of New England during the Civil War, that they were the hardest to get into a fight, and the most terrible to meet in a conflict, of any men on the globe. Although they lost the day at the battle of Bunker Hill they amazed the British by their fighting capacity, and the number of British killed gives the lie to the rhymester we have already quoted when he says in the eighth verse of his cheery ditty:

> "And when the works we got into, And put them to the flight, sir, Some of them did hide themselves, And others died of fright, sir."

The time came when the British discovered that fright is an unknown feeling to the New England soldier when his blood is up. And if the Americans could have had a sufficient supply of ammunition the boastful and triumphant lay of the British war poet could never have been written. General Gage was horrified over his losses. He wrote the following words later, and in them is a certain tribute to the courage and the capacity of the Yankees: "The trials we have made show that the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be," and he admitted in the same letter that "the conquest of this country is not easy." Later the British discovered that the conquest of this country was not only difficult, but that it was impossible.

The death of General Warren added to the sorrow the people felt over the defeat of the American soldiers. Abigail Adams, who with her little son, John Quincy Adams, climbed to the top of Penn's Hill near her home, ten miles from Charlestown, and watched the smoke of battle and listened to the booming of the cannon, wrote to her husband the following day: "My bursting heart must find vent in my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend Dr. Warren is no more but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honorably in the field than ignominously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss.'

The monument of which all true Bostonians and all true Americans are so proud is 220 feet high. It was begun in 1825 and the corner stone was laid by Lafayette while the oration was by Daniel Webster, and the latter was also the orator when the monument was completed and dedicated on the 23d of July, 1842. President Tyler and his cabinet were the guests of honor, and it was at the laying of the corner stone of the monument that Webster gave utterance to the famous words: "Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." men who fell at Burker Hill had the spirit of these words in their hearts. There are tens of thousands of graves of soldiers who lost their lives in American wars which give mute testimony to the fact that country was dearer to them than life.

#### American Boy Day in Boston

What more appropriate place for the celebrating of American Boy Day than historic old Boston. Look out for date. The leaders of boys in and about Boston are at work on the plans.

#### Goodness Pays Best

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS

Two things are pleasant to contemplate; one is a useful life ended well; the other a probably useful

life begun well. The newspapers announced the death of Whittler as that of "the best ica." When Phillips Brooks died, a lit-"Mamma, Bishop tle girl said: won't the angels be Brooks is dead; happy?" Ail of the great and good are dyniust come to take ing and others you be of these? If their places; will so, remember that a great life must he begun early. ing pays so well as Be good. Nothgoodness. We may lose our health, our but never with our friends, our money, own consent need we lose our good-

ness. King Alfred, who die, "So long as I Try to imitate striven to live



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

Greece today.



IN BIG OUTDOOR athletic meets nowadays there is oftentimes scheduled a Marathon race. Every boy knows what this is but not every boy knows how this severe test of endurance gained its name, nor that the first Marathon race was run against Death by a man wounded, bleeding and exhausted by hard fighting before even the start was made. The story of that race and the events that led up to it still lives in

JOHN C.

**FITZPATRICK** 

Pheidippides, twice winner of that coveted laure! crown of the Olympic games—the darling of the stadium—was the best runner in all Greece. Slender and straight but deep chested and muscular, with clean-cut, beautiful legs, the equal of which were not in Hellas, he stood before the Athenian Senate. Persia had come. Darius the Great had thrown an army of 120,000 men across the Ægean Sea, sacked the city of Eretria and landed at Marathon. Athens was in a tumult but it was the tumult of patriotic valor, not fear, and Pheidippides was dispatched to Sparta for aid. Here was need for strength and speed and a careful husbanding of both. One hundred and fifty miles was the distance. Like an arrow from a bow Pheidippides sped through the city; the people cheered him as he went. Through the great gate and down the hillside he flew, those wonderful legs moving with ease and precision and all the smooth steadiness of machinery. A few moments and he disappeared into the forest and the watching Athenians, breathing a prayer to the gods for his safety, turned to their hurried preparations for defense.

Hour after hour Pheidippides swung on. His pace was swift but not furious, for well he knew the many leagues that lay before him. On he went, now dipping into hollows, now rising above the wooded ridge but ever on, on, on with steady stride. The glories of the Grecian sunset shone in his face, the shadows lengthened and the night shut down before he slackened his pace. A brief rest and aided by the rising moon the tireless man again fell into his stride. On through the night, on through the dim, cold hours of early morn he ran; flitting through the forest like some frightened ghost and passing with light and even step across the damp levels of the lowlands. With the coming of the warm and friendly sun he dropped into a walk, halted and sought sleep beneath a great overhang of rock. Not long did he slumber; before the sun was two hours high those magnificent legs were again winging up the great highway of the Peloponnesus and climbing with steady push the ris ing and rocky heights of the Spartan peninsula. All day long he traveled and all day long the road was a continuous ascent. At sunset he paused and for the first time looked back; Greece in all her rich beauty lay at his feet; beyond, through those dark and rugged hills, lay Sparta. From his great height he could almost imagine a glimpse of his beloved Athens, gleaming white and fair among the purples and golds of the clear distance, Athens! his city! for which he would gladly at all times give his life's blood; his heart throbbed within him and turning he plunged forward into the hills at top speed. As long as the light lasted he ran and with the darkness, laid him down to sleep until the moon should come again. He was awakened by its rays shining full in his face. A hasty drink at a mountain rill and he was off, running steadily, steadily. The ground though wild and rocky was more level now and in an hour's run the dense wood thinned, the earth sloped away in rapid descent and clear and cold in the moonlight Sparta lay at his feet. Pheidippides paused, struck by the beauty of the scene, the dark, densely wooded slopes, the bare, brown fields and the white walls and yellow lights of the city all misty and dim in the cold moonlight. And as he gazed a chill crept over his heart; it was all so bleak and drear, so different from the warm and friendly land back through the mountains; even the moon seemed changed and glared upon him with sardonic sneer. Shaking off his forebodings he flew down the hillside like a bird, across the level spaces and up to the city gates—a

challenge, an answer and he was through. He had come one hundred and fifty miles and crossed a range of mountains in thirty-six hours.

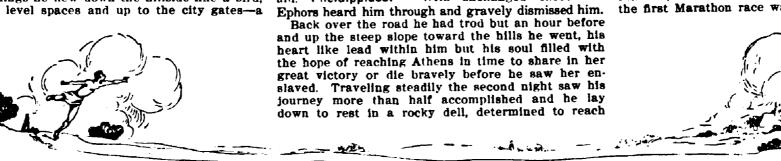
The solemn Ephors, the guardians and legislators of Sparta, were assembled. To the nervously waiting Pheidippides the bare walled, low ceilinged Council Room, the rude and fitfully glaring lamps lighting the circle of hard, stern faces, was as some torture chamber. And torture chamber it was to the warmhearted Athenian, for the fate of Athens and of all Greece seemed dependent upon that slow, chill discussion, and scarce could he contain himself as the talk went round and Sparta's ever-living jealousy came clearly to the fore. The council closed with what to Pheidippides seemed Athens' death sentence. Sparta cleverly shielded her desertion of Greece behind an ancient oracle. Aid would be sent, but the Augurs forbade under penalty of defeat any warlike expedition before a full moon. In three

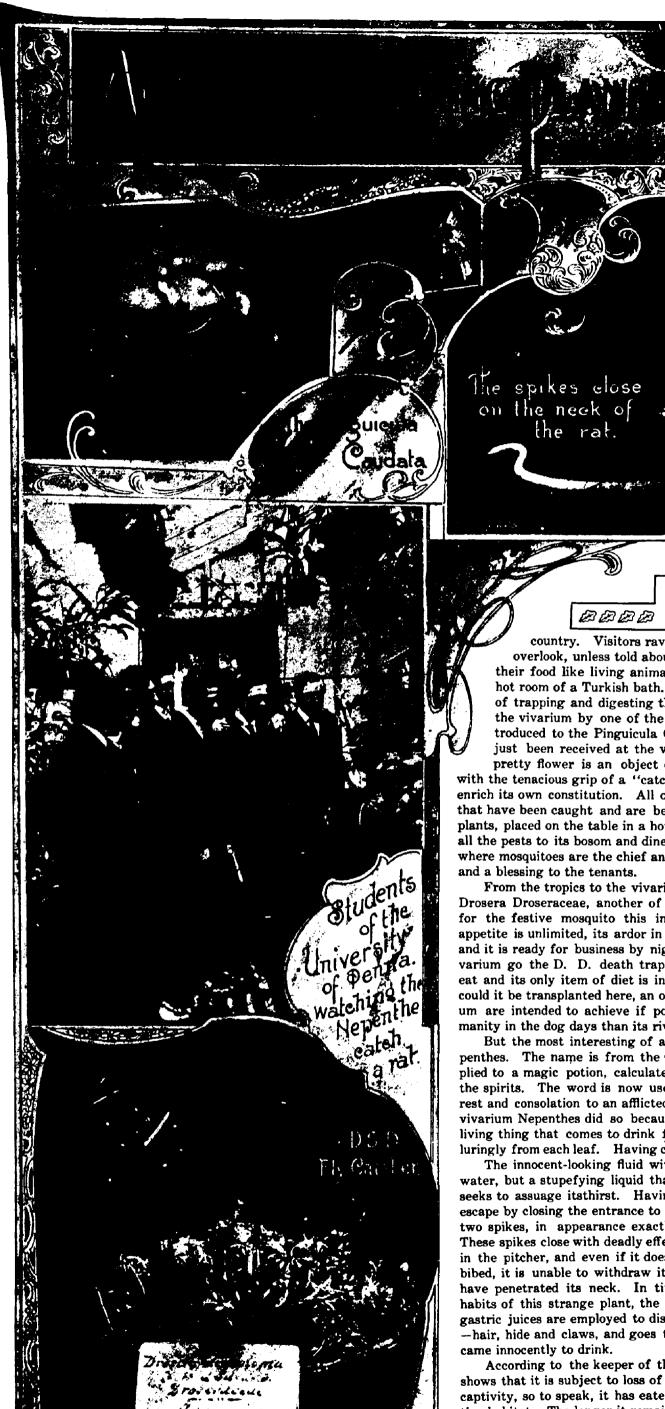


nights more would this be, then would the Spartan army march. Pheidippides was stunned. In vain did he plead and argue, the Spartan heart was adamant. He saw the uselessness of effort and in fine scorn closed his appeal. Standing before that stony hearted circle his bitterness burst forth: "And this, O! Sparta, is the word I will bring to Athens. Sparta sends aid—from a nation of soldiers comes one man to fight for the liberty of Greece. Behold Sparta's aid.—Pheidippides!" With unchanged faces the Ephors heard him through and gravely dismissed him.

Athens before another sunset. The moon was sinking in the west when he woke and the liquid plash of a mountain brook lured him into a small amphitheatre of rock and shrubbery. He found the spring and knelt upon the moss to cool his dry throat. A sudden sighing melody broke on his ear, he turned and his blood went cold while his heart pounded and beat madly against his ribs. There against the fateful moon loomed the form of the great god Pan. An ivy garland drooped from his brow and pressed against his bearded lips were those wonderful pipes, instruments of melody divine. A sweet, long-drawn. plaintive note and the god spoke: "Pheidippides, well beloved, fear not. Thou art of Athens and Athens I love, but I would know why, of all Hellas, Athens worships me not. Stay, answer not. Take thou this fennel bough, return to Athens, bid her take heart; Pan loves her and will she but rear him an altar, will fight for her and in the coming battle will be with her on the field. And for thee, Pheidippides, who hath striven for thine Athens, it shall be granted to thee to fight bravely and well in her defense and afterwards to gain the honor of honors with sweet release and rest from all care and trouble—the greatest gift of the gods." The fennel bough, heavy with dew, fell lightly across the shoulders of the crouching Athenian, a sighing breeze stirred the foliage and Pan was gone, but the soft music of his pipes lingered among the rocks and bushes like some sweet perfume. Deeply stirred and heartened to greater effort than before, Pheidippides sped across the country. He reached the city and delivered Sparta's answer, but its discouragement was forgotten in the promise of the mighty Pan.

Rapidly were the arrangements completed and the little army of 10,000 men marched slowly through the Pentellicus hills to the level plains of Marathon. Of that wonderful battle there is no time to speak here. Miltiades handled his small force with deadly skill and effect against the vast Persian host. Its defeat was emphatic and it was pushed back in confusion and great slaughter to its ships. In the fighting that morning none fought more bravely than Pheidippides; where the struggle was fiercest he was ever at the front, and when the day was won more than one dark stain upon his armor was not caused by Persian blood alone. Miltiades, standing on that victorious and bloody field, called for a messenger to carry the glad tidings to the anxiously waiting Athens. Pheidippides stepped forth. No one deserved the honor more and in the excitement none noticed his condition. He flung aside his armor, stripped off his tunic to the waist and once again those muscular legs began their swinging stride. The Marathon race was on. Mile after mile he ran, but more weakly now and once and again he stumbled. The exertion served to keep open his wounds, and blood mingled with the sweat that streamed over his clest and down his legs to splash upon the soil for which he was giving his life. It was a grim race, with Death galloping ever beside him and anon reaching out its bony hands to stay his course; but as often as the sick faintness would come creeping. Pheidippides, gathering all his remaining strength, would plunge forward with a sobbing shout: "Athena! Athena!! Help, O Pan!!" Struggling, stumbling and reeling he ran. At last—at last the white columns of the Parthenon burst on his swimming sight, at last he could see the beautiful height of the Acropolis; Athens, glorious Athens, rose toward him and through his blurring vision he saw the people streaming from the city gates. One more great effort, "Help, O ye gods!" \* \* \* His sight suddenly cleared. his reeling steps grew firm, his stride lengthened, his breath came free, Pheidippides, fastest runner in all Greece, was coming to Athens with tidings from Marathon. In all his life he had never run as he then ran; easily, gracefully and swift as the rush of the flying deer he sped up to the gate and into the middle of that surging, hysterical crowd. Lightly he stopped, up went his hand toward the sky, his head was raised, his figure straight and tall; covered with dust, streaming with blood and sweat, he was yet Pheidippides, the darling of the stadium, best runner in all Greece. For an instant thus he stood, his figure drawn to its full height, then a single word burst from his lips and rang like a trumpet call clear and high across the city: "Victory!" The blood gushed from his lips, he spun round and fell into the eager outstretched arms as the echoes flung back that triumphant word. The great Pan's promise was fulfilled; those wonderful legs were at rest forever; the first Marathon race was won.





N AN unpretentious looking building attached to the University of Pennsylvania, and visited but seldom even by the students themselves, is the most remarkable collection of plants in the

country. Visitors rave over the collection of orchids in this vivarium, but overlook, unless told about it, the corner where the plants that catch and eat their food like living animals thrive in a temperature that reminds one of the hot room of a Turkish bath. These curious plants are to be seen in the very act of trapping and digesting their food. If you are lucky enough to be taken to the vivarium by one of the learned professors of the university you will be introduced to the Pinguicula Caudata, a small and modest looking plant that has just been received at the vivarium, and which, despite its shy looks and its pretty flower is an object of horror to the insect world, for it holds to them with the tenacious grip of a "catch 'em alive" fly paper, and in time absorbs them to enrich its own constitution. All over the leaves of this pretty plant are dead insects that have been caught and are being slowly digested by the plant. A few of these plants, placed on the table in a house infested by flies would, it is said, in time gather all the pests to its bosom and dine off their remains. Placed on the porch of a house where mosquitoes are the chief annoyance the Pinguicula Caudata would prove a boon

From the tropics to the vivarium of the University of Pennsylvania has come the Drosera Droseraceae, another of the "eat 'em alive" variety of plants. As a trap for the festive mosquito this interesting plant is said to have no superior. Its appetite is unlimited, its ardor in the work of luring insects to their doom is tireless, and it is ready for business by night or day, for so far as the observations in the vivarium go the D. D. death trap for flies requires no sleep. Its sole diversion is to eat and its only item of diet is insects. In the tropics it is a most useful plant and could it be transplanted here, an object that the experiments at the University vivarium are intended to achieve if possible, it would be no less a blessing to tortured humanity in the dog days than its rival as a fly catcher the Pinguicula Caudata.

But the most interesting of all these tropical plants at the vivarium are the Nepenthes. The name is from the Greek, meaning removing sorrow. It has been applied to a magic potion, calculated to banish the remembrance of grief, and enliven the spirits. The word is now used figuratively to express any remedy which gives rest and consolation to an afflicted mind. The humorist who named the plants at the vivarium Nepenthes did so because they settle, once and for all, the troubles of any living thing that comes to drink from the pitcher-like structure that is suspended alluringly from each leaf. Having captured the thirsty one the plant eats it at its leisure.

The innocent-looking fluid with which the pitchers of this plant are filled is not water, but a stupefying liquid that numbs the senses of the rat, mouse or roach that seeks to assuage itsthirst. Having stupefied the intruder, the plant then prevents its escape by closing the entrance to the pitcher. In the lid of this curious receptacle are two spikes, in appearance exactly like the fangs of a rattlesnake raised to strike. These spikes close with deadly effect on the neck of the rat which has inserted its head in the pitcher, and even if it does not succumb to the effect of the drug it has imbibed, it is unable to withdraw its head from the trap by reason of the spikes that have penetrated its neck. In time, according to those who are familiar with the habits of this strange plant, the prisoner is drawn into the interior of the pitcher, gastric juices are employed to dissolve the body, and in time the creature is absorbed—hair, hide and claws, and goes to nourish the plant at whose inviting cup the victim came innocently to drink.

According to the keeper of the vivarium, a close study of the habits of this plant shows that it is subject to loss of appetite just as human beings are. Since being in captivity, so to speak, it has eaten less than report says it is accustomed to in its native habitat. The longer it remains in the artificially heated atmosphere of the vivarium the less it seems to want to eat, although there is no sign that it suffers from this voluntary deprivation. Food that it has captured from the live things that make their home in the vivarium remains undigested in the pitchers for a long time; where once the merest touch would electrify the plant into life and cause it to close its fangs in search of a victim, the queer, uncanny thing now languidly and leisurely responds to extraneous influences.

There are a number of these Nepenthes now planted in the vivarium of the University, and they are a source of never ending interest to the botanists who visit this adjunct to the Biological department of the college. To what use they could be put in this country is not plain. As rat, mouse or roach traps they would doubtless be invaluable in any household, but the temperature at which the house would have to be kept to ensure the plants living would make their presence the greater of two evils.

# My Four Years at West Point Pony, Cart in Harness, Free

(BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER)

AT WEST POINT.

O ILLUSTRATE the method of conducting recitations at the U. S. Military Academy, let us suppose that I am in the second section of mathematics—(this, however, is a mere

supposition).
It is 7:53 in the morning, and the bugler is just blowing call to quarters. I come sauntering out of the hall of barracks, book in hand, taking a farewell look at the different eliminations for equations of two unknown quantities. Other plebs appear and are gathering on the pavement south of the plazza. It is hardly time for the upper classment to show themselves on the pavement, but they begin to collect at

upper classmen to show themselves on the paverment, but they begin to collect at about one minute before eight.

Each pleb has a question to ask some other pleb about the lesson of the day. The second pleb replies by asking pleb No 1 another question. Pleb No 1 retorts with another interrogation point, and then rushes off to still another classmate, until, finally, the bugler sounds the assembly, as the clock strikes eight.

Every man knows about where his section forms and is there in a moment. Up-

proceed to their various section-rooms.

As soon as the section marcher reaches the proper room, he halts his men, faces them toward the wall, and orders "Break ranks, March!" The cadets then hang up their caps and enter the room, the section hang up their caps and enter the room, the section marcher last, closing the door after him. The room contains a row of desks on the north and one on the south side. The instructor has a desk on the farther side of the room from the door. The cadets take seats according to rank, the senior being in the seat nearest and to the the seat nearest and to the right of the instructor, and so on in rank down one row, then beginning at the seat to the left of the in-structor down to the seat of the tail man of the sec-

tion.

The cadets proceed to their respective seats and remain standing until the section marcher, who advances to the steam-heater in the center of the room, has made his report, when they all seat themselves together. They then take

section marcher, who advances to the steam-heater in the center of the room, has made his report, when they all seat themselves together. They then take down the next lesson, posted on the blackboard behind the instructor, and every man closes his book. Steady'—the instructor first asks if there are any questions on the lesson of the own. Don't you believe anything of the day of the would be willy cadet takes advantage of this opportunity, for two reation have "caught on" and figured out sons—either to show off what he knows (although he does not make his remarks that instructor as the cadets say "bugling it," for the shugle sounds the recali in the hall at several members of this astute section. But it doesn't take an instructor long to find out these men—then look out for squalls.

When all the necessary explanations have been made, our instructor takes up ble sections to a sale the end of the size of the scales to the cadets of the section of the day to rask the cadets of the section of the day to rask the cadets of the section of the size of the section of the size of the section of the day to rask the cadets say "bugling it," for the hall at part of the sounds the recali in the hall at part of the section of the size of the section of the size of the section of the size of the section of the day to rask the cadets say "bugling it," for the hall at part of the section of the size of the deal of the section of the size of the size of the deal of the size of the deal of the size of the size

have been made, our instructor takes up about half-way through the first term. On

boards." The men doomed to these boards deduce step by step all the general rules in the lesson of the day, and often those in the lesson of the day before.

Nothing is assumed in mathematics at West Point. Everything is deduced, and in fact these deductions are the main features of mathematics at the Academy. tures of mathematics at the Academy. "Side boards" where problems are solved in a systematic manner and explained in some cases, are only incidental. And mere memorizing of the words in the book won't do (i.e. in the Mathematical Department— it serves well in the other departments) for even if the instructor does not interfor even if the instructor does not inter-rupt you with several questions during your recitation, he will fire a volley at you when you are through that will drive both words and "math" from your brain. Learn the whys and wherefores—don't get rattled and never admit that you don't know what

and never assumption on the plantform, near takes his position on the plantform, near to say.

The men are at liberty to make the necessary notes to elucidate their respective subjects, after having written their names in the upper right hand corner of their boards. In the meantime, the instructor calls up a cadet on "questions." This man takes his position on the platform, near accordingly, after brushing upon it. I went to the English section-room prepared to do wonders. I wouldn't write notes on my

By A GRADUATE

HOW RECITATIONS ARE CONDUCTED to questions by the instructor, tells all he knows. If the cadet has "boned questions," or if he is good at memorizing, he has a fair chance for a "max" (maximum, 3—minimum, 0); but if he is a "side board fiend" and has cut questions, and tells the instructor that an equation is a similitude of similar similarities, and that an identical equation is a similarities, and that an identical equation is a similarities, and that an identical equation is a similarities. cal equation is one whose identity we can easily recognize (definitions I overheard one day), he will need a microscope when he examines his weekly marks posted in

the gymnasium on Saturday.

As soon as the instructor has finished with the man on questions, he calls upon the one at the first front board to recite.

If this man is not ready, he calls on the second front board, and so on in order.

The first front board is the one opposite and to the right of the instructor as he

section) stands in front facing his section, side and are marched back to the area of day shouts "Form your sections."—"Right face!"—"Call your rolls!" These comsay that a certain instructor "runs a denatcher faces to the front. As soon as they all have faced toward him, the officer of the day says "Resport!" and the marchers report in order. The O. D. then commands may all have face!" and "March off your sections!" The sections then file into the west door of the Academic Building and proceed to their various section-rooms.

Side and are marched back to the area of ported.

As for the other department, that of modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who mands having been obeyed, the section tail," which means that he gives out subgets found in English ought to have been found on the preliminary examination. There is no excuse for it. While I would not advise any one to cut the Department of Modern Languages, it is a fact that when there is one man found in this department, that of modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who modern languages, there was nothing particularly difficult. In fact, the man who modern languages, the was for the under languages, the was for it would not advise any one to cut the Department of Modern Languages, it is a fact that when there is one man found in this department. There are five found in mathematics.

Having finished with the Academical Department, let us go to the Tactical Department. # 18 a list # ##

have been made, our instructor takes up about natively independent on the made, our instructor takes up about natively independent on the made in the made in the lesson. Our instructor blackboards at the side of the room opposite the instructor are technically known as "front boards." Sometimes one or two additional boards are created "front boards." The men doomed to these boards recitation, although quite ignoring the district step by step all the general rules words of the book and omitting a few said that we should read it over, although we would not be required to learn it. Nevertheless, he gave the subject to the marcher of my section who made a pretty recitation, although quite ignoring the words of the book and omitting a few minor details. I was the next ranking min and had been pushing him hard. was a chance to gain a file.

I reasoned that the next day I would get "probs" in "math," and the Essay in the review English lesson. I cut my "math" lesson dead and devoted every spare moment to the memorizing of this essay which was three pages long and in very fine print. Before I went to bed. I handed the rhetoric to my roommate and he heard me recite word for word the whole essay with no omission except punctuation marks.

The next day in "math" I was required

The next day in "math" I was required to deduce the rule for the "greatest common divisor." But somehow it wouldn't deduce, and, while I was nosing the board, the Professor walked in. He saw the point and said he would hear what I had to say. Well, I had lots to say, but it wasn't relevant or strictly true in a mathematical series.

board as the other cadets did. I would merely write "Campbeil's Essay on Style" in large bold letters, then face about im-mediately. When called upon, I would not move my pointer or change my posi-tion once. I would gaze into space and let the words flow forth in one uninterrupted the words flow forth in one uninterrupted

When the subjects were given out, the "endth" man of the section was required to discuss the Essay, and I was awarded Simile, Hyperbole, and Metaphor. My recitation was almost as doleful as my math display in the morning.

This was the last time I ever "boned details."

Algebra is completed in the first term

Algebra is completed in the first term, Algebra is completed in the first term, and the course includes nearly everything there is in algebra. It was all plain sailing for most cadets who had studied algebra before, until we reached quadratics. But we did not stop here. We pushed into chance and probabilities, logarithms (not mere tables but the whys and wherefores of logs), equations of the mth degree, and the upper sections took Sturm's Theorem Each pleb has a question to ask some other pleb about the lesson of the day. Each cadet, when ready to recite, takes of logs), equations of the whys and wherefores of logs), equations of the whys and wherefores of logs), equations of the mth degree, and holds his position at that side of his board most remote from the instructor, stands up with another interrogation point, and then rushes off to still another classmate, until, finally, the bugler sounds the assembly, as the clock strikes eight.

Every man knows about where his section forms and is there in a moment. Upper classmen rush out of the halls buttoning up their dress coats as they come, and conficer of the Day can "skin" them for a late.

The sections form in order of rank from east to west. The ranking section of the first man "Mr. Y, i will first class is at the eastern extremity of the line, and the fourth class immortals are at the west end of the line. The section, stands in front facing his section. As the bugle-call ends, the officer of the Day tan "sections"—"Right in not uncommon to hear the cadets of moderu languages, there was nothing partitimes (not more takes of logs), equations of the mth degree, and the upper sections took Sturm's Theorem. Referring to logarithms, do you know what a modulus is, and the modulus of one system of logarithms being given out the sword manual, and he keeps it at this position except when necessary to use it to point out something on his board.

When a cadet is called upon, he gives what is called his "enunciation," beginning up their dress coats as they come, and ended upon, he gives what is called his "enunciation," beginning up their dress coats as they come, and ended to demonstrate.

If none of the front-board men are ready of the instructor's negative quantities, whole numbers and fractions. If in multiplying 20 by 2, you failed to use the arithmetical complement every time that it was applicable, you were reported.

As for the other takes logarithms (not mere takes of logs), equations of these the unit

Having finished with the Academical Department, let us go to the Tactical Department. On every fair day in September (Saturdays and Sundays excluded) we had battalion drill. This is really a beautiful drill, and I would advise persons wishing to visit the Point to go there either in September or in May, when it takes place.

A word to visitors that will save them lots of trouble, when they wish to see a particular cadet. After you reach the summit of the hill, leading from the railway station to the plain above, walk westward until you reach the main road.

above, walk westward un-til you reach the main road runi.ing north and south.
Walk up this road in a
northerly direction until
you strike another running east and west. Turn to the left and walk past the north end of the long, brown building (the Academic building) until you come to the cadet barracks,

dent's quarters and we broke ranks for several minutes, while the band played. As soon as it ceased, we had to be in our places behind the stacks. At 5:15, we were formed in columns or battalion front and marched back to barracks. The last few days of the month were devoted to skirmish drill. Skirmishers deployed all over the plain, and fired volleys into imaginary foes

Although these drills were somewhat tedious, the weather was beautiful. June is the loveliest and gayest month at West Point and September is the loveliest and Point and September is the loveliest and saddest. Though the air was warm and hazy and the trees green with their summer verdure, the wind stealing over the bosom of the river, brought with it an almost imperceptible chill, telling that summer was over and the "melancholy days had come."

(To be continued.)



We are Going to Give Away Two beautiful Postplete one to the brightest boy and one to the brightest girl
who secures the most subscribers to Hunas Lirs, a magazine of
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and nine out of ten of them will gladly give you a year's subseription after seeing our magazine. It is the brightest and
best magazine ever published at 50 cents a year. It comperes
favorably with the dollar magazines.

If you take right hold of this now and put in only a part
of your spars time you will earn a great deal of spending
many for yearself, and who knows but what you may secure
the Peny, Cart and Harses.

The not let any other bay or girl get ahead of you. Write
us today. This effer is grantine, honest and most liberal
Just send us your name and address on a pastal card, telling
us you want the pony rig, that you will work for us. Do it
now. Tomorrow may be to late; some one may get shead of you.

HUMAN LIFE CO.,

**HUMAN LIFE CO.,** 34 Binford St., Boston, Mass.



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Full of valuable information. COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS **HOW TO PREPARE AND MOUNT** 



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Also contains a comp'ete list of all North American Birds, with prices of their eggs, skins and mounted specimens; also an exhaustive line of Ornithologists', Oologists' and Taxidermists' supplies, valuable infor mation for the amateur, recipes, etc. Bound in cloth, 35c, postpaid

104 Union St., CHAS, K. REED, Worcester, Mass.

## Every Boy Should Own One A 7x7 foot WALL TENT A737 foot WALL TENT of 8 cz. canvas with Ples, Repes and Pers, complete, \$5.15 Can be need in any climate. Perfectly confortable at all seapens of the year. You will have more fun

any idea. See it up on your lawn and enjoy the outdoor air at the same time keeping out of the sun. If you are going camping, crussing or tramping it's just the thing to take along, for it is

the same time seepons with a part the thing to take along, in the country or tramping it's just the thing to take along, in the country or tramping of the part of the same and the same and the same and the same and the same area. The same along of the same area area. The same along of the same area area.



Shetland Ponies and Pony buggies. Write for catalogue. W. E. WARNER, Youngstown, O

will blte like hungry wolves if you use Magic Fish Lure.
We will give you a box to help introduce it. Price, 25 cents. E. ORLA, MFG. CO. Anadarko.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS wants carnest PUZZLE wherever there is a church or school, 6.c., Give two references, \$25.00 cash premium to our best representative. Write for new methods.

John Bigham, 8es. Ngr., 860 Carelina Ni., Pittaburg, Pa.

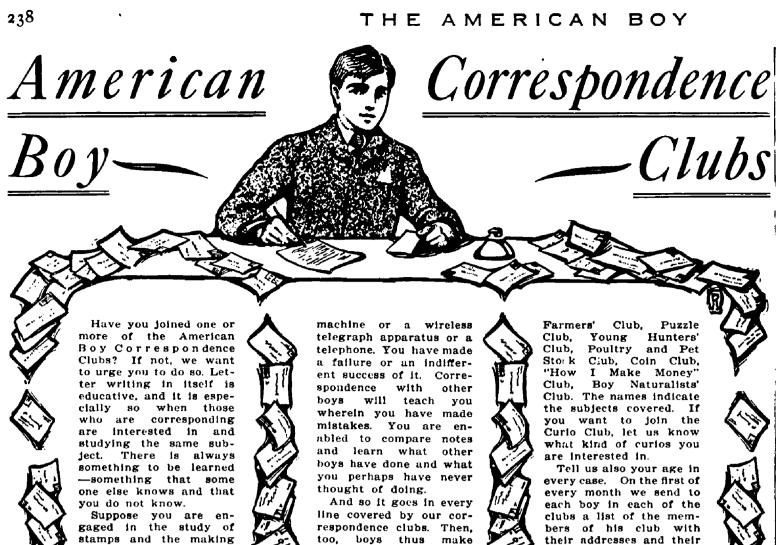
Try The American Boy as an Advertising Medium

CARRY A CHROMOGRAPH IN YOUR POCKET

Automatic Midget Artist's Just the size of a fountain pen. Fine Camel's

Hair brush and imported non-poisonous colors, in beautiful nickel case. Endorsed by

leading artists and teachers. With it you can color photos, post-cards, etc. Invaluable to Architects and Draughtsmen. Send 25c. for the CMORGOMATM and hints on color work. Agents wanted. JULIUS NEUMANN, Potentes, Gramercy Suliding, New York City.



of a stamp collection. A correspondence between yourself and some boy or some several boys in other parts of the country interested in stamps is sure to bring you pointers of great value. You may have duplicate stamps of a certain kind and your correspondent may have none of that kind and may be looking for them. He may have stamps of a kind not represented in your collection which he will gladly exchange with you for some that his collection lacks.

Suppose you are interested in electricity. You have tried certain experiments in the making and operating of a telegraph

too, boys thus make pleasant acquaintanceships. Friendships spring up in this way that often prove valuable. Our correspondence clubs are only a few weeks old, yet already we are receiving letters from boys thanking us for introducing to them boys in other parts of the country with whom speedily they have made what gives promise of being lasting friendships.

Here are the clubs:-Electrical Club, Mechanical Club, Stamp Club, Literary and Educa-tional Club, Curio Club, Amateur Journalists' Pho-Club. Amateur tographers' Club, Amateur Artists' Club, International Club, Young

their addresses and their ages. The members of the club select their correspondents, writing one or more as they please; indeed, they may write them all. It is understood that boys who join these clubs are ready to enter into correspondence with those who address them.

There is but one requirement, and that is the payment of fifty cents to the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY. This amount goes to pay for the labor and expense in our office of keeping and mailing lists once a month to all club members. Now which one do you want to join? A letter like the following is all that is needed:



size shoes to people in all parts of the country who have never before found a fit except in made-to-order shoes.

THE REGAL, in quarter sizes, is a genuine bench-made custom shoe. Only, instead of measuring your foot and keeping you waiting ten days, we have Regal shoes, in all our 98 stores and in the Mail-Order Department, ready to fit at once every possible combination and variety of length and width, height of instep, shape of toe, curve of heel, weight and kind of

With quarter sizes in men's Regals all the way from 41/2 to 13, and in women's from 1 to 8, you can depend on our having your exact fit ready for you.

We could not produce such a shoe as the Regal for \$3.50—nor for anything less than \$6—if we sold it through the usual trade channels. We call it a "six-dollar shoe at the whole-sale price" just because we do sell it to you at wholesale. The five profits that are usually divided between tanner, leather broker, manufacturer, jobber and retailer are reduced to just one-and you get the benefit.

We operate our own tanneries and sell Regal shoes only through our own 93 stores; and the short-cut Regal system of Tannery to Consum-

er devotes all your \$3.50 to the making of honest shoes, and none at all to loss and waste and



Don't say you are hard to fit till you have tried on a Regal in one of our stores, or have ordered a pair through the Regal Mail-Order Department.

Etyle 100 G4—As illustrated, except blucher cut, made of Russet King Calf leather.

You take no risk in ordering by mail. Your order is filled personally by an expert mail-order salesman. Your shoes are sent out the same day, and you don't keep them if they don't suit.

#### The New Spring Style Book Is Well Worth Sending For.

Mailed tree; 32 pages of photographic reproductions and descriptions of all that's new and fashionable in footwear.

SAMPLES OF LEATHERS ON REQUEST. Regal shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada, Mexico, Culsa, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, Japan, Norway, also Germany and all points covered by the Parcels Post System, on receipt of \$3.78 per pair. (The extra 25 cents for delivered.)

SPECIAL MAPS OF REGAL CITIES ON REQUEST.

#### REGAL SHOE CO., Inc.

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A—51-64 Ellis St., San Francisco, Cal.
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D—431 Canal St., New Orleans, La.
E—4 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

don, Eng., E. C., 97 Chenpside, cor. Lawrence Lane Regal Shoes are delivered through the London Post Dept. to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 15/4.

92 STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES LARGEST RETAIL SHOR BUSINESS IN THE WORLD



Secretary, American Boy Correspondence Clubs,

Care THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Michigan.

DEAR SIR:-Enclosed please find fifty cents for one year's membership in the.....

Correspondence Club. My age is......

(Name and Address).....

#### INVENTIONS DUE

chines, was considerably astonished tion, when, on the morning of the trial, a At couple of models of his invention came fluttering gayly over the grounds from outside.

Subsequent investigation, says Pearson's Weekly, proved that the cates had been built to scale by a couple of precocious Penge youths, who had made mental notes of the principles upon which Mr. Cody's originals were constructed while on a visit to the Palace

their spare time in putting the kites together, and had utilized the spacious coal yard attached to the Penge railway station for the conduct of their prailing. And ere long Huntsman was turning out cast steel ingots by the hundreds of tons, and reaping a fortune. The workmen in the mills were paid very high wages, and were sworn to secrecy. Nor did they hetrow their prailing.

atation for the conduct of their prelimi-nary experiments.

Sir John Brown, who made the first rolled armor plates for modern battle-ships, was but a lad of sixteen when the sight of a carriage worked by a spiral spring at a village fair suggested to him the conduct spring buffer for reliming the conical spring buffer for railway trucks, out of which, after a long strug-

trucks, out or which, after a long strug-gle, he ultimately made a fortune. Ell Whitney, the inventor of the cot-ton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing, through the interstices of a hut, an old negro work a handsaw among the freshly picked cotton stored

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney (he was barely thirteen at the time), realized at once that a machine working a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton

growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings.

But he succeeded in the end, and The late Sir Isaac Holden's inventions he was in London explaining to the though the outbreak of war and oth- in connection with the wool-combing greatest scientists of the age the greater hindrances prevented the invention industry have almost obscured from the est discovery of the century.

APTAIN CODY, the inventor of the aeroplane kite, who recently gave an exhibition at the Crystal Palace of his new man-lifting air mated was built from those very models and plans, and with scarcely a single alteration of lecturer on chemistry at the Castal Palace of his new man-lifting air mated was built from those very models and plans, and with scarcely a single alteration of lecturer on chemistry at the Castal Palace of the lucifer match.

time in the warm glow of the furnaces.

Nevertheless, when he went he took the secret of steel casting with him, and within half a dozen weeks there were as many mill owners in Sheffield working the new process.

Samuel Crompton, a boy of 16, copied the best features of the spinning machine invented by Hargreaves and Arkwright, added to them some of his own, and, after thirty months of anxious and

and, after thirty months of anxious and secret experimenting, produced the first spinning mule—so-called because it was a kind of hybrid between Hargreave's jenny and Arkwright's waterframe.

The raw apprentice lad was, however, no match in cunning for the cotton lords, who soon found out the secret of his new machine and shamelessly robbed him of the fruits of his ingenuity.

Many years afterward, it is true, they used their influence to secure for him a parliament grant of £5,000, but he was then a broken-hearted and disappointed man, to whom the money came too late to be of any real service

ed was built from those very models and plans, and with scarcely a single alteration.

a At Attercliffe, near Sheffield, in 1760, there lived a watchmaker named Huntsman, whose temper had often been tried by the defective quality of the watch springs then in use.

This happened while filling the position of lecturer on chemistry at the Castle Street Academy, Reading. He used to rise at 4 in the morning, in order to pursue his studies, and found the old-fashioned fiint and steel extremely invented by the defective quality of the watch springs then in use.

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This happened while filling the position of lecturer on chemistry at the Castle Street Academy, Reading. He used to rise at 4 in the morning, in order to pursue his studies, and found the old-man, whose temper had often been tried fashioned fiint and steel extremely inspired by the defective quality of the watch springs then in use.

He sometimes wondered if it were not possible to make these articles of like nature, and at last came to the conclusion that if he could only melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, its composition would be the same throughout.

He experimented, and at last succeeded. The supply created the demand. And ere long Huntsman was turning out cast steel ingots by the hundreds of tons, and reaping a fortune.

The workmen in the mills were paid very high wages, and were sworn to secrecy. Nor did they betray their trustation at least not wittingly.

But one bitter night they gave shelter to a wan, half-frozen lad, dressed in tattered corduroys. He asked no questions. Indeed, he seemed dozing most of the time in the warm glow of the furnaces.

Nevertheless, when he went he took the secret of steel casting with him, and within half a dozen weeks there were as many mill owners in Sheffield working the new process.

Samuel Crompton, a boy of 16, copied the best features of the spinning machine invented by Hargresses and Ark
Lord Armstrong as a boy was intended for the law, but as it happened there was a water wheel of curious construction near the office where he worked, and the man who owned it explained its mechanism to the inquisitive lad. He also explained to him an idea he had for utilizing the power of falling water in order to lift great weights.

A few brief words set young Armstrong thinking. A little later he started was that there was perfected, in due course of time, the enormously powerful hydraulic crane, which has rendered possible the ambitious enterprises of the modern builder.

Last and most wonderful of all, comes

modern builder.

Last, and most wonderius of any the case of the little Italian lad, Gugliel-mo Marconi, who, through seeing a con-Last, and most wonderful of all, comes

mo Marconi, who, through sceing a conjurer perform certain tricks by means of electrical agency, was enabled not so very long afterward to astonish the world with wireless telegraphy.

His first experiments were carried on in a field on his father's farm, and his apparatus consisted merely of tin biscuit boxes set up on poles of varying heights, one of which was connected with a crude transmitter and the other with an equally crude receiver, both of

with an equally crude receiver, both of his own manufacture.

This was in 1886, when he was in his fourteenth year, and he was barely 21, a shy, modest, beardless stripling, when

Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements

## BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS TAND MONEY SAVERST

#### Save Your Money

By HILDA RICHMOND

fevery boy and every girl had been taught to save the pennies given them in their youth there would be less talk about how to save the young people," said a public speaker at an educational gathering not long ago. At first thought this seems like a broad statement, but there is much truth to hack it up. The lecturer had been telling of two boys who accidentally broke a window playing ball, and while one was required to pay his share of the damage out of his own savings, the other boy's father came to his rescue and paid his bill without a word. As a result the latter went on breaking windows, while the former sought a safe place for his fun where no windows were near.

A certain wise business man refuses to hire any boy who has not a savings book or something to show for previous labor when he makes his application. "How much have you earned since you began working?" is his first question, and then "How much have you saved?" If the boy has had a meager salary and has had to help at home ten cents a week is sometimes sufficient guarantee of his good intentions, while many a youth has been turned away with excellent recommendations because out of fair wages he cannot show a cent of savings. The business man has been called unwise and unfair to dismiss bright boys for that one reason, but he is satisfied with his method and has never had reason to regret it.

"Would you mind telling me why you don't need me any longer?" asked a boy respectfully when he was dismissed from a store not long ago.

"You are in debt to two or three merchants around town and if we do not pay you enough to keep you honest you had better find a better place," was the reply.

"I am honest," said the boy, "and I intend to pay those debts as soon as I can

"I am honest," said the boy, "and I intend to pay those debts as soon as I can

who has ability enough to pay as he some money."

"That may be, but we prefer a boy who has ability enough to pay as he goes and save a little besides," and the subject was dismissed.

The workman who owns his own home is a better citizen and a better worker.

The workman who owns his own home is a better citizen and a better worker than the man who boasts that he doesn't pay taxes, and, for the same reason, the young man with a little bank account is more apt to be temperate, honest and careful than the youth who flings his money to the winds and boasts that he intends to have a good time once in his life anyway. It is unfortunate that so many parents allow their children to grow up without definite ideas of earning and saving money, but even if the early education has been neglected the young people themselves may begin putting away something for the independence all men and women should strive for in mature years.

About fifteen year ago four young men

for in mature years.

About fifteen year ago four young men started in similar positions with the same wages, and all had about the same general start in life. They had common school educations, good health, and were considered as belonging to the same "set" in their native town. In time all married and had families and, of course, had sickness and the usual expenses incident to married life. Out of the four but one has anything to his credit while the others live from hand to mouth in spite of fair wages. They are in debt more than half their time and look with envious eyes at their friend who saved spite of fair wages. They are in debt more than half their time and look with envious eyes at their friend who saved his money. To them it is a case of pure luck that he has sufficient income to keep him without working if he should so choose to do, but the wise young man knows better. When his comrades laughed at him because he could not afford money for cigars and to have a good time "with the boys," he quietly went his way and is now able to take vacation trips and have a good time not "with the boys," he quietly went his way and is now able to take vacation trips and have a good time not "with the boys," he quietly went his way and is now able to take vacation trips and have a good time of the boys, are looked upon as "slow pay" by the merchants with whom they deal, and everyone can tell you that when a man gets that reputation he has few friends.

If you can only save ten cents a week by all means put that amount away. The habit of saving will grow on you and you will soon be able to pass the tempting candy, fruit or other things that make holes in your allowance or wages at a time, and as there is a colored

ing candy, fruit or other things that make holes in your allowance or wages without a wish for them. Eating between meals is a poor practice anyway, and the sooner it is broken up the better. A boy who delivered papers and never had a cent to show for his work vas asked what he spent his money for and he said it all went for things to eat. On his way from school to the newspaper office he bought candy and fruit and nuts, and when he came back stopped again for more of the same stuff. One of his comrades always spent five cents for a sandwich before going out in the cold, and then hurried home to a warm supper when his delivery was finin the cold, and then hurried nome to a warm supper when his delivery was finished, but that was entirely too tame for the other lad. He earned the money himself and he intended to have the good of it. Perhaps he kept his word, but the doctor has him as a patient now for a bad case of indigestion and the boy's other is spending money lavishly for father is spending money lavishly for

It does not follow if you are saving money that you must be stingy and selfish. On the contrary you will find yourself able to make better presents at selish. On the tolking yourself able to make better presents at Christmas and help with charitable undertakings than ever before. The habit of cutting off the useless things provides money for real pleasures, and the boy who can give his mother a really nice present is happier than the one who must buy some trifle because he has selfishly wasted his money on himself. Many a boy thinks it impossible to give five cents to the church collection every Sunday, but spends that amount every day for something that does him more harm than good.

"I wouldn't have the place if they'd offer it to me," said a young man boastingly the other day when speaking of a vacant place in a bank. "Those old fogles ask if a man goes to bed early the publisher, Harry R. Marlow. of Warren, Ohio. The current issue contains and the National Amateur Press Association, and the

and a lot of stuff like that. pect to be young but once and I intend to have a good time."
"Don't take the trouble to have your

"Don't take the trouble to have your resignation ready, young man," said one of the bank directors who overheard the conversation. "We want a youth with brains and the position will remain vacant till we can find such a person. We never hire the employes of tobacco merchants and saloons, for that is what cigarette smokers and beer drinkers are," and he passed on, followed by the loud, silly laugh of the boaster.

Yes, you will never be young but once, but youth is not the only time in life. There are young men at fifty and old men at twenty, so prolong your best days

There are young men at fifty and old men at twenty, so prolong your best days as late in life as possible. When you plan to save by-and-by remember that now is the time to form the habit. Money wisely saved has a power for good in your life that you cannot afford to despise, and it will help you over many a stumbling block when the cares of later years come upon you of later years come upon you.

#### Another Secret of Success

Recently the writer chanced to enter a store where a traveling salesman was displaying his samples. The proprietor of the store was a friend of mine, and being in no hurry, I watched while the drummer closed several sales.

"I wouldn't buy heavily in that, Mr. Carlton," said the salesman, referring to a sample which had interested the merchant. "Try a small case, if you wish, but don't put much money into it. We thought it was going to be a great seller, but somehow the public don't seem to take kindly to the article."

"That drummer must be a personal friend of yours," I remarked, after the salesman had packed his grips and taken his departure. "There are not many drummers on the road who would advise a tradesman not to purchase freely of one of their samples."

drummers on the road who would advise a tradesman not to purchase freely of one of their samples."

"No, I've only met him in a husiness way," was the reply. "But he is a man who takes an interest in every man's business whose trade is in touch with his own. He is the best salesman that the Potter Company has on the road, and that is saying a good deal."



# SHOPPING BY MAIL

The Curtis Publishing Co., 2360 Arch St., Philadelphia

Your Address on a Postal Card sent to

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co., Detroit, Mich.

Will bring you description or samples and prices of Dry Goods, Furnishings, Linens, Ready-to-Wear Goods, Draperies and Dedding. OUR MAIL ORDER SYSTEM insures perfect satisfaction.

Another secret of success! Not think-ing entirely of self, determined to win at the expense of another, but considering another's success, hoping and expecting to win through that success.—Frederick E. Burnham in Forward.

### 

- Edited by W. R. MURPHY -

The editor still has a number of amateur papers which he will distribute to those who send him a 2c stamp for postuge. Letters are answered in the order of their receipt, so if you fail to receive your papers at once don't write indignantly by the next mail. They will come in due time.



amateur journalist of Australia. He has done a creditable job. At Sea was printed one page at a time, and as there is a colored border around each page this means that the number of "impressions" was doubled. The are poems, essays, etc., by Edwin B Swift, Charles W. Heins, Alf. H. Pearce, Frank L. Wilmot, Foster Gliroy, Alice Heins, Louis E. Bisch and M. E. Lee. All in all the issue is well worth preservation.

Variety is the spice of life to amateur journalists as well as to other folk, and this fact is recognized by John W. Smith, editor of THE AMATEURIST, of Philadelphia. In the of THE AMATEURIST, of Philadelphia. In the January issue he presents eight closely printed pages of matter interesting to amateur journalists. Three poems of more than the average worth grace the front page, that entitled "Kabibonokka" (the north wind) being especially effective in its imitation of the wind's movements. The rest of the paper is filled with comments, editorials, criticisms and announcements.

THE SEARCHLIGHT is now in its seventh volume forty-five numbers having of Warren, Ohio. The current issue contains an entertaining article on Amateur Journalism

THE MITE does not belie its name, for its pages measure only 3½ by 5 inches. For such a small sheet it contains a good deal of reading matter. Richard Kevern contributes an essay on "Architecture and Printing," which gives many interesting facts. Richard is also the editor of The Mite and comments on some of his exchanges. His address is 114 Hull street, Cleveland, Ohio.

There is another MITE, published at Olean, New York, 2y D. W. Prosser. The work is evidently done on rather a small press. The printing is clear enough, but the margins are very uneven. A little practice will enable the young printer to get his columns straight The chief contribution is a composition upon George Washington. George Washington.

George Washington.

THE HOBO is the same size as The Mite, first mentioned, and is published by a friend of Richard Kevern, William Feather, of 87 Aetna street, Cleveland, Ohio. Many boys are discouraged if their papers are not large in size, but Will takes a sensible view of the matter. He writes as follows: "Do 'thumbnails' do any good? Decidedly yes. By thumbnails I mean papers of the size of The Hobo down. Did you ever publish a thumbnail? Of course you did. Was there any thing to it but the subscription price and a few funny sayings? Well, no, but the next issue was better, and it kept getting better and larger right along. To this we echo a hearty Amen. Some of the leading amateur, and professional papers as well, started very modestly. All hall to the small boy with a printing press. Long may he flourish."

#### Plea for Boy Journalists

James M Beck, Timothy L. Woodruff, Charles H. Young and a number of other busy men in New York, who in earlier days edited and published amateur journals and magazines, have appealed to President Roosevelt to use his influence to have amateur publications admitted to the privileges of second class mail matter.

Mr. Young, who is president of the Fossils,

an association of men who were interested in amateur journalism prior to 1889, wrote this letter to the President, explaining the situa-

letter to the President, tapically the state I mail a few examples of the printing and editing of amateur journals and magazines of the present time. With this, I enclose, a letter of the Hon. James M. Beck, who when a boy published a like sheet, and a letter of E. M. Lind, the present official head of amateur journalism.

Ism.

It is the only school beyond the grammar school to which many American youths ever attain. Its field of activity is very much circumscribed at present, because the Post Office Department will not send the publications through the mails at newspaper rates as they used to do in the days when Mr. Beck and myself were identified with the printing and editing of like sheets twenty-five years ago.

and calting of like sheets twenty-live years ago.

In order to accomplish the result of encouraging such effort, no change in the law is required, merely a change in the rules, made to enforce the law as it exists. The rules have been narrowed to keep advertising sheets

have been narrowed to keep advertising sheets from going through the mails at newspaper rates, and have resulted in keeping out the only papers and magazines which contain no advertisements whatever.

I feel assured from my acquaintance with you that if in the multitude of larger things you have to occupy your time and attention, you could give this matter a few moments' thought, you would open the door for the youth of America, and give them the opportunity which only the well-to-do can now afford, but which in my time was embraced by the poorest of poor boys.

Our Editor is on the look-out for boys who are ready to take part in American Boy Day celebrations.

## Vacation Money

easily earned by hustling boys selling the \*KING\* COLLAR BUTTON

These buttons are one piece, unbreakable; ten carat rolled gold plated. Try a dozen. Before the patent expired they were retailed at 25c apiece. You can sell them at 6 for 25c and make big profit. Send us 28c for one dozen. Special price by the gross.

Address MT. CARMEL MFG. COMPANY 25 N. Oak Street Mt. Carmel, Pa.

Make Money Fast!
We want agents to sell our world-famous "Hylo"
Electric Lamps and "Skedoodle" Socket Plugs.
Every family using electric light will quickly buy
"Hylo" lamps; every merchant using electric
light will buy "Skedoodle" Socket Plugs.
You've only to show these articles to sell them.
We allow liberal profit. Write us for particulars
and get to making money fast. Here's your opportunity, boys. THE PHELPS CO.,
18 State Street. - Detroit, U. S. A.

## 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.

Free Sample:

Work after achool hours and Saturdays.

THE AMERICAN DOOR CATCH is a selier. At least six catches used in every home. Per dozen texpress prepaid, \$1.25. Sells for 25c. each. One agent writes he made \$11.00 in one day.

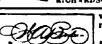
AMERICAN HARDWARE MPG. CO., 1100 Feiton St., Ottawa, Ili.



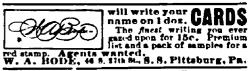
#### MEN WANTED-GOOD PAY

WANTED Men overywhere—to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs, etc. No canvaming. Address NATIONAL ADVERTISING CO., 6 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

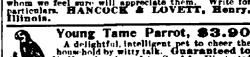
BOYS WANTED TO SELL EVERSWEET, and



Agent's Outst Pres, "Fasyaweep Oust Pau. Handled with foot, dirt emptied withboot, lister. Large Catalog very latest household articles, rapid sellers. RICH ARDSON MPG, OO., Dept. 12 BATS, N. T.



Boys A set of Tools should learn the use of tools, and we intend to give a thousand sets of these tools to the first thousand by whom we feel sure will appreciate them. Write for particulers. HANCOCK & LOVETT, Henry.







Boys and Girls can make big money during vacation selling our pure Flavor-ing Extracts. Perfumes, Scaps, Toilet Articles, etc. No money in advance.

BECK EXTRACT COMPANY.

51 Dartinouth St.

Cleveland, O.



ty, New Hampshire. It was there in Lemster Woods that Scott and his younger brother, Abner, met with the adventure brother, Abner, met with the adventure which is here related.

It was late in the afternoon of a gusty March day in the spring following the removal to the new home. The boys were with their father in the sugar-camp. In those early days the family depended for their yearly supply of "sweetening" on the product of the maple sugar season, and as the process of evaporating sap in an iron kettle was necessarily slow and the sugar season short, the great rot was kept bolling continually, the boys watching the fire one night and their father the next.

The camp was in the edge of the forest where the sugar maples stood thickest. The huge kettle was slung on poles over a crackling, roaring fire; nearby, under a fir tree that served as a protection from the wind, was a stack of pine blankets, where the boys took turns sleeping through the night; this afternoon they were busy dragging in drip the boys flate the woods, while their father with a clumsy yoke on his shoulders, from either end of which dangled a pail, brought in the sap from the wooden buckets on the tapped trees and poured it into a tub from which the kettle was to be filled as often as necessary.

Finally the sap was all gathered and with parting injunctions to the boys mot to both fall asleep at the same time and let the kettle burn, Mr. Kinson, tired with a night and day of hard work, tramped off home. The boys finished their chopping and as darkness stole over the forest they set their supper to warm and prepared to make themselves as completed and function of the face the wolf as it sprang to warm and prepared to make themselves and the face the wolf as it sprang to warm and prepared to make themselves and the face the wolf as it sprang to warm and prepared to make themselves and the face the wolf as it sprang to warm and prepared to make themselves and the face the wolf as it sprang to warm and prepared to make themselves and the face the

Finally the sap was all gathered and with parting injunctions to the boys not to both fall asleep at the same time and let the kettle burn, Mr. Kinson, tired with a night and day of hard work, tramped off home. The boys finished their chopping and as darkness stole over the forest they set their supper to warm and prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible for the night. On the wooded slope of Lemster Mountain some two miles away there was a stir in the black shadows of the rocks and a lean, gray shape stole forth and, after sniffing the wind in a vain attempt to discover scent of possible prey, crept down the slope into the deeper night of the woods below. The old Lemster wolf was starving. For two days he had not tasted meat, and for weeks his almost continuous hunting had been rewarded with but an occasional rabbit or stray partridge which but served to whet his ravenous appetite.

among shadows, he moved, and shrinking far hack under low spruce boughs, peered out fascinated at the fire that leaped and crackled and flung its protecting brightness over the figures of the boys as they sat talking in low tones or moving about to put more wood on the fire or refil the steaming kettle. The flames lesped higher and with hate watcher shrank farther back into the darkness and crouched with gleaming eyes fixed on the boys in the glowing eyes fixed on the boys in the glowing eyes fixed on the boys in the glowing tolicile. Hour after hour he watched.

The boys at last grew silent and drowsy in the heat; Abner crept under the blankets of the bunk and slept, while Scott nodded more and more often in the comfortable warmth, rousing each time with greater difficulty as the fire grew low, till finally he sild from his log seat to the ground and with head pillowed on his arms he, too, slept.

All was silent now about the camp. The fire burned lower and lower, and so its circle of light narrowed, the wolf's fear gave place to something like contempt, and he crept closer. A stick burned through and fell with a snap that sent the flames leaping up for a moment and caused the wolf to shrink back behind the wooupile. Scott stirred warlly around the dying fire, he approached the tree under which Abner the floor, his ears pricked forward as proached the tree under which Abner the floor, his ears pricked forward as proached the tree under which Abner the floor, his ears pricked forward as proached the tree under which Abner the floor, his ears pricked forward as proached the tree under which Abner the floor, his ears pricked forward as proached the tree under which Abner the floor, his ears pricked forward as proached the tree under which Abner the floor, his ears pricked forward as the floor, his ears pricked forward as proached the tree under which Abner the floor, his ears pricked forward as the

the night visitant stole on. Skirting Bose warily around the dying fire, he approached the tree under which Abner though lay wrapped in his blankets. On he trotted crept, still onward from tree to tree, let out.

to the older boy, who, awakened by Abner's shouts, scrambled to his feet just in time to face the wolf as it sprang toward him.

Instantly the quick-witted boy snatched a bucketful of sap left in filling the kettle and flung it full in the face of the onrushing animal. Blinded and gasping, the wolf's fierce onslaught was checked for a moment; then Scott darted to the other side of the dead fire and, dipping his bucket into the steaming kettle, ran forward and dashed a full gallon of the scalding hot syrup at the beast as it crouched to spring. It struck in the side of the dead fire and, dipping his bucket into the steaming kettle, ran forward and dashed a full gallon of the scalding hot syrup at the beast as it crouched to spring. It struck in the side of the coin."

VVIII IS TOUT IVIOUTO!

"When I have my shoes shined by an American bootblack," says Dr. David G. Wylie, of the Scotch Presbyterian church, New York city, "I never have to invice in the sport of the scotch Presbyterian church, New York city, "I never have to is 'Speed' and the spirit of his motto is in his work. He takes a few hasty rubs across the tips, whisks off a dipping his bucket into the steaming done—except taking the coin."

The crowd of boys who heard this shouted their approval as most American boys would.

"The boys," was her first thought, and opening the door, the pair harkened for some sound from the some sound from the woods. There it was, a faint cry that set the dog again to whining piteously.

again to whining piteously. "Sam, get up quick; there's something happened to the boys!" called Mrs. Kinson, and almost sooner than it takes to tell it Mr. Kinson, armed with his musket and with Bose in the lead, was hurrying toward the camp, leaving the anxious mother listening in the open door.

the anxious mother listening in the open door.

The wolf, meantime, infur.ated at the escape of his prey and the smart of his burns, seemed to possess but one desire, and that was to get at the boy shivering beneath the sapholder. He dashed at the tub as though he would annihilate it, he leaped upon it, he bit and clawed it, but finding the hard wood too tough for his old teeth, he set to work to dig underneath, working ever harder and faster as though spurred on by Abner's yells in the tree above.

scott knew that if the wolf made a Scott knew that if the wolf made a hole large enough to get his head through that the tub would be overturned. He had no weapon of defense except the jackknife in his pocket, and this he got out with some difficulty in his cramped quarters and opening the stout blade, held it ready for use. The wolf was digging more furiously: a little more and the awful head would shove its way inside. The boy breathed hard and gripped his knife for the coming struggle.

and gripped his knife for the coming struggle.

Hark! What was that? A familiar bark rang out close at hand. The wolf had stopped digging. There was the sound of a tussle outside and Abner's voice, "The wolf, father! Scott's under the tub!" and then the loud report of a musket, and in another minute the tub was lifted and Scott and Abner were safe, while on the ground lay the dead body of the Lemster wolf.

#### What is Your Motto?



pain and fury, dashed 'round and 'round the boy in a circle, looking for a chance to take him unawares. "Climb a tree! Oh, do something!" implored Abner in horror, expecting every moment to see the wolf pull down his victim, and at the same time he clambered down from his perch to share his brother's peril.

the floor, his ears pricked forward as though listening intently, and at once trotted to the door and scratched to be

"But," continued the kind-hearted minister, "when I give the job to one of those little dark-eyed sons of Italy to whom the word 'shine' forms a large part of their English vocabulary, then part of their English vocabulary, then I always settle down for a delay. One of these little fellows will forget all about time and will only think of the job before him. He first cleans the leather with water, then puts on a coat of blacking and rubs it off, puts on another coat and rubs that off, too; then he puts on the polish. He is never satisfied with his work till every bit of the shoe has a luster that it does one good to look at He, too, has a motto. Who can guess what it is, in one word? Yes, you arright, my boy—it is 'Thoroughness'—and it has an advantage over speed."

#### We Wish We Could Attend

Now we are beginning to receive invitations to commencement and class-day exercises. We are interested in the day exercises. We are interested in the success of every boy who writes THE AMERICAN BOY, and it would be a great pleasure to us to listen to their salutatories, valedictories, essays and orations, on the occasion of their graduation.

#### Portland Picture Postals

Now that the Exposition at Portland is about to open, we are receiving picture postal cards from our Oregon boy friends—particularly those who live in Portland. They serve not only to please the editor, but to please one small boy in the editor's home, who is making a collection of picture postals, so they are doubly appreciated.





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BEGUN IN MAY-PART II HE hands of the big round clock in the House pointed to 12, December 5; the gavel of the Speaker descended with a thump and Congress was in session for the "short term," which expired March 4. Paul Rollins had greeted his page companions cordially, noting several strange faces cordially, noting several strange faces and the absence of several familiar ones. He possessed the respect of his fellows, who were compelled to acknowledge his efficiency and manliness, but there was a guif between them—a feeling that he was not of them. He did not participate in their discussions of the races and theaters or fritter away his time in the aters, or fritter away his time in the recital of gossip, but, during the forenoon, after the "records" had been bound and bills filed, devoted his leisure moments to his books.

ments to his books.

Paul had become quite well acquainted with many congressmen, and Mr. Rogers of Pennsylvania had taken a particular fancy to the boy, impressed by his busines-like address and the speed with which he executed tasks. If he had a really important errand Mr. Rogers would oftentimes make a special request that Bolling he sent

would oftentimes make a special request that Rollins be sent.
On this particular day Paul had just handed Mr. Rogers his 2 o'clock mail. As the congressman hastily scanned the parcel his attention was attracted by the address on the top letter.
"Senior Rogers," he muttered. "I wonder if the man who wrote that imagines we are graded here according to seniority."

"Did you speak to me, sir?" asked Paul returning to the desk.
"No, I was just thinking aloud; here is a person who addresses me as 'Senior Propers'"

Rogers."

Paul glanced at the envelope. "Oh, that is 'Senor,' the Spanish word corresponding to our 'Mister:' you see, the letter is postmarked Havana."

"So it is; I wonder what complaint this Cuhan friend has to register now. Do you speak Spanish, Paul?"

"A little; I've been studying it for about a year."

Mr. Rogers proceeded to open his main and the page retired.

"Tell your chief I want Rollins." said Mr. Rogers to the page who answered it were

Mr. Rogers to the page who answered

"Here, Paul, see if you can make anything out of this; this letter from Havana," said the congressman, handing the sheet of strange writing to the boy. "I probably will not get the translation absolutely accurate," replied Paul, "but I may be able to give you the meaning. This letter is from Mr. Valquez, who says he owns a plantation in Puerto Principe. Cuba, capable of producing the who says he owns a plantation in Fuerto Principe, Cuba, capable of producing the finest tobacco in the world. He wants you to organize a company to buy his land and cultivate it. He says you can make a great deal of money out of it, and invites you to come and examine the plantation." plantation.

piantation."
"He does, eh? Well, Mr. Val—Val—whatever his name is, will have to wait until there is less fighting in Cuba before he can interest me in real estate

Congressman Rogers took occasion to Congressman Hogers took occasion to mention this incident to some of his colleagues, and Paul earned several dollars during the next three months translating Spanish into English. Upon one occasion the Committee on Foreign Affairs, dealing with some Cuban matter, came to a standstill; nobody present could interpret a Spanish document. Mr. Rogers, who was a member of the comcould interpret a Spanish document. Mr. Rogers, who was a member of the committee, suggested to the chairman that a page in the House—Paul Rollins by name—could possibly help the committee out of its dilemma. The Iowa page hoy was sent for and quickly gave a free translation of the document. The members of the committee were really more interested in the spectacle of a seventeen-year-old page acting as interpreter for a committee of the House of Representatives, than in the subject matter of the Spanish document. The chairman thanked Paul on behalf of the committee, and he returned to his duties on mittee, and he returned to his duties on the floor tingling with pleasure. The session passed quickly and March

4th Paul was at liberty. At the disburs-ing office where he applied for the four days' pay due him he received a warrant for \$75. "You have made a mistake," said he, handing the check back to the officer; "I am entitled to only \$10 for four days."

"It's correct," replied the disbursing clerk, returning the warrant; "the appropriation for the short session always covers 120 days, or until March 31."

Paul was much elated over this unexpected windfall. He had been in a quandary what to do about school. To go home now would throw him behind in his studies, yet he had not felt that he could afford to remain just for school. "Stev until Type and in the meantime."

"Stay until June and in the meantime take up shorthand and typewriting, days," suggested Mr. Sanderson. "If you apply yourself you can acquire a fair knowledge of it in three months; it's a

write 110 words a minute from dictation and make a typewriter talk. During the summer he earned nearly fifty dollars taking notes at trials and in doing work for lawyers at odd times. Incidentally, from March 4 until December 6 Paul grew three or four inches in height. When he called on Mr. Sanderson the Saturday before the beginning of the session, that official exclaimed: "In the name of the King of Brobdignags, Rollins, what have you been feeding on during the last nine months? You've grown a foot, I should say. You are no longer available as a page; I'm afraid I will have to turn you loose, Paul, and I am mighty sorry, too; you have given splendid service, but you know as well as I do that you are too big for a page—you were rather over-

big for a page—you were rather oversize last session."

This was rather a staggering salutation, but Paul was not altogether unprepared for it. He realized his size was

be here Tuesday; I guess the jig is up, sald Sanderson.

said Sanderson.

"It does seem hard luck that nature should knock a fellow out of his job. Say, Mr. Sanderson, why cannot you detail me to a place at the front, near the assistant doorkeeper, to look after hurry calls? I know when a member wants a page by his actions, and could accomplish as much as two boys responding to regular calls. If I did not sit with the other boys by the annunciator my size would not be an objection."

"Page to the assistant doorkeeper, as

"Page to the assistant doorkeeper, as it were," suggested Sanderson; "well, that isn't a bad idea. We'll try it, any-

that isn't a bad idea. We'll try it, anyanyanyanyanymay. I'll speak to Sloan. You report to
him at a quarter to twelve.
The innovation worked like a charm.
Paul was everywhere, and, as the chief
nsiapage remarked, the new plan reduced
Paul, regular calls ten per cent.
One day after the holidays Congressquezt,
man Shane gave Paul a nod. "Go to
uerto the private booth," he said, "and telephone Hendee & Co., brokers, and get
vants the present quotations on Mallenble
y his
can looks. Don't come back till you get it."
Paul hurried to the telephone. Both
the first stall was vacated a half hour
val—
had passed. passed.

"Malleable preferred broke badly fifteen minutes ago; it is now 67%—3% under the opening; been heavy all the

morning."

Paul rushed back to Shane. "Where have you been this hour; how's the market?" he demanded, without giving opportunity for reply. Paul gave him the paper upon which he had written the quotations

The congressman's face was livid. "When did you get this?" he hissed. "Just this minute," replied the page. "This minute! Why didn't you get me the information I asked for an hour

ago? Your dawdling has lost me more than your lazy skin is worth."
"Mr. Shane, it is just thirty minutes since you sent me. I've been waiting at the telephone booth during all that at the telephone booth during all that time. Congressmen Jackson and Olcott were using the booths; Mr. Jackson was still talking when I left; I got word from Hendee & Co. just as quickly as possible. I am sorry if you have lost money, but it was not my fault."

Short rushed to the telephone booth

Shane rushed to the telephone booth, then went direct to the office of the doorkeeper. "What member is behind Rollins, the page?" he demanded.
"He has no member; he is my personal appointee," replied Sanderson. "Why, what's the matter?"

appointee," replied Sanderson. "Why, what's the matter?"
"Well, I want him discharged at once;

I sent him on an errand and he loafed around an hour, resulting in heavy financial loss to me.

"I am surprised to hear this. Rollins is the best boy I have on the floor; are you sure there is no mistake about this?"

you sure there is no mistake about this?"
"Sanderson, I want young Rollins discharged. Do you understand?"
Colonel Shane was a member of great power and influence, the head of the "combine" which distributed the big offices in the House—that of doorkeeper being one of the best.
"Very well, Mr. Shane. I will discharge Rollins, if you insist on it," replied the official.

Paul told the doorkeeper the story of apply yourself you can acquire a fair raul told the doorkeeper the story of knowledge of it in three months; it's a his trouble with Shane, exactly as it ocmighty convenient accomplishment." curred. "I believe you, and you are not Paul accepted the advice, and early in June, when he started for home, he could go," said Sanderson. "Do not ask for

reasons; I cannot give them to you. You will draw your salary until your successor is sworn in, but you need not again

The boy thanked the doorkeeper for his kindnesses of the past and walked out. Turing into the main corridor, he met Mr. Rogers.

"Not on duty today?" inquired the congressman.

"I was until a few moments ago; I have been discharged."
"Discharged! You don't mean it!
What's the trouble? But I cannot stop

now; come to my home tonight; I want to hear all about it."

"Those are the exact facts in the case, Mr. Rogers," declared Paul that evening, having narrated the details of the

sing, having narrated the details of the stock market episode.

For several moments the congressman remained silent. "Paul, my private secretary has completed his law course, and wants to hang out his shingle. I shall need a new clerk, but it is imperative that he should write shorthand. How long would it take you to learn to write 'pot hooks?"

"I am a fairly good stenographer and typewriter now," responded Paul. "I remained here three months last spring and took a course."

"Well, I declare, Paul, you are a trump! When I am in straits for a Spanish interpreter you are at my elbow; when our committee gets stalled.

Spanish interpreter you are at my elbow; when our committee gets stalled, you pull us out of the difficulty, and now that I need a clerk I find you out of a job and equipped to take up the work. I fancy you don't know much about politics, but you will learn quickly enough in the Tenth district. Then it's understood you succeed Mr. Harris February 1. By the way, you know the salary of a member's clerk is \$1,200 per annum; of course you are with me all the time, either at my home or in Washthe time, either at my home or in Washington."

ington."

Mr. Sanderson heartily congratulated his former page upon his promotion "Rare opportunity, young man; Rogers is one of the best men in the House." Then the doorkeeper, at Rollins' suggestion, outlined the duties of a congressman's clerk and pointed out how he might employ the two weeks prior to February 1st in preparation.

size last session."

This was rather a staggering salutation, but Paul was not altogether unprepared for it. He realized his size was against him.

"Through whose influence have I been retained \*during the two sessions," inquired Paul.

"You have been charged to me, personally. The pageship belonging to Congressman Anderson, who died, I assumed for your benefit."

"Couldn't you exchange the pageship for a messengership; some congressman might be willing to bring a boy instead of a man; that would give you a vacancy," suggested Paul.

The doorkeeper thought a moment. "Then how in the name of Socrates did you obtain all this information? I actually believe you know more about the district than I do; you are not a messengerson."

"I find every congressman has his man here except Kirgsley, and his man will be here Tuesday; I guess the jig is up," said Sanderson."

Paul?" asked Mr. Rogers at the close of the first day. The clerk said he had not. "Then how in the name of Socrates did you obtain all this information? I actually believe you know more about the district than I do; you are not a mind-reader as well as a dabster in Spanish, are you?"

"Oh, no. There is nothing occult in my knowledge; all I know about the district may be learned at the Congressional Library and at the Postoffice Department. I had nothing particular to do the last two weeks, so I spent my time reading up."

It is not important to follow Paul Rol-

It is not important to follow Paul Rollins in detail through the first few years he was clerk to Congressman Rogers. He quickly grasped the routine work; inaugurated a new scheme for handling the large pension correspondence; could tell in a moment the status of all postoffice in a moment the status of all postoffice cases, and knew the name of every rural free delivery carrier in the district. He also conducted a modest literary bureau, furnishing the daily papers in Jefferson, Lake City and Marshall, with telegraphic bulletins of important district matters and weekly letters by mail summing up the general legislation. The papers were glad to get this news and offered to compensate Rollins, but he declined to accept any pay, assuring the editors that accept any pay, assuring the editors that it was a labor of love and required but an hour or so each week.

an hour or so each week.

When twenty-four years of age, Rollins, who had taken to politics as a duck to water, was chosen chairman of the Eden county central committee. That spring, for the first time since his first nomination, Mr. Rogers found strong opposition. In Madison and Windsor dissatisfaction was expressed over his attitude on an important bill, and indications pointed to the nomination of State Senator Harrington of Windsor county, It was understood many of the politic-

Senator Harrington of Windsor county. It was understood many of the politicians of Madison were for Harrington.
Paul Rollins, his ear always pressed against the ground to catch the first inharmonious vibrations, had quickly inharmonious vibrations, had quickly noted the signs of an approaching storm. Before the politicians of Madison knew what was in the air Rollins had quietly dropped into Lake City and had a talk with Fred Foster, an extremely popular attorney and stanch friend of Congressman Rogers. The situation was canvassed at length and Foster consented, in the event of certain developments, to come out as a candidate for Congress and select a delegation favorable to Rogers for second choice.

and select a delegation tavorable to Rog-ers for second choice.

The following evening, unannounced.
Paul visited Lanark, the second city of importance, located in the west end of Windsor, and for two hours was closeted with Harvey Maxwell, a powerful politi-cal factor and close friend of Rogers. A few days later the Lanark Daily Herald contained a paragraph to the effect that Senator Harrington might not have a clear field in selecting the Windsor deleclear field in selecting the Windsor delegation to the district convention; that the gossips were grooming Harvey Maxwell for Congress Mr. Maxwell declined to commit himself, but admitted his friends were urging him to enter the congressional race.

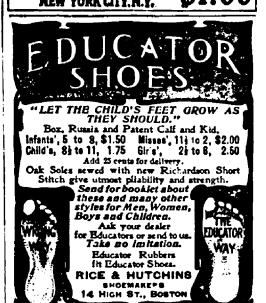
Two days later the Marshall Evening Star formally announced the candidacy of Mr. Harrington and the next day the

Star formally announced the candidacy of Mr. Harrington, and the next day the Lake City Tribune brought out Fred. Foster as Madison's candidate. The following Monday the Lanark Herald declared that if the congressional race was to be a "free-for-all" its esteemed townsman, Harvey Maxwell, would ask the support of the Windsor delegation. Eden county was, of course, solid for Rogers.

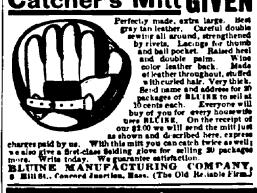
Rogers. to the meantime Rollins had written Judge Fuller, assistant United States attorney general at Washington, a resi-

(Continued on page 255.)













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#### Company News

SILVER GATE COMPANY, No. 26, San Diego, Cal., recently held its semi-annual election of officers, resulting as follows: Edward Wier, Capt.; Clarence Cole, Lieut.; Sidney Baldridge, Adjt.; Lesse Cassie, Q. M.; Jack McCarty, Col. Sergt.; John Lydick, Col. Gd. This company has \$16.70 in the treasury, and 21 books in its library. Meetings are held every week at the members' houses.



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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.

Raiph Brown, V. C. This company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. American the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. American the company is interested in nature study. Why not join one of the company is interested in nature study. American the company is interested and one creating so bit day lock and one state in the members and a sexample to all our companies. This is a fine record and we are glad of the warm interest taken in the members and its an interest taken in the members and one of the warm interest taken in the members is a fine record and we are glad of the warm interest taken in the members and one of the warm interest taken in the members and one of the warm interest taken in the members and one of the warm interest taken in the members and one of the promain the company is a new parameter to all our companies. This is a fine record and we are glad of the warm interest taken in the members and one of the warm interest taken in the members and one of the warm interest taken in the members and one of the promain the company is planning as birthday box and a membera in the record of the warm interest taken in the company is in t

U. S. should further be restricted by law."

This company has a fine brass band and expected to take part in the Decoration Day parade. Its gymnasium consists of parallel bars, swinging rings, trapeze, dumb-bells, etc.

FLOOD CITY COMPANY NO. 54, Johnstown, Pa., had a fine program at its meeting in March with debates, readings and speeches and criticism by the Rev. Dr. Owen James. This company has organized a baseball team and has \$2.00 in the treasury and its charter neatly framed. OKLAHOMA COMPANY, NO. 5, Waukomis, Okla., intends to celebrate American Boy Day. The members have gut the charter inceity framed and they intend going on a camping trip soon as vacation time comes around. FRANKLIN PIERCE COMPANY, NO. 8, Keene, N. H., has had the honor of receiving a portrait of Franklin Pierce from his nephew, Kirk Pierce, waure the boys will much members in the surrent healty framed and they intend going on a camping trip soon as vacation time comes around. FRANKLIN PIERCE COMPANY, NO. 8, Keene, N. H., has had the honor of receiving a portrait of Franklin Pierce from his nephew, Kirk Pierce, waure the boys will much members in the surrent health of the company? 29th company report, from which we note with pleasure: It has held \$3 regular and several special meetings and outings. During March four enjoyable meetings were held. The members are rehearsing for American Boy Day, which they intend shall be a hummer. The secretary sends us a very good pian for having successful company meetings, and we may sometime give other companies a hint from it. One of the features of a recent meeting was the relating of experiences of real life which proved a decided hit. We are always pleased to have this company's most vigorous report. SALEM ATHLETIC COMPANY, NO. 30, Salem, Ind., has the following officers: Raiph Faulkner. Capt.; Frank Gray, V. C.; Seward Snyder, Secy.; Grant Whessler, Treas. It has a good baseball, track and gymnashum outfit, and a basketball team which has not lost a game. It expects to break some ammerican Boy

# EVERYBODY

THE editor of The American Boy has charge of American Boy Day celebrations at Portland (July 5), Chautauqua (July 22), and Boston (date not fixed), and at other places where the day may be celebrated, as Bedford, Pa.; Lexington, N. C.; San Francisco, Cal., and Cairo, Ill. He wants the names of talented boys whom he may engage for these celebrationsparticularly boys who can declaim, write and speak orations. sing, play a musical instrument. They must be boys who can perform especially well, as they will appear before very large audiences. No boy will appear at any two places. New England boys are wanted for Boston; middle States boys, preferably, for Chautauqua; western boys for Portland. There is no fund pro-

vided to pay the expenses of these boys; they must pay heir own. The experience will be well worth what it will cost them. At St. Louis last year we had boy performers from nearly a dozen States. Two, only, were from St. Louis. Advise the undersigned quick of any way you can help in procuring talent. Make your suggestions at once. This is the second great step in making American Boy Day a regular feature of our national life, and you can help make it a success. Then, too, it is not too late to begin planning for a celebration in your own town. Do you WM. C. SPRAGUŁ, want it? Address

> Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

On closing this page for the printer we learn that Bedford, Pa., will celebrate American Boy Day July 4th. We shall be glad to hear from Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland boys, telling us they can be present and assist.

#### The Origin and Early History of Baseball By A. G. SPALDING **3**20

A Famous Old Time Baseball Player



"HOW'S THE GAME GOIN', JIMMY ?"

(Continued from May Number.)

AVING FRAMED a constitution that was satisfactory, and certainly drastic enough for the new conditions that it was sought to bring ditions that it was sought to bring about, the next question was how it could be put into operation. The feeling at that time among the eastern clubs of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Hartford was very strong against the western clubs, especially Chicago. Mr. Hulbert had little difficulty in bringing the four western clubs—St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louis-ville and Chicago—into this revolution-ary scheme, and after this was quietly accomplished Mr. Hulbert sent a personal invitation to the presidents of the four eastern clubs above named to meet him at the Grand Central hotel in New York city February 7, 1876, with the result at the Grand Central hotel in New York city February 7, 1876, with the result that then and there was organized the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs, with ex-Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut as its first president and N. E. Young as secretary. This old organization, be it said to its credit, has from that day practically governed the game in the game's best interest, and today professional baseball is conducted on a higher plane than any other professional sport in the world. Gambling is entirely exterminated, the honesty of the game is above reproach, and dissipation among is above reproach, and dissipation among the players is a thing of the past. It must not be understood that all of the abuses that had gradually crept into the abuses that had gradually crept into the game were removed by the wording of that constitution of the newly organized National League, for it took five years to convince the public that the league was sincere in its efforts. At the second meeting of the National League, in December, 1876, when Mr. Hulbert was elected president, it became necessary to exact from membership two clubs, represented elected president, it became necessary to expel from membership two clubs, representing the great cities of New York and Philadelphia, for breaking their contractual obligations, by not playing return games due the western clubs. Both of these clubs, whose officials had been the leading spirits in the defunct National Association, thought they were powerful enough to break the rules of the new National League as they had done with its predecessor, but they did

not know W. A. Hulbert. These two clubs were promptly notified to appear before the National League and show cause why they should not be expelled. Having failed to "jolly" the thing through at the last moment, both clubs became alarmed and appeared before the league for trial, represented by able lawyers, while Mr. A. G. Mills, who has done so much for professional baseball, appeared as prosecuting attorney for the National League, with the result that both the New York and Philadelphia clubs were expelled. This bold, but necessary, act reduced the membership of the National League to five clubs in 1877 and seven clubs in 1878, and it was not until 1879 that the full quota of eight clubs was restored.

restored.

At the league's second annual meeting, November, 1877. It became necessary to expel four noted players—Devlin, Hall, Craver and Nichols—for crooked-Hall, Craver and Nichols—for crookedness, they having been tried and convicted of selling games while playing for the Louisville club. In that connection I recall an affecting scene that occurred soon after this expulsion, when Devlin, a noted pitcher, appeared in Mr. Hulbert's office and on bended knees and with uplifted hands begged Mr. Hulbert to reinstate him. "I ask this," says Devlin. "not so much for myself, but for my wife and children, who are prostrated wife and children, who are prostrated with grief. I am guilty and ought to be punished, but if you will reinstate me and remove the stigma from my family, I will agree never to touch a ball again." I will agree never to touch a ball again."
Devlin was in tears, and so was Hulbert.
Mr. Hulbert replied: "Devlin, this is what I think of you personally (handing him \$50), but you have been convicted of selling games, you have disgraced your profession, you have retarded, if not entirely nullified, the efforts of the National League to purify baseball, and so long as I am its president or responsible for its acts, you and your associates in this crime will never be reinstated, so get out of here and never let me see your face again."

From that day to this there has not

From that day to this there has not been a single occasion to expel a player for crookedness, and the integrity of

baseball now stands above reproach. In 1881 ten prominent players were expelled from the National League for

dissipation, which has resulted in practically eliminating this vice from the game, and it has now become an established requisite that ball players must lead abstemious lives in order to maintain their standard of skill as players, demanded by the club officials and the public officials and the

Before Mr. Hulbert died, in 1882, he had the satisfaction of seeing gambling entirely eliminated from the game. integrity of play thoroughly established, dissipation driven from the players ranks, and the national game reinstated in public favor, as evidenced by the enormous crowds that now attend the games.

while Henry Chadwick is called the "Father of Baseball," William A. Hulbert was its savior—God bless his memory—and it is no small honor to have been the savior of a nation's sport. Baseball is a sentiment and not a business; a sport and not a commodity, and the great difficulty that league and club officials have in legislating for the game is trying to adjust a business harness to this fractious animal. With all their experience and efforts it frequently happens that when the championship race is on, the business harness gives way somewhere and the baseball magnates are at each other's throats trying to repair the break.

The press devotes much space to these baseball business wranglings, and casual observers might be justified in con-

ual observers might be justified in considering baseball managers a lot of hyenas; but, as a matter of fact, they are, as a rule, high grade men, honestly trying to satisfy their local patrons and advance and safeguard the game itself.

Baseball is also a great spectator's game, and I believe that I am within the bounds of truth when I assert that more people annually attend baseball matches than attend all other athletic games in the world put together. In making this assertion I am not unmindful of the enormous crowds that attend cricket and football games in this and other English speaking countries. tries.

tries.

It seems unnecessary to explain the game itself, for every American boy is born with a baseball and bat in his grasp. He understands the rudiments of the game before he knows his A B C's, and grows into youth and manhood with a natural affection for the sport. The mental and physical activity of baseball make it a great educator and training school for the boys of our nation; it teaches them to be alert, quick of thought and action, necessitates controlling one's nerves and temper under exciting conditions, and especially its a boy for the rough and tumble commercial life of today.

a boy for the rough and tumble commercial life of today.

Baseball is the father or forerunner of athletic sports in the United States, which were practically unknown to this country before the Civil War. Forty years ago it was a discredit for a man to be seen with any kind of athletic implement, but now it is a badge of honor. Baseball was the spark that brought into action that natural, inhorn Anglo-Saxon love of all kinds of athletic sports, and today the youth and young men of the United States can hold their own with the leading athletes of the world. There is today no greater moral and uplifting force influencing the youth of this country than athletics, when kept within reasonable bounds.

rountry than athletics, when kept within reasonable bounds.

Wellington said that "the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of England," and President Roosevelt is credited with a somewhat similar statement that "the battle of San Juan Hill was won on the baseball and football fields of America."

The spirit of baseball has permeated into every part of our strenuous life; it exists in all business enterprises; it is seen in our President, in the Cabinet, in Congress, in the pulpit, in the countinghouse, and factory; and if renewed energy is sought, fresh enthusiasm or inspiration required in any of these places, it can always be aroused by the utterance of these two well understood words, "play ball."

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special articles on the game, review of important fournaments, official roles.

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the United States ample reason to regard the coming exposition as a matter of na-tional interest.

of the frunk bine same fect.

The rates now agreed upon are one dollar plus the regular first-class one-way fare to Chicago, plus the rate of \$56.50 offered for the round trip to Portland from that city. The regular fare one way from Chicago to Portland is \$61.50, \$5 more than the special round-trip rate. The effect of the arrangement force, therefore, is to make the \$61.50, \$5 more than the special round-trip rate. The effect of the arrangement now in force, therefore, is to make the round-trip rate from points east of Chi-cago \$4 less than the regular one-way rate to Portland. For example, the regu-lar fare from New York to Portland is \$81.50, and from New York to Chicago \$20. The round-trip rate to Portland during the Lewis and Clark Exposition is \$21 (the regular one-way fare to Chi-cago plus \$1), plus \$56.50, the rate of-fered for the round trip from Chicago to Portland, or \$77.50, which is \$4 less than \$81.50, the regular one-way rate in ef-fect between New York and Portland. The rate for the round trip to Portland from St. Louis, arranged some time ago.

rne rate for the round trip to Fortland from St. Louis, arranged some time ago, is \$52.50, while the rate from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior is \$45, both of these rates being less than the regular one-way fare.

regular one-way fure.

The new rates decided upon make the trans-continental trip for the first time within the reach of people of moderate means, and thousands are expected to journey west this summer, as it is unlikely that a similar rate will be offered for years to come. The Lewis and Clark Exposition, which is to be held at Portland from June 1 to October 15, will be in itself well worth the journey across the continent to see.

The Lewis and Clark

Expedition

Every American boy should ere this be aware that Lewis and Clark were two great American historical characters. dead and gone those many years, who, one hundred years ago, explored the great country lying west of the Masis-intental trip, which make it possible for a person living in the east to visit the apoint near its headwaters, crossing the Rocky mountains overland and voyaging down the Columbia river to its mouth at the Pacific ocean. They should know that the success of this expedition, which was sent out by President Thomas Jefferson, resulted in the acquisition of 307,000 square miltes of territory by the United States, out of which three great states have been way fare to Chicago, plus the rate of way fare to Chicago, plus the rate of the Lewis and Clark exposition is to complete the coming exposition as a matter of national interest.

Louis Exposition, and, being more compactly arranged, may be seen within the coming exposition as a matter of national interest.

Louis Exposition, and, being more compactly arranged, may be seen within the coming exposition as a matter of national interest.

All Aboard for the Portland

Exposition

The Fuir will not be so large as the St. Louis Exposition, and, being more compactly arranged, may be seen within the time and means the average person has at his disposal. Though a which im every sense of the term, for almost every states will erect buildings and the Union and almost every states will erect buildings and the Union and almost every states will erect buildings and the Union and almost every states will every states to visit the appropriate participation, while ten or twelve states will every states with the tunion at the subject of the term, for almost covery states will every states with the time and means the set use of the Exposition in every sense of the term, for almost covery states will every sense of the term, for almost covery states will every states will every states with the Louis Exposition, and the States in the S memorate. Every western state will have a magnificent display of its resources, housed in a characteristic building, and the easterner who is anxious to learn just what sort of a country the Pa-cific Northwest really is may find out by

cific Northwest really is may find out by visiting the exposition, thus saving hundreds of dollars which might be expended in getting the same information by examining the whole country first hand. The rates which the railroads have made are good for ninety days, but not later than November 30, and provide for almost unlimited stop-over privilege, which make possible trips to scenic points of world renown at comparatively litle additional expense. Yellowstone Park may be visited on a stop-over via the Northern Pacific route. For \$11 additional to the cost of his excursion ticket, the visitor may make the trip to Portditional to the cost of his excursion ticket, the visitor may make the trip to Portland by way of one of the northern routes, and return by a southern route through California, or vice versa. There are many points of great scenic and historical interest which may be reached from Portland in half a day or less, at very little expense. Such side trips include a trip up the Columbia river, through unsurpassed scenery, a journey to the top of Mount Hood, more than 12,-000 feet high, or an excursion to the seasihore or up the Willamette Valley, the most fertile agricultural region in the world.

great country lying west of the Mississippi, going up the Missouri river from St. Louis to a point near its headwaters, crossing the Rocky mountains overland and voyaging down the Columbia river to its mouth at the Pacific ocean. They should know that the success of this expedition, which was sent out by President Thomas Jefferson, resulted in the acquisition of 307.000 square miles of territory by the United States, out of which three great states have been carved—Oregon, Washington and Idaho—not to mention considerable silices along the western parts of Wyoming and Montans. along the western parts of Wyoming and Montana.

It is not believed that ignorance as to the meaning and importance of the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition is very widespread, even in the east, where as a rule, matters of western history are not considered of intimate interest to the average citizen. But the Lewis and Clark expedition which is to be commemorated at Portland this year by a great international exposition, was of such importance in the growth of our great nation that it would seem that no one should neglect to study it. Capt. Meriwether Lewis and his associate, Capt. William Clark, were the first Americans to make the journey across the continent. The country which, largely by reason of their exploration, was added to our domain, gave the United States its first coast line on the Pacific, and this acquisition led, more or less directly, to the subsequent annexation of California, Alaska, Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines.

But if the acquisition of the Oregon

the Philippines.

But if the acquisition of the Oregon country alone had been the ultimate result of this expedition, that fact furnishes the people of the Pacific Northwest with a sufficient reason for celebrating the anniversary of the event, and it gives the people of the remainder of the Philippines.

# HENDRICKS' LAST RUN

Written for The American Boy By ETHELBERT W. WALDRON



ENNINGS came across the ball in his lab. jacket and stuck his head in at the door.

"Come over and take a hand, Sike."

Mason was gathering up some books from the table.

"Can't now. Got a two o'clock. My, you medics take life easy. Over in our department, hump's the word, from start to finish. Say. Jennings, you look guilty;

department, hump's the word, from start to finish. Say, Jennings, you look guilty; you're bolting."

"No, I ain't. Old Bowler's sick. You come over then, Hen."

"No, I can't either," said Hendricks, fingering a couple of letters Mason had just brought up. "I've got to read some letters."

"Oh, the dickens!" Jennings slammed the door and slouched back down the

After Mason had gone out Hendricks reached over for the paper-knife and shoved his chair nearer the window. He

reached over for the paper-knife and shoved his chair nearer the window. He hesitated which one to open first. One had on it the postmark of an eastern university town; the other was from his father. He slit open the first envelope and drew out the typewritten sheet.

"Dear Hendricks"—it began—"I am to be the first to tell you that you have been awarded the Culver fellowship. I want to congratulate you, and I feel that the Founders ought to be congratulated too in securing a man so worthy to carry out its purpose. These are rather high-flown words, are they not?—but I feel that they are true ones. You know I was pretty sure all along that the fellowship would be yours, but both Murray and Harper had such a strong backing that I confess lately I have been somewhat skeptical. Yesterday, though, O'Donnell got interested and in the afternoon we went over to see the committee. They gave out their decision last evening.

"Now of course you know, Hendricks,

noon we went over to see the committee. They gave out their decision last evening.

"Now of course you know. Hendricks, that we haven't done all this for nothing; such is human selfishness. What we ask of you is that you will not run for your University this year. We are certain of taking the coming Intercollegiate, but next year, with Ryall and Howe and Nevin gone, the outlook will be discouraging, unless we can get hold of some new material. You would take both of your events here, for you know Pennsy loses Travis this year, too. O'Donnell has been watching you ever since you clipped the record for the haif at the Western Intercollegiate two years ago, and I need not tell you it was his eye for our track prospects that made him throw his influence with mine. You have now served your University three seasons; you have but one more year to run, whether it be here or there. I do not see how your college could reasonably demand you to put away your own interests in favor of—

And so on to the end. Hendricks folded up the letter and slipped it back into its envelope. Then, slitting open his father's letter, he glanced rapidly through the closely written pages, the short, concise sentences he knew so well.

—"and I hope. John,"—it ended—"that you will get this fellowship you were talking of. Since that is the kind of work you like, you ought to endeavor to be the best man in it you can make yourself. You know I cannot help you any after this year, so that unless you do get some such chance, further advanced work must be put off till you have earned some money of your own."

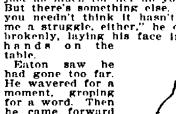
For a long time the man sat looking down into the street. It was a soft,

vanced work must be put off till you have earned some money of your own."

For a long time the man sat looking down into the street. It was a soft, slushy day in early February. Suddenly, glancing up, he remembered he had a four o'clock in Tappan. Snatching up a note-book, he hurried down stairs. Just off the campus he saw Eaton, the track captain, who hailed him from across the street to stop a moment, but the Library clock had struck the hour a block back, and Hendricks shook him off with a nod and sprinted for his class.

When he came out of Tappan at five, on the steps he ran into Crockett, the two-mile man.

on the steps he ran into Crockett, the two-mile man.
"Hello there, Hen." he jerked out, pulling Hendricks out of the crowd; "why weren't you out to the run yesterday? You not being there put us out a good deal. Fitz was going to divide the squad up and have you lead out the short distance men, but as it was we had to run the whole lot together. There's nothing like getting out and getting toughened





what I was saying, and I—I beg your pardon." Something came up in the man's throat and seemed to choke him. "But you must think this over, Hen," the captain went on. "You know we can't lose you." He turned and took his hat from a chair. Hendricks lifted his head from his arms; then he got up and took Eaton's hand, without trying to answer him. Together they moved toward the door, and Hendricks held it open till Eaton reached the bottom of the stairs.

ward the door, and Hendricks held it open till Eaton reached the bottom of the stairs.

The Cornell meet came and went, a victory for Michigan. But this result had been almost assured, even with the loss of Hendricks, for Cornell, already weak, had been crippled at the last moment by the throwing out of Quinn for ineligibility. As the struggle with Michigan's great western rival drew nearer, however, a feeling of gloom settled down on the student body. This was the fifth and deciding indoor meet of a series of five between the two Universities, and to the winner went the coveted Woodruff trophy. On paper Chicago looked the victor; the only chance for Michigan seemed to be that of Palmer, the forty-yard man, who had seconded Hendricks well in the half and quarter for two seasons, being able to stand all three events. But everyone knew that this was something less than a probability. Nevertheless the outcome hung in the balance: the interest grew intense.

Before seven o'clock of the evening of the meet the crowd had begun to stream up the broad stone steps of the Waterman gym, and at eight the great room was jammed. It was like a vast amphitheatre, with the wall of faces coiled around the great white sweep of floor, and, higher up, the crowd massed on the seats back of the running-track. The band was there, too, playing the old familiar airs and some new ones that just then had the popular ear.

Mason and Hendricks sat in one corner on the top tier of benches back of the track. Just under them, over the railling, was the little knot of Chicago men, who had been given seats at one end of the floor, and who were answering the roll of cheers from the Michigan throats with their short, snappy yell. As the meet progressed, some surprises came to light. Michigan took the forty-yard dash and Cl-icago the hurdles, as

gan throats with their short, snappy yell. As the meet progressed, some surprises came to light. Michigan took the forty-yard dash and Cl-icago the hurdles, as had been figured, but in the high jump Chicago unexpectedly won out at five feet eleven, while the shot put and pole-vault, both conceded to Chicago, were carried off by Colby, a fresh law who had begin to do promising work a few

Mason went from supper to Glee Club practice, as Hendricks came back to the room alone. He was just lighting the hardone. Supper the bard the door slam with the heart of the door slam with t

(Continued on page 245.)

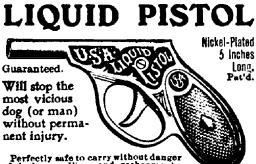


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# Lewis and Clark Exposition

The first great exposition of the resources and the products of the Great Northwest will be held at Portland, Oregon, this summer. The gates will be opened in June, and it is confidently believed that this will be one of the greatest of the world's fairs. Portland is best reached via

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se Mention The American Boy When Writing



The burning sun made the dustladen air feel like
fire. The grass on the ground was
tramped down by thousands of feet, and
the only protection and cover were the
cornfields, whose tail, withered stalks
concealed friend and enemy alike.
A company of Russian infantry came
rushing back, and threw themselves down
among the cornstalks, which trembled in
the air for a few seconds, then all was
quiet.

the air for a few seconds, then all was quiet.

In disorder, without leaders, they had fied like a herd of scared sheep, inspired only by the instinct of self-preservat on, the desire to live. And now they were lying there in groups, silent and downcast, hardly able to breathe, listening and trembing at every sound, insane from fright, panic stricken. From the direction from which they had come, and, as it seemed, directly from the yellowish green wall of cornstalks which stood between them and the enemy, came the sound of rifle shots, with a noise as of peas thrown by the handful on a drum. Sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker, sometimes in voileys came the sound, accompanied on and off by the roar of the field artillery.

Hardly had they thrown themselves d win when the bullets began to strike the ground all around them but they remained motionless, every man clutching his rifle in his hands, careful not to look at his neighbod, every man ashamed of his own cowardice. Thus passed a whole minute—an eternity of death and destruct, on it seemed.

A man in the uniform of a captain came running toward the cornfield whi h had

ardice. Thus passed a whole minute—an eternity of death and destruct.on it seemed. A man in the uniform of a captain came running toward the cornfield whi h had swallowed up the company. He had lost his sword and his uniform was torn and dusty. He was furious, his face d storted with rage. He had been in command of these people, lived with them, loved them as children. He knew every one of them his life, his character, he had led them into death, the death which threatened them from behind those hastily constructed trenches which were visible in the horizon, and they had betrayed his faith in them and fled. How he hated them in this moment!

He rushed into the cornfield breathless, unable to raise his voice to call them back, broken down with despair.

They were all there—he knew it, he felt it, only a few steps from him, stricken with fear of death, and he dd not have the strength to call them back to inspire them with new courage.

The old, scarred veteran officer, stern and grim though he looked, suddenly bezan

them with new courage.

The old, scarred veteran officer, stern and grim though he looked, suddenly began to sob, and sank exhausted to the ground, never once thinking of the bullets which struck everywhere around him, almost wishing that one of them would kill him.

What was his life worth after this disgrace? Where were they, the miserable cowards?

The cornstalks parted slowly, and among them appeared the grimy face of the old

Quick as lightning the captain jumped to

Quick as lightning the captain jumped to his feet.
"Thou also—thou also Stephen Antanovitch!" he shouted and rushed toward the old sergeant, who stood there pale and trembling, afraid to meet the eye of his superior officer.
"Oh, captain, captain," he groaned, "I do not under tand how it happened."
"Thou dost not know?"
The sergeant stood at attention, his hand raised in respectful salute.
The fist of the officer struck the pale

stirred.

"We might call the roll, captain."

"Call the roll of cowards, contemptible scoundrels! What good would that do?"
"Call them by name, captain. They will respond." It was an idea after all.

And with a voice as if he had been standing on the parade ground the captain began calling the names of his men.
"Dead! Wounded! Missing!" replied the

sergeant. But one at a time the men came forward

took their accustomed places in the ranks, saluting their captain with downcast eyes, crushed by the feeling of their shame.

And he stood before them, as if he never noticed the wounded, stern and forbidling.

He was no longer their beloved captain but a merciless judge.
"What have you done?"
The pale faces turned still paler, but no answer came, the groaning of the wounded was the only sound which broke the awful stilence.

"What have you done? You have forgot ten your oath, disgraced your uniform You cowards, you miserable, contemptible cowards!"

cowards!"

Bullets sang and whistled around them but this handful of men stood there motionless, at attention.

"We have forgotten the Czar, forgotten our oath!"—It came with a moan from the ranks. "We are guilty; thou must pronounce our sentence, captain!"

The captain heard it and his heart filled with joy. He did not notice the "thou." His eves shone, his chest labored heavily.

"Children," he said, "also I am guilty that I let this happen. Let us march into death!"

He put on his old fusty cap, pierced by

He put on his old fusty cap, pierced by bullets, made the sign of the cross and

said:
"Forgive your old captain, brethren!"
Forgive us, captain!"
"The Little Father forgive us all!"
"Forward, march!" came the command.
The Russian column had been beaten and were in full retreat before the enemy.

then out of a cornfield came a handful of soldiers. Silently they marched on in then out of a confield came a handful of soldiers. Silently they marched on in close formation, keeping perfect time as if on parade though their faces were stern and set. An old captain in a uniform torn with builets marched in front and not a man fell back, even the wounded rising again when they had fallen. The trumpets sounded the retreat but the company did not near. They had sentenced themselves to death and they kept on advancing.

When they came near the Japanese lines they charged bavonets and cheered, a weak cheer it is true, which was soon drowned by the "Banzal" of the enemy. But a mighty response came, the Russian reserves came to the aid of their heroic comrades, who were being mowed down by the enemy, a hundred to one.

Toward evening, when the sun went down behind the Yentai mines and the blood bespattered fields, the Japanese had been driven back and Kuroki's flanking movement had failed.

And in the morning when the order of

movement had failed.

movement had failed.

And in the morning, when the order of the day was read, a company was mentioned, which had marched alone against the attacking enemy, and though it had been almost wiped out had made it possible to take those little furrows which in military language are called trenches and breastworks and had changed the whole outcome of the battle.

#### HENDRICKS' LAST RUN

(Continued from page 244.)

in a flash, a wave of hand-clapping swept around the amphitheater, lost the next instant in a deafening cheer:
"Hendricks! Hendricks!"
"Hendricks!"
Hendricks!"
Hendricks!"

"Hendricks!"
Hendricks felt Mason's hand pulling him back, and a voice in his ear saying. "You're a fool, you're a fool, Hen, to go now,"—but he did not heed it. Something strong was carrying him away, bearing him along in its arms resistlessly. Like a man in a trance, he clambered down the tiers of seats. The trainer, waiting for him grasped him by trainer, waiting for him, grasped him by the arm.

"You'll run, Hendricks? You must. The Chicago men agree to let you in. Come

Hendricks looked out over the Michigan crowd, shouting at him almost fiercely. The past slipped away from him, the future was gone; only the present, bold and alluring, clamored at his ears.
"Yes." he answered, "I will."
Away the two men went through the throng, leaving behind them a very babel of voices.

On the mark—set—and away, with the crack of the pistol. Seven laps! As he ran, his old confidence came back to

him. One—two—three—four, around and around, and always the Chicago runners just opposite, a half a lap ahead, a half a lap behind. Then, all at once, he knew that his lapse of training was going to tell. A tiny rasping catch intruded, imperceptibly, on the come and go of his breath. The old pain over the heart, that he had not known since a hoy, began to throb, faintly at first, then stronger, till each breath was an agony. He looked across. The Chicago runners were hitting up the pace—they had gained a little. And Farquhar, running badly, was twenty yards behind.

An anarchy of sound deafened him. He could see nothing now but the thin ribbon of track curving away from him, around and around and around. Suddenly the noises sank to a hush. It was very

the noises sank to a hush. It was very still, only the pat, pat, pat, of his shoes in the dragging seconds. A deadly weariness—tired, so tired; he stretched out his arms to go to sleep. And then,

then-A stunning shout, a fierce exultant shout, smote him like a blow. This time he did fall—out of his dream, into a dozen warm, impulsive arms that lifted him from his feet.
"Did I win—did I win?" he tried to say, but the words would not come. And somehow, the tumult of voices merged into the old song, the battle chant of Michigan: then--

throng, leaving behind them a very base of voices.

"Say." said someone, leaning over and touching Hendricks' roommate on the shoulder, "Isn't it queer Chicago lets him in? They know what he can do."

"They're counting on him being out of trim. If he don't go in we'll have to forfeit the event to them; they don't want to take the meet that way."

The Chicago runners trotted out, and took their places at the north side of the track, and a moment later Hendricks. In his old track suit with the blue M across the breast, and Farquhar, his second. slipped through the crowd to their positions opposite.

On the mark—set—and away, with the old song, the battle chant of Michigan:

"Oh, how we ran!"

They were carrying him down the stairs now. The bold, alluring present was slipping away—the past and future thronging back. The broken hopes, the vears of toil to come—all for this. Was it worth it? Something in him leaped up, answering:

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Rah! Rah! Rah!

"Rah! Rah!

"Hendricks!"

Then he knew he was right.





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# HAMMOND'S SLUG SHOT KILLS POTATO BUGS, CUR-



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To the Editor of American Gardening: In your issue of June 18, on page 399, I notice a good

article on the Colorado Beetle or Potato Bug. For the benefit of your numerous readers I would advise them to try Hammond's Slug Shot. I have used it here this season with excellent results on Potatoes, Egg Plants, Cucumbers and Squash, for potato bugs, and also for striped beetles, and it is the best remedy I know of, simple and effective. I purchased two of the dusters, and they are very useful articles. The best time to dust the plants is early morning, as the substance adheres much better when the dew is on. A light dusting is sufficient, and woe betide the bugs or the larvæ. Once they get a taste of it they seem to GEORGE STANDEN, shrivel up right away.

Millbrook, N. Y., 1904.

Gardener to Col. D. S. Lamont.

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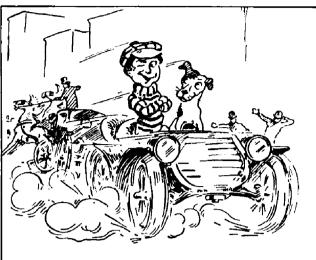
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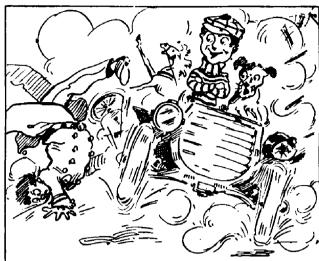
"Dickey, don't touch anything while I'm gone."
"Why, Pa, I know how to stop it!"
"Do as I tell you; don't touch anything."

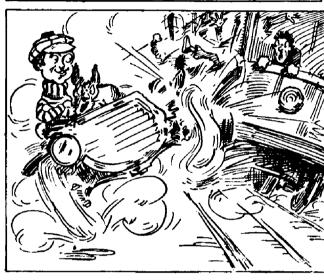


"Oh, goe! She's started—but Pa told me not to touch anything!"

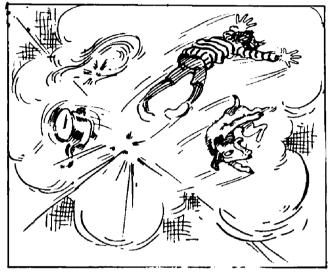


"He told me not to touch anything!!"

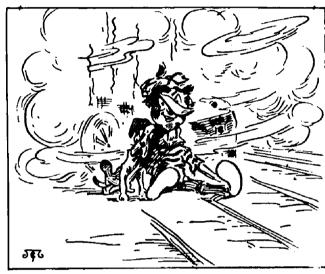




"He told me not to touch anything!!!"



"He told me not to ---!!!---!!!"



"And I didn't."

Perhaps these jokes are old. And should be on the shelf. If you can do it better. Send in a few yourself.

#### A New Experience

The master of a small school received the following note explaining the ab-sence of one of his pupils the day be-

Plese excooze Henny for absents yesriese excooze fieling for absents yes-terday, Him an' me got a chance at a ride to a funeral in a charrige, an' I let him stay to home, as he had never rode in a charrige an' never went to a funeral, nor had many other pleasures. So plese excooze."

#### Every Little Helps

"I think my oldest boy has the making of a great humorist in him," says the man with the pickle nose. "That so," asks the man with the onion

eyes. "Yes. " "Yes. Why, say, he can spell a great deal worse than Josh Billings ever could."

#### A Curious Errand

As an instance of the curious errands which district messenger boys are called upon to perform, it is said that one of these lads was recently despatched at



less than two hours' notice from London to Queenstown, to catch the American steamer there, with a parcel containing only an ear trumpet!

#### Result of Environment

There was once a Good Little Boy. There was once a Good Little Boy. He never played hooky from school, or stole rides on street cars, or threw rocks at policemen, or pulled pickets off fences, or made faces at his betters.

This was because he lived away in the middle of Africa, where there were no schools, nor street cars, nor policemen, nor betters.

Consequently he escanded being held up

Consequently he escaped being held up as a Good Example to his little playmates.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Doubted Its Newness

In a certain home where the stork re-cently visited there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! Oh, mamma, it hasn't any hair!"

Then, clasping his hands in despair, he cried: "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby."—Philadelphia Public Led-

#### He Gave It Up



#### George Ade on the Revision of Football Rules

rammatical error, misproneunces a word or seeks assistance from a fellow-player, shall be deemed guilty of an outside play, and his side shall be penalized five yards.

Resuming Play.—On resuming play after a touchdown, one of the players, known as "it," is blindfolded and the other players join hands and circle round him, singing:

London bridge is falling down. Falling down, falling down. London bridge is falling down, So farewell, my ladies.

So farewell, my ladies.

While the players are circling around, the player known as "it" touches one of the players in a gentlemanly manner and asks him three questions, which must be answered. Then he tries to guess the name of the player. If he succeeds he advances the ball five yards.

Conduct.—No pushing, scuffling, or hoisterous conversation will be permitted. Both players and spectators must maintain absolute silence during the mental tests.—Ex.

mental tests.—Ex.

#### The Origin of Slang

A curious experience was that of the headmaster of an Essex, England, school, who found one morning that, owing to head the bull, as Ursus gave him another the trust of the children.

twist.

"Come off your perch," growled tabby, making another spring at the cage.

"I'm in the soup," gasped the oyster, as he dropped to the bottom of the plate.

"You're a bird," said the fox, as he gobbled up another hen.

"Don't try to string me," said the rattler to the blacksnake, coiling himself into a plumbing.

"It's a lead pipe cinch," said the rat, gnawing his way through another piece of pipe.

the illness or resignations of his assistants, there was no one but himself to teach 260 boys. He did not attempt the task.

Baseballitis

Employer—So you think your grandmother will die soon. Is her disease catching?

Office Boy—Yep; an' pitching, too.

Greege Ade on the Revision of Football

Though another piece of pipe.

"I've got the drop on you," shrieked the hawk, as he landed on another chickten.

"Things are coming my way," said the wild gander, dropping to the ground with a broken wing.

"Quit your kidding," exclaimed the fish, as the balt dropped into the water.

"Those fellows are nutty," said the rabbit, pointing to the squirrel family eating lunch.

"Stuck again," cried the fly, alighting

eating lunch.
"Stuck again," cried the fly, alighting on the sticky paper.
"I can see my finish," murmured the lamb as he entered the slaughter pen.—New York Sun.



"Dear Sir, I have given my boy a good thrashing and hope it will teach him a lesson." The trick, however, was found out, and the lad has been sent to an industrial school.

#### Ailments of the Animals

Talk About Their Health.

Out of the corner of his shifty little

Out of the corner of his shifty little eye the elephant watched the small boy who was trying to feed him a plug of tobacco, and then the circus pachyderm heaved a mournful sigh.

"What's the matter?" asked the camel, in the next stall. "Some kid feed you an apple loaded with cayenne pepper?"

"Say, you'd grunt, yourself," retorted the elephant, looking wrathfully down his ten feet of ivory tusk, "if you had the toothiche in a pair of molars the size of these."

"Oh, I know just how it feels, and you

"Oh, I know just how it feels, and you have my sympathy," said the camel. "See these two humps on my back? Well, how'd you like to have the lumbago in 'em?"

"I am a candidate for sympathy, too." murmured the giraffe, rubbernecking into the conversation. "With my stretch of guilet I can assure you that there's nothing worse than tonsilitis or a sore throat." throat

throat."
"Tush, tush." snarled the leopard;
"what are those trivial ailments to the sufferings I have to undergo? Think of listening to people commenting on my personal appearance, would-be wits who get off bright remarks about me having the spotted fever."—New York Sun.



THE CAME-WALK-THE RESULT OF A MIDNIGHT LUNCH

#### Tongue Twisters for All

ix mixed biscuits.

Strange strategic statistics.
What noise annoys a noisy oyster? A noisy noise annoys a noisy oyster.
Fresh fried fish freely flavored frizzling finely.
Susan shineth shoes and socks.

Socks and shoes shine Susan; She ceaseth shining shoes and socks For socks and shoes shock Susan.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee pot. Three grey geese in a green field graz-g. Grey were the geese, and green 

She stood in an arbour welcoming him

All he holds are old whole hold-alls. A big black boot-black blacked Bertie

#### An Act of Heroism

One of the latest acts of boy heroism is The Elephant, the Camel and the Others

The Elephant, the Camel and the Others



was driving, and falling into a rapid mountain stream, was rescued by his son, a little lad of only nine, who jumped in and dragged his father ashore.

#### A FRENCH FROG AND AN \$10500 AM FRICAN FAGLE STORY R. E. S. TYLES AMERICAN EAGLE AN ENGLISH SCHOOL IN STORY—By E. S. TYLEE

is new acquaintance spoke, he understand that is used that Plancis with the standard that plancis and the standard that plancis plancis with the standard that plancis plancis with the standard that plancis pla

'momma" of Washington Pizarro's continued well being. He found that treasured youth flourishing, though in a more restrained manner than at first. It must fairly be confessed that the tremendous wealth and influence of his father, and the benefits that the latter was conferring on Crosscombe, had not induced the masters to treat the American boy with any particular favoritism. Rather you might say that it made them unusually strict with him. At any rate, on Pizarro being detected in the act of copying his Latin prose from a gifted friend, Magruder had him out like a shot, and gave him six cuts with all his well-known vigor. What is more, Pizarro, instead of yelling or appealing to Pickens senior, as the fellows had fully expected, took his punishment like a Yankee brick, only seeming a little surprised at Magruder's audacity, and remarked afterwards that Maggie was a very decent chap indeed. Of course, there were three or four of the boys who made up to Pizarro from the first on account of his pater and his great command of pocket-money—Puffy Adams, for instance. Puffy, whom his godfathers and godmothers had been misguided enough to name Charles Stuart, always introduced himself to a new boy on his very first day, and undertook to show him round Crosscombe, the tour invariably ending at Mrs. Popjoy's tuckshop. On such occasions it was beautiful to see the pair together—the new fellow regarding his kind cicerone with undisguised admiration, while Puffy's fat face beamed patronizingly upon him, as they took the path to the village.

In the case of young Pickens, the Headmaster had been particularly emphatic in desiring the elder boys to be kind to the stranger in their midst, and to do all in their power to make him feel at home. Adoms expressed himself as zealous to carry out these instructions.

to do all in their power to make him feel at home. Adoms expressed himself as at home. Adoms expressed himself as zealous to carry out these instructions. Some sceptical persons hinted that his philanthropic intentions were grounded

his new acquaintance spoke, he under-stood that Pizarro meant an enthusiastic assent, and the two started on their ramble.

ep in up and tried to make a bolt for it himredit exself. But the lady of the shop was too
quick for him. Darting round the corrics, ner of the counter, she seized her levanting customer ere he reached the threshold, and, with a strength with which he
walk.
would never have credited her, dragged
the fat youth struggling and kicking
for a
my
dams
which
dams
which
self!" she cried when her breath returned. "You calls yourself a young
gentleman! Here you've been owing me
for weeks an account as I did ought to
have took and showed to the Doctor long
ago! Didn't I tell you you wouldn't 'ave
nothing more here till I see the color of
lams,
your money? And now you comes in as
their won." She pointed every sentence with

nis giory. A tremendous swell, with half a dozen English and foreign degrees, was coming from Owens College, Manchester, to take command of Cross-combe science; for Doctor Hardress had risen to the occasion, and meant to further develop the modern side of the musle-master's province, would now have to give lessons on that useful but humble instrument generally known as the second fiddle.

Long before the laboratories were in working order, Mr. Pickens came posting down to Crosscombe to inspect his ing down to Crosscombe to inspect his myrmidons and assure himself and "momma" of Washington Pizarro's continued well being. He found that treasured youth flourishingt, though in a more restrained manner than at first. It must

Before his unfortunate victim could with a demure smile. If Magruder only utter a word in his astonishment, the American had ascended the stone steps, original of the hero, Sir Ablative Absond. with a bow to Mrs. Popjoy, disappeared. As soon as the unlucky Adams had reduced with great success at a midnight covered from the first surprise, he got performance in the Red Dormitory!

on the fact that he was already deep in Mrs. Popjoy's books, and that his credit in that quarter was completely exhausted. Disregarding these cynics, however, Puffy made himself known to Pizarro on the day following Mr. Pickens's first visit, and proposed a walk. Pizarro accepted with alacrity.

"Well, now, I was just suffering for a walk to take the kinks out of my benders," he said, and though Adams was totally ignorant of the dialect which his own acquaintance spoke, he undersided to make a bolt for it himself. But the lady of the shop was too quick for him. Darting round the corner of the counter, she selzed her levant-old, and, with a strength with which he would never have credited her, dragged the fat youth struggling and kicking back into the shop, crammed him down into his own kitchen chair, and stood over him panting, but triumphant.

"You'd ought to be ashamed of your-breath reset!" she cried when her heath reset.



Watches to 10,000 people who can send us the corresolution of this problem before September 1, 1995.

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Just then came the expected knock at the door, and Magruder turned to greet Monsieur, who advanced, beaming as usual, and after punctiliously saluting Maggie, turned and deposited in one corner the large, green umbrella with a yellow handle, without which he was never seen abroad. Scandalous rumor asserted that he sometimes used its ample folds for the conveyance of small articles of greengrocery, and certainly the presence of a cabbage or two would have made little difference to its contour.

Having disposed of this treasure, Monsieur advanced to the front row of desks and, taking no notice of the anarchy which followed Magruder's departure from the room, removed his large, gold spectacles and proceeded to polish their glasses with a piece of chamois leather. Then, with some difficulty, for he was of a stout, comfortable figure, he scaled the stool of the high, old-fashioned desk, never used by any other master, and secluded himself from public view behind its lattice-work, which only afforded itful glimpses of the world beyond. In consequence, the French hour from twelve to one on alternate mornings was always looked forward to by the boys as an excellent opportunity for settling always looked forward to by the boys as an excellent opportunity for settling private affairs, whether of honor or recreation, which had been perforce neglected under the iron despotism of the masters who preceded Monsieur Bon-

Then did the surreptitious apple appear from its gloomy seclusion in the locker and publicly refresh its tired locker and publicly refresh its tired owner, paper darts flew about unchecked, the quarrels of the morning culminated in a series of single combats, and projects for the afternoon were openly discussed by the more peaceful youngsters. When the noise grew beyond bearing, Monsieur Felix would leap from his high stool, hurl himself into the midst of the fray, and selze by the ear the nearest of the offenders. Then there would be a short period of comparative quiet, until Monsieur had ensconced himself once more in his high bower and resumed the in his high bower and resumed the moony gold spectacles which in moments of excitement he would dash impetuously from his eyes upon the desk before

"Please, Mossoo, will you speak to Biggs Major. He's sticking a pair of compasses into me," cried a pale, puffy boy with hulging eyes, as Monsieur took

"Beegs again! Wait but one little moment, bad subject, till I box your head!" cried Monsieur, glaring in the direction of the culprit. "Provis, my poor child, do me the favor to advertise me at once if he recommences! Attention, all the world, while I call the names." He took the class list in his hand and proceeded to do so. When he came to the end of the long roll, he glanced at Briant through the moony gold spectacles and asked him from what part of France he came." part of France he came."
"Je suis Normand, monsieur," said

"Et de quel départment, mon enfant?" queried Monsieur, adding René's name to the list.

Du Calvado, Monsieur," René replied.

A shade of disappointment seemed to cross Monsieur Bontemp's good-humored face. He had probably hoped to find in Briant a Lorrainer like himself. How-

(Continued on page 250.)

Of Interest to Boy Poets

THE publishers of The American Boy offer a prize of \$25.00 to the boy under eighteen years of age who sends by June 20th the best original poem of seven verses, entitled American Boy Day. The poem must contain nothing relating to THE AMERICAN BOY magazine. \$10.00 will be given to the boy who sends the next best. The first prize poem will be read at the American Boy Day celebrations at the Portland Exposition, at Chautauqua, N. Y., at Boston, Mass., and at other minor celebrations throughout the country.

A prize of \$10.00 will be given to the boy under eighteen years of age who sends us by June 20th the best four verse poem, entitled, "Our Country's Boys," that may be sung to the tune "America." \$5.00 will be given for the next best. The first prize poem will be sung at the celebrations of American Boy Day. All poems must be in our hands by June

#### A YOUNG ORATOR

In October, 1904, Chancellor Chaplin of the Washington University of St. Louis, Missouri, offered a twenty-dollar gold medal to be given to the best orator in Dade county, Missouri, including fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades. The district schools were to hold contests and their winners meet in township contests, the winners in the townships were then



"Is Life so Dear, or Peace so Sweet, as to be Purchased at the Price of Chains and Slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God !"

to meet in the county seat and the boy and girl who were winners in the county were required then to meet a representative from Everton, Lockwood and Greenfield (city schools), and the winner in the final contest was to receive a twenty-dollar gold medal. On the 17th of this month (March) the final contest was held at Greenfield, and Umphrey Lee was awarded the prize as the best orator in the county of the grades mentioned.

Master Umphrey had not yet reached his twelfth birthday. When nine years of age he taught a Sabbath school class and represented his church in an association meetings. He is in the eighth grade. to meet in the county seat and the boy

#### JOHNNIE MORAN

Johnnie Moran of Ashtabula, Ohio, has a bowling record of 205 points. In mak-ing this record he used the largest-sized



#### THE DAKOTA JACK RABBIT

F. W. Laurie, an eleven-year-old Do-land, South Dakota, boy, writes us that he lives on a farm some six miles out of he lives on a farm some six miles out of town and he wonders whether the boys in the east ever saw a Dakota jack rabbit. They are very plentiful in the neighborhood of his home, and he has great fun hunting them. In the winter they prowl about the houses and barns at night and in the daytime hide out on the prairie. They are hard to see when the snow is on the ground, for they are white, excepting a black tip on the end of each ear. Their color during the summer is gray. Boys in the cities will envy this boy, who rides a pony and shoots a 22 rifle.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT JELLYFISHES

Paul Bell, an eleven-year-old Negau-nee, Michigan, lad, writes that a few years ago, in going from Seattle to Ta-coma by boat, he could in some places look far down into the water and see the little animals known as jellyfishes. Some of them, he says, are red and some are orange in color, and they are very pretty with their tentacles darting out

behind them. "Their mouths are in the middle of their stomachs, and little feel-ers grow out from the flat part of their

#### PATRIOTISM AND PROMPTNESS

Some time ago the Merchants' Association of New York city issued a statement in which it called attention to the indifference of public school graduates to the need of being punctual at all times. It was suggested that the schools do something to make the boys realize that it is very important to be on time—that there are really very few valid excuses for being late.

Public School No. 166, at Eighty-ninth street and Amsterdam avenue, was quick to act on the suggestion. An organization was formed among the boys, the officers and members of which are piedged to do all in their power to make the tardy and late boy reform. The first move of this organization was to procure two flags, one the star-spangled banner, the other a pure white pennant, with a black L in the center. Each school morning one of the boys lets the stars and stripes wave from a conspicuous place till 8:45 o'clock.

Those who reach the school house before this flag is furled are on time and they are patriotically reminded of their punctuality. Those, however, who find themselves walking into the school building under the blotted banner feel at once a reproach for their tardiness. The boy who has charge of the hoisting and furling of the flags says that the scene on the street when he makes the change is a very lively one. He can see boys

is a very lively one. He can see boys



GEORGE OLIVER, CUSTODIAN OF THE PUNCTUAL ITY BANNERS, PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 166 NEW YORK CITY

running as for dear life, from all direc-

The plan has been tried for two years and has been the means of greatly reducing the lateness of this school.

#### A GRATEFUL MOTHER

The following from one who calls herself "the most grateful of mothers." and sends us \$2, one of which is to renew her boy's subscription and the other to use as we see fit, may prove of interest as showing the influence of THE AMERICAN BOY in the lives of some boys. She says:

"Your last talk on boys quitting school

"Your last talk on boys quitting school actually saved my boy the eighth grade. He quit school and was absent two days unknown to me. After he received your last issue he came voluntarily to me and confessed that your talk hurt his conscience so much that he could not sleep. He made the remarkable statement that if he had not seen it he would never have returned to school. Imagine my estonishment after all these years never have returned to school. Imagine my astonishment, after all these years, and he a fine scholar! I could scarcely realize my lack of influence. You have a great opportunity to reach boys indifferent to home influences. My boy loves THE AMERICAN BOY. He will never give me any rest until I read it. He is a bright boy and a boy of good principles. I will always do my best to influence mothers to take THE AMERICAN BOY."

A VOLUME TOWN THE MALERICAN BOY."

Rockwell Kempton, North Adams, Michigan, is meeting with unusual suc-cess for a hoy in the raising of White Wyandot poultry. What this young man



ONE OF YOUNG KEMPTON'S PRIZE WINNERS

can do in the raising of fine stock is in-dicated by the picture of one of his prize-winners shown herewith, the picture be-ing from a photograph. Rockwell has taken prizes in many stock shows and fairs. In one show, where there was big competition, he won twelve prizes.

#### ARE WE PATRIOTIC?

Several boys have found fault with the position taken by a writer in our April number who intimated that he thought patriotism was at a low ebb in the United States. Among those who complain of the sentiment expressed in that article is Gilbert Clayton of Edmond, Kansas. He calls attention to the promptness with which the volunteers responded on the occasion of the breaking out of the Civil war, and later of the Spanish-American war. He thinks that if the occasion were to arise for a display of patriotism there would be found no lack of it in our country. He thinks we are the equal of the Japanese in our love of country and willingness to serve it. He believes every man, woman and child in the United States reveres the Stars and Stripes. He suggests that the flag should float over every schoolhouse in the land. Furthermore, he does not believe in looking on the dark side of such matters, and suggests that there is more to be grateful for than to be anxious over in this country. Several boys have found fault with the

#### BROKE THE RECORD AND BROKE HIS ARM

Gus Brown, a Port Chester, New York, boy, may well be called an expert break-er. He breaks school records and has remarkable skill in breaking his arm. In 1903 he won a silver medal for a In 1903 he won a silver medal for a year's perfect attendance at school. The following year he won a copy of Long-fellow's poems for perfect attendance. During that year he broke his arm while playing tag, and later in the year broke it again while sliding down hill, and with all this he managed to win a prize at school.

#### THREE YOUNG WATER CHAMPIONS Young

The three children shown in the accompanying picture are without doubt the champion swimmers of their age in the world. Their names are Charles, Lorena and Barbara Johnson, and their home is Lima, Ohio. Their father was an instructor in swimming in Cincinnati at one time. They learned to swim al-



most as soon as they learned to walk. Lorena and Barbara, at the age of five and six years, respectively, made the remarkable record of swimming three miles in forty-two minutes, accompanied by their father. Three boys started with them in the race, but one dropped out at the end of a quarter of a mile, and the other two at the end of a mile.

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#### Britain's Most Popular Seaman

While the Anglo-Saxon world is re-calling the fame of Admiral Nelson, who, just a century ago, at the cost of his life



ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

won the great sea fight at Trafalgar, attention naturally turns towards another British seaman who is an authority upon Nelson's career:—Lord Charles Beresford, Admiral, commanding the Channel squadron.

He is the typical English sailorman,—and an Irishman. Forty-six years ago, when a lad of thirteen, Beresford joined the navy and has ever since been rising slowly but surely through all its grades. Three medals for life-saving has he won; thrice has he been mentioned in disspatches for conspicuous bravery under fire; while for merits and bravery he wears across his broad chest six decorations of honor.

Yet the man who today flies his flag from H. M. S. Caesar, is more than just a sailor, albeit so good a one. He is known throughout England for his daring riding to hounds, is an ardent cyclist, and (this is his pet hobby) is a first-rate carpenter. His home holds the bench and tools of the craft, and not the least part of his time ashore is spent there among the shavings.

He is a practical joker, too, history telling of at least one instance when he allowed his mischievous wits play, in spite of the scene of the joke being so august a place as the House of Commons. One gouty old member used to retire to a bench under the gallery, take off his

august a place as the House of Commons. One gouty old member used to retire to a bench under the gallery, take off his boots, and sleep soundly till wakened by the bell which marks a "division." or vote. One night, this gentleman, aroused by the bell, could find only one boot. No trace was there of the other, and rather than lose his vote his fellows hustled him into the lobby with one red sock showing glaringly. Then—amid roars of good-natured laughter—"Charley" Beresford "accidentally" discovered the missing shoe under his own seat!

#### A Just and Kindly Judge

That friend of American boys, and friend of THE AMERICAN BOY. Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the Juvenile Court of Denver, writes to the editor:
"What we are trying to do is to keep children out of court and advance those conditions which, if permitted to go uncorrected, lead children to the court. Four-fifths of the boys that come before me are just av-

before me are just average boys—no different from other boys.
They have simply been caught in some miscaught in some mischief and are not victious. Our court is for the benefit of this majority, rather than for the small minority that may be called victious. We believe that what we do to improve the condition of the civils. the condition of the children of the city is the best work for the state. We therefore believe in boys' clubs, boys' playgrounds and other institutions that the other the natural enabsorb ergy of a boy. I visit-ed eight or ten states during four weeks of

ed eight or ten states during four weeks of last winter, arguing in behalf of the Juvenile Court system, and I succeeded in getting laws passed in six of the states which I visited. I found in Nashville, Tenn., that 681 white boys had been jailed during the year. In Washington City there were 1,680 arrests among children under sixteen years of age in a year. I talked to many little fellows as young as nine, ten and eleven years old, who were occupying cells with men. In Peoria, Illinois, a railroad official testified that 82 boys were known to be stealing coal and grain from the railroad cars. They were all boys who were out of school and on the streets. Many of them had from time to time been arrested, but this did not stop the trouble. Yet Illinois has a Juvenile Court law, though little enforced outside of Chicago. We have reason to believe that there were 100,000 boys brought to the criminal courts and the jails of this country last year. Such a system as we have in Denver would correct these boys and at the same time protect them from the evils of criminal courts and the degrading influences of jails." courts and the degrading influences of

Judge Lindsey is to preside over the meeting of the Committee on Children's Courts and Probation Work for Children at the next annual conference of charities and corrections, which meets at Portland July 15.

It may not be known generally that Judge Lindsey has been enabled for several years through the liberality of several business men of Denver, to give out one hundred and fifty free subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY to the boys that come into his court.

#### The "Grand Old Man of Opera-plus-Laughter"

All the world knows him as "Gilbert the of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas," though he has a christian name, which is William. A handsome old gentleman rapidly nearing the seventies, he lives today in a charming country home in Middlesex, England, but the genial pro-prietor of "Grimsdyke" was not always so well off in this world's goods; quite

prietor of "Grimsdyke" was not always so well off in this world's goods; quite the contrary.

He began life as a lawyer, but things went so slowly that he took to writing "on the side," as Sir Arthur Sullivan, the partner of his later triumphs, described it. This, too, seemed to pay little or nothing till at last the young man evolved the words which the theatregoers now know as "A Trial by Jury." That turned the corner. After that came "Pinafore" and "Patience" and "The Mikado," each spelling success with a larger and larger S.

In connection with "A Trial by Jury" there is told a story decidedly characteristic of Mr. Gilbert. He took the manuscript to a Mr. Emden, then manager of one of London's foremost playhouses, and that gentleman seemed favorably impressed with the younger man's work. "I guess it'll do," said he; "What do you want for it?"

want for it?

want for it?"

"Thirty guineas," was the bashful suggestion of the budding dramatist,—about \$158 in American money.

"Make it pounds, and I'll take it," replied Emden, and Gilbert eagerly agreed to forfeit eight dollars. As the manager handed over the check, he said:



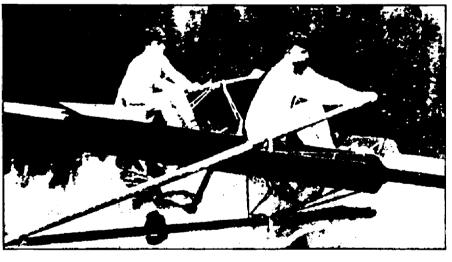
WILLIAM S. GILBERT

"Let me give you a piece of advice. Never again sell anyone such good stuff for less than a hundred pounds. Good-

"Grand Old Man of Opera-plus-The Laughter" declares he never forgot that caution,—or disobeyed it!

#### An Athletic Statesman

Statesmen who "go in for" out-of-door sports are not confined to America. Roosevelt fences and boxes and rides



SIR CHARLES DILKE AND HIS BOY ROWING ON THE THAMES

of the foremost figures in English public life, does all these things and adds to them the trying exercises of the cricket field and the rowing shell. -but Sir Charles Dilke.

field and the rowing shell.

A Cambridge man, a lawyer of ability, an ex-member of Parliament, a former cabinet officer, an authority upon colonial problems, and a philanthronist energetically pushing the erection of model tenements for laborers,—Sir Charles is yet hest known among his fellows for athletic prowess. He rides well, is a first-rate bat at cricket, and is an expert fencer and boxer, while scarcely a day passes that he is not on the river stroking his sturdy son in the "working-hoat," to which this rublicist of sixtytwo declares he owes his splendid health. Add to all this that the man is the author Add to all this that the man is the author of seven volumes, and it is evident he is no idler; and here is the brief secret of his success: "Live up to a system."

He practices what he preaches. He rises at 7:30 and walks a mile before breakfast, which comes at 9:30 to the minute. Then letters are answered and the papers read, but at 10:30 he is ready for a few moments' keen fencing, followed at 11 by a cross-country canter— eight miles, perhaps, before luncheon. At 3 he is in his sent in the Commons, but other writing has been done before that, and more follows after the house has and more follows after the house has risen, unless, as often happens, the sitting continues till midnight. The only day of the six when he retires before twelve is Saturday; and on Sundays he invariably takes "a day off"—"plays hookey," he says.

#### Feudal King Who Rules Today

Menelik II, "Emperor of Ethiopia and King of Kings," is to visit Europe, and the world is properly interested. For



KING MENELIK II

here is a man not only directly descended

here is a man not only directly descended from Solomon, but actually a sovereign of a very feudal sort still holding power, in this young twentieth century, over 150,000 square miles and 3,500,000 people. Abyssinia, Menelik's country, is a land of small towns, wretched roads and ignorant inhabitants, but these same black folk are nothing if not picturesque. An army of 150,000 warriors awaits the king's commands, all mounted, all armed with modern rifles, and most of them king's commands, all mounted, all armed with modern rifies, and most of them wearing from their brawny shoulders tawny lion-skins. This last is their badge of bravery,—quite as the Victoria Cross is in England,—and is an honor conferred by the monarch's own hands. These men can march and fight for three days without food, in spite of hot deserts and hilly country. and hilly country.

Nor is Menclik himself less brave and

Nor is Mencilk nimself less brave and hardy. At the battle of Adowa, nine years ago, when the Abyssinians faced the Italians, and while the Mausers of the Europeans were doing deadly execution among the dark-skinned warriors, the emperor was in the very forefront of the fighting, armed only with his sword

After military exercises Menclik com-mands his men to squat on the ground in long lines and fire ball cartridges into in long lines and fire ball cartridges into the air. The falling bullets generally kill or wound some of his subjects, but that is a small matter in his eyes if only he can thereby teach his people to be brave. And they are. Many of them are in the habit of attacking lions armed only with a spear, which naturally requires immense coolness and skill if the king of beasts is not to come off victor.

#### Poor, But Rich

Once, in New England, says a writer in the Outlook. I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village. I asked, "Is he a man of means?"

"Well, sir." the farmer replied, "he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

rich."
"He has a great deal of land, then?" 1

"No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a rleased smile, ob-served my puzzled look for a moment, and then

went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as as good as a bond, and every man, woman and child in the town looks

got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man, because he's got all he needs and all he wants."

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely cor-rect. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he lacks these things he is cer-

#### This Bov Means Business

John Ringo, Clinton, Kentucky, pays for THE AMERICAN BOY out of his own pocket. He is a sheep raiser on a small scale, having fifteen head of sheep and two lambs. When he was six years old his grandfather gave him one old sheep and two lambs. He is now fifteen years old and see how his stock has increased. He has a bicycle and a horse, which he has hought with his own money, and in addition has \$100 in the bank. He has bought his own clothes ever He has bought his own clothes since he got his first sheep.

#### From Montana

Earle Metier, Gallop, Montana, aged 13, Earle Metier, Gallon, Montana, aged 13, writes a very appreciative letter regarding THE AMERICAN BOY, and particularly regarding the continued story, "For the Mikado" He says he thinks he will be a farmer when he grows up. "The principal sports out here are hunting, fishing, skating and coasting. I am in the seventh grade at school. Our nearest town is twelve miles from here."

#### What Our Military **School** Will do for Your Boy

#### Make a Man of Him

A strong, healthy, clean, honest, intelligent, nanly man-full of the snap and vigor and joy of life-able to do things-competent to control others through having first learned to control

#### The Michigan Military Academy

can develop all that is best in your boy. Splendid academic work, exceptionally able faculty, highmoral tone, and a military discipline which creites ideal conditions for study. There is absence of vice, bad associations, social and other distrac tions which retard mental and physical growth

#### The Discipline is Strict, But Just

The military features are so fascinating that he cheerfully accepts the strict regulations. He learns obedience, industry, self respect, clean-liness, orderly methods, promptness, regularity Heenjoys doing what he ought to do. He is glad to retire at "taps," healthfully tired. He is up a "reveille," refreshed and wide awake, ready for the new day's work with a clear brain and active body.

#### 95% of Our Graduates

are today filling enviable positions in the business and professional world. Military training does and professional world. Military training does not signify a military career. The 5'2 who elect the military career, follow it successfully, keyeral now holding important positions in the United States army. We have more graduates at West Point than any other military school. Ours is a military school conducted by military men. Captain Cress, 4th U.S. Cavally, our Superintendent and Military Instructor, graduated from West Point in 18'4, has had over twenty years service, and is on the active list. Our military training system is admittedly the finest in the country outside of West Point.

The Academic Courses.

#### The Academic Courses

cover 8th Grammar Grade and High School cover 8th Grammar Grade and High School work. Our diplomas admit to any college or university where certificates are accepted. Our instructors are live, up-to-day men, in the prime of life, seasoned by experience in leading colleges and universities. Mr. Hull, the Head Master, is eminently fitted by education and varied experiences to direct our academic work. The four persons prominent in the management of the school have each a son in attendance.

#### Our Location at Orchard Lake

is ideal. The college, campus, farm, etc. are situated high and dry, with perfect drainage, pure water, healthiest of climates. The site overlooks three of Michigan's most beautiful inland lakes. Bracing air, wholesome food, regular exercise and recreation, quickly develop hearty appetites and vigorous constitutions. The services of our staff physician have not been necessary during present school year. present school year.

A Boy's Mental Capacity Improves with his physical development. Military training gives him an erect figure, graceful carriage and a perfect control of himself mentally and physically that will last to the end of his days. Parents and Guardians Are Invited

to write us for literature giving full description, views, courses of study, terms, etc.

Address General Harris A.Wheeler, President, at Orchard Lake, or at the Chicago office in the Old Colony Building.

Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake, Mich., U. S. A.

#### In the Catskill Mountains Camp Wake Robin

FOR YOUNG BOYS
For Booklet and particulars address
HILLER, Woodland, N. Y. E. B. MILLER,

explained.

"You see, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much much much he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any

#### College Life

man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he ain't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors, his word is as good as a bond, and the class room, the laboratory, the lecture hall, of books, experiments and quizzes. The former is a curriculum of the campus, the dormitory, the bleachers and the athletic field, the eating club, the chapter house, the literary hall, the tasks! The callow "freshie" learns more about human nature in general and his the chapter house, the literary hall, the tasks! The callow "freshie" learns more about human nature in general, and his own bumptious self in particular, between the October and June of his first college year than all the parental advice and training of the previous ten years have sufficed to give him. A good, wholesome hazing—in any of the myriad forms in which it is administered—is a good thing for any man's son to get as good thing for any man's son to get as a freshman and to repay as sophomore.

good thing for any man's son to get as a freshman and to repay as sophomore. It is a good thing to go to a college old enough to have established student traditions, and spirited enough to enforce them. It is not well that a freshman comport himself as he will or enjoy the freedom of the campus until he have duly earned it.

That thing known as a "college atmosphere," though elusive, is very real. Whether justly or not—but surely with a certain measure of justice—one college prides itself on its retinement (which, viewed from without, is sometimes mistaken for snobbishness); another is, or wishes to be, noted for pluck and grit; another for democracy and good-fellowship; another for student honor; and so on. Whatever the quality, or the combination of qualities, college atmosphere counts,—Walter L. Hervey, in The Chautauguan for April.

The editor of The American Boy wishes to meet you at Portland, Ore., July 5th.



SHRILL whistle sounded from the the street. Fred hastily bolted the last mouthful of his pie, pushed back his chair from the dinnertable, caught up his cap and was gone before Mrs. West had time to reprove him. Once outside he looked up and down the street unconcernedly.

"Hello, there!" came a familiar voice from the corner.

"Hello yourself Ted Eastman!" Fred.

from the corner.

"Hello, yourself, Ted Eastman!" Fred called back.

"Come here."

"What for?"

"I want to tell you something."

Fred sauntered leisurely down the walk, his hands in his pockets. He usually did what Ted proposed, but he always took great care to appear indifferent. He had no idea of letting Ted think he was curious about his news now.

here, and they had stacks of fun I tell you."

Fred looked skeptical. "I shouldn't think they'd treat you for making a racket," he observed sagely.

"Well, they do though," affirmed Ted.
"You'll see. We want the biggest kind of a racket. Jim Barnes is going to bring a big cow-bell and Jack White has got a big dinner-bell that they used to have on the farm; the Brown boys'll bring those whistles that screech so, you know, and the Weston boys have got those big tin horns they had last 'lection. Now, what'll you bring?"

"I don't believe ma'll let me go," said Fred dublously.

"Oh, pshaw! We won't be gone long. You can just slip out of the back door and nobody'll ever know the difference. They're making a whole lot of lee-cream—strawberry and chocolate, and banana and every kind," he went on alluringly, as Fred still looked doubtful. "Come on; course you'll come. It'll be no end of fun. What'll you bring? Say, bring your brother Henry's cornet."

"Well, maybe," agreed Fred, slowly.

bring? Say, bring your brother Henry's cornet."

"Well, maybe," agreed Fred, slowly.

"All right, then. Be at our barn at half-past seven, sharp. Well, I've got to see some more of the kids. So long," and Ted disappeared down the street.

It was half-past 7 o'clock that evening before Fred could sl'p out of the house unnoticed, with Henry's beloved cornet under his jacket; so when he reached the Eastman barn he found the other boys impatiently waiting for him. There were a dozen boys besides Ted and himself, and each had some article capable of contributing to the racket.

"Here's Fred," shouted Ted. "Hurry up, there we're all waiting for you. Come on now," he continued, motioning to the other boys, "Fall in line everybody."

The boys tumbled hastily off the boxes and barrels where they had been perched,

and barrels where they had been perched, formed into line, and marched out of the door to the soft "dub," "dub" of Tom Brown's tin pan.

Down the back alley they hurried, across the wide school grounds, and around to the front of the brightly lighted house where Mr. Wright lived. There they stopped irresolutely and gazed curiously at the

house.

The shade was raised an inch or two and Fred and Ted pushed to the front and looked through the crack. They stared admiringly at the great masses of flowers. that decorated the room, then craned their

"What are they going to do now?" "What are they going to do now?" whispered Fred as a young lady seated herself at the piano and began to play. The boys looked on with wide, interested eyes as a door opened and the bride and groom entered the room and took their places under a large floral bell, with the grey-haired minister before them, holding a book in his hand. A silence had fallen on the room and the solemn service began.

"'Spose it's time to begin?" whispered

Spose it's time to begin?" whispered

"I guess so," began Ted doubtfully. "Yes; of course it is," he continued, motioning to the boys behind him. "All ready, kids! Now!"

At the word a deafening din arose; the tin pans rattled and banged, the cow-bells clattered and clanged, the horns tooted distractingly. Pandemonlum seemed to have broken loose. Fred had kept his eye on the room within and now almost dropped the cornet in his delight at the effect produced by the sudden uproar.

A door opened and a man strode out The more timid of the boys hastened to put

a safe distance between themselves and the house, but Ted stood his ground.
"Get out of here, you young scamps," ordered the man threateningly.
"Treat then," returned Ted, courageously.

"Come on, kids. Don't be scared off.
We'll make 'em treat us yet 'fore we stop.
They've got oceans of ice-cream in there
and we're going to have some," cried Ted.
Thus encouraged the others ventured back
and soon the uproar was worse than be-

Thus encouraged the others ventured back and soon the uproar was worse than before.

The boys had been too busy to notice that they had called out the neighbors on each side, or to see the signals that passed between them; so the sudden "swish" of a stream of cold water from the garden hose from the house on one side nearly took them off their feet. Back and forth like a flash played the hose over the dazed crowd who stood bewildered for a moment, then the notion of the house, pursued by that cold, relentless stream of water that seemed to be everywhere at once and to go through and through them. Around the corner they dodged wildly, only to be met by another blinding stream full in their faces from the opposite direction. They plunged across the lawn under the fire of both streams of water, rolled and stumbled down the bank to the walk, and dashed away down the street, fourteen drenched, miserable boys, shivering and shaking as the chilly October wind blew through their wet clothes, their path marked by scattered hats, belis, pans

"Not much we don't treat you, you young ragamuffins," went on the man indignantly. "Clear out of here as quick as you know how, or I'll have you arrested." Then he turned and went in the house and the door closed.

ids. Don't be scared off. It treat us yet 'fore we stoppeans of ice-cream in there is to have some," cried Ted, ged the others ventured back uproar was worse than beand been too busy to notice called out the neighbors on see the signals that passed so the sudden 'swish' of a water from the garden hose.

"Not much we don't against his will to join a certain fast set of young inen for a night ride, with a supper at a country inn. Long before a he got home he was disgusted with their loud, boisterous ways, their vulgar jests and profane language. He rated him-self soundly for his folly and determined to have more will power the next time he was tempted to mingle with such company. He did stay away from them entirely and supposed no one knew of the escapade till he was summoned to the office and discharged at the close of the day's business two weeks later. "I have it on reliable authority that you were in the company of young Brown and his friends." said his employer as he handed him his pay. "We cannot afford to employ men with friends like Brown, and therefore we will not need your services any longer."

That one sin lost him a fine position,

That one sin lost him a fine position, and, worse than all, the man who had and, worse than all, the man who had seen him in the crowd at the inn spread the information far and wide in the town where both lived. It was literally "known of all men." You will say this is an extreme case. If so they are happening every day. A small boy in the same town began doing errands in a store and was liked by all for his good manners and unobtrusive ways. It was noticed by the boys at school that he always had money for candy and fruits and nuts, so he had plenty of friends among them. The man for whom he worked also noticed that fact and soon found the lad was spending twice as much as he earned. He was caught taking small sums out of the old-fashioned money drawer and discharged. He has had a dozen different places since then, but each time some one has whispered to the employer the secret of his first trouble and he is discharged.

great care to appear indifferent. He had no idea of letting Ted think he was curious about his news now.

"Well, what is it?" he asked as he reached the corner and leaned against the fence with an indifferent air.

Ted drew himself up and looked important. "Say, did you know there's going to be a wedding tonight down at Wright's?" he asked with an air of mystery.

Fr.d shook his head and looked mildly interested "No; is there?"

"Yes, there is. Mrs. Wright told my mother all about it this morning. And if you want the tallest kind of a lark you just be on hand tonight."

"What for?" Fred's curiosity was becoming aroused.

"Us kids are going to shivaree 'em," announced Ted, impressively.

Fred looked rather blank. "What's that?" he inquired.

Don't you know what a shivaree is, Fred West?" Ted exclaimed contemptuously. "Why, everybody just takes tin pans and cow-bells and horns and everything, and then you go there and make all kinds of a racket so the folks can't hear themselves think, and then they come out and invite you in and treat you—give you lee-cream and cake. My cous hen that lives out West told me all about it. He went to one just before he came out here, and they had stacks of fun I tell you."

Fred looked skeptical. "I shouldn't think they'd treat you for making a racket," he

to keep out the cutting wind. He crept in at the back door, a forlorn looking boy, dripping wet, his teeth chattering with the cold, his hat gone and Henry's cornet gone, too, his face and clothing streaked with too, his face and clothing streaked with mud, showing the effects of his roll down

#### Someone is Watching You

Boys, did any of you ever apply for a place anywhere and have the man to whom you applied say something like this, "We have a number of boys who have asked for the situation but have not yet decided which we will take. Come back in a few days and we will let you know." Did you ever stop to think what those few days were for and did you go back to find the place taken? If you have not, your experience has been the exceptional one unless you were very well known to the employer and he decided known to the employer and he decided

Perhaps you have never naid much at-Perhaps you have never paid much attention when the minister has called attention to the fact that men and women are living epistles known and read of all men in his sermon some Sunday morning, and that there is any connection between the text and the fact connection between the text and the fact that you are politely told when you go back at the end of the few days that another boy has been chosen. Whether you believe it or not, the man you hoped to work for has been industriously looking you up to see what sort of a person you are, and it may be he has found something you would not care to have him read. There is no more certain fact than the plain statement of the Bible. There is no more certain fact than the plain statement of the Bible, "Be sure your sins will find you out." They may not be very large sins, but the merchant is looking for a boy with a clean life every page of which is open for inspection.

A young man was persuaded much is a looking man was persuaded much is a looking man was persuaded much is a looking for a looking for a looking man was persuaded much is the coil of a boa-consection), Monsieur, who had resumed his strictor.

It will readily be imagined that this siny top-hat and the green cumbrellis intercepted Briant as he was passing and gave him a warm invitation to visit him the class who were too remote to avail the class who were

Of course even dishonest boys do find places, but they are not the responsible ones in life. There are plenty of places where it is impossible to steal, so the men debarred from the positions of trust naturally drift into the ones they can fill. Dishonest men do get into good places, too, for a while, and when their sins find them out innocent people suffer. It usually happens in such cases that the employers have disregarded the plain warning of dissipated lives and refused for friendship's sake to discharge the unworthy man. When it becomes known that the cashier of a bank is a gambler or otherwise strays from the paths of honesty the bank suffers whether he ever touches a cent of its money unlawfully or not. Business men can not afford to employ any but clean men. too, his face and clothing streaked with mud, showing the bank.

Now if there was one thing that Fred hated more than any other it was to be laughed at; so when he heard voices in the dining-room, he drew back dreading to go in and face the ridicule he feared he might hear a bright idea struck him; he could go around to the side door and into the atting room; then he could get up to his room without anyone seeing him.

No sooner thought of than he scurried around the house, pushed open the sitting-room door and dodged in. He was inside before he discovered that the choir had met to practice the hymns for the next Sunday and were sitting there waiting for the organist.

Fred's appearance was greeted by a chorus of exclamations and questions. He tried to escape, but they would not let him off and he had to tell the whole story and endure the shouts of laughter and the saliles of wit with which it was received. The story was too good to keep and for weeks Fred could not appear on the street without hearing some reference to the shivaree—that was even worse than having to open his bank and take out half the money he had saved for a new bicycle to buy Henry a new cornet.

We have to ask for employment, but this is a strange world and strange things happort you without work, you owe it to the shivaree—that was even worse than having to open his bank and take out half the money he had saved for a new bicycle to buy Henry a new cornet.

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We have to ask for employment, but this is a strange world and strange things happort you without work, you owe it to the shivaree—that was even worse than having to open his bank and take out half the money he had saved for a new bicycle to buy Henry a new cornet.

Commence the first and when their shirt into the onet into

(Continued from page 247.)

ever, he immediately told the new boy that his tongue at least was Parisian; while the rest of the class exulted in the accession of a recruit so well qualified to assist his senior companions in the unnoying intricacies of the language of Molière. Several score of boys immediately resolved to coax, bribe, or bully "Froggy Junior," as they unanimously designated him, into doing their exercises and compositions for them. The great Charles Stuart Adams, with his usual talent for reflecting the opinion of the majority, expressed the prevailing idea with admirable terseness.

"Now, that we have a young frog in the class, I vote we make him hop for us."

Accordingly, while Monsieur was giving Accordingly, while Monsieur was giving the usual dictation, Briant's immediate neighbors piled themselves upon him in a compact mass and copied his work with a devout zeal which was rather embarrassing. Puffy in particular almost lay upon the French boy's shoulder, and gasped wheezly into his ear. Every now and then Briant would shake himself good humoredly and for a moment get rid of his tormentors, but they soon clustered upon him again, and Adams' fat arm was like the coil of a bos-con-

wilder spirits began to exchange missiles; and presently a little paper dart, which had missed its way, came fluttering, over the top of the high desk and lit upon the open pages of Monsieur's Chateaubriand.

Chateaubriand.

Monsieur immediately bounced off his stool like an india-rubber ball, every hair of his gray whiskers curling into wrath, and fell impetuously upon a mild being named Shadwell, who happened at that moment to be gazing upwards in cowlike contemplation; and began to flap his projecting ears with the outraged classic.

flap his projecting ears with the outraged classic.

"Aha! mauvais garnement," shouted Monsieur Felix. "Is it that I have caught you this time? Take that, little impertinent! That will teach you to ombog me again!" Once more the "spirit of Christianity" descended, noisily but harmlessly, for the benevolent Monsieur was always desperately afraid of hurting his victim. Then, the stammering Medlicott, next neighbor of the innocent sufferer, waved a deprecatory hand, and arrested that of Monsieur. "Pup-pup-pup-please, sir, tut-tut-tut-'twasn't him; tut-tut-'twas Pop-pop-my then the stammering the stammering hand."

"Speak then my shift!" antended.

tair nunting distance and then slipped out of his seat and darted down the third row of desks with the master hot upon his trail.

It was a brisk bit of cross-country work, up and down the long rows of rejoicing youngsters, overturning an inkstand or two and several slates on the way—Monsieur, still fairly fresh, though a long way behind. Then round the corner by the blackboard, making that respectable institution stagger as they passed, and into the open country of clear floor beyond, Monsieur beginning to pant a little and to mutter incoherent exclamations.

"You're gaining, Mossoo. Put it on!" from some audacious urchin.

A sudden double by Postlethwalte, who, leaving the open, plunges into the ravines by the fire-place; where Monsieur, close up, almost comes to grief over the tongs. Down the gangways by the windows Postlethwaite draws away again, and is leaving Monsieur fast, when the latter, with an expiring effort, gets near enough to hurl the Chateaubriand full at his back. At the same moment Postlethwaite catches his foot in the folds of a window-curtain, and the triumphant Monsieur Fellx, with a crow of delight, sees him measure his length upon the floor, with the book upon his guilty head.

But what is this solemn hush which has suddenly fallen upon the school-

But what is this solemn hush which

But what is this solemn hush which has suddenly fallen upon the school-room? and why do the boys, lately so rampant, check their laughter and direct uneasy glances to the door?

There, calm and terrible, with a look of grave surprise upon his face, stands Doctor Hardress himself, who has come to pay his usual morning visit to the French class, and arrives just in time to see the exciting close of the chase, and to offer his congratulations to the victor.

victor.

It was a difficult situation, but Monsieur, as soon as he recovered his breath, proved quite equal to it. What chiefly distressed him was that the Head should have been kept standing for the last half-minute without the punctilious greetings which he was accustomed to receive from our French master. These he now hastened to render, and, disregarding the Doctor's somewhat sarcastic condolence on the state of heat to which he had brought himself, endeavored to shield the unfortunate Postlethwaite, who stood rubbing his elbows and parrying with difficulty the stern questions of the Head. In the most gen-

vored to shield the unfortunate Postlethwaite, who stood rubbing his elbows and parrying with difficulty the stern questions of the Head. In the most generous manner Monsieur assumed the entire blame for the scene which had just taken place, and absolutely declined to hand over his prisoner to the superior court of punishment.

"The poor child!" he said. "It was but a mere betise of which he has been guilty. It was I who have lost the head. Permit, I pray you, that we speak no more of it!"

In fact he made it a point of honor that amnesty should be granted; and on such occasions Monsieur could appear a very grand gentleman of France indeed. So the Head, who had the highest respect for him, on account of the sacrifices which he knew Monsieur had made for the sake of his political principles, gracefully yielded, and let Postlethwaito off, after a short but impressive lecture.

"Jolly decent of old Froggie!" was the unanimous verdict of his pupils when the Doctor had departed; and for the rest of the hour the class was as quiet and orderly as a Quaker meeting or a hive of Isaac Watt's own celebrated busy bees. As for Monsieur Felix himself, he beamed upon us through the lattice of the high desk like the sun behind clouds, and helped everyone over the awkward idioms in translation with the most amiable readiness.

When noon arrived, and the bell

amiable readiness.

When noon arrived, and the bell sounded for us to fall in for the swimming bath (the oldest Crosscombe joke is to speak of "falling in," in this con-

#### OR, INTERESTING THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF THE STATE The Sylvaton Idea or, interesting the school children of the state in tree planting and forestry in all its phases

By W. W. BARRETT, Ex-State Superintendent of Irrigation and Forestry and State Fish Commissioner of North Dakota

JITH THE FULLEST pleasure I appear in the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY because it teaches those things which for over three score have been advocated by my pen ongue—cultivation of manliness in

together with electrical and other forces, and that it is related to all other planets and is greatly in-fluenced and modified by the heat and light of the sun. These are some of the prime agencies in the economy of creation, and all are absolutely necessary for its harmonious and perfect operations.

One of the most impor-tant growths in plant life tant growths in plant life is trees. These are not only fascinating and beautiful, but indispensably needful, like water and air, for the proper balancing and exercise of nature. Since man first found existence upon the earth, trees have been the study, admiration and joy of seekers after knowledge and truth. And as the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, being thoughtful investigators, cannot but feel an interest in "the children of the forest." I seek to give some light upon a forestry system operating in North Dakota.

Coming here as a pionear in 1882. I found rich These are not

North Dakota.

Coming here as a pioneer in 1883, I found rich soils, but the country was one vast barren, treeless region, save some helts of forests along the rivers and upon some of the lakes. I soon discovered the great need of our plains was trees, and after careful study of the question for a number of years I devised and put into practical operation into practical operation

#### The Sylvaton Idea,

the object sought being to interest and educate the school children, boys and girls alike, of the state in tree culture and forestry in all its different phases, and kindred subjects. The name has its origin in the word sylva, signifying "forest tively" ton being added. Its fully organized and has been in effective force since 1892. Its principles are enumerated under twenty-cight tenets, embracing forestry in all its branches and its congeners. The North Dakota State Sylvaton Society, by vir-

pies are enumerated under thems, religious tenets, embracing forestry in all its nent from the press, educators, state of the state. More bank to State Sylvaton Society, by virtue of its constitution, includes all the school children of the state. Among its principal objects may be mentioned these: On each annual Arbor Day, to encurse pleasant and disciplinary exercises and assist in planting trees, shrubbery and flowers, not alone in the schools and public parks, along streets and highways, but especially at the home—places on the farm and ranches—and those located on village and city lots also, and likewise stimulate tree-planting at all times where desired whenever the season and conditions for their growth will allow. And not only to plant the trees allow. And not only to make their mature, habsuitably, but to make their nature, habsuich ways as will insure their growth for the profitable benefits and aesthetic adornments to be derived therefrom, making forestry a life-study in useful and idealistic application. The young boys and girls, thus disciplined, will as a rule be the devoted and intelligent foresters in connection with their various callings of the state and nation.

The Sylvaton literature placed before the public through the press, books, pumbled the public through the press, books, pumblets and in other ways, has established to the public through the press, books, pumblets and in other ways, has established to the public through the press, books, pumblets and in other ways, has established to the public through the press, books, pumblets and in other ways, has established to the public through the press, books, pumblets and in other ways, has established to the fact that it is a great factor in proceed to the fact that it is a great factor in proceed to the fact that it is a great factor in proceed to the fact that it is a great factor in proceed to the fact that it is a great factor in proceed to the fact that it is a great factor in proceed to the fact that it is a fact in the fact that it is

years have been advocated by my pen and tongue—cultivation of manliness in muscle, mind and morals, or the wise development of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual natures of the young, promotive of health, harmony and happiness. Those thus trained cannot but become students of not only themselves, but the great book of nature.

By observation and study we find all parts of nature in correlation. The earth has marked grand divisions and elements, such as the rocks, soil, water, air, animal and plant life, together with electrical

Millions of Forest Seeds and Trees for Arbor Dny Plantings.

From year to year the North Dakota State Sylvaton Society has furnished, as a free gift, millions of forest seeds and small trees to the school children of the

The Sylvatons' Museum and Their Exhibits at Different World's Fairs.

Through the active and considerate ef-

Through the active and considerate efforts of the Sylvatons the North Dakota State Sylvatons' Museum was established in the State Capitol at Bismarck, North Dakota, giving a most comprehensive, fascinating and instructive display of the natural resources, industrial developments, progress and history of North Dakota and the West, Here are exhibited all kinds of grains, forest seeds, woods, minerals, fossils, petrifactions, historical pictures, photographs and feathers of "Old Abe," the Wisconsin war eagle, etc. It is an object school most highly valued and a credit to the valued and a credit to the state and the West. An-other Sylvaton Museum is located at my Sylvaton ranch, near Church's Ferry, North Dakota, containing over ten thousand of valuable and instruc-

taining over ten thousand of valuable and instructive specimens representing the mineral and veget able productions of North Dakota.

The Sylvatons' exhibits at the Chicago, Omaha, Buffalo and the St. Louis World's Fairs were many and of a high order of merit, unique, most captivating and highly educational in their teachings, and they received the close attention and praise of the considerate and the cultured inspectors and judges, and at each fair they won the highest awards in the way of gold and silver medals. way of medals.

medals.

As set forth in the twenty-eighth section of the principles of the Sylvatons, it will be found they aim to study and obey all the laws of human life; to advocate and strive to sustain all innate human rights, liberty natriotism and all

RECONSEVELT FLANTING A TREE IN A TEXAS TOWN ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO THAT STATE

TOMORDINAL TOWN ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO THAT STATE

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PRESIDENT BOOSEVELT PLANTING A TRFE IN A TEXAS TOWN ON HIS BECENT VISIT TO THAT STATE

The Merciful Man An incident occurred the other day that I think is worth relating. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and I was out taking a stroll, when I noticed a man driving along the road. Suddenly his ho se stumbled. He gave it a cut with the whip and proceeded but a few with the whip and proceeded but a few feet when the poor animal stumbled again. This time he got out and clubbed it. Having already called the attention of a passerby to the scene which was being enacted, and seeing he was not inclined to interfere, I ventured to say to the brute who was belaboring the poor, patient animal:

"Your horse did not stumble on purpose. Look at his feet; something may be the matter with them."

The man gave me a very severe look,

The man gave me a very severe look, that plainly indicated I had better mind my own business. Seeing he had no intention of acting upon my suggestion, I went to the horse's rescue, and picking up one of its forefeet removed therefrom a sharp-nointed stone which was the a sharp-pointed stone, which was the cause of all the trouble. The faithful anicause of all the trouble. The faithful animal looked gratefully at me, as though he understood, and indeed, he did understand the whole proceedings. The man took his seat in the vehicle and drove off, pondering deeply, no doubt, on the unnecessary sufferings to which poor animals are subjected at the hands of merciless owners. Who was it said, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast"?—Ontario Sun.

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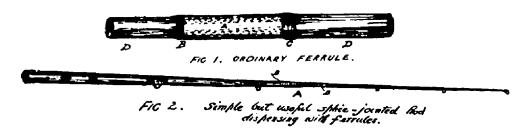
#### Just Like Human Beings



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## How to Make a Simple but Useful Splice-Jointed Fishing Rod, Without Ferrules

By JOHN HARRINGTON KEENE



THERE IS ALWAYS great satisfaction in making one's own tackle of any and all kinds, where practicable, and the youthful angler should above all things be able to construct his rod, if he does not succeed in making his own hooks, lines and flies.

The art of the rodmaker has always been a fine one, and to rightly construct one of the rods of a veterun Mitchell or Eggleston is to do something which few amateurs can do, though my friend Mr. Tryon, the celebrated artist, is an extremely fine rodmaker and has rivaled if not surpassed the superb productions of the makers above named. The tyro who is only yet learning the use of tools and the qualities of the wood to be employed, is not to be expected to produce the finished work of the masters, but the making of a useful and simple rod which will he sufficient in all ways for hait and making of a useful and simple rod which will be sufficient in all ways for bait and other fishing, is not at all difficult, and I propose to explain by the ald of diagrams how any boy may do this to his own credit and pleasure.

Most rods are in three lengths or ioints and the

1 inch. Inches. diameter 18 iz.

joints, and the ends of these lengths are pro-vided with fer-rules which fit rules which hi into one another as is shown in Fig. 1. A is the outside ferrule, and into it fits a and into it fits a smaller ferrule on the next length; B is the ferrule rim, added for strength, and C is the shoulder; D D are the lengths on which the socket are sesorte end and the socket are se-curely fitted. This constitutes the usual joint of the three-piece fishing rod, and to construct it would require skill quite above that possessed by most young anglers. I am anglers. I am going to tell him how he can make a rod without ferruled joints, that will be that will be equally as secure when jointed, and may be readily taken apart.

Fig. 2 shows the rod. It is eight feet ten inches in length, and made in two parts, which are

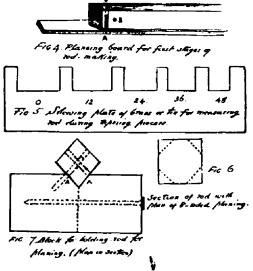
and made in two parts, which are tapered and spliced together with a strong line, as shown at A. Details of the making of this splice will be given later. A plan is first made giving measureplan is first made giving measurements, which must be followed. The young rodmaker will then run less chance of error in the construction

the method. The wood, which may be either lance-

wood, ash, or hickory, should be one inch square and in two four-foot lengths. one length is intended for the lower or the upper or tip. They are both reduced to the taper shown on the plan.

In order to do this easily make a plan-ing board, as shown in Fig. 4, consisting of a twelve-inch pine board, secured firmly to a table or bench as shown in Fig. 4. Two small holes are drilled at B B in one end of the square stick, and an iron pin (or nail) is driven into the board for holding the piece while plan-

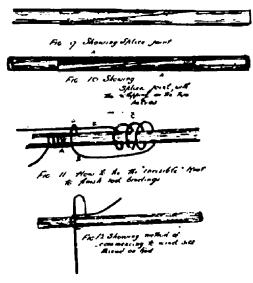
Each of the two lengths are planed to a taper on the four sides, and the various diameters are taken from the plan. Thus, at a point twelve inches from the handle it tapers to the diameter shown at 12; at 24 inches and 36 inches it tapers more, until at 48 inches it is just half the diameter of the butt end. The tip end or length is planed to a taper, being half an inch in diameter at one end and one-eighth of an inch at the extreme tip. When this is done we have two joints of four feet in length, one being one inch at the thickest and half an inch at the thinnest end. and the an inch at the thinnest end, and the other being half an inch at the thickest and one-eighth of an inch at the thin-



down the octagon until it loses its angles and approaches a circular shape. To accomplish this the plane is not much needed, although if set for a fine cut it

To accomplish this the plane is not much needed, although if set for a fine cut it may be employed to reduce the angles at first, and the rest may be accomplished by scraping down with a piece of steel or glass until true, finally smoothing down with fine sandpaper.

The two adjoining ends (at the joint) are now cut to a taper, as shown in the diagram Fig. 9. This work may be started by means of a sharp jackknife, but must be finished most carefully and evenly by a file and sandpaper. See that the parts fit exactly as shown in the diagram, and when they do, wind each half of the taper splice with fine waxed sewing silk (see Fig. 10 at A and A). These whippings or bindings are to protect the fragile wood of the joint, and to make them neat and even they should be finished off with what is known as the "invisible knot." Fig. 11 shows the way this knot is tied. A is the whipping, B is the silk, which is loosely wrapped in the coils C, and the end passed at E under D. B is then wrapped tightly next to A with the three coils at C, and then E and F are drawn through D and the tightly wrapped C coils, and the knot thus made is quite invisible and entirely secure. Fig. 12 shows simply and plainly how to hegin the winding of waxed silk on any part of the rod. Fig. 11 shows how to end it. Having wound the splicing parts of the two



joints with waxed silk, and varnished them with white shellac spirit varnish, tie at A and A (Fig. 13), at each end of the splice, a piece of pin wire bent as shown at B. Behind these loops and held tightly by the whipping, is attached about one yard of good chalk line, which may be wound spirally very tightly around the two spliced tapers as shown. When these two tapered ends are thus bound together they make the best possible joint. Some of the finest salmon and fly rods in Scotland and England

sible joint. Some of the finest salmon and fly rods in Scotland and England are made in this way, and are known as the Castle Connell rods.

The guides for the line, which may now be placed on the rod, are easily made from German silver wire in the snake shape shown in Fig. 14. Four of these are usually necessary to a rod such as has been described, and on the tip a simple ring can be placed made

and one-eighth of an inch at the thinnest. Both joints are now four square.

In order to gauge the size at every 12 inches of length it is well to make a gauge of thin brass or tin, like Fig. 5.

Cut with a sharp pair of shears and carefully file the notches to the proper widths indicated on the plan. This is a very useful tool in rodmaking.

The square joints are now to be rounded, but the first stage of the process is the planing off of the four cor-

#### Edward Everett Hale to the Boys

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale of New York city recently addresed the Young People's Loyal Legion Temperance Society. His address was on the word, "Together." The following is an extract from it:

from it:

"Jesus says in one place that each man must carry his own burden," said Dr. Hale. "Only a little further on He says that each man must carry the other man's burdens. How can we get around this seeming contradiction? What it means is simply that first of all each man must carry what is directly laid on his shoulders, and then he must in addition be ready to take his share of the common load. That is what it means. Only by so doing can we make ourselves as useful as it is within our power to be. And in order to be able to do so we must first of all remember that our body is

as useful as it is within our power to be. And in order to be able to do so we must first of all remember that our body is 'the temple of God.'

"Always remember that, and keep that temple pure and worthy of Him who is to reside there. Only in a pure body can the soul be pure. And it is for this reason that we take and keep the pledge framed by this organization to which you all belong.

"The next thing is to carry the other man's burden. I recall a visit I paid to a prominent minister whose church stands right in the heart of this city's great east side. A fine edifice and a great congregation—a great work. They had clubs and clubrooms, and did this thing and the other thing to raise the members. And yet the minister—say that his first name was George—was not satisfied.

and the other thing to raise the members. And yet the minister—say that his first name was George—was not satisfied. And he told me all about his troubles. He told me that his clubs and societies and classes that were so successful in outward appearance seemed to suffer from some kind of dry rot. I listened long to him and then I said:

"'See here, George, I know what is the matter with you. You think too much of yourself. You are all the time planning how to improve yourself and how to entertain yourself, i. e., your own people. You have reading rooms and libraries and courses of instruction and helpful organizations, but all for yourself. What are you doing for the other man? Nothing! You are not giving him a thought, and that is why there is no real life in your undertakings.

"'Suppose you pick up a paper tomorrow and find out who has been hurt the

people. You have reading rooms and libraries and courses of instruction and helpful organizations, but all for yourself. What are you doing for the other man? Nothing! You are not giving him a thought, and that is why there is no real life in your undertakings.

"Suppose you pick up a paper tomorrow and find out who has been hurt the day before—some workman fallen from the scaffolding of some building, or anything of that kind. Then find out all about the people of that man. See whether you can do anything for him or for them. Put up this to your boys and girls. Teach them to think of others and to live for others—to cary the other man's burdens—and you will see that you have no further cause to talk of dry rot and indifference.'

"He said he would follow my advice, and I have reason to believe that he did."

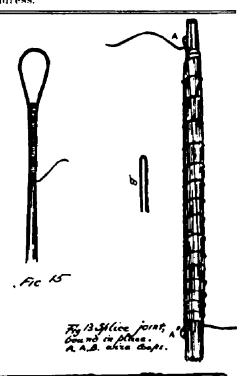
and I have reason to believe that he did. And what he taught his children and young people and parishioners to do, that is what I want you to do. Then your organization will grow so fast and so far that there will be no holding it back. And to that work I wish you all luck."

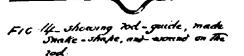
#### Canny John Sherman

The late Secretary John Sherman showed his talent for financiering at an early age. He and two of his brothers had been given a sum of money with which to pay their board while on a shooting trip for a week at the house of a farmer near Lancaster, O., their home. The week ended, John ordered the wagon and paid his board. But the farmer refused the money, saying that the sons of Judge Sherman would always be welcome guests. When John found that he did not have to pay his board he sent the wagon back to the barn and stayed another week.—Lippincot's Magazine.

#### A Word to Boy Musicians

One of our readers, who is a cornetist in an orchestra, asks why we do not have a Boy Musicians' Correspondence Club. He thinks that there are many boys throughout the country interested in music, who will be glad to correspond with one another. As to whether there are enough boys interested in this subject to form a club, we shall leave it to the boys to say. All of you, now, who want to join a Boy Musicians' Correspondence club write us on a postal card, say yes, and sign your name and address.







## **Every Boy**

should learn Taxidermy and know how to mount birds and small animals. We teach you quickly and easily, by mail, at your own home. Our course is BOURTING MIS FIRST BIRD

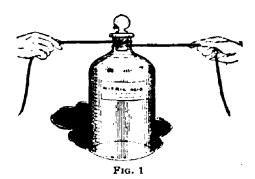
BOURTING MIS FIRST BI

The Correspondence School of Taxidermy, (INCORPORATED)

BANGOR, MAINE.

#### Things Worth Remembering

Many of the little problems which we encounter in daily life may be overcome if we but give them a moment's serious thought. And once we discover a method of doing a thing neatly or of saving labor, we should remember just how we did it, for the experience will prove useful to us again some day.



is to warm the neck and make it expand around the stopper, when the latter may be easily removed. All that is necessary is to take a stout piece of string, the coarser the better; give it a turn around the neck, as shown in Fig. 1, and saw hack and forth a minute or two.

If it is a small bottle grip it between the knees and work with both hands, but if it is a large bottle, it is advisable to get another to help you. Let each rest their left hand on the shoulder of the bottle to steady it, and keeping the string taut, work it backwards and forwards.

The friction will make the neck so

The friction will make the neck so warm in a minute or two that the stopper may be lifted out quite easily.

Another source of annoyance is to have

annoyance is to have the cork of a bottle slip inside; sometimes we see two or three corks inside one bottle, yet no effort is made to remove them. People get an idea that once a cork goes inside a bottle that it won't come out again. Nevertheless the operation is extremely

DOTTIE that it won't come out again, Nevertheless the operation is extremely simple. Hold the bottle containing the corks upside down in the left hand and with the right take a loop of string, as shown in Fig. 2.

Insert the loop and catch it around one of the corks, pull hard and the cork files out.

Little helps like these are worth remembering; you will often find them useful in the life at home.

#### The Unchaperoned Boy

We chaperone our girls and carefully guard them against unworthy boys, but we leave the boy to choose for himself his associates and his achievements.

Girls are naturally winsonie, gentle, companionable. They win their way in homes and hearts. But the boy, noisy, awkward, mischievous, is invited into few homes, and feels none too much at home in his own.

About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boy, about the only chair that is shoved near the fire especially for the boy, about the only place where he is sure of cordial greeting, is where he ought not to go.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure

world to get hold of a boy-grip on him.

He is hungry for companionship, and he will have it. You can't chain him away from it. He wants the companionship of boys, and nothing will take its

place.

If the rime of selfishness has so encased your heart that the joys and hopes of your boy cannot enter into it, the boy is to be pitied, but so are you.— Milwaukee Journal.

Whenever I see a youth looking for "a soft snap" I pity him. There can be no doubt where he will end, if he does not change his tactics. If he does not brace up, take stock of himself, and put vim and energy into his life, he will surely join the great army of the "might-havebeens."—Success Magazine.

# JAPANESE WAR NEWS

By Jack Van Camp, Tokio, Japan

OTHING in the world so commands and holds the interest of every class and every nation of people as news of war. Life is our most preclous possession, and when nations go to war and the lives of hundreds of thousands of men are risked—and lost, there must be the most intense interest in the affair. This is true of the countries fighting, more than of those that simply look on. And in a nation at war, the interest is more keen where so many soldiers are in action that every neighborhood and almost every family has its representative at the front. In that case there is rejoicing in every victory and terror in every defeat, felt in every little shop and home of the land. For these reasons, if you will remember the tremendous armies that are fighting up in Manchuria, and the scores of thousands slaughtered in the fiercest battles that modern warfare has known, you can easily guess how intense is the interest in war news in Japan.

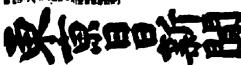
To answer this interest, all

guess how intense is the interest in war news in Japan.

To answer this interest, all over the world the newspapers have spent millions of dollars so that they can publish morning by morning the oftentimes fearful events of the preceding days. In the Russo-Japanese war the papers of other countries have contained more of the news than the papers of those two countries themselves, for in Russia the government has deceived its people and in Japan, in order that the actions of the armies might not be anticipated and hindered by the enemy, much of their doings and movements have been held back by the government had government have governments have been held back by the government.

much of their doings and movements have been held back by the government, and not printed at once by the newspapers. But as soon as any battle was in progress the government gave out the news as rapidly as it was received, and the reports thus given have always been reliable; in the reports coming from Tokio there has been no deceiving. In spite of this serious hindrance the Japanese papers have used the same enterprising methods that the great dailles of America and England newspapers. But as soon as any battle was in progress the government gave out the news as rapidly as it was received, and the reports thus given have always been reliable; in the reports coming from Tokio there has been no deceiving. In spite of this serious hindrance the Japanese papers have used the same enterprising methods that the great dailies of America and England use. They have their correspondents at the front, and their cable dispatches from all parts of the world, so that while we are reading the news from the front we also read what England and America are saying about the war, and the wonderfully twisted accounts that are published at St. Petersburg. One of Russia's first victories was the sinking of a Tokio daily's dispatch boat. These papers are cheap, selling usually at a cent. And they are very widely read, for there are few people in Japan who cannot read. The city papers often have a column in English, containing the war and international news. They have illustrations—usually woodcuts, that look rather crude beside the half-tone pictures of our American dailies, but America leads the world in that sort of work. And these Japanese papers in their editorials, are strong, just in their judgments, considerate, and more moderate and sane than would be the papers of either Europe or America, if they were under the same provocation. would be the papers of either Europe or America, if they were under the same provocation.

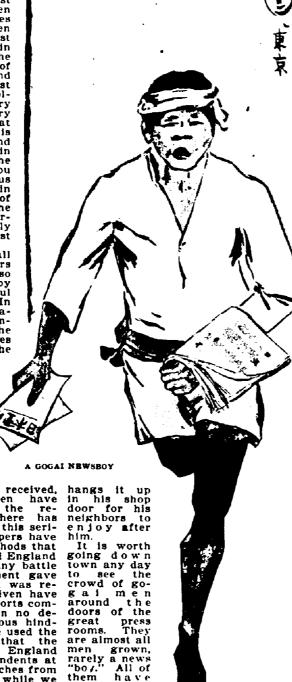
One of the most interesting features of these papers is the extra—the Japanese word is gogal. When things are happening at the front, one may hear nappening at the front, one may hear anytime through the day, and far into the night, a wild jangle of bells, and the oft repeated cry—"gogai," and a runner, scantily clothed, bareheaded, with a bunch of small bells at his girdle, flies down the narrow street and you must hurry if you want to catch him and procure a paper. You hold out a cent which he snatches without stopping and leaves you a sheet of paper like a leaf leaves you a sheet of raper like a leaf from a tablet—the only thing printed on it is the special news, the telegrams. After reading it the purchaser usually



明然 日本の中での 本本 **つぶ定位直接** 昨夜:の右翼及中央 方面に放ては個へす 彼我斥候の衝突した る外大なる變化なし 左翼方面に任りてば 散は続へ下線徐なる 角壁を応せり 沈且學表票練養方面

に攻撃し来りし主力 は年魚池 (長護の 両 方約一里) より 国方 第(長機両北約回盟) 方向に温却せる者の

**法国保政環族等**方面 に放て敵の遺棄せし 鼠体多数なるも来た 精確なる機能に接ぐ



men grown, rarely a news "boy." All of them have the bells — it

the bells—it sounds like an old fashioned sheep stable where the ewes wear bells. And they hang on the iron bars of the windows and crowd for first places at the door—then the extra comes and there dows and crowd for first places at the door—then the extra comes and there is a scramble, and one and another comes out of the melee with a bunch of papers and starts away, shouting, through the street. And the shopkeepers, hearing it, come out, and hold out their money at arm's length—it's like a train taking mail on the fly. So they go, full speed, away to the edges of the city, miles distant—for their legs are the fastest means of travel possible to them—faster than the street cars, and they can sell as they go.

Quite as interesting to most people as papers, are the war pictures. Go along the streets, and every block you will find a crowd of people bunched around a shop front—it is always a picture shop. And

a crowd of people bunched around a shop front—it is always a picture shop. And there, hung clear across its front, open to the street, are the latest color prints and lithographs and half-tones of the war. Now the last are fine. There was never before a year-old war, or one of any age, that had its picture taken so many times as this. The government has gone at it as a scientific way of learning how to make war, and everything that has been done has been photographed. These are published. But they are expensive, and they are black and white, so almost everyone is more interwhite, so almost everyone is more interwhite, so almost everyone is more inter-cated in the wonderful big color-prints in the shop fronts. They may not be very accurate—if they are the armies have done some extraordinary things— but they are interesting, and some are quite artistically done, and there is scarcely a house but has its big war picture that little tinsword soldiers, who some day will be the real sword soldiers under Japan's sun banner, look at often under Japan's sun banner, look at often and dream about. These same shops have very interesting booklets for sale, too, so those boys would tell you—their old fairy tales done over, up-to-date, with war leaders and heroes taking the place of the old characters. Kuropatkin has great prominence in many of these of course. His name in Japanese means "black pigeon," but his picture is usually a black crow, and that black crow has sad experiences in this new fairy lore. War postcards are everywhere, too, and everybody sends them to everybody else. There are plain ones and elaborate ones—that show one view on the surface and another when you look through them to the light. The Postal through them to the light. The Postal Department issues special ones, and you buy them at the little postoffices of every roadside village in Japan. And the sol-diers have postcards supplied them, that the Government franks, so their news comes home to their friends without expense to them.

So the war news comes and goes in many ways—but what effect does it have many ways—out what effect does it have on the people, or the city when it is received? The people who are so interested in knowing the news are every one ready to show their apreciation when a success is achieved; but they are not noisy, there is no uproar; their celebra-(Continued on page 258.)

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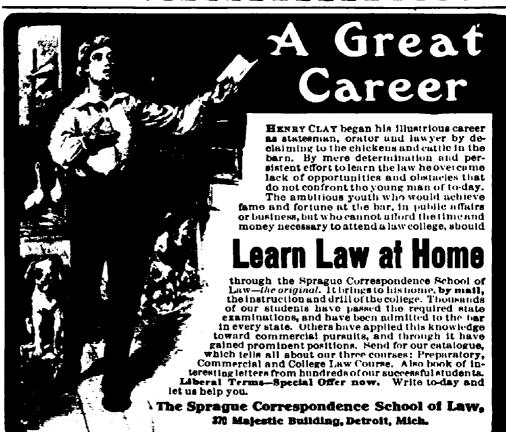
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STAMPS 100 varieties Peru, Cuba, Holfela, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, etc., and Album only 10c; 1000 mixed, 20c; 1000 hinges Sc; 55 diff. U. S., 25c; 100 diff. U. S., 50c, Agenta wanted, 50 pct. New List Free, C. A. STECIMAN, 5947 Cote Brillinnte Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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will be found on my approval sheets. You have only to send written consent of parent to get a trial selection. I will give to every applicant an unused Chinese stamp, or an unused chinese stamp, or an unused chinese stamp when the stamp would be sent to the stamp when the stamp would be sent to the stamp with the stamp will be sent to the stamp with the stamp will be sent to sent to the stamp will be sent to se

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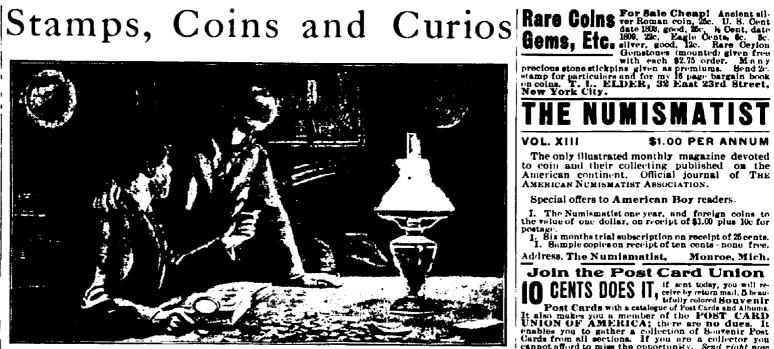


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Place Your Stamp, Coin and Curio Ad. in The American Boy for Results



#### An Oft-Forged Stamp

An oft-forged stamp the Turkish 25 plastres. black and grey issue of 1884, has again been initated. To stamp collectors possessing genuine specimens for purposes of comparison this latest counterfeit presents no particular danger. A glance at our twin illustration,



GENUINE

showing the genuine stamp on the left and the forgery on the right, will show marked discrepancies, especially in the two inscrip-tions at foot. "Emp. Ottoman" and "25 plas-tres," and also in the scroll ornament between

below the eagle.

French Guiana has a new set of "picture" French Guiana has a new set of "picture" stamps. There are three designs, that for the low values, 1c. to 15c. being a picture of an ant-eater; that for the "medium" values, 20c. to 75c., showing a gold digger at work, and that for the high values of 1, 2 and 5 francs presenting a view of Palm Tree Place, Cayenne.

From Natal comes a series of official postage stamps, the first ever issued in the colony. They are produced by surcharging the ordinary stamps of the King's Head series with the word "official" in sans serif capitals. So far, only the ½d., 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d and 1s. stamps have received the overprint, and it is stated that at present no higher values will be surcharged.

Jaipur, an Indian state, issues a set of three thels of much superior appearance. These are oblong, and give us a much clearer pic-



ture of the national emblem of Jaipur, the Wharlot of the Sun," drawn by a hydra-headed horse. The values and colors are: 1/2 suna, blue; 1 anna, red; 2 annas, olive green. The new Servian stamps, with head of King leter, are printed in black and color, the central portion of the stamp, carrying the head of King Peter, being in black in every Here are the values comprising the

- para, gray and black, paras, pale green and black, paras, rose and black.
- 15 paras, lilac and black.
- 20 paras, yellow and black. 25 paras, blue and black. 50 paras, dark brown and black.
- 1 dinar, bistre and black. 3 dinars, green and black. 5 dinars, violet and black.

From Tasmania comes a provisional stamp in the shape of the 5d. stamp with a black surcharge "1½d." It appears that a gentleman in the colony wrote to the Postmaster Geenral, complaining of the inconvenience of having to attach two separate stamps, %d. having to attach two separate stamps, %u. and 1d., to pictorial postrards and suggesting that a 1½d. value should be provided. The suggestion was acted upon by the authorities, and the stamp now chronicled is the result.— Hobbies

#### Stamp Inquiries

F. R. B. Stamps have to be imperforated on two opposite sides to be classed as part perforated. The \$ .50 entry of goods catalogues 5c. The \$ .50 passage ticket catalogues \$ .20. The \$ .50 surety bond catalogues 10c. I. L. Your stamp is from Russia. C. H. R. Your stamp is from France. J. J. K. Write to any stamp dealer that advertises in THE AMERICAN BOY. W. C. C. The common ic and 2c postage stamps are of no value, but all others have a little value. Write to some of the stamp dealers that advertise in THE AMERICAN BOY for their buying price list.

#### Our Stamp Correspondence Club

Send us 50 cents and become a member of THE AMERICAN BOY STAMP CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Address THE AMERICAN BOY,

Detroit, Mich.

#### The Prize Offers

In our February issue the coin editor offered two prizes: One for the best list of animals to be found on coins, and the countries in which found. The other for the best answer to the question, "What advantages are to be to be found on coins, and the countries in which found. The other for the best answer to the question, "What advantages are to be derived from the collecting or study of coins?" The special prizes offered were a Judean "mite" for the first, and an Egyptian bronze coin of Ptolemy III for the best answer to the second question. Time limited to April 1. The large number of replies received in answer to these questions go to show the great interest our boys are taking in the science of numismatics. The replies to the first question particularly brought out some very elaborate papers, which showed that the competitors have fine collections or have access to the same. The replies to the second question averaged up more evenly, and it was with no little difficulty that a decision could be arrived at. At the same time the responses to this question did not exhibit the study, preparation and knowledge so prominent in the answers to the first query. On the whole the interest manifested and ability displayed has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The winners of the prizes are as follows:

First question: Fred J. Vreeland, Paterson. as follows First question: Fred J. Vreeland, Paterson,

them. Caution is necessary in buying many others of the rarer Turkish stamps.—Hobbies.

A Few New Issues

Russia has added two new values to her set—15 kopecs brown, with blue center, and 25 kopecs green, with lilac center. These are of the ordinary current design, with thunderbolts below the eagle.

N. J.

Second question: Charles Leavitt, Manchester, N. H.

Mr. Leavitt is also an easy second in the answer to the first question.

Especial credit in this connection is due the following: H. Maynard Rees, Cieveland, O.; Homer E. Alien, Elyria, O.; Louis Jackson, Muscatine, Iowa, and Edward H. Stein, Westbelow the eagle.

#### The Numismatic Sphinx

The Numbmatic Sphinx

Tonty Graham. Your rubbing is from a forman 1979. Notrable organization of the color of

# HE NUMISMATIST

VOL. XIII

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

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\$5.75 PAID FOR RABE 1853 QUARTERS: \$4 paid for 1804 dimes: \$15 paid for 1858 dollars; hig prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent, LeRoy, N. Y. Dept. H.

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1 Millimeter Scale and Perforation Gauge.
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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.



PIRST PRIZE PHOTO-BY JOHN GUIBORD, PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

#### The Roll of Honor

The list of those entitled to honorable mention is again a long one and includes: Edwin Paul, F. S. Andrus, Perry N. Trask, L. A. Rumsey, C. F. Gandolfo, A. P. Colby, P. C. Whyte, E. C. Roper, Chas. Early, G. A. Smith, E. Bennett, A. Jackson, H. H. Stoddard, Jr., D. Hafford, for print entitled "Titon Memorial, Tulane University," and H. M. Biggin.

#### Restraining Development

Dr. Leo Backeland in Photographic Life, says that one or two teaspoonfuls of sugar added to four ounces of velox developer will so restrain its action as to enable the operator to see what he is doing and to do it without hurry, without in any way affecting the result. Glycerine has long been used for the same purpose, and is, on the whole, better and easier managed than sugar.—Exchange.

#### Our Prize Pictures

John Guibord, of 60 Court Street, Plattsburg, N. Y., is a newcomer among our champion photographers, but he has fairly won the distinction by the beautiful landscape to which the first prize is awarded this month. The second prize goes to a Cleveland photographer with the poetic name of John Howard Paine. His picture is a flashlight photograph of a living moth that had just emerged from its cocoon. It was taken on a Cramer Crown plate, developed with Rodinol, fixed with acid hypo and printed on Derko paper.

#### A New Contest

In photographic competitions Brownie prints are somewhat at a disadvantage on account of their size and the fact that it is impossible to reproduce them satisfactorily. Nevertheless some very fine photographs may be produced with Brownie cameras, particularly by one who understands their limitations. In order to encourage those of our readers who own a "Brownie," we herewith begin a contest that will be strictly confined to them. Entries will close September 1st, and prize-winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible. First prize: A copy of Mr. Sprague's "Boy Courier of Napoleon;" second prize, a copy of Mr. Sprague's "Three Boys in the Mountains" The Photograph Editor.

A PAGE WITHOUT A PULL

(Continued from page 241.)

(Continued from page 241.)

dent of Marshall, whose appointment had been made largely through the influence of Congressman Rogers, and advised him of the situation. It was pointed out that Rogers" unpopularity among the people was due to an erroneous impression regarding a bill he had supported. Judge Fuller, of all men, could make it clear that Mr. Rogers' attitude had been justified.

#### A Good Combined Bath

Dissolve two ounces of hyposulphite of soda in sixteen ounces of water and add two grains of chloride of gold. This combined fixing and toning bath should stand at least twenty-four hours before being used, and is not in its best working condition until after several prints have been fixed and toned in it. The above quantity will tone about 50 4x5 prints or half that number of 5x7. The 4x5 prints or half that number of 5x7. The method of using the bath is simplicity itself. Sufficient for the purpose is poured into a suitable tray, and the prints, without previous washing and not more than six at a time, pushed one by one, face down, under the solution. They should then, one by one, be drawn from the bottom and laid face up on top; and the movement repeated till the desired color is reached.—Ex

#### A Simple Sensitizer

The following one solution sensitizer may be applied with a brush or tuft of cotton to almost any kind of material, and will give beautiful prints of colors, depending on its nature or the nature of the size; or the image may be toned with gold or platinum in the ordinary way:

Absolute alcohol to.......100 parts
Apply the solution with a brush, allow to
dry in the dark, which takes about 10 minutes. Expose in cohtact with the negative,
and fix by immersion in two or three baths
of water acidulated with nitric acid, and
then rinse in plain water and dry. It is
advisable, if very rich tones are required, to
dry in front of the fire or iron with a hot
flat-iron. Am. Amateur Photographer.

#### The Letter-Box

J. H. Paine: Photo-micrographs would not receive consideration in our competitions. H. M. Biggin: If plate-holder is thoroughly dried, I do not see how plate could possibly be affected. Albert Swanson: For addresses of dealers in cameras, you are respectfully referred to our advertising columns. State your case to them and they will advise you what to buy. F. E. Holman: Your "Tug of War" came duly to hand, but it is impossible to describe every individual photograph. E. C. Paul: Personally I do think that Pyro

is the best developer. The plates you mention also receive my preference and I think they are just as good as the other brands you named; films are just as convenient as plates, if handled properly. Orlo Palmer: Use 6 ounces of sulphite of soda. Try the following developer: Water 4 ounces, sulphite of sodium (saturated solution) 4 dr., Acetone 2 dr., and Pyro 10 grs. Add a few drops of a 10 per cent. bromide of potassium solution as a restrainer.

#### Various Colors on Velox

The following, especially applicable to velox, is given by W. E. Henry, in Photography, for the production of red, purple and brown tones. Prepare three solutions as follows:

A. Hydroquinone	er.
Sodium sulphite	sr.
Citric acid 25 a	
Potassium bromide 20 p	
Water to 20 c	
B. Sodium hydrate 90 p	
Water to 20	
C. Ammonium bromide120 g	
Ammonium carbonate	cr.
Water to 10	οz.
The total management of the same	

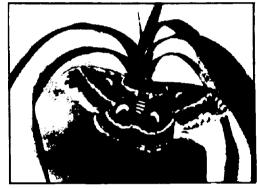
For Red Tones: Develop with A., 1 oz.; B., 1 oz.; C., 6 drachms. Allow for considerable reduction in fixing. Purple Tones: Develop with A., 1 oz.; B., 1 oz.; C., 120 minims. Brown Tones: Develop with A., 1 oz.; B., 1 oz.; C., 60 minims.

#### When Prints Turn Yellow

When Prints Turn Yellow

Some one complains that their prints on developing paper have a habit of turning yellow. Several things may be the cause. If you have been using a reliable developer purchased ready mixed, or one of the powders put out by one of the leading photo firms, and your photos turn out invariably yellow, you need to add some restrainer. The fault may be with the water you use, or from some such cause, but by adding the restrainer given below, clear prints may be assured.

Buy of a druggist one-half ounce cyanide of potassium and put them into a bittle with nine ounces water. To clear the prints, pour your developer in a tray, add about two drops of the above restrainer to an ounce of developer, stir well, then test by printing a strip of the paper from any good negative, and developing it. If the whites still do not come clear, add a few more drops of the restrainer and test again. When the whites come out pure, that batch of developer is O K as long as it lasts.—M. M. French.



SECOND PRIZE PHOTO-BY J. H. PAINE, CLEVELAND, O.

A week later a communication from Judge Fuller was sent setting forth the conditions which rendered it necessary for Congressman Rogers to aid the bill obnoxious to the people of the Tenth district. In clear simple language Indeed trict. In clear, simple language Judge Fuller marshaled the evidence, presenting facts hitherto unknown; analyzed existing and prospective conditions and made it plain that as a patriotic representative of the people, inspired by high

sentative of the people, inspired by high motives, Mr. Rogers could, conscientious ly, have pursued no other course.

The communication was reprinted in many of the newspapers, and produced a profound impression, in fact, could Judge Fuller's letter have been presented two months earlier there would have been no organized opposition to Rogers. The masses of the people were satisfied although in certain quarters the politicians were bent on sending a new marto Congress. Senator Harrington, having announced himself, his supporters declared they would fight it out on that line. The friends of Foster and Maxwell were ready to do as their chiefs desired.

After a bitter contest in Windsor county Maxwell won over Harrington in the county convention, but so much ill-feeling was engendered that the Harrington faction privately declared Maxwell would be knifed at the polls. The district convention was held in Lake City, Rogers was placed in nomination by Eden, Foster by Madison and Maxwell by Windsor. The first ballot stood: Rogers, 14; Maxwell, 16; Foster, 12; necessary to choice, 22. After six ballots without change Foster arose, when Madison was called, and in a plain, straightforward speech pointed out the friction in Windsor, the need of every vote to ensure the success of the ticket, and closed by requesting his delegates to vote for Rogers.

"Twelve votes for Rogers," called out the chairman of the Mudison delegation." Then pandemonium broke loose,

After the excitement had partially subsided Maxwell mounted a chair and moved Rogers' nomination be made unanimous. It carried with a whoop.

Paul Rollins' stock rose far above par. Although he had not appeared conspicu-After a bitter contest in Windsor coun-

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4 ft. high, 5 ft. diameter, made of heavy sheeting, with colored cas, side

decorated in genuine Indian design Supported by a Triped. No Center Pele. All Clear Space Inside.

while this tent is excellent for boys for use on lawns, etc., and can be highly recommended as a Toy. WE ALSO MAKE this tripod wigwam. 7 ft 6 in high, and 7 ft.6 in, in diameter, in extra heavy, thoroughly durable, white drill, colored drill, or 8-oz. duck, exactly as ser illustration (suitable for men, as \$4.00 to \$5.00 yell as boys in camping.—

HERE IS A BARGAIN probably the most removed to tents. These tripod wigwams are the latest novelties, and we are offering them as lenders. Do not compare them with ordinary tents sold for \$3, \$4 and \$5.

We know of no larger manufacturer of tents in the United States than H. Channon Company. This firm has supplied thousands of tents to the United States Government, as well as to large contractors, engineers and others. Their tents are made only of the less material, the acknowledged standard of quality, and now sold direct to the consumer from our factory.

While this tent is excellent for boys for use on lawns, etc.,

ously during the strenuous months just

ously during the strenuous months just passed, the political powers fully realized his skill in directing a most delicate and difficult campaign, with chances two to one against him at the outset.

At the organization of the House the following year Mr. Rogers was made chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, and Paul became clerk to the committee at a salary of \$2,000 per annum. In this capacity he found added opportunity to favor the people of the Tenth district, and the farmers literally swore by their able representative and his thoughtful, obliging cierk.

At subsequent conventions Mr. Rogers was nominated without opposition. Paul Rollins became a powerful factor in the district, and at the age of thirty practically dominated the political destinies of his party. He had enemies, to be sure, but the great mass of the people loved him for his virtues of head and heart, and the politiclans relied implicitly upon his judgment.

A certain day in February dawned bright and balmy. During the afternoon a "northwester" developed, and when the House adjourned Washington was in the grasp of a howling Dakota blizzard. Emerging from the hot chamber protected only by a light overcoat, Mr. Rogers had contracted a severe cold, which rapidly developed into pneumonia, and in four days he was dead.

After the funeral Rollins hurried back

Mr. Rogers had contracted a severe cold, which rapidly developed into pneumonia, and in four days he was dead.

After the funeral Rollins hurried back to Washington. The agricultural appropriation bill was about to be reported to the House. Congressmen may die, but the work of lawmaking goes on without interruption. Paul practically became both chairman and clerk to the committee. The intricate bill, with its hundreds of items, each of which must stand the close scrutiny of a minority eager to pick flaws and which might be amended and torn to pieces on the floor in committee of the whole, was as plain to him as a problem in addition. He sat next to the ranking member of the committee when the bill was under consideration, and, while the name "Mr. Rollins" did not appear in the Congressional Record, he, nevertheless, directed the campaign on the floor and bulwarked the acting chairman against every attack of the minority. Washington papers, the next morning, directed attention to Clerk Rollins' assistance in a highly complimentary manner.

This comment was reprinted generally by the press of the Tenth district, the Lake City Tribune subjoining the query: "Why not Paul Rollins for Representative to succeed Mr. Rogers?"

The alert city editor of the Tribune seized upon this query as a text for interviews with a score of leading citizens of the city. With the exception of two men, who, while in no way disparaging Mr. Rollins, had expressed the belief that the district should be represented by an older head, everybody was for the young man. Fred Foster, whose opinlon on political matters in the county amounted almost to law, came out squarely for Rollins, declaring that his experience made him the logical candi-

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nerous haces of the northean. At the commend to operative various gramactic feat. Full nerved instructions will be seen when the need selection. The above offer is made with the understanding that yes agree to hand five of these offers is made with the understanding that yes agree to hand five of these offers which we send with the skeleton to five young friends, and that you will sund TIREE for some to pay for postages and packing. H. W. Handonty & Co., 541 Lexington Ave., Newport. Ky.

Please Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements

could not acquire in four years. The newspapers, not forgetting the services Paul had rendered them gratuitously, editorially endorsed the suggestion, and inside of a week, by common consent, Rollins was as good as nominated. He was nominated and elected by an over-whelming majority at a special election called to fill the vacancy, and when the House reconvened for the long session in December he took the cath as a more in December he took the oath as a mem ber of Congress.

Business was practically suspended.

Business was practically suspended, while Representatives crowded around to congratulate the young man, whom a large number well remembered as a page in the same chamber.

Congressman Rollins invited George Harrington, son of Senator Harrington, to become his private secretary, and Doorkeeper Sanderson appointed the 14-year-old son of Fred Foster a page.

Paul Rollins saw the day when the mighty Colonel Shane came to him in deep humility, with ample appologies for the great wrong he had done him as a page twelve years before.

"Don't apologize, Colonel," said Rollins; "perhaps you did not so intend it, but in having me dismissed you rendered me the greatest service of my life."

me the greatest service of my life."
The record of Paul Rollins in Congress

is worthy the study of every young man in America, but, as a distinguished au-thor has declared, "that is another story."

# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boys, be answered in these columns.

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

Dear American Boys:

swer each and every one of your many letters as soon as received. Your work and your hobbies interest me greatly, and I want you all to write me whenever you wish, telling me about your own little workshops and interests, and I will try to get an answer to you in

five-sixteenths-inch hole is drilled in the I wish it were possible for me to answer each and every one of your many etters as soon as received. Your work and I want you all to write me whenver you wish, telling me about your will try to get an answer to you in five-sixteenths-inch hole is drilled in the end, into which loose centers are fitted, such as Z. In order that these centers shall fit tightly, they are left slightly large and tapered at M so that they will drive into the hole tightly; when it is necessary to remove them, simply grasp the pulley with the left hand and give the center a twist with a wrench held in the right. One of these centers fitted with a small drill chuck will be found very useful.

own little workshops and interests, and I will try to get an answer to you in some way.

And another thing: I want you all to feel—and I am sure Mr. Sprague does, too—that this department is for you. If there is anything that you would like to know, or if you would like a description of any particular electrical or mechanical instrument or tool, write to me, and as soon as possible your request will be granted. In this way I can judge of the class of matter that you like.

Now, there may be some of you that will not be interested in electricity, so I am going to tell you how to make a small speed or wood-turning lathe; I am sure there are many of you who would like to have a small lathe, and with a little work you may.—Robert G. Griswold.

How to Build a Lathe

Will.E THIS LATHE is not a metal working machine, nor a very experimental working mac

five-eighths-inch bolt driven through the post II. The inside diameter of half-inch pipe is very nearly five-eighths of an inch. The treadle is fastened to the floor at the rear by two strap hinges, and to the driving wheel by a pitman made of hardwood.

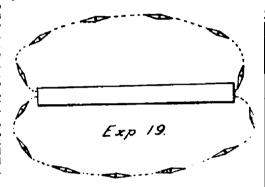
A one-inch leather belt is used to drive the spindle, and after assembling the faces of the pulleys and wheel may be made very smooth by holding a file and

made very smooth by holding a file and sandpaper against them while running. The amateur has many opportunities to exercise his individual tastes in making this lathe, as the design given is intended more as a guide to the essential features than as a perfect model. The fact that the amateur may not have many tools to work with at first has been kept in view in describing this lathe.

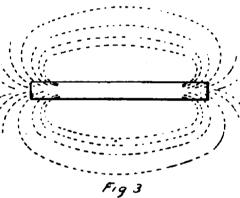
#### Experimental Lessons In Electricity Lesson II.

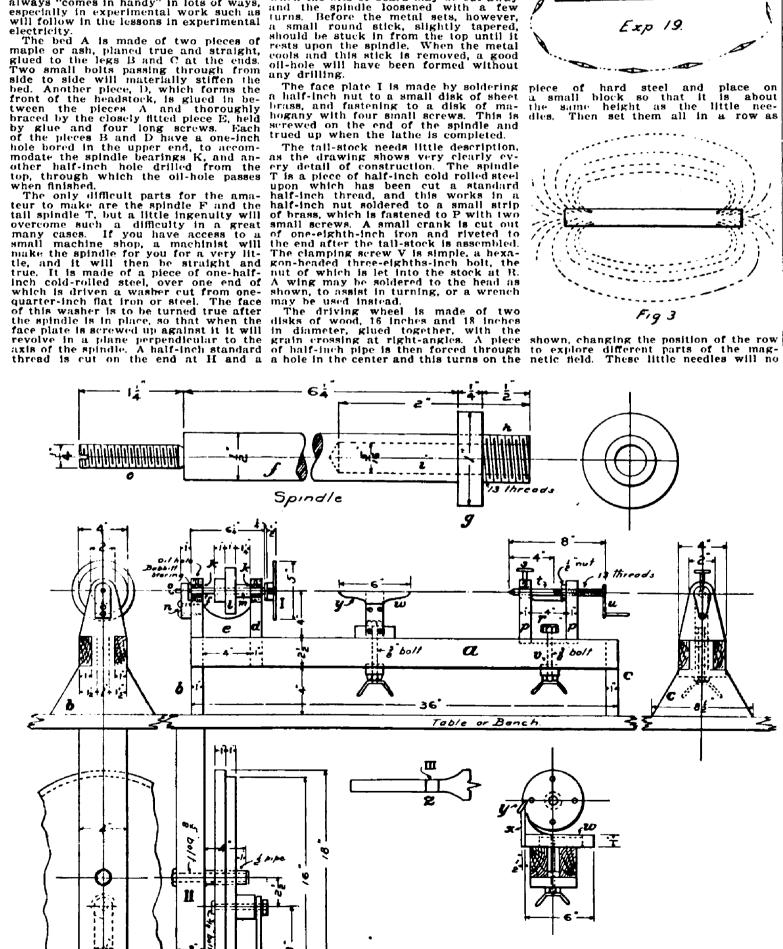
MAGNETISM-BEGUN IN MAY

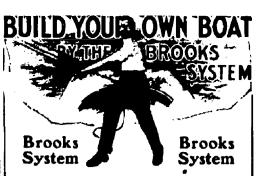
XPERIMENT 19.—If you will make yourself about a dozen little compass needles like that in Experiment 16, mounting them all the same way on separate little blocks, you can perform this very interesting ex-periment. Thoroughly magnetize a



piece of hard steel and place on a small block so that it is about the same height as the little nee-dles. Then set them all in a row as place on t is about little nee-







If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full sixed pattern you can build a canoe—row boat—sail boat or launch —in your leisure time—at home—and the building will be a source of profit and pleasure

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inch spark, and a primary core all wound, to go with it.

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longer obey their original tendency to point towards the north, but will arrange themselves along the lines of force traveling from one end of the magnet to the other through the air, and in this way you can very easily trace their path. A very valuable exercise is to make a diagram on paper showing the direction of the needles in different positions. When lines are drawn through these you will have traced the path of the magnetic lines.

In Fig. 3 is given a sketch showing what such a diagram should look like. But this method can be greatly improved upon and permanent pictures made of



EXPERIMENT 20-1-Magnetic Field of a Bar

these lines of force. This is the method used by the illustrious Faraday when experimenting with magnetism.

Experimenting with magnetism.

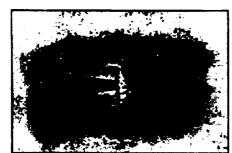
Experiment 20.—Melt a little paraffine in a shallow dish and soak several small sheets of paper in it, allowing the excess to drain off, and pin up by one corner to dry. Now lay a sheet of this prepared paper over a bar magnet, such as the needle you have already magnetized, or any other piece of steel. Place two or three teaspoonfuls of iron filings in a rag to act as a sieve, and dust the fine a rag to act as a sieve, and dust the fine particles over the paper. As they fall they will arrange themselves along the lines of force, and you will have a ple-ture something like Experiment 20-1. A very gentle tapping may assist the fil-ings in arranging themselves. Carefully lift the paper and warm slightly over a stove or lamp, when the paraffine will Experiment 20-5 shows the action bemelt and upon cooling again bind the tween a bar magnet and a horseshoe filings firmly in place as a permanent magnet, with their unlike poles together.



EXPERIMENT 20-6-Composite Field of Bar and Horseshoe Magnets with Unlike Poles op-

have a picture similar to half of Experiment 20-2, which shows how the lines new one of force act between like and unlike the old.

In Experiment 20-3 two horseshoe magnets are shown with their unlike poles close together and the lines of force to the lines of the force to the force to the force to the gap completely. But in Experiment 20-4 the position of the magnets has been reversed, their like poles being placed together. Notice how the repelling action bends the lines of force away from a straight line and



EXPERIMENT 20-7-Field of Selection of Bar and Horseshoe Magnets. One Pole of Bar being opposed to both Poles of Horse Shoe.

how comparatively clear the space be-

end of the bar magnet has been placed end of the bar magnet has been placed near the two ends of the horseshoe; see how the lines of force bridge across from the unlike poles, while not half an inch away the opposite pole is exerting a repelient action and making practically a clear field. The bending away of these lines is very plainly shown just above the magnet.

above the magnet.

The study of magnetism is so very in-The study of magnetism is so very interesting and there is so much to be learned that it is with regret that this lesson is brought to a close, but there are other experiments that will be given in the next lesson equally interesting and instructive. The point to be uppermost in your minds, however, is not to hurry over a lot of experiments, but to do each one well. Study over it, alter the conditions, devise new experiments for yourself, and, before taking up a new one, learn everything possible about the old.

#### Questions Answered

Will you please publish in your next paper, directions for making batteries to run an electric lamp large enough to light a room 10x9x8 feet?

E. B., Byron, Mich.

Answer.—We shall shortly describe a number of batteries in our experimental lessons, but you will find this means of lighting very expensive, as it requires at least three cells for every two volts that the lamp requires. Thus a ten-volt lamp, would require fifteen cells to light it properly.

Is not No. 18 wire a little too large for the motor described in the March number? Will you please tell me how to wind and connect a three-pole armature to put in place of the one descr.bed? Should not the armature be wound with smaller wire than the field?

R. G. M., Brantford.

R. G. M., Brantford.

Answer.—No. 18 wire is a good size for the field of this motor, but the armature may be wound with smaller wire, say No. 20 or 22. Wind each pole of the armature in the same direction and connect the inside layer of one winding with the outside layer of the next, and connect this junction with one segment of the commutator.

Please tell me the horse-power of Mr. Crowell's motor described in the March "American Boy." How many cells of battery are required to operate it? Can No. 21 magnet wire be used in place of No. 18? In winding the secondary coil, should it be wound in the same direction as the primary?

L. P., Carmi, Ill.

Answer.—It would be a difficult matter to estimate the power of this motor, but it is not very much and would be a very small fraction of a horse-power. Two cells of any good battery should be sufficient. Yes, it makes little difference in what direction the secondary winding is done.

What material, besides tin, could be used in making the field pieces of the motor described in the March number? Could the armature be made of iron or steel?

D. P. F., Oswego, N. Y.

Answer.—The tin mentioned in that article is in reality nothing more than sheet iron coated with a thin coating of tin, and the only other thing that could be used would be the plain sheet iron, as a laminated field of this description is almost perfect. They could also be made of east tron, but would not be seen is almost perfect. They could also be made of cast iron, but would not be so good. You can use cast iron for the armature, but it will not equal the laminated style, and steel is rarely soft enough to demagnetize rapidly, frequently becoming permanently magnetized. ly becoming permanently magnetized.

Will you please tell me how to connect up the condensers in the wireless telegraph ap-paratus? F. H., Detroit, Mich. paratus?

of the bar magnet to the other in well defined paths.

Experiment 20-6 shows the field created when the position of the bar magnet in 20-5 is changed so that the like poles are nearest. This results in the bending away of the lines from each pole of the bar magnet and leaves the field of the horseshoe magnet practically undisturbed.

Experiment 20-7 shows with remarkable clearness how the like poles repel and the unlike attract. In this case the



Where can I buy a book telling how to make coherers that will work for more than a mile? How can one connect three instruments on one line, and can one instrument be switched off the circuit? Can a twenty-ohm sounder be used with the wireless apparatus? Can you tell me how to wind and connect the wires on a three-pole armature to make a dynamo out of it, and also how to wind it for a motor? I have all the parts but cannot wind the armature, and what shall I do with the field maknet wires? Why will a hand-power dynamo not operate a twenty-ohm sounder? Of course I do not expect to use this dynamo for power, but I cannot see why it will not operate this instrument.

J. M. M., Deepwater, Mo.

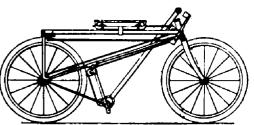
Answer.—There are several books

Answer.—There are several books treating of wireless telegraphy and the instruments, but you would perhaps get as much authentic information from "Wireless Telegraphy," by Charles Henry Sewail, as any other. None of the books that we know of go into detailed information regarding the construction of the various coherers. You may have as many instruments for use in a wireless system as you choose, as they are not connected with one another, but all operate across the intervening space. This difficulty presents itself to the amateur, however. If all the instruments are alike, and have about the same sending power, a message sent out by one instrument will be intercepted by every other instrument, and no secret messages could be sent except in clipher. Two messages being sent at one time would hopelessly confuse the receiver. This difficulty is obviated in practical systems by a process known as "tuning," in which the instruments are tuned to receive vibrations of certain lengths, and let all others pass. If the instruments are once properly tuned, then a message may be sent to any particular instrument by another by setting a certain attachment at a predetermined position. This results in waves of a particular length being sent out and may be received by only such instruments as are in tune. This is difficult for the amateur to accomplish, and was not intended to be used in the set described. This set was designed only for amateur construction and for use on distances of about one mile, over which distance it should work satisfactorily. Many of the readers are experimenting with longer distances, but there are a number of difficulties to be met with in long distance transmission. The twenty-ohm sounder may be used very nicely. There is no difference between the windings of a three-pole armature for use as either a dynamo or motor, but armatures of this type are very inefficient. The field magnet wires are so connected with the brushes that the current will flow through the armature winding, and out of the other b Answer.—There are several books treating of wireless telegraphy and the sounder will require very little current. It may be that the machine is short-circuited.

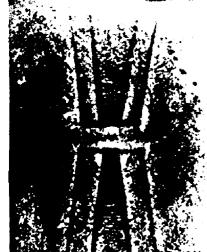
#### Bicycle With Rowing Attachment

Nearly every college gymnasium has a training machine on which rowing can be practiced, but it would seem that an apparatus of this kind which would enable, the user to take his exercise on a country road or compete with another similarly mounted oarsman in a rowing match on a suitable track, would have some atriking advantages over stationary rowing machines.

The rowing bicycle shown is the invention



of Mr. S. L. Batchelor of Grafton, Mass. Inof Mr. S. L. Batchelor of Grafton, Mass. Instead of having handle bars, the steering head carries foot rests and instead of a saddle a sliding seat, such as is used in racing shells, is used. The machine is driven by pulling on handles of long levers which are very much like the oars of a boat. The levers are connected to the driving shaft by ropes and pulleys. It would seem that not only the stroke with the oars might be learned with this apparatus, but the matter of balancing a shell as well.





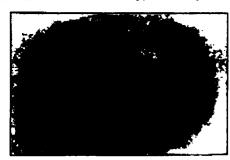
EXPERIMENT 20-2

This picture, as you can readily see,



EXPERIMENT 20-3-Magnetic Field of two Horseshoe Magnets 90° apart. (Unlike) Poles op-

bears out the correctness of the diagram in Fig. 3. Of course, the particles di-rectly above the poles cannot be pre-served in their beauty, as they stand



EXPERIMENT 20-4-Magnetic Field of two Horse shoe Magnets 90° apart, Like Poles opposed.

in tufts almost perpendicular to the

surface of the paper.

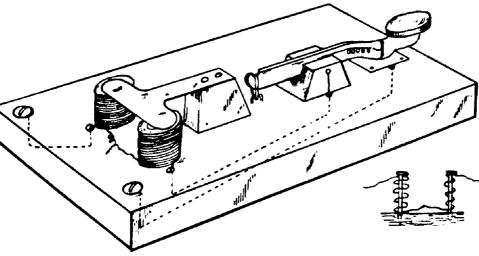
Now lay a sheet of the prepared paper over a horseshoe magnet and sift filings over it as before, and you will



EXPERIMENT 20-5-Composite Field of Bar and Horseshoe Magnets with Like Poles opposed.

These make excellent negatives The lines of force thread from the ends from which photographic prints may be of the bar magnet to the other in well taken, as well as blueprints.

# A Simple Telegraph Instrument



Note: This instrument was designed and constructed by a boy of twelve years, who, in his eagerness to learn by experiment, makes many just such electrical instruments.— Editor.

Two one-inch iron wire nails, with flat heads are wound with three or four layers of fine insulated magnet wire (No. 25), similar to that used on electric bells, leaving about one-fourth inch of the point bare, so that they may be driven into a wooden block three inches long, two inches wide and one-half an inch thick.

inch thick.

About one inch back of these coils is fastened a small block of wood, the top of which is just even with the top of the nails. To this block is fastened a piece of tin (sheet iron coated with tin) shaped like the letter 'T,' the free end being bent up slightly so as to clear the top of the nails by about one-thirty-second of an inch. The wires on the nails are so connected that the current of electricity will pass around them in opposite directions as shown in the sketch. tions, as shown in the sketch.

The key lever is cut from a cigar box The key lever is cut from a cigar box lid to the shape illustrated, and a small hole (a) is either drilled or burnt through with a hot wire. A piece of bare copper wire is then run along the bottom of the key, as shown by the dotted lines. The lever is then mounted in a slotted block, through which passes a pin or small nail and upon which the lever turns. A rubber band passing over the rear end and under a matting tack acts as a spring. A small piece of tin is tacked to the base, directly beneath the knob, and when the lever is pressed down makes contact with the copper down makes contact with the copper

One end of the magnet wire is connected with a binding post and the other with the bare copper wire on the key. The piece of tin is connected with the other binding post. When a cell of battery is connected between the binding posts, each depression of the key results in a sharp click in the sounder, caused by the tin being forcibly drawn down until it strikes the nails.

# The American Boy

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#### THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

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#### JAPANESE WAR NEWS

(Continued from page 253.)

tion is beautiful rather than noisy. So when a telegram comes, often the first suggestion of news, before the gogals can be printed, is the unfurling of big sun banners over the principal business houses, and the street cars, coming in long procession, bear the same bright flag. As soon as the news gets round, burbs, are lined with war flags and lanterns, the bright colors of the latter being a very pretty part of the decoration by day as well as by night. When dark comes these are all alight, fes-tooned over the streets and swung in front of every house. Down in the city the bank and business buildings are outthe bank and business buildings are outlined in electric and gas lights, as we have seen exposition buildings, and the street car companies run illuminated cars, covered with light bulbs in war designs, that light up all the streets and the sky above. An afternoon program is planned in one of the downtown parks, and 50,000 people are there. And through the afternoon and evening they good up the afternoon and evening they send up fireworks—the bombs carrying great pafireworks—the bombs carrying great paper images in the daytime that expand and float away over the city, and at night, star mines and parachutes that drift away, carrying balls of colored fire. The last of these that I saw, at the Port Arthur celebration, was a star mine, that exploding high in the sky, threw out a great field of white stars, and in the center a cluster of crimson ones in a circle—and there was the flag, the Sun Banner, flaming in the heavens above. And I joined 10,000 others in a long "Banzai" to it. "Banzai," may it float a thousand years!"

## An Analysis of Sprint Running & Starting

With a few points gathered from great runners, great trainers, and personal experience, by J. S. Westney, Instructor, St. Luke's School, Wayne, Pa.

seems about as simple an accomplishment for any able-bodied old line professionals young man as crawling is to a good man in his day, year old baby, yet there is hardly an outdoor sport with more tricks

an outdoor sport with more tricks and "knacks."

At Selby, in Yorkshire, England, last summer I ran across an old-time English professional half-mile champion who was "Piper" Donovan's manager when that wonderful professional sprinter was showing his heels to the English professional sprinter was was showing his heels to the English cracks at the world-renowned Sheffield Handicaps; and by the former I was told that he and two other expert watch-holders on several occasions timed "Piper" Donovan in 93-5 seconds for the hundred yards, and that they would be willing to take affidavit to that effect. When it is recalled that sprinters at that time did not start from a "crouch," but stood with hands well off the ground, Donovan's performance becomes all the more remarkable.

van's performance becomes all the more remarkable.

While at Pennsylvania as track coach the wizard Mike Murphy, now at Yale, used to say: "When I was learning to run I used to get away from the starting position fifty times a day. I would say to myself: "Get on your marks." "Get set." "Go," and at "Go" I would jump away as though I had my worst rival to beat." And "Go" I would jump away as though I had my worst rival to beat." And the old-timers will tell you that there was a day when Mike Murphy would take some beating at lifty yards.

While, of course, starting fifty times a day would soon "tie up" the big muscle in the back of one's log between thigh and knee, vet

the big muscle in the back of one's leg between thigh and knee, yet it is undoubtedly true that constant repetition of the starting motions, with entire concentration of the mind on the one idea of instantaneous action at, or even with, the pistol crack, is necessary to make the process habitual and second nature.

Properly executed, the "crouched" start is a thing of beauty, but there are only a few who ever really "get it down." In attaining that end perhaps the history of the sprint start may be of sid, there was:

1. The standing start, in which the runner simply stood on his marks in a leaning attitude with both hands clear

of the ground.
2. The start in which the runner placed one hand on the track beside him, steadying himself thereby, and the other arm pointing straight up in the air—at the pistol crack the upright arm was swung downward and forward, which motion, it was supposed, would add impetus to the

3. Then came the crouch start commonly in use now, in which both hands
are placed on the track slightly in advance of the runner's most advanced
foot, the initial spring being entirely;
from the feet, and the hands being placed
on the track merely to steady the runner

from the feet, and the hands being placed on the track merely to steady the runner until the pistol crack.

4. And finally there is the "Duffy All Fours Spring," in which both hands and feet are used to give the initial spring and push. Anyone who observes our little champion closely when he is "set" will notice that his shoulders are advanced very much farther than are his hands, which latter are placed on the starting line as is his more advanced foot, and also it will be noticed that his fingers are directed straight forward, making them in effect like so many more toes the starting spring or push from which will throw the body forward and upward, and in conjunction with the spring from the feet, bring the runner into his stride in short order.

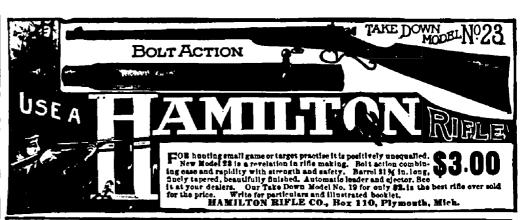
Thus, however paradoxical it may seem, improving evolution in the sprint

Thus, however paradoxical it may seem, improving evolution in the sprint start has, for one purpose at least, bettered man by sending him back with the great natural runners, the quadrupeds. It is safe to say that the sprinters of the next generation will spring from all fours. next generation will spring from all fours

Another little point which it is very hard to drill into a young runner is that at the very start the opposite hand and foot must be advanced at the same time. If instead of doing so the right hand and If instead of doing so the right hand and right foot, or left hand and left foot (as the case may be), are swung forward together, it will be found necessary to lose a swing of the arms, or cut a stride in halves, in order to readjust the motion of the hands and feet so that the opposite hand and foot advance together.

Of course if a man advanced the same hand and foot together he would be a "pacer" or "racker" in so far as it is possible for a biped to be so; and indeed there is a very strong tradition amongst track runners to the effect that the won-

there is a very strong tradition amongst track runners to the effect that the wonderful speed of the old professionals, like Harry Hutchins, was obtained by a modified form of the pacer's gait. They were supposed to run about as follows: The arms, instead of moving forward and back alternately, were moved together, and instead of moving from front to back were swung together from side to side. Furthermore, when the right foot was advanced both arms were swung hard to the left, and vice versa, the arms thereadvanced both arms were swung hard to the left, and vice versa, the arms there-fore swung directly across in front of the runner all the time. If you get up and perform the motions just described you will find that in a modified way you are "pacing." And there really are sev-eral advantages derived from running in that way if one can acquire the knack of it: in the first place, as a straight line is that way if one can acquire the knack of it; in the first place, as a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, the nearer a runner's footprints come to making a straight line, the sooner, other things being equal, will he get to the end of his journey. Now unquestionably running as above described throws the feet more nearly into a straight line, because when both arms are thrown to the side opposite the foot at that instant advancing, the body is turned thereby slightly in the direction in which the arms are thrown, and the advancing leg. slightly in the direction in which the arms are thrown, and the advancing legbeing attached to the body, must necessarily get a slight twist inward, too. That little saving in each stride, multiplied by the forty odd strides taken in running a hundred yards, gives a margin large enough to win many a race. When the arms are used as just outlined above, the accompanying leg motion is most the arms are used as just outlined above, the accompanying leg motion is most largely below the knee, so that the runners, great trainers, and personal specience. by J. S. Westney, Intructor, St. Luke's School, Wayne, Pa. To the uninitiated, sprint running seems about as simple an accomposeems about as simple an accomposite for any able-bodied line professionals, and a rattling specific professionals, and a rattling specific professionals.



Another little knack which is well Another little knack which is well worth while is when about five yards from the finish of a sprint race to throw the body forward and downward until it is almost parallel with the track; that can be best accomplished by projecting both arms hard obliquely in front of you, palms downward, and teaning the body far forward at the same time. I have time and again won races by that kink, and often have thrown myself so far forward that I came within an ace of pitching headlong to the track. Besides gaining headlong to the track. Besides gain-ing perhaps over a foot by the foregoing "lean." It will be found valuable in that rlean," it will be found valuable in that it corrects a tendency, common even amongst old runners, to get the body too erect and to throw the head back, or, in cinder path slang, to "climb the golden stairs" when making the last effort near the tape. The "lean," when practiced enough to become habitual, will be found to entirely correct that speed slackening tendency and to actually add to one's speed over the last few yards.

Still another point to be kept in mind is that a short sprint should be run high on the toes, with the sole of the foot bent down as nearly parallel to the leg

bent down as nearly parallel to the leg above the ankle as possible. One reason for so doing is that the leg is thereby above the ankle as possible. One reason for so doing is that the leg is thereby lengthened a considerable fraction of the distance between heel and toe, and consequently the stride is lengthened in proportion, and another reason is that all of a sprinter's "bound" (as Arthur Duffy calls it) or "spring" is derived from forward of the bail of the foot. It is pretty nearly true that the shorter the tace the higher one should run on one's toes, and vice versa. Thus it would be very hard to sustain the effort of running as high as possible on the toes for the full length of a "220," so it is usually run about medium high up to the last thirty yards or so, and then finished out on the very tips of the toes and with the hody inclined well forward.

In conclusion just a word about those indispensable aids to the sprinter, the arms and chest, for them the ordinary chest-weight work is best. One should use weights that are not too heavy, as a sprinter's muscles must not be tied up by hard work, but should be strong.

use weights that are not too heavy, as a sprinter's muscles must not be tied up by hard work, but should be strong, lithe, and quick to act. Probably the best exercise is to stand with the back to the weights and then pull the ropes sharply in front of you, imitating as much as possible the motions which the arms make in running. arms make in running.

arms make in running.

And above all, when you go out to train take your brains with you, study yourself and your physique, cut out your bad habits, learn your defects and your needs, notice well the "form" or "style" of successful runners, adopt their good points in so far as they will benefit you, and while we cannot all be champions it is safe to say that thoughtful and persistent work will before long land you well within the prizes.

#### Boys' Books Reviewed

SMALL ACCUMULATORS, by Percival Marshall, A. I. Mech. E. This little work gives to the amateur and student of electricity full information on the subject of storage or secondary batteries; how they are made and how used. It is very fully illustrated with drawings which greatly ald the reader in getting a practical and trustworthy knowledge of this important subject. At the end there are given a number of useful recipes as well as a glossary of technical terms and index of useful books. 82 pages. Cloth bound. Price 50 cents. Spon & Chamberlain.

"WATER WINGS" MAKE SWIMMING EASY Any boy or girl can learn to swim in one trial by using a pair of Water Wings. Our picture illustrates how they are worn. Can be carried in the pocket—essily inflated and will float from fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds.

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PRACTICAL ELECTRICS. This is well named a Universal Handy-Book of Every-day Electrical Matters, as it treats of such subjects as connections, alarms, batteries, bells, carbons, induction, intensity and resistance coils, dynamo-electric machines, firerisks, measuring, microphones, motors, phonographs, photophones, storage and telephones. To the scientific amateur in electricity this book will be found most valuable. There are hundreds of illustrations, 135 pages. Cloth bound. Price 75 cents. Spon & Chamberlain. 135 pages. Cloth bo Spon & Chamberlain.

Spon & Chamberlain.

IOEL: A BOY OF GALILEE, by Annie Fellows Johnston. This is a new illustrated edition of a book which had well-merited success when it first appeared some ten years ago. The story is primarily about a boy who lived among the shepherds and fisher folk of Galilee in the time of Christ; but the author's purpose seems to be, and it is well carried out, to present to young readers a picture of the Jewish people of Palestine, their customs and mode of living, their obedience to the Mosaic law and their attitude towards and mode of living. The living the Mosaic law and their attitude towards and their attitude towards and their attitude towards and mode of living. The living the Mosaic law and their attitude towards and mode of living. The living the

RIC GAS LIGHTING, by N. H. schneider. In this age of hurry and bustle, even the use of match or taper ELECTRIC bustle, even the use of match or taper in lighting a gas jet is slow and, of course, there is an element of danger from fire in their use. This book tells how these may be eliminated by the use of a simple and reliable electrical apparatus, which can be installed by anyone of ordinary mechanical ablity. The chapters following the Introductory Remarks, are headed: ity. The chapters following the Introductory Remarks, are headed: Multiple Gas Lighting: Connections and Wiring: Primary Coils and Safety Devices: Lighting of Large Buildings: How to Select Batteries for Gas Lighting. The 75 illustrations will greatly aid the reader in understanding the text, and there is a valuable index at the end of the took. 101 pages. Cloth hound. Price 50 cents. Spon & Chamberlain.

HOW TO INSTALL ELECTRIC BELLS, ANNUNCIATORS AND ALARMS, by N. H. Schneider. Here is a little work which contains a mass of useful information to the boy whose hobby is doing things. By its aid he can save his household quite a lot of useless and annoying running about. It tells how any boy of a practical turn of mind can install the different kinds of electric hells, fire alarms, window and door springs, annunciators and burglar slarms in his home. There are 59 illustrations. 63 pages. Paper cover. Price 25 cents. Spon & Chamberlain.

Spon & Chamberlain.

INDUCTION COILS: How to Make. Use and Repair Them, by N. H. Schneider. This is the second edition, revised and greatly enlarged, of a book of much interest to those who work with electrical apparatus and machinery. The chapter headings are: Coil Construction: Contact Breakers: Insulations and Cements; Condensers: Experiments; Spectrum Analysis: Currents in Vacuo; Rotating Effects: Gas Lighting: Batteries for Coils; Storage or Secondary Cell; Tesla and Hertz Effects; The "Roentgen" Rays and Radiography; Wireless Telegraphy. It will thus be noted that the book is up-to-date in electrical science. There is included a copious index and many illustrations. 269 pages. Cloth bound. Price \$1.00. Spon & Chamberlain.



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS HUNTING PARTY From Stereograph, Copyright 1905 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

67.



Carl Brown, Norton, Kansas, wins the prize for the best list of answers to the April Tangles.

Emmons Emerson, Mapleton, N. D., wins the prize for the best original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Paul C. Hassier, (see Amer. Encyc. Dict., 95 ed., vol. VI., p. 4646), B. Frank Sterling, Katherine Haren, I. Claire Stewart, J. Oria Jenkins, Willie Meikle, Annie M. Cox, Lorraine Markwardt, Harry Dinges, L. D. Rees. Acheson Callaghan, Raymond Allyn Smith, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Thomas Hellier, George F. Cook, Dudley B. Kimball, Dana Reld, Roger Giesseman, Carlyle R. Smith, T. Lynn Chase, W. H. Ruffner Campbell, Charles Watters Odell, Niliard Yates, Millard Harlow, Irl N. Rounseville, Thomas DeWind, Willie Wellman, Lot W. Armin, Blaine Vess, Ralph R. Williams, S. Ward Seeley, Otis Cushing, Ernest A. Stifel, John E. Caughey, Harry Newquist, Wilbur Wride, Walton Keene, T. C. Minnich, Jay M. Brown, D. Waldo Brown, Walter T. Horton, Lawrence H. Hill, Archie G. Postiethwalt, L. R. Pineo, J. Horace Trumbull, Sarah Gilles, Fred C. Woodward, J. Edward Shields, M. Gray, Henry E. Mayer, Robert G. Clark, Arthur Townsend, R. Edwin Evans, Minor Curtiss, John H. Seamans, Cyril Hrbek, Willie S. Harrah, C. Fulton Remer, Will B. King, Frank M. Field, Ewing D. Love, Andrew Gault, Milton VanDusen, W. B. Morningstern, Edwin S. Storks, Ray L. L. Holt, Walter H. Prem, Weldon Bairstow, Rudolph Jahn, Raymond Clark, Erl H. Ellis, Old Poser, Harry Gerhart, George V. Jehu, Stephen French, E. F. Howe, Mary Rogers, Charles K. Williams, Kari S. Hazeltine, Carl A. Bottomly, M. A. Yingling, Edward R. Howell. Emmons Emerson, Mapleton, N. D., wins the prize for the best original puzzles.

A. Howell. A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to the June Tangles received by June 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of original puzzles suitable for August Tangles, received by June 20.

#### Answers to May Tangles

Answers to May langles

53. 1-26, Direful. 1-27, DunDore. 26-2,
LinDale 2-28, EpiTome. 3-27, Whittie.
3-29, Without. 28-4, Enchase. 4-30,
Eugenia. 29-5, Thready. 30-6, Abashed.
31-5, Tersely. 6-32, DiaPasM. 31-7, TraPeze.
7-33, Eufaula. 32-8, Menaces. 33-9, Agonist.
8-34, Stinson. 10-34, Reglmen. 35-9, Illicit.
10-36, Russell. 11-35, OmaSaki. 36-12,
Lightiy. 11-37, OfaHoma. 12-37, Yeo, Fara.
The initials, centrals and finals, arranged as
in the diagram, spell: Dewey destroyed the
Spanish fleet at Manila.

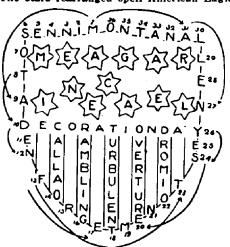
54. Begin with G in the left column and take every fourth letter as the clock hands move, read: George Dewey won the battle of Manila Bay May first eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.

55. Start with L at the top: Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Sheridan, Meade,

56. The thirteen counties are from North Carolina. Their initials spell Decoration Day. Duplin, Edgecombe, Columbus, Onslow, Robe-son, Anson, Transylvania, Iredell, Orange, Nash, Davidson, Ashe, Yadkin.

57. 1. Ag r 1 p p A 2. U m b a g o G 3. D e 1 a g o A 4. U 1 y s s e S 5. B a c c h u S 6. O s c a r I I	58. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Key words: (1) Street. (2) Fawn. (3) Nun. (4) House. (5) Mack-
7. Natche Z	Intosh. (6) Ice. (7)
Initials, Audubon;	Hole. (8) Door. (9)
finals. Agassiz.	Walk.
IIIIRIS, ARRESSIA.	WEIN.
2. Adams. 3. Melgs. 4. Ewing. 5. Seward. 6. Tompkins. 7. Osgood. 8. Walker.	B A R R A C O O N A L E E I L A E E R A U C G J O E E E A T E D A E E A R L C I G A R E T T E G O O I E T B I U
9. Noble.	NEEDLEGUN
initials, Jamestown.	

The stars rearranged spell American Eagle.

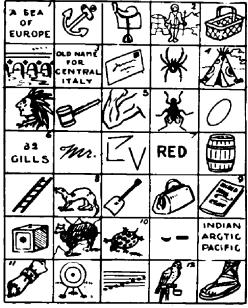


62. 1. Jupiter
2. O'Connor
3. Holland
4. Nemesis
5. StCroix
6. Talmage
7. Octavia
8. Wallace
9. Nicolay
initials, Johnstown. 64. LONGFELLOW
SCOTT
SPRAGUE
STOWE
HENTY HENTY
ALGER
MUNROE
OPTIC
DICKENS
DUMAS
DEFOE
COOPER
Perpendicular row,
For The Mikado.

63. (1) Onard Mfg.
Co. (2) Hilliside
Nursery. (3) Importing Co. (4) Ostermoor Co. (5) Edgewood Stamp Co. (6)
Liberty Stamp Co.
(7) E. C. Bowman &
Son. (8) C. Crowell
Stamp Co. (9) T. S.
Denison. (10) Read
Stamp Co. (11) International Correspondence Schools. (12)
Calumet Novelty Co.
(13) Wayside Nursery. (14) Ohio Stamp
Co. (15) Railway Association. (16) Kirtland Bros. & Co. (17)
Spon & Chamberlain.
Initials, Ohio Electric Works.

#### New Tangles JUNE JOYS.

The pictures are to be interpreted by words of uniform length. When read across from left to right the initials spell some June joys for American boys. The final letters of the twelve numbered squares, in order, spell an important event in life that generally comes in



-Emmons Emerson.

#### DICKENS FOLK.

What characters in Charles Dickens' works are associated with the following expressions?

1. Umble. 2. Willin'. 3. More. 4. Wot larks.

5. Beware of vidders. 6. A lone, lorn creatur.

7. Holding the pens. 8. What is money? 9. Come up and die. 10. Decline and Fall-Off the Rooshan Empire. 11. God bless us. every one.

12. The parent of her children and the father of her twins. 13. Beatten the school-measther!

14. When found make a note on. 15. I'm gormed. 16. I says to Mrs. Harris. 17. Of no consequence. 18. Drop into poetry. 19. Threa foot nothing. 20. She really is the dearest girl.

21. Waiting for something to turn up. 22. Jolly. 23. The only suppendous collection of real waz-works in the world. 24. The child of the Marshalsea. 25. Never say die. 26. Prunes and prism.

—Queen Zero.

# How to Play the Mandolin

TAUGHT IN EIGHT LESSONS > By LILLIAN STANDIFORD

#### FIFTH LESSON.

We will now learn to trill. Make the strokes with your pick as fast as you can, backward and forward, on the open strings, practice on the open strings first. until you get a nice, even trill. In making the trill do not count the strokes, but make the pick go as fast as you can from the wrist.



You count three to a measure, in this little waltz; two to the half note and one to a quarter note. Count two evenly for the half note, trilling as fast as you can, Then pick the quarter note. You will notice in the while counting the two. fifteenth measure a tie. Whenever a note is tied you never strike the second one, 73. but hold the first one down until you get through counting for the second note-in this case you trill the note D for five counts, the "rest" answering for the sixth. Practice this waltz until you can play it fast, making a nice, even trill on every half note, and picking every quarter note. Count one for each dot following a half note.

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For a limited time we offer to the sport loving boys of America this splendid rifle, regular factory price of which is \$3.50. You can't afford to miss this opportunity of securing a fine gun for so little money. It is a perfect shooter—of great accuracy and has the fine hang and balance and ease of shooting of more expensive guns; as fe and reliable.

It is the only take-down rifle on the market for anything near the price. Takes long or short rim fre cartridges and weighs only \$1-2 pounds.

It is a fine target gun and will run you up big scores—just the thing for small game, squirrels, rabbits, etc.

rabbits, etc.

Vacation is coming and the boy with this little gun will have lots of sport wherever he goes. You had better write today.

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Dept. D, 103 Chicago, III.

#### PRESIDENTIAL ZIG-ZAG. Each required word

	Dacii i oquii ou noi u
2 *	is the surname of a
3 • •	President. No name
4 • •	is used more than
5 •	once. The star path
6 *	read down spells the
7	name of a President.
8 • -	1. The first Presi-
9,	dent to have a cler-
10	gyman for a father.
11 •	2. The only President
12	born and buried in
13 • -	Pennsylvania, 3. The
14. •	President whose birth
15 •	and desth occurred
16 •	on the same day of
17. *	the mouth. 4. The

the moith. 4. The first of four Presidents to have a mother named Elizabeth. 74 four cases of the first of four President who died at the most advanced age. 6. The third President to die in June. 7. The only President to graduate at West Point. 8. The President who was father of eight children. 9. The President at the time of the Louisiana Purchase. 10. The only President to die in the Eighteenth Century. 11. The first Methodist President. 12. The President who died a senator-elect. 13. The President who attained the rank of Major in the Civil War. 14. The first President to marry in the Nineteenth Century. 15. The first President to die in New York City. 16. The only President who was married in the White House. 17. The President who became a member of the Confederate Provisional Congress, in 1861.

#### WORD SQUARE.

1. Complete. 2. Regular. 3. Trembling. 4. o surround with stakes. 5. A scoffer. 6. dder people. —Corrill G. Buck. Older people.

#### SEASONABLE STAR PATH

								The star path is a play-
2.	-	•	-	-	-	-	-	time that begins this
3.								month for many American
4.	٠	•	-	٠	-	-	-	boys.
5.	-	-	•	٠	-	•	•	<ol> <li>The residence of the</li> </ol>
6.	-	-	٠	-	•	-	•	Pope at Rome. 2. A Cos-
7.	-	•	-	-	-	•	•	sack chief, hero of one of
8.	٠	•	-	-	-	-	٠	Byron's poems. 3. A lake
								and canton of Switzerland.

4 An American naval hero of 1812. 5. The southernmost town of Maine. 6. Some of the "Yellow peril." 7. A mine of wealth 8. An ancient historical London prison.

#### George Lattimore.

DROP LETTER QUOTATION. Write the required words one after another,

Write the required words one after another, in order; take away every other letter, beginning with the second, and leave a twenty-word line of a poem by Whittler.

1. The Hawkeye state.

2. Likewise.

3. To possess.

4. A common measure by which the size of farms is reckoned.

5. A juvenile sheep.

6. An obstruction.

7. To whip.

8. A common American cereal.

9. A durce.

#### -Thomas DeWind.

# NATIONAL SCORE

Commence at a certain letter in the outer rim of the base ball and move in a certain direction, skipping a uniform number of letters each time, till all are used once, then proceed across the seams in the same manner. Find an important event in American history that occurred in June.



Go around the bat in the same way, taking the winding on the bat handle last, and find an event of interest to American boys, concerning the National Game, also connected with June.

—8. Ward Seeley.

#### ANAGRAMS.

Presidents. 1. Are hot eggs on wing? 2.
May, I will lick men. 2. John, steamer's off.
4. Mam Jones said. 5. Major Meeson. 6.
Love, heed to rooster. 7. John, aim banner, sir. —Allert Brager.

Noted authors and their works. 8. On many seas, (by) Dear oxen apple. 9. Hat in the Hatfield moor, (by) Tatter cowls. 10.
About E flat, (by) What fan Joints. 11. Volts wire it, (by) Crinkles chased. 12. Oil cam Gren smeary, (by) A. U. Clay, M. A. 13. I am Ben's zebra, (by) Walk cab, I'm ill. 14.
Dan'l lock red cow, (by) Mabel cork.

—T. Lynn Chase. -T. Lynn Chase.

#### JUNE WEDDINGS.

Find 24 or more adjuncts to a June wedding on the following chess board, by the king's move, which is one square in any direction, using every letter once and as often as needed, but repeating no letter without first moving from its square.

R	C	Т	N	0	М	P	Т
ī	ន	Е	H	E	R	E	M
P	A	к	Y	8	8	A	Y
8	C	L	I	В	D	o	G
U	I	D	E	R	L	o	u
A	M	8	0	G	Y	s	Н
N	T	o	R	N	M	s	E
F	E	E	К	Ā	σ	Ð	R

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14.				C	R	o	S	S	C	F	•	H	o	U	R	- (	<b>.</b> I	٠A	s	SI	E	3.				
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Upper left: Inexpensiveness; to "butt in"; general direction; to employ; a letter in colic; craft; quick; to unite; a city of Chile. Perpendicular centrals, to give medical directions.

Lower left: A Netherlands city; trade; elevated; a sea bird; a letter in colic; an exclamation of disgust; to squander; to polish; a city and county of New Brunswick. Perpendicular centrals, luminous.

Upper right: A New Jersey city, named for a queen; an Indian pipe; a body of troops; a disease of fowls; a letter in colic; a worthless dog; one who steers a ship; base; to perpiex. Perpendicular centrals, pertaining to the ear.

less dog; one who steers a purp, perplex. Perpendicular centrals, pertaining to the ear.

Lower right: To explain; one who goes security; a grotesque trick; distorted; a letter in colic; a unit on cards; a wild goose; land for grazing; the home town of a President Perpendicular centrals, complicated.

Central hour-glass: To root out; to put into a fluid; a division of the calyx of a flower; to raise with a lever; a letter in colic; a short poem; to spring; continuous operation; capable of being extended by beating. Perpendicular centrals, to make a copy of.

—Pago Alden Perry.

#### COUNTY SQUARES.

					COL	14.1	1	•	¥			EG.
-	_	-	-	٠		•	_	-	-	-	-	Upper left: A
-	-	+	٠				٠	٠	+	-		county of Ten-
-	-	٠	-	-		-	-	٠	-	-	-	nessee; a county
	٠	-	-	-		•	-	-	•		-	of Arkansas; a
•	-	-	•	-		_	•	•	•	•	-	county of Ne-
•	•	-	-	1		- 2	-	-	-	-	٠	braska; a coun-
				-		-						ty of Illinois; a
				-		-						county seat of
				-		-						Michigan; a
•	-	-	-	4		- 3	-	-	-	-	٠	county of Mich-
٠	-	•	•	-		-	•	•	•	•	-	igan. Diagonal,
-	•	-	•	٠		-	•	٠	٠	-	-	a city of Ohio.
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#### ELIMINATED VOWELS.

Here are the consonants of five quotations from Shakespeare, all in correct order. See if you can supply the proper vowels to make them read as Shakespeare wrote them.

1. H drthrhvfltmkmmrrthnxprnctmkmsd. 2. Frnvrnthnxprnctmkmsd. 2. Frnvrnthngcnhmsswhnsmplnssnddttndrt. 3. Smllchrndgrtwicmmksmrrfst. 4. Vrnchmstrgrfbthththst. 5. Lvsghtsgdbtgvnnsghtsbttr. — Osborn J. Dunn.

#### NUMERICAL CHARADES.

78. NUMERICAL CHARADES.

(1) Through some 1234567 the idiot boy ordered 4567 instead of 567, though at a low 34567, and brought it home in his 123. (2) If any 12345678910 8910 save the 12345678, the 345678 should know of it. (3) 23 says 12345 is a parcel 2345 for 234. (4) He fired a 4567 at it with his 4567123, but it was not within 1234567. (5) 123 34567 about his encounter with the 4567 is a matter of 1234567. (6) It must have been a 123456 punishment to 234 2345 to have to 12345 her connections with Eden. (7) The maltese 123 hegan to 456 the fresh 123456. —Morton L. Mitchell.

#### HISTORICAL ARITHMETIC.

To the year in which Lady Jane Grey was executed add the number of years Ahab reigned over Israel; divide by the number of years for which our Presidents are elected; add the year B. C. in which Julius Caesar was assassinated; subtract this result from the year in which George W. Childs died; add Washington's age at the time of his inauguration as President; subtract the day of the month of July 1861, on which occurred the first battle of Bull Run, and obtain the year in which Columbus discovered America. (To give the Columbus date alone will not be considered an answer.)

—P. Knuckle.



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CHAPTER XIX.

A CAPTAIN TO BE HATED.

UWARROW, having taken a course in mechanics and having spent some weeks in the American shipyard that had turned out this very boat, was now to be her captain. Thus reasoned Dunster Brownleigh. Of course it was so, and how stupid he had been not to have considered this probability long ago. Suwarrow then was the commander whom, to save his own life. he had sworn to obey. How he hated the thought! The idea of obeying that great, supercilious chump! The "holy terror" who once had been so neatly put out of the game by little Taki! It was disgusting; but of course the dose had to be swallowed with such grace as he could muster. And Taki must be warned at once. What a lucky thing that he was on board!

"Oh Sing-Hi! Topside come, klick, klick!"

In a moment Takahaki, who had been directing the labors of a gang of machinery polishers, stood at the foot of the conning-tower ladder with submissive aspect and attentive ear.

'Taki," said the other, almost whispering; "the LuLu giant is outside and coming to take command. Lie low and look out he don't discover you.

That Rus-si-an!" exclaimed Takahaki, though without raising his voice, while his narrow eyes lighted with a great joy. am I most glad." "And no ru-als! Now, Dun Brown

"Yes, but there are rules. I've sworn to obey tho commander of this boat, and if Suwarrow occupies that position, don't you see-

Very well do I see many thing, Dun Brown, and most of all am I see that any more we may not know each other. I am servant, Sing-Hi very stupid, not any English speaking; while you are master, very cross, very tired of stupid servant. Oh, it will be fine, this game for beating that Rus-si-an.

At this point, warned by outside voices close at hand, Takahaki darted back to the engine room where, a moment later, further disguised by a broad streak of greasy grime across his face, he was vigorously polishing machinery as though that were the only thing in life worth doing.

At the same time Dunster raised his head above the conning tower apparently just then aware of the presence of the visitors who already were climbing aboard. With Suwarrow was Commander Zemaloffsky, and as they gained the deck the former staring at the young American, asked of the other officer:

"Is this the engineer?"

"Yes. Allow me to present-

"Never mind an introduction," interrupted Suwarrow. "Already have I met him, and I know him all that is necessary. Let us proceed at once with our inspection of his work."

Dunster's face was in a blaze, and bitter words leaped to his tongue's end; but, with a prudence that would greatly have surprised his more intimate friends, and by a desperate effort, he choked them back and led the way below in silence.

In the handling room Suwarrow made a critical examination of everything within sight and uttered dissatisfied comments in a low tone to his companion; but he only addressed Dunster to ask occasional questions concerning mechanical details. He gave one contemptous glance at the half dozen of Chinese helpers who were at work on the engine, and then paid no further attention to them. Finally he said, so that all might hear:

"Having been notified that this boat was in complete readiness not only for launching but for service, I am amazed to discover many defects in her equipment that must be remedied before she will be fit even for a trial. The auxiliary motor for instance, is so crudely assembled, that I doubt if it will run at all. If it should I will guarantee that it would burn out within five minutes. Therefore it must be taken down and reinstalled according to plans that I will furnish. I find fault with the placing of the storage batteries, with the arrangement of the air compressors, and-

"Excuse me," interrupted Dunster; "but before listening to further criticism of work done in absolute accordance with the builder's plans, I would like to know by what authority this gentleman speaks?

By the authority of the commander whom you are sworn to obey under penalty of being shot as a traitor and a spy," answered Suwarrow insolently.

Dunster turned an inquiring glance towards M.

KIRK MUNROF:

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Zemaloffsky, who said: "I take pleasure in confirming Lieutenant Suwarrow's statement, and in giving official notification that on account of his especial knowledge of submarine torpedo boats, acquired in the United States of America, he has been appointed to the command of this one with authority to make any changes in her equipment that his experience may suggest.

"Since we are on this subject," remarked Suwarrow, "I will add for Mr. Brownleigh's benefit that it is unfortunate both for his reputation as a submarine expert and as a gentleman that the work done by him on honor is so open to criticism."

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir-," began Dunston

furiously.

"Nothing," broke in Suwarrow, "except that if your mistakes have been made through ignorance, as I trust is the case, it is a pity that you could not have had the advice of a certain Japanese recently deceased, who as I have been told was your room-mate at Annapolis, and who was the best posted man in the academy on the subject of submarines. Even I obtained several valuable hints from him, though of course at the time he was not conscious of having let them escape him."

"Why do you speak of him as deceased?" demanded Dunster.

Because I had the pleasure of putting a fatal bullet through him during a little naval skirmish at Port Arthur, early in the present war.'

"You killed him?"

"Certainly. He was standing on a ledge of rock and as I fired he fell backward into the sea."

"I trust you had a legitimate excuse for the act." "I had the excuse of war, sir; a game that justifies any measure against an enemy. Moreover he would have attempted to shoot me had not his own pistol been rendered useless by the water from which ho had just crawled."

"Then he was helpless, and at your mercy?"

"Oh, no," grinned the Russian, "he was provided with a full assortment of ju-jitsu tricks, which doubtless he would have used had I given him the chance. But, sir, we will waste no more time in discussing those contemptible Japanese, all of whom will soon be driven into the sea. Therefore you may at once turn to and put this craft into condition to do well her part in the good work."

"She already is in condition for service according

to the best of my knowledge and ability." 'Then you have much to learn that I shall teach

you, and to begin with you may take down that auxiliary preparatory to properly re-assembling it." Having delivered this order the new commander.

together with his brother officer, took their departure, leaving behind them a very angry and much perturbed American. Also they left behind them a young Japanese only just now enlightened as to who had ordered the handful of drenched and exhausted survivors of the shattered torpedo boat No. 999 to be fired upon after they had surrendered.

That affair took place at early dawn after the desperate night attack of two Japanese torpedo boats against the Russian battleship Retvizan in Port Arthur harbor. One boat had been sunk with all on board while the other, vitally wounded, had been driven to the beach, there to be torn to splinters by

a tornado of Russian shot. A handful of wretched survivors were discovered by a landing party sent from one of the Russian ships to examine the wreck. Utterly incapable of defense, the Japanese offered to surrender; but they were laughed to scorn, and shot down where they stood. At the first volley their young commander flung himself backward into the sea, preferring to die thus rather than give his hated enemies the satisfaction of killing him.

Encountering a torpedo that had floated from the wreck, he succeeded in so lashing himself to it that he was supported in the water with only his head above the surface. In this way he drifted for hours with the outgoing tide until finally, exhausted to the point of unconsciousness, he was picked up by one of Admiral Togo's scout boats. Skillfully nursed back to life, Midshipman Takahaki Matsu, sole survivor of that desperately brilliant attack, was detached on sick leave and sent to Japan to recover from his tremendous experience. Thus he was enabled to visit his home in Hakodate for the first time since leaving it as a schoolboy about to try for the glittering prize offered by the Tokio examinations.

It readily can be believed that Takahaki's reception in his native city was the most spontaneous outburst of loving pride ever witnessed in that far northern metropolis. Even while the ovation was in progress and the citizens of Hakodate were showering honors on their hero, he received information that he had been promoted to the command of a submarine torpedo boat that was on its way across the Pacific from America. A few days later word was flashed to him of the capture of the freighter Cochise having on board that very boat, together with orders to proceed with all haste to the vicinity of Vladivostok where he would be expected to destroy the stolen craft before it could be made serviceable by the Russians.

All this had been communicated by Takahaki to his friend Dun Brown a few words at a time, during their infrequent opportunities for private intercourse. Always the Japanese middy, now masquerading in the humble guise of a servant, regretted his useless proffer of surrender when wrecked in the harbor of Port Arthur

"For Nippon man to offer that surrender is greatest shame!" he would declare bitterly. "But for sake of those poor fellow most nearly drown without chance to make any fight, I would have die before I hold up my hand. And those Rus-si-ans! They make only laugh. Then they shoot and my poor man fall dead, every one. I tell you, Dun Brown, when I am remember those thing I think almost I go crazy with madness, but always I hope that sometime I will know that officer who order shoot, and same minute fire pistol at me. If I know his name then may I find him, and never any more will he order shoot surrendered man."

Whenever he spoke of that tragic incident Takakahi's eyes would narrow to merest slits, and his face would blacken with rage. Therefore, on the evening after Suwarrow had declared his connection with that Port Arthur affair, Dunster Brownleigh awaited with some anxiety the appearance of Sing-Hi who was due with his supper. He expected a violent outburst; but when his friend entered the room it was with a countenance of such smiling tranquility as aroused his curiosity.

"You seem pleased as pie, Taki. What has gone good with you?" he asked.

"Yes, Dun Brown, I now am very happy. I am know that man. Pretty quick we will go down together in that submarine. If he has fix it the way I tell him long time ago, then never any more will it come up. It will not be happy for him how he will die; but for me will it be very pleasant."

"And how about me?" asked Dunster drily.
"You, Dun Brown? You will not be there. Oh, no! Never must you go down in that submarine at

same time with that LuLu man." "But that is just what I mean to do. Taki."

#### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE NEW COMMANDER.

The internal mechanism of a submarine boat is about as delicate as that of a watch and infinitely more complicated. Also as the submarine is a very new thing, still in process of development, its machinery is constantly changing and becoming more

(Continued on page 266.)

# Archie Comstock's Celebration

By MARGARET HUGHES

stock told his friend, Willis Stapleton, on their way to school one morning after the summer

"The country ain't any place to spend Fourth'July, Billy. In the city, you're 'most always 'roused by the bombs of the feller that beat you gettin' up, an', by the time you're out on the street, there's a big racket that lasts all day and pretty near all night. My! ain't the air smelly of powder! An' next mornin' the town looks like 's if a cyclone'd struck a paper

"Well, up on the farm where we boarded, there wasn't a sound at daybreak 'cept the screechin' of an old peacock! I laid in bed a while, too disgusted to move, an' then I kicked my brother, Bob, an' we talked it over, an' got up a scheme to let the landlady an' the other boarders (there was a lot of 'em) know that Fourth'July had come.

"Bob stole into mother's room, an' got my sister Belle awake—Belle's got a screech that's lots worse'n a peacock's; it makes your back get goosey an' shiver. We all got on our hobnatled shoes, an' collected the tin washbasins an' a dipper an' some sticks from our rooms.

"There was a big, long hall runnin' through the middle of the house, with the staircase at the end, an' our rooms were at the head of the stairs.

"Nobody was awake 'cept us in the whole house when we got out on the landin', an' started down the stairs, lickety-split, Belle a-screechin', Bob a-hollerin,' an' me a-whoopin', an' all of us a-bangin' like all possessed on the tin basins with the dipper an' the sticks. You never heard such a noise in your life. The boarders began screamin', an' runnin' into the hallway; only some just poked their heads out an' sassed. The dogs took up the racket an' howled an' barked somethin' fearful.

"We reached the garden, an' Charlie and Lennie Wiggins, two fellers from the military school, caught on, an' came clatterin' after us, with their guns, an' we fired some salutes; the landlady didn't allow any shootin' 'round the house, neither. I tell you, Billy, between us five, an' the peacock, an' the dogs, an' the guns, there wasn't no need to ring the gettin'-up bell, and there wasn't anybody at Wild Lake Farm that didn't know 'twas Fourth' July.

"Mother scolded when we went in to get ready for breakfast—said she was sorry we had to advatise that she was raisin' three wild Injuns-but the corners of her mouth was turned up, an' I knew she wasn't near as mad as she thought she ought to be.

"Black looks at breakfast? Billy, you oughter seen 'em! One lady jawed all through, but mother said afterwards that she was an old maid, anyway. It's a mighty good thing, Billy, if all old maids are such cross-patches, that they haven't any children.

"But some of the boarders just laffed. only the bald-headed judge-he was furyous, an' kept grumblin' 'bout 'desercation,' an' the 'law forbiddin' such barb'rism. Bimeby, mother got pretty red, an' said how he must 've sworn to hold up the Cons'tution; an' I bet he did, too,-he always looked ready to swear at an'thing.

"Then the landlady—oh, gee! But pa was sendin' pretty big checks up there ev'ry week, so she didn't keep it up-but she remembered 'twas Fourth ' July all right, an' gave us ice cream for dinner. Even punk, boardin'-house ice cream tastes good in the country.

"It got terrible hot after dinner (we used to have dinner at 12 o'clock at the farm), an' we begged mother to let us go swimmin in the lake. Did I tell you there was

a lovely, big lake up there, where we used to go boatin'? But she was afraid we'd get drowned. 'Course, your mother oughten'd be blamed for bein' 'fraid. She wants you to have a good time, all right, but she's never been a boy, and she can't understand that a feller'd rather be doin' things than chasin'

'round the garden with a butterfly net! There was a shallow creek bout half a mile away, where all of us used to go swimmin' on afternoons when mother wouldn't rather sit in the grape arbor tellin' the other ladies how long a feller's curls were when he was a baby, so we went down there an' had a glorious water battle-played Dewey at Manila. Some of the fellers and kids had to be Spaniards, an' the rest of us were 'Mericans, an' ev'ry time a Spaniard got soaked in the face, he had to duck under an' then come up in another place an' be another ship. Wasn't much water left in the creek that day! But say, Billy, it was only 5 o'clock when we got home, an' we'd been waitin' since mornin' for night to come so's to send off our fireworks. Gee! we had a big box, bigger'n we'd had if we was home. Pa sent 'em up to us, an' he just natchully felt he had to send a bigger box than any other feller's dad'd send. He sent candy an' crisps, too; but they got et up the day they came.

"It would've been pretty slow waitin' from supper till dark if Jung, the Chinese cook, didn't discover a snake in the garden. Just a little old gopher, Billy, but you'd oughter seen the fuss he made, runnin' 'round there a-yellin' an' a-squealin', lookin' for somebody an' somethin' to kill it! All the ladies got excited, too, an' went runnin' ev'ry way, with their skirts held up. The judge said so many garters would frighten the gopher, an' all the ladies was

→HIS IS the story that 10-year-old Archie Com- furyous, but he was just scarin' them—1 never seen a garter snake in the garden. Anyway, Billy, when Jung an' the hired man came to kill that gopher snake, there wasn't a sight of him anywhere, and nobody could tell where he'd gone to, either! They won't hurt, you know, Billy; a feller can put 'em right in his pocket.

"Well, it got dark at last, but the landlady wouldn't let us have the fireworks at the house, for fear o' fire, so we all went down to the lake, an', mother got Jung to help us; Chinese bein' the 'riginators of fireworks, she thought Jung'd know all about 'em. Jung wasn't quite so sure he did, when we got through!

"Everybody sat on the grass at the edge of the lake, 'cept Bob, an' me, an' Charlie, an' Lennie Wiggins (they had fireworks, too), an' Jung; us five rowed out to the middle of the lake to send 'em up. Gee, it was pretty! an' you'd oughter heard the 'Ohs!' an' 'Ahs!' from the bank.

"We'd almost reached the last rocket, when Bob started a-laffin' to himself an' a-pointin' to Jung, and say, Billy, a-crawlin' down the monkey's sleeve was that gopher snake!

"THEN WE CAUGHT HOLD O' JUNG, JUS' AS

"When he seen it, he set up a howl, an' jumped wild an' crazy, an' upset the boat. We was all in the water in a jiffy! Mother an' Belle screamed somethin' terrible from the bank, an' I swam for the boat, an' reached it, an' yelled to them that we was all right. Bob an' Charlie reached it, too, an' we righted her, an' then laid down flat, and helped pull in Lennie, who was a-hangin' onto the monkey's pigtail with one hand, an' keepin' floatin' with the other. Then we caught hold o' Jung, jus' as he was goin' down for the very last time, an' pulled him in' an' he sat there a chatterin' in Chinee. Then the hired man rowed out, an' towed

"Pretty strenyus cel-bration? 'Twasn't so bad. But think of the darlin' racket there was in the city! The country's no place to spend Fourth ' July."

A Juvenile House of Representatives

NE OF THE most interesting groups of individuals in Washington city are the pages who are employed in the Senate and House of Representatives to wait upon the members, run errands, act as messengers, and generally to perform such a variety of duties as can scarcely be inventoried. There are from fifteen to twenty of these youngsters each, in the House of Representatives

and in the Senate, ranging in age from ten to fifteen

Thrown into close relationship with all sorts of men, representing every section of the country, they soon acquire many of the traits of those whom they serve, and no sharper, shrewder or more alert little fellows can be found anywhere.

Being in constant attendance on the sessions of the two houses, they soon learn to know as much about the business of Congress and the routine of parliamentary procedure as do their elders, and each one of them, early in his career, comes to regard himself as an embryo statesman.

When not engaged in some duty the pages sit on the steps in front of the reading clerk's desk, intent on the proceedings. When a member wishes to use one of them, he claps his hands, and in an instant one of the pages is flying down the aisle to the member's desk, where he receives his orders. It may be simply to go to the library and get a book, or carry a paper to the clerk's desk to have it read, or to run on an errand to some distant part of the building. or to do one of the hundred of such duties which the page is expected to perform with the utmost celerity; and they are ambitious little fellows, each one being anxious to perform the work assigned to him with the greatest promptness and dispatch.

One of the most amusing sights it has ever been my fortune to witness was, upon one occasion, to see these youngsters play at conducting a ses-

> sion of the House of Representatives. The house does not meet until noon but the pages, unless otherwise employed, usually gather in the hall about nine o'clock and for a little time are busy arranging the members' desks, putting their papers in order, placing a printed copy of the previous day's proceedings on each desk, and performing other duties of like character. When this is done, they frequently organize themselves into a juvenile house and proceed to hold a parliamentary session. One of their number is made speaker and another is made clerk. These take their places at the respective desks, while others arrange themselves in the members' seats, and the house is ready for business. Usually the newest recruit to their ranks is appointed page, and he is required to run at the beck and call of his older and more sedate associates, without daring to question or remonstrate. Everything being in readiness, the speaker raps on his desk with his gavel, usually a ruler, paper weight or some such article, and announces: "The house will be in order." clerk then starts to read the journal of the last day's proceedings, when a little member, rising to his feet, moves that further reading of the journal be dispensed with. "The gentleman from Pohick moves that further reading of the journal be dispensed with. All in favor of that motion will say aye-those opposed nay-the ayes have it and further reading is dispensed with." Then a member from the rear of the house arises in his place and says: "Mr. Speaker, I ask leave to offer the following bill." He then claps his hands for the little page, who rushes down the aisle, takes the paper from the member's hand, and carries it to the clerk's desk and that official reads: 'A bill to allow one month's extra pay to the pages of the House of Representatives for their arduous and exacting work during the closing hours of the last session of the "Mr. Speaker," announces the member in charge, when the clerk has finished reading, "I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the bill." "The gentleman from Squan Creek asks unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the bill. Is there objection? The chair hears none. The clerk will read." The bill is again read by its title and the house proceeds to its consideration. Then follows a general debate on the merits of the bill, during which all sorts of parliamentary practice is brought into Amendments are offered, points of

order are raised, some gentleman rises to make a parliamentary inquiry, another to a question of personal privilege, and still another demands a call of the house to ascertain whether a quorum is present, during all of which the youthful speaker makes rulings and decides points, with a promptness and correctness which shows no common knowledge of parliamentary law, and which would do credit to many a presiding officer of older years; and so the session proceeds, to the intense enjoyment of those present, until the entrance of a considerable number of real members puts an end to the proceedings, and one of the youngsters moves "that the house do now adjourn." The motion is put and carried and that important session of the house comes to an end, much to the regret of the participants as well as the spectators.

#### IT WORKED BOTH WAYS

Elihu Root, who has returned to the practice of law in New York City, has engaged a new office boy. Said Mr. Root: "Who carried off my paper basket?" "It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Root. "The janitor, sir." An hour later Mr. Root asked: "Jimmie, who opened that window?" "Mr. Lantz, sir." "And who is Mr. Lantz?" "The window cleaner, sir." Mr. Root wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." In ten minutes the door opened, and a small shrill voice said: "There's a man here as wants to see you, Elihu."—W. E. S. Fales in Boston Ideas.

ALSE CAPE, Virginia,
Saturday.—Schooner
Mary Ann wrecked
last night on Dead
Man's Reef. Crew rescued
this morning by life saving
crew. Two life savers
drowned."

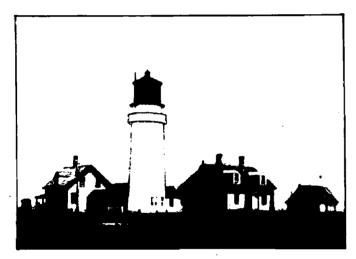
That was all there was to tell the story of heroism, of splendid courage and of fidelity to duty back of those few lines in the daily papers. "Two lifesavers drowned!" That is all the great world would ever know about them. And many people living far inland who never saw the sea and who know nothing of its terrible power would have but a vague idea of just who and what these life-savers were. They do not know the full meaning of the word "surfmen, and they have no idea of what the life of a life-saver is. They do not know that

every night in the year, in quiet calm or in the most fearful storms, the sea coasts are patrolled by brave men ever on the alert for vessels in danger at sea, and when danger comes these patrolmen are strangers to fear, and they risk and lose their lives in trying to save others.

When a ship is wrecked at sea the work of rescuing the crew and passengers is nearly always dangerous, and involves great hardship and suffering, particularly when these disasters come in the winter months. Death claims many life-savers in the course of a year, and these gallant men save many from death.

The coast of Cape Cod has many dangerous places and some fearful wrecks have occurred here. Every town from Monomoy to Provincetown has in its cemeteries unnamed graves of men lost at sea who have lost their lives because of the wrecks on this coast, and the bones or timbers of all sorts of once staunch scafaring craft may be seen here and there along the coast.

The United States Life-Saving Service was established in the year 1872, and previous to this time there was no systematic method of giving help to shipwrecked mariners on this coast. The fishermen in the towns would put out in their boats when it was possible for them to do so, but there was none of the life-saving apparatus one will find in the life-saving



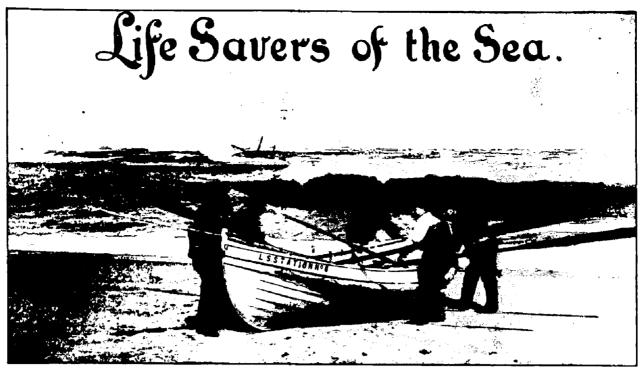
HIGHLAND LIGHT, CAPE OOD

stations of to-day. There were no less than twentythree wrecks on the shores of Cape Cod in the year 1853 and hundreds of lives were lost. Many of these lives might have been saved had the present lifesaving system been in operation. But the most dreadful of the wrecks on Cape Cod occurred within recent years, or on the fifth of December in the year 1893, when the ship Jason was wrecked and all but one of the twenty-five men on board were lost. The Jason was bound for Boston, and was on its way from Calcutta, in India, when it was wrecked in a fearful storm of wind, sleet and snow. Indeed, it was one of the wildest nights ever known on Cape Cod. and that is saying a great deal. One man named Samuel Evans clung to a bale of jute and when the ship went to pieces was washed ashore and quickly cared for by the life-savers The writer of this has stood by the graves of twenty of the crew of the Jason in the little cemetery at Wellfleet, near which town this fearful wreck occurred.

Six years ago the ship Asia was wrecked on the shoals off the island of Nantucket, and the crew of twenty-three men were lost beside the wife and little daughter of the captain. Three sailors clung to a floating timber of the ship and were finally picked up.

To the Massachusetts Humane Society belongs the honor of having made the first movement to attempt organized relief for shipwrecked seafarers in the United States, and particularly on Cape Cod. It began its humane work by building little huts along the coast at points near which wrecks were likely to occur. These huts were intended to shelter those who might reach the shore alive in case of a wreck on the shoals or rocks near these rude little houses of refuge. The first of these little huts was built in the year 1807 on an island near Boston harbor. In the year 1845 this society had no less than eighteen of these life-saving stations on the Massachusetts coast, but there was only volunteer help at any of them.

It was not until the year 1847 that Congress made its first appropriation for rendering assistance from the shore to shipwrecked mariners, although many lighthouses had been erected by the government to



LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT

give warning of dangerous places near the shore. In 1849 Congress appropriated twenty thousand dollars for life-saving stations, but it made no provision for trained men to take charge of these stations and they were manned only by volunteers; but after more than three hundred lives had been lost in the wreck of the Powhatan on the coast of New Jersey in the year 1853, keepers were placed in charge of the life-saving stations at the small salary of two hundred dollars a year. Finally the life-saving station of to-day with its paid—though poorly paid—crew, its patrolmen and its thorough equipment of boats and apparatus came into existence, and hundreds and thousands of lives have been saved under the present system of lighthouses and life-saving stations, and thirteen of these stations are on Cape Cod. They are rather unattractive buildings erected solely for utility. The furnishings of the rooms are of the simplest kind. There are four or five rooms on the lower floor and a sleeping room or two upstairs. Every station has a little lookout from which some one at the station keeps a lookout for all vessels out at sea. A high flagstaff indicates the exact location of the stations to those at sea. There are lifeboats, life-preservers, breeches-buoy apparatus, signals of all kinds and everything needed for carrying forward the life-saving work at every station. At many of the stations the men get their own meals, but if the keeper is a married man his wife usually lives at the station, but it is a dreary place for a woman to be, for sometimes there is no house nearer than a mile.

Every day brings its appointed duties to the men at the stations. Monday is a general tidying up day and cleaning of all the apparatus; Tuesday is the day for drilling with the life-boat; Wednesday the men are drilled in the International and General code of signaling; Thursday is the day to drill with beach apparatus and the breeches-buoy; Friday is the day for drilling in the resuscitation of those apparently drowned, and Saturday is wash-day. Sunday is spent quietly in the stations, and if the stations are near villages some of the crew can be spared to attend church.

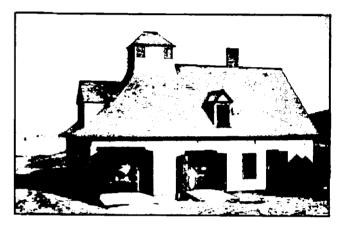
The keeper of a life-saving station is paid but nine hundred dollars a year, and the assistants, or surfmen, receive but sixty-five dollars per month. Vacations are given the men during July and August, but during the other months of the year they are allowed to be away from the station only one day in seven and they are not allowed to be away over night.

There may be many days at a time when the duties of the crew at the station are very light, but when the cold and stormy nights come it is very hard and often perilous work patrolling the wind-swept beaches all night. If the patrolman sees a vessel in distress or one likely to run into danger he fires what

is called a Coston signal, which is a bright red light, and the crew of a vessel in distress know by this token that their situation has been discovered by the life-saving crew and that help will be given as soon as possible. The life-saving stations are five miles apart and halfway between them is what is called a halfway house, which is merely a little hut marking the end of the patrolman's route. When a patrolman reaches this little house he waits for the patrolman to come from the other station, and if he does not come in due time the patrolman who first reaches the halfway house walks on until he meets him, thus making sure that the entire beach has been patrolled.

When a vessel in distress

is sighted at any hour of the day or night the alarm is given at the station as quickly as possible and the men hurry to the rescue with all possible speed. The lifeboat is kept constantly on a running gear with wheels, and horses are hitched to this running gear with all the speed with which horses are hitched to fire engines. The men have been carefully drilled in every little detail of the work, and the horses have also been drilled. As soon as the shore is reached what is called the Lyle gun is fired, and if it is at all possible for the men to



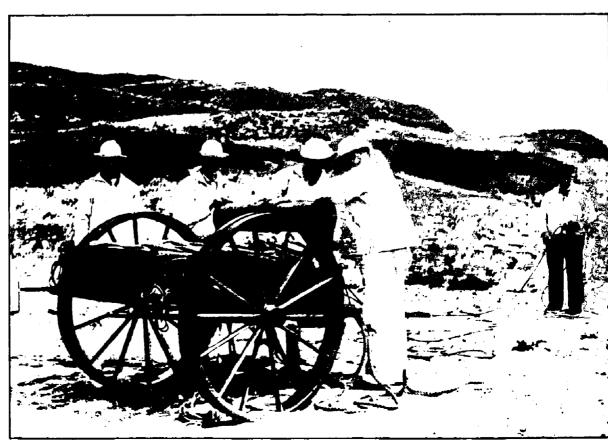
A CAPE OOD LIFE BAVING STATION

do so they set out for the ship in distress in the lifeboat. Sometimes they venture forth when it seems as if it would be impossible for the boat to keep from being capsized, and only the most experienced and courageous men would dare venture forth in it. Lights are kept burning on the shore and if the vessel is not too far out what is called a shot-line is fired, reaching from the shore to the vessel.

The breeches-buoy is an invention by which men are carried from the vessel to the shore by means of a kind of a chair of canvas suspended from a rope reaching from the vessel to the shore and worked by means of a tackle and pulley. It is an unwritten law on board all vessels in danger of being wrecked or destroyed by fire that women and children and helpless persons shall be rescued first, and they are the first persons sent to shore in the breeches-buoy.

The invention of the gun for throwing a line to vessels stranded at sea has been of incalculable value in the work of saving lives. A shot with a rope or line attached to it can be thrown a distance of over six hundred yards by the Lyle gun. This is more than a third of a mile.

There is a keeper with six surfmen at each life-(Continued on page 267.)



DRILLING ON THE BEACH

### FOR THE MIKADO

(Continued from page 263.)

intricate with the rapid invention of methods and appliances. Consequently the submarine expert must devote his entire attention to his specialty and keep in touch with the latest introductions or speedily become a back number. This fate had befallen Lieutenant Suwarrow, now commanding the Apostoloff. as our submarine had been named by her new owners. after a noted Russian experimenter with this type of craft. To begin with, Suwarrow had gained but a superficial knowledge of submarines while in America. and having had nothing to do with them since that time, he now was ignorant of several important, recently perfected, devices in use on the Apostoloff. He was further hampered by the misinformation so cunningly imparted to him by Takahaki when they worked together in the American shipyard.

As a consequence of all this Suwarrow found many things on board not to his liking, and which he ordered changed. Having sworn to obey the commander of the submarine, Dunster Brownleigh made these changes as directed though realizing that they would seriously interfere with operating the boat, if they did not render her helpless and useless. He did utter one protest against a change that would destroy the efficiency of the auxiliary motor, but he was so rudely snubbed for daring to question the methods of his commander, that thereafter he held his peace.

When everything finally was arranged to Suwarrow's satisfaction, and he pronounced the boat ready for launching, ice was forming so rapidly in the harbor that the trial trip must be taken at once or indefinitely postponed. Even now a channel to the open sea was only kept open by the ceaseless efforts of a massive ice-breaker with the hope that several belated, coal-laden steamers, known to be on their way to Vladivostok, still might arrive.

So the Apostoloff was launched with full service equipment, including crew, stores, water, torpedoes, high explosives, and gasoline, on board. The crew consisted of six men; one American acting as chief engineer, and in honor bound to obey the orders of her commander, two Russians, Suwarrow, and another who ranked as assistant engineer and was in training for the position of chief, and three Chinese, one of whom had shown such skill as to be made electrician.

The launching took place in presence of a notable gathering of Russian officials; a priest in gorgeous robes blessed and christened the little craft as she slid easily off the greased ways, and a roar of artillery greeted her entrance into the water. She was launched with her conning-tower hatch tightly closed for fear lest she might sink at the outset: but her bouyancy proved sufficient to lift her deck a foot above the surface and Suwarrow, noting this, flung back the hinged steel cover above which he waved his cap triumphantly to the anxious watchers. Then he gave the order for full speed ahead, and the Apostoloff, looking more like a frisking porpoise than a warship, started down the ice-bordered channel. After going about a verst (two-thirds of a mile) she retraced her course to the point of departure and was received with acclamations by the delighted spectators. The next test was that of diving to the bottom, discharging a dummy torpedo, and again rising to the surface; all of which was successfully accomplished. Then her exultant commander announced that he would run some five versts down the channel with deck awash, dive, and bring his boat back under water; and as this was the most important test of all it was awaited with breathless interest.

So the little craft sped away, sinking lower and lower as she went until only her tiny Russian naval flag, fluttering from a slender steel staff, was visible. In another moment this too disappeared; but the spectators could not tell whether it had been swallowed by distance or had sunk beneath the surface.

A swift torpedo boat had accompanied the Apostoloff on her first trip and was to have kept pace with her on this one so long as she remained on the surface, to render assistance if anything went wrong; but it had been detained at the last moment by the nonarrival of a case of champagne with which its officers proposed to celebrate the success of the submarine's initial trip. Thus the latter was lost to view before her convoy was ready to dart in pursuit. Half an hour later the torpedo boat returned alone and at reduced speed, while her crew anxiously scanned the water on all sides. As she neared the docks eager inquiries were exchanged between the spectators there gathered and her officers.

"Where was the submarine? Had anything happened to her?"

Nobody knew. The torpedo boat had not seen her nor learned anything concerning her movements. She had not returned to the point of departure. Nothing further was known.

Although darkness was gathering, the torpedo boat again dashed down the channel and back, exploring every inch of the dark waters with her powerful searchlight, but without result. Now it was deemed certain that mishap of some kind had overtaken the submarine. All night long tugs kept the channel free from ice and dragged grapnels along its bottom, but the Apostoloff was not located.

On the following day the channel was patrolled as far as the open sea, and late in the afternoon, or twenty-four hours after the submarine had disappeared, three floating bodies, promptly identified as members of the missing crew, were discovered drifting with the tide and taken back to the city. What had happened to them and to the boat with which they had gone down was not learned for many days; and when the story was told in Vladivostok its dwellers had far more important matters to claim their attention.

In the meantime the Apostoloff had so successfully completed the first half of her trial trip that Suwarrow was filled with exultation.

"That she runs so smoothly is a complete vindication of my methods over yours," he remarked to his chief engineer; "and it is good that I arrived on the scene before you had the opportunity for doing mischief."

Dunster made no answer, but devoted himself to his machinery.

"Did you hear me?" shouted the commander.

"Yes, sir."

"Why then did not you answer?"

"I didn't know any answer was required."

"Well it was. And I'll have you to understand that when I honor a subordinate, especially one in your position, by speaking to him, he will promptly appreclate the compliment or suffer the consequences."

"Very good, sir," muttered Dunster, at the samo time biting his under lip until it bled.

A few minutes later the boat was turned, headed directly up channel, the order to dive was given, and the conning-tower hatch was closed. Sea water was admitted to the ballast tanks, the engine was stopped and its supply of gasoline was cut off. Directly afterwards the boat began to sink with Suwarrow noting the depth indicator and all hands standing by in readiness for the next move. At a depth of twenty feet the commander, with hand on steering lever and eyes fixed on a compass card, gave orders to close sea cocks and start up the electric auxiliary.

Takahaki, still in Chinese disguise and acting as electrician, turned on the switch. There was a fizz, a sputter, a shower of sparks, a cloud of stifling smoke, and a horrible odor of burning rubber. Imperfect insulation and a motor hopelessly burned out!

As Suwarrow realized what had happened his face blazed with anger, and springing at the unsuspecting electrician he felled him with a cruel blow. At the same moment he raised his foot to kick the prostrate form; but ere he could accomplish his purpose, Dunster Brownleigh and another were upon him and he was borne to the iron floor. Instantly the second Russian leaped into the fray, drawing his pistol as ho did so and firing a shot that sounded in that confined space with the stunning roar of a thunderbolt. The shot was echoed by a scream, and the melee became so general that for a few moments the entire crew formed a madly struggling heap of humanity. gasping, choking, and fighting tooth and nail. Finally the writhing mass was separated into its component parts. Three men stood up, and three lay starkly motionless, their blood-streaked faces showing ominously white in the electric glare from overhead. One of these was Suwarrow, and another face also was Russian; while the third was of darker complexion. It belonged to one of the engine room crew, and he had been shot through the head. The three who stood up were Dunster Brownleigh, Takahaki, and the remaining Chinese, bruised and battered almost beyond recognition, but alive and with unbroken bones.

"Jiu-jitsu pulled me through," remarked Dunster grimly as soon as he could control his breath. was it with you, Taki?"

"I think same way, Dun Brown," replied the young Japanese with a smile that was rendered ghastly by a cut extending from a corner of his mouth nearly

across his left cheek. "Perhaps that Rus-si-an now will remember that ball-foot game.'

"I doubt if he remembers anything or ever will again, for I believe you have killed him.'

'Maybe so," answered Takahaki indifferently. "And maybe that other Rossky too. Anyway I am hope so for it is trouble to kill same man two time, and he has kill my friend."

"Who do you mean?" asked Dunster, at the same time glancing with partial comprehension at the body

of the dead Chinese lying outstretched on the floor.
"Yes, him Nippon man," said Takahaki, noting the glance. "Same also that one." Here he pointed to the other Chinese who was bending over the body of his countryman.

"Do you mean that they are Japanese?"

"Yes, Nippon Denji."

"Great Scott! No wonder they made good mechanics. But look out, Taki! That chap isn't dead

Suwarrow, merely stunned, had recovered consciousness, and was in the act of drawing a revolver when Dunster's eye caught the motion.

"Then will I quick make him dead!" cried Takahaki savagely, at the same time springing towards the prostrate form.

"Hold on, Taki!" exclaimed the other, seizing his friend's arm. "We mustn't commit murder in cold blood. Tie him if you like, but don't kill him. I won't have it."

For a moment Takahaki hesitated and looked ugly. Then he yielded. Both Suwarrow and the other Russian, who also was found to be alive, were securely bound, and the victors in that under-water battle found opportunity for considering their situation. ,

"We must rise to the surface and blow out," said Dunster, "for this air is too horrible."

At this moment came a voice from the floor and, to the amazement of our friends, Suwarrow interrupted

their planning. "Mr. Brownleigh," he said, and his words, though weakly spoken, were readily heard. "You have sworn on your honor to obey the commander of this craft. I think it is not disputed that I am her commander. Therefore I order you to cut loose these bonds. Also

you will immediately place these two Chinamen

under arrest.' The young American hesitated. It was true that he had pledged his honor to obey this man; but if he should do as he was now bidden what would be the consequences? Certainly his friend's life would be forfeited, and perhaps others as well. What was his

While Dunster was attempting to solve this problem, Takahaki had slipped from the handling room and gone forward to a place in which he had secreted a bundle some days before.

Suddenly, those who remained were confronted by the apparition of a Japanese naval officer in full uniform, including white gloves, who faced them in the glare of the electric lights.

Taki!" gasped Dunster Brownleigh. "You?"

"Lieutenant Matsu, if you will please," replied the other formally. "Now in command of this ship Naisha (the Secret), property of the Mikado of Japan. These men is prisoner of war. This submarine is of Nippon navy. You make swear to obey her commander. So you will if you please obey me. My number one order is not touch those men. Number two order, rise ship

to top of water. Is it good order?"
"They are good orders, sir," was the prompt reply of Chief Engineer Brownleigh as, with mind relieved of a great burden, he saluted the new commander of the submarine. Then he began to obey "good order" number two, by emptying the ballast tanks of their sea water through powerful pumps driven by compressed air, and directly the depth indicator showed the boat to be rising.

A few minutes later she struck against something solid, with such violence that those of her crew who were standing were flung to the floor. After that she remained motionless, and though there was no sound of lapping waves, the indicator showed her to have reached the surface.

(To be continued.)

#### DO WE SHOW RESPECT FOR THE FLAG?

As the following letter from a young man in Pittsburg points a moral, we print it entire:

Editor of the American Boy:

Dear Sir-I have always felt that we Americans are more disrespectful to our flag than any other nation. An American will give up his life for his country, but is slow to show respect for his flag.

During the first two weeks of August last I was encamped at the Military Camp in the Fair Grounds at St. Louis as a member of a military company. Several incidents happened during my stay at the Fair which, as an American, made me blush with shame. One evening my friends and myself attended the Battle of Santiago, on the Pike. The performance ended with the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" by the band and the waving of our flag. My friends and myself arose, and found that we were the only ones out of a large audience that did so. An angry usher rushed up to us and told us to be seated, as people could not look over our heads.

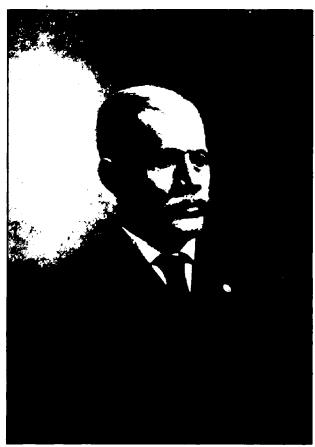
Our company had a drill one day on the Plaza St. Louis, and on our way to and from camp we passed many Jefferson Guards (the World's Fair police), and it was a very rare thing for any of them to remove their hats when our flag passed, but not once did we pass a Filipino who did not salute "Old Glory." Even some of the members of the Mexican Band took off their hats as we passed.

I hope that through your valuable paper you will make an earnest effort to instil into the hearts of American boys a respect and reverence for our country's flag. I remain, sir,

RICHARD E. STIFEL.

#### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 11- From the Governor of Nebraska



GOVERNOR JNO. H. MICKEY, OF NEBRASKA

#### Executive Chamber.

~ June 18, 1904

To the Boys of America:

It should be imbressed on the mind of every

boy that industry is the great key to emocess. Capacity and inclination to work, coupled with correct habits, will enable one to inchige the inflient embition Weelth and actial position sount but for little In the accomplishment of final results. Bersistent industry is everything Let It be remembered that "there is no excellence without labor"

# Hezekiah Butterworth—A FAMOUS WRITER FOR BOYS

TO HAVE WRITTEN more than sixty-books, all of which have created an influence for good and that have given pleasure to thousands of readers both young and old, is to have lived a useful life and one that death will not end. The author of the seventeen "Zig-zag Journeys" books, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, has had this honor. Few writers have been given the privilege of writing so many books with so high a degree of popularity. In addition to his long list of books Mr. Butterworth has written many hundreds of stories and poems that have never appeared in book form. Boys and girls all over the land have recited his patriotic and other poems, and many of them have been set to music. His song entitled "The Bird With a Broken Wing" has been sung all over the land, and his cantata "Under the Palms" has been given by many musical societies.

In his later years Mr. Butterworth has written many books for boys in which the central figure has been some noted American with a life history with which all boys should be familiar. This is notably true of his books entitled "In the Boyhood of Lincoln," "In the Days of Jefferson," and in the book in which Franklin is the central figure. Nearly all boys who have even a small library are apt to have one of Mr. Butterworth's books in it, and it will interest them to know something about the author of so many books for the young.

Mr. Butterworth is a native of Warren, Rhode Island. He was born on "Forefathers' Day," in the year 1839. His early life was spent on a farm that had been in the possession of his ancestors for more than two hundred years and that now belongs to Mr. Butterworth. But farming was never to Mr. Butterworth's liking and he fared to Boston at an early age. Boston was then as now the Mecca of many an aspirant for literary honor, and then as now the road to this honor was not an easy one. It is given to few writers to leap into fame at a single bound. Most of them must move step by step up this imaginary ladder, and many must be content to stop a good ways from the top round.

Mr. Butterworth was about thirty years of age when he secured an editorial position on the Youth's

Companion, and for twenty-five years he was one of the editors of that paper and wrote many of the stories that appeared in it. Resigning his editorial



HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

position about ten years ago, Mr. Butterworth has given his time almost entirely to the writing of books. He has traveled extensively and has written a history of South America. He has written a num-

ber of patriotic stories, among them being "The Knight of Liberty" and "The Patriot Schoolmaster."
His "Story of the Hymns" has long been recog-

His "Story of the Hymns" has long been recognized as one of the best of authorities regarding the origin of many of our most beautiful hymns.

Mr. Butterworth was for many years a teacher in the largest Sunday school in Boston, and is now a deacon in one of the largest Baptist churches in that city. There seems to be a fountain of undying youth in Mr. Butterworth's spirit that keeps him in constant harmony and sympathy with the young. He feels as another noted writer must have felt when he wrote: "I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I do not like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last, and then, sir, young men have more virtues than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect."

One who has had the privilege of intimate acquaintance with Mr. Butterworth for many years and who is familiar with all of his books, has been glad to write this of him and of his work: "While Mr. Butterworth has not been a writer of great books, he has written many volumes that have counted for much in the growing good of the world. The youth of his day and generation have been helped by much that he has written, and he has put an undying impress on the age in which he has lived. Not a line that he has written has destroyed character, or been in any way harmful to his readers. With high ideals and an earnest desire to make his work count for good, Mr. Butterworth has been true to himself in all his work, and our American literature could ill afford to have lost much that he has written."

Mr. Butterworth has been famous for his great kindness and helpfulness to struggling young men and women who were trying to make the most and the best of life. He has ever been ready to give sympathy and encouragement, and he has again and again caused a fresh spirit of hopefulness and courage to rise in the downcast who have gone to him for advice and sympathy. A man of this type deserves the success that has come to Hezekiah Butterworth.

Boys should be interested in knowing that Mr. Butterworth has recently become president of the New England Anti-Cigarette League, which numbers hundreds of Boston and New England boys among its members.

## Life-Savers of The Sea

(Continued from page 265.)

saving station on Cape Cod, and after the first of December, an extra man is added for the winter months when the duties of the men are most arduous. It goes without saying that only the most able-bodied men are given positions at a life-saving station, and each applicant must undergo a severe physical examination before he is given a position. Great muscular strength is required, and a life-saving station is no place for a weakling. If a man breaks down under the severe physical stress and strain of the work he is at once discharged, and there is no pension awaiting him no matter how long he may have been in the service. If a life-saver is disabled while on duty he is entitled to his salary for a length of time not exceeding one year. If he loses his life while on duty



LIFE-BAVER ON CAPE OOD WITH COSTON BIGNAL

his widow and children under sixteen years of age are paid his full salary for two years.

The life-saver is expected to save not only life, but also property, and the amount of property saved by these faithful soldiers of the sea every year exceeds in value the cost of maintaining the life-saving

service by our government. Human history records no more thrilling experiences than those of these brave men of the sea and shore who laugh at peril and face with splendid fearlessness death itself while in the performance of their duty. Only too often does one read in the papers accounts of how these brave fellows have lost their lives. The terrible Monomoy tragedy is still fresh in the minds of the people of Cape Cod, even though it may have been forgotten by others. This tragedy of the sea occurred on the 17th of March, in the year 1902. Captain Marshall W. Eldridge and six men belonging to his station, together with five persons they had rescued from the stranded vessel, Wadena, were all lost while trying to reach the shore. One man alone survived, Captain Ellis. This was one of the

most heart-breaking tragedies of recent years. It appealed so powerfully to the people of Boston that a large sum of money was raised in that city for the wives and the children of the crew of the Monomoy life-saving station.

During the year ending June 30, 1904, the life-saving crews of the United States gave assistance to 1061 vessels, with an aggregate value of more than seven millions of dollars. Thirty-three hundred persons were on these vessels, and many of them would undoubtedly have been lost had it not been for the assistance given by the life-saving crews. One hundred and three persons were saved from situations of great peril, and 161 vessels in danger of being stranded were warned of their peril. It cost Uncle

Sam just \$1,766,466 to maintain the life-saving service last year, but far more than that amount in the value of vessels alone was saved, to say nothing of the large number of men, women and children rescued from death.

Only those who have witnessed it can understand the awe-inspiring terror of a great storm at sea, and of how helpless a disabled vessel is when it is at the mercy of wind and waves. No doubt but that in coming years many of these brave fellows of the life-saving service will be enrolled among the beneficiaries of the Andrew Carnegie hero fund, for they are heroes indeed. Better still, some of them have had their names enrolled among those of eternal honor and glory who have given their lives for others.

# What Has Happened on the 4th of July

ANY EVENTS of national and even world-wide importance have happened on our American Fourth of July. While the signing of the splendid Declaration of Independence is far and away the most significant and important of these events, other things have happened on our country's natal day of which the youth of the land should take note.

It might interest many to know that our national hymn, "America," was sung for the first time on the Fourth of July in the city of Boston. This was in the year 1832, and the occasion was a Sunday school concert in the Park Street church in Boston. Dr. S. F. Smith, then a young divinity student at Andover, near Boston, had written the hymn one dreary February day and had sent it to his friend, Lowell Mason, the most prominent man in the musical circles of that day. Within the shadows of this church lie all that is mortal of seven of the early governors of Massachusetts, and many of the men who helped to lay the foundation of our great republic.

It was on the Fourth of July in the year 1793 that John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, made his first public speech, and from that day he was a man of mark in the country. As a little lad of eleven years he had gone with his mother to the summit of Penn's hill, near his humble home eight miles from Boston, and had watched the smoke rising from the buildings burning in Charlestown at the battle of Bunker Hill, and he used to gallop into Boston on horseback to bring his strongly loyal and patriotic mother, Abigail Adams, news from his father who was attending the Congress in Philadelphia.

Hawthorne, admitted by many to be the greatest novelist America has ever produced, was born in the quaint old town of Salem, in Massachusetts, on the Fourth of July, in the year 1804.

It was on the Fourth of July in the year 1817 when work was commenced on the Erie canal, which was regarded by the people of that day as a stupendous undertaking.

Two ex-presidents of the United States died on the Fourth of July in the year 1826. One was John Adams, second President of the United States, and the other was Thomas Jefferson, the successor of John Adams. Jefferson died a few hours before Adams, but Adams did not know it, and his last words were "Jefferson still survives."

On this same day there came into the world a man whose songs were to delight thousands of his countrymen in coming years. This was Stephen Foster, author of "Suwanee River."

The beginning of our great American railway sys-

tem was on the Fourth of July in the year 1828, when Thomas Carroll, the last survivor of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, laid the corner

stone of the first railroad in America.

A third President of the United States, James Monroe, died on the Fourth of July in the year 1831. The corner stone of the Great Washington monument at our national capital was laid on the Fourth of July in the year 1848, but the monument was not completed until the year 1884. It is in some respects the most remarkable monument in America and it is the highest monument in the world. Although not at all ornate, its cost has been \$1,187,710.31.

One of the greatest fires in the history of New England occurred on the Fourth of July in the year 1866, at Portland, Maine. It was caused by a firecracker.

Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant on the Fourth of July in the year 1863, and it was on the Fourth of July in the year 1898 when America heard that Cervera's fleet had been destroyed in the Spanish-American war.

No other day in all the year means more to the American people than our own noisy—too noisy—Fourth of July—the day we celebrate.

#### LOUIS AGASSIZ

Louis Agassiz was born in Switzerland in 1807, but spent his life in America, where he became a great naturalist and teacher. On his fiftieth birthday the poet Longfellow dedicated a beautiful little poem to him, and the following four stanzas are well worthy of being learned by all boys. After referring to the child in its cradle, he said:—

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come wander with me," she said
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the Manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

# A FRENCH FROG AND AMERICAN EAGLE



Frame at the top of the flagstaff. Cones could repair you all they are flowers to the country of the flagstaff. Cones could repair the property of the flagstaff. Cones could repair the property of the flagstaff. Cones could repair the many with a flagstaff. The country of the flagstaff the country of the flagstaff the country of the flagstaff the country of the flagstaff. Cones could repair the many with a flagstaff the country of the country of the flagstaff the country of t

occasions.
"I also will take a long plonge!" he

said.
"That's all right, Briant," replied Carclough, "Up you get. Don't come down too flat." His tone was distinctly

patronizing.

"Ah, no!" returned Briant. "I will not come down flat. I sink I will plonge from ze flagstaff there!" he pointed to the little crosstrees near the top of the pole, about seventy feet from the level

the little crosstrees near the top of the pole, about seventy feet from the level of the bath.

"What rot!" cried Carclough. "No fellow could do that. If he did he would jolly well stun himself against the bottom, in such shallow water as this."

"He looks as if he meant business, anyhow!" said Anstruther; for Briant was already at the foot of the flagstaff and preparing to ascend. "By George! the beggar can climb well," he continued in reluctant admiration, as the little Frenchman began to ascend with great rapidity. "But of course he's only gassing when he talks of diving from such a height. I do hate a bragging ass!"

Briant had now arrived at the crosstrees, and sat astride of them for a moment to recover his breath. Then he stood up and waved his hand to the assembled school, for everyone was gazing upwards by this time. There was a cheer.

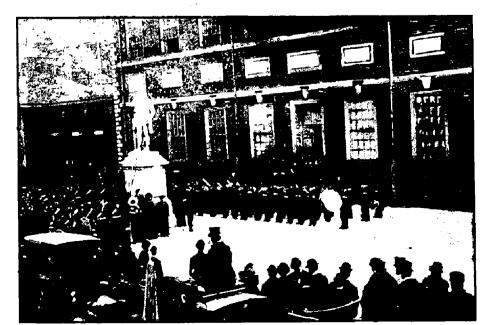
"Come down, you fool!" shouted Car-clough, well aware that he would be held jointly responsible with Boger if any accident occurred. As for that old fraud, he had just stepped over to a

neighboring tavern, as was his usual custom.

"Come down, you young ass!" repeated Carclough at the top of his voice to Briant at the top of the flagstaff. Come down, or I'll give you a thundering licking! There's not seven feet of water there!"

"Vive la France!" cried Briant in answer. "Rule-a-Britannia. God safe ze king! My friend, I will rejoin you there below on the instant." A moment more he stood up against the mast, with his curls flowing in the last answer. Anstruther looked to safe the last answer. Ans

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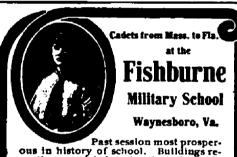
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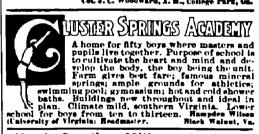
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# The First Declaration of he think that the friendless young Christian captive could dare to raise his eyes to the peerless Zuleika? Ah! I wish I could draw her portrait for you fellows, though I admit," he went on, "that it would be casting pearls before swine who are always lifting up their voices and talking rot about things of which they know nothing. But, she was a rose. Each of her eyes was a great deal larger than her mouth; and when her hair was loose she trod upon it. She loved the handsome young Englishman." "Who was he?" from several voices



who had been appointed governor by his majesty Charles the First, had managed to get all the power into his hands and those of his friends. He was a selfish old tyrant who cared for nothing except his own personal gain, and to have his own way. The people were oppressed by unjust taxes, and while Berkeley and his friends were making enormous fortunes, the poor planters were becoming poorer.

Just at this time to make matters worse, an Indian war broke out. All along the frontier the savages rushed in along the frontier the savages rushed in upon the defenseless settlers, inaugurating a reign of terror. Several hundreds of the whites were massacred. Governor Berkeley was petitioned for aid, but he and his friends were making a good deal of money out of the fur trade, and if troops were sent against the Indians this profitable traffic would be stopped. So he refused the military assistance they asked for.

The people murmured, but they could

this profitable traffic would be stopped. So he refused the military assistance they asked for.

The people murmured, but they could not help themselves, and Gov. Berkeley strutted round in his velvet and lace and Jewels, and kept adding to his heap of gold pleces, while the Indians cominued their inroads. It was a very distributed to their inroads. It was a very distributed their inroads. It was a very distributed their inroads. It was a very distributed to their inroads. It was a very distributed to their inroads. It was a very distributed to their inroads. It was a great of a fact of the Assembly saled with the Governor's commission. It was a great triumph for head of aix hundred "well-armed house-lead of aix hundred "well-armed house-lead of aix hundred "well-armed house-keepers" he swept upon the Indian towns and inflicted injuries upon them white plants are the daring young Virginlan. But the people stood by their leader, and him a rebel, and a force of militia was sent to mission as general to fight the Indians, hut Berkeley refused to sign it. As some of the Assembly sided with the Governor or, the young planter went home to his clearing on the James. But the country was all on fire. Men's minds were ripe

for rebellion. All Virginia was shouting, "Bacon, Bacon." There was no resisting the current. Booted and armed with good broadswords and "fusis," they turned out from lowland manor house and highland log cabin, from plantation and from hundred, and many hundreds of "well armed housekeepers" with Bacon at their head, rode to Jamestown. It was a sultry summer day—July 3rd, 1676—at about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the young patriot arrived at

noon, when the young patriot arrived at the capital. His horsemen bivouacked around the little cluster of houses forming the village, and their general went at once to work. Virginia was in flagrant revolution.

flagrant revolution.

Bacon's drums and trumpets brought Berkeley upon the scene. With all his faults he was no coward. Arrayed as if going to a ball, the flery old cavaller rushed out upon the green, and walking straight toward Bacon, tore open the lace upon his bosom. "Here! shoot me," he cried wrathfully. 'Fore God a fair mark. Shoot."

"Who was he?" from several voices.
" The handsome young Englishman, and looked after his board. Through her intercession poor old Uncle James was brought in from the fields and given some light job about the kitchen, with a pint of wine every day. In many stolen interviews I taught her English and as much as I could remember of the church catechism. Soon I had the joy of wearing her from the ber of the church catechism. Soon I had the joy of weaning her from the errors of Mohammedanism, and receiving the blushing avowal of her affection. I remember—well, never mind. tion. I remember—well, never mind. You chaps are too young, and a precious sight too silly to understand these things. Besides, deep as was our bliss it was of very short duration. In a few months the seething discontent of Muley Hassan's people broke forth in open rebellion. The populace liberated the Christian slaves, who joined in the attack on the fortress. 'Twere useless and harrowing to paint the scene which followed its capture. Prominent among that twining and devastating crowd, and harrowing to paint the scene which followed its capture. Prominent among that twining and devastating crowd, and torch in hand, I regret to say that I observed Uncle James, who urged his comrades to greater excesses, forgetful of the great consideration which had always been shown to his liver complaint. Sword in hand I fought my way to Zuleika's bower. On perceiving me she uttered a joyous cry and fainted gracefully over my left arm. Encumbered by that lovely burden I sped along the flaming galleries, and was just emerging in safety from the stronghold when I encountered Muley Hassan himself wounded but terrible, at the head of the remnant of his followers. The sight of his daughter in my arms fired the jealous rage of the pirate. In vain I demanded of him the rights of single combat. Many a worshipper of the Prophet bit the dust before I succumbed, but at length numbers prevailed and I but at length numbers prevailed and I was overpowered. I saw my beloved Zuleika seized by her enraged parent; l Zuleika seized by her enraged parent; I saw him draw the jeweiled dagger from his sash and plunge it into her tender bosom. I heard the wild cry of his at tendants, horrified at the death of their beloved mistress. And then I saw and heard no more, for I had fainted. You chaps won't hear any more, either, if that blue-faced baboon in the far corner goes on sporting and cheking."

chaps won't hear any more, either, if that blue-faced baboon in the far corner goes on snorting and choking!"

"Don't mind him, Crikey, old man!" said Ascott, who was in the bed next to that of the offender. "If he will pig away at rock cocoa all night," he's bound to do a fit now and then."

"Cram his perfectly unused nail brush down his throat, then, and let us have a little quiet!" said the unappeased Crick-howell. "Where was I? Oh! Yes. Well, when I came to myself, I was lying in the bottom of a large and well-appointed man-of-war's boat, which was cleaving the surf at a good pace while the missiles of the baffled Mohammedans fell harmless behind it. The midshipman in command was chafing my chest with brandy to restore the circulation, assisted by the sturdy boatswain, who shed tears of joy on seeing me restored to consciousness. My first words were:

"Zuleika!" • • • "Only one word, my mannie!" objected Mackenzie, who was Caledonian and

Mackenzie, who was Caledonian and mathematical.

"Some night when we're a little more select here, I'll tell the chosen remnant my adventures among the thievish savages of North Britain, and how I lost my complexion. To resume: The honest boatswain was so unmanned by my pathetic inquiry that he was obliged to swallow the remainder of the brandy before he could reply. Then he first of all touched his breast and afterwards

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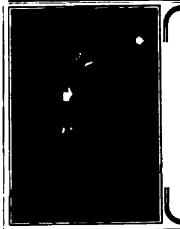
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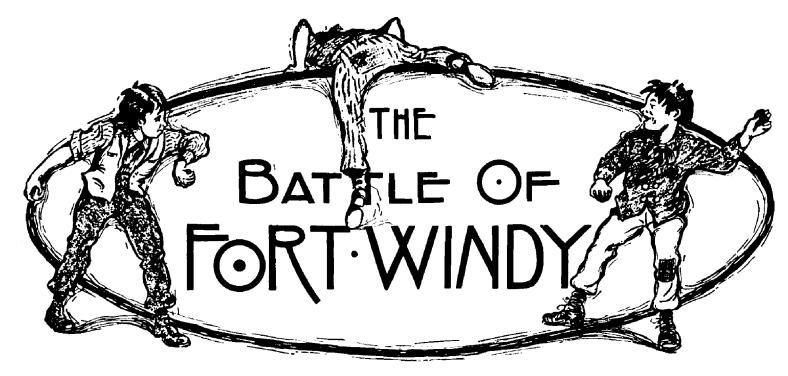
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The new Amends of their the Indians, with Enterlay private the indians, and oppression lived in the hearts of the first control of the Amends of their their control of their co



celebration would cause it to spread since none of those who have it would be likely



"Well, let's challenge the East Windham boys to enter into a fight with us. You know that old deserted house up on Windy Hill?" Yes."

"Yes."

"Bupposing we call that hill Bunker Hill just for the fun of the thing and we fight the East Windham boys for the possession of it and the old house, which we might call Fort Windy, just for fun, you know. We might rig up in red coats as British soldiers and let the East Windham boys pretend that they are the Provincials. Our leader might call himself General Gage and the leader of the Provincials might be General the Conneauer might call himself General Gage and the leader of the Provincials might be General Prescott. He was the American general who 'fit and died' or 'died in a fit' or something of that kind at Bunker Hill, wasn't he?"

"You're a little off in your history."

'You're a little off in your history," "You're a little off in your history," said Lem, "It was Prescott who led the American troops at the battle of Bunker Hill, but it was General Warren who was killed there, and a good man he was."

"Well, let the leader of the East Windham boys call himself General Prescott and I will be General Gage."

"You?"
"I guess I thought this scheme was and

"I guess I thought this scheme up and I ought to be made commander-in-chief of the British forces."

"It was General Howe and not General

Gage who led the British troops at the battle of Bunker Hill. Don't you know how they say that Gage watched the scrimmage from the belfry of the Old North mage from the pelity of the Old North Church there in Boston—the church from the spire of which the signal lantern was hung for Paul Revere the night before the battle of Lexington?"

"Say, if I was as steeped in history as you are, Lem, I'd write a history of the War of the Revolution in fifteen volumes. Well, I'll be General Howe and I think Will

and shallow stream separated the two villages and there were about the same number of boys in each village. There were forty boys in the "British" army and the same number in the "Provincial" army. "But at the real battle of Bunker Hill there were a great many more Britishers than Americans," said Lem. "Yes, and there were more than twice as many of the Britishers killed as there were Americans," replied Lucien. "I remember that much about it. But history isn't going to have a chance to repeat itself too ing to have a chance to repeat itself too closely in this battle, so we will have even sides, won't we, General Prescott?"
"That's what we will, you King George Britisher, you!" to which Lucien retorted

with a stanza from an old doggerel com-posed by one of the sergeant majors of Howe's forces after the battle of Bunker

Howe's forces after the battle of Bunker Hill:
"Brave William Howe, on our right wing, Cried: 'Boys, fight on like thunder, You soon will see the rebels flee With great amaze and wonder!"
"We'll show you how we'll 'flee,' " retorted General Prescott. "We'll send you back to your war ships screeching for quarter!"
"You will ab? See if you de!"

quarter!"
"You will, ch? See if you do!"
The plan agreed upon was that the contending forces should assemble in their respective villages at exactly one o'clock and march to the hill from opposite directions. They should then charge on "Fort Windy" and each side must seek to gain possession of the Fort. It was agreed that one party must eiget every member of the to come to the celebration. I tell you, Lem, let's do something on the Fourth!"

"What?" asked Lem laconically.

"Oh, anything that will give us a chance to whoop and yell and be lively. Wasn't it good old John Adams who said that folks ought to whoop and yell and make all the racket possible on the Fourth of July?"

"I guess he didn't say so in just those words. He said of Independence Day that 'It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sporis, giuns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore.' I know because I worked it into an essay I had to write on John Adams just before school closed."

"You ought to read that essay to the selectmen who have voted that we are not to do any of the things John Adams said we ought to do on the Fourth of July. I tell you, Lem, I have been trying to think up some way of having some fun on the Fourth ever since I heard that the selectmen were thinking of voting that Windham should not have a celebration this year.

"Well, let's challenge the East Windham

to come to the celebration. I tell you, Lem, in the contest for possession of the Fort, It was agreed that one party must eject every member of the neaty must eject every member of the one party must eject every member of the protated side victorious side to soda water and party the victorious side to soda water and party. All east two hours before being adjudged victors in the contest, The defeated side victorious side to soda water and march as prison-uts, after which Generals Prescott and the challenge and victors in the coi



state of revolt and indignation, and for this reason: The selectmen of the town had voted that there should be no Fourth of July celebration in Windham because of unusual "hard times" and the prevalence of a somewhat malignant type of scarlet fever in the community.

"I think things have come to a pretty pass when Windham acknowledges herself too poor to be patriotic," said Lucien Law to his chum, Lem Dryden. "And as for the scarlet fever, I don't see how having a celebration would cause it to spread since none of those who have it would be likely "I think things have the state of revolt and state of revolt and indignation, and for the state of revolt and shallow stream separated the two villages and there were about the same number of the state of revolt and indignation, and for the state of revolt and indignation, and the prevalence of this k about it."

"I think I see General Howe's followers who have what it will be glad to be General Prescott. Let's go over to Will's house and see what he thinks about it."

"I think I see General Howe hunting up a fight at Bunker Hill," said Lem with a haugh. "You'll lot me be General Prescott to ask him what he thinks about them getting up a fight at Bunker Hill," said Lem with a haugh. "You'll lot me be General Prescott that it was rather incongruous for him to carry done the field at the provincials carried all sorts of old firearms hastily collected from attics. General Prescott that these were "just for show," as about them getting up a fight at Bunker Hill," said Lem with a haugh. "You'll lot me be General Prescott to ask him what he thinks about them getting up a fight at Bunker Hill," said Lem with a haugh. "You'll lot me be General Prescott that it was rather incongruous for him to carry darked they warren suggested to General Prescott that it was rather incongruous for the field at they marched through the you'll a fight at Bunker Hill," said Lem with a haugh. "You'll lot warren suggested to General Prescott that they warren suggested to General Prescott that the

side to the music of drum and fife, and jeering cries rent the air as the two "armies" drew near each other and Fort Windy

les" drew near each other and Fort Windy.
"Hooray for good King George!" screeched the red-coats, and "Down with the oppressor!" yelled the Provincials.
"Surrender, ye Yankee rebels!" shouted General Howe.
"Surrender, ye Red-coat cut-throats!" yelled the Provincials.
"Back to your shops and farms, ye scoundrels!" cried General Howe.
"Take your old taxed tea and hump yourselves back to England with it!" shrieked General Prescott.
"Surrender, and all but those two arch

"Surrender, and all but those two arch fiends, John Hancock and John Adams will be pardoned! They must die like the traitorous dogs that they are!" declared General Howe.



Surrender, and all but those two demons, Howe and Gage, will be forgiven. They must be burned at the stake after they are filled with cold Yankee lead!" replied General Prescott.

General Prescott.

After further civilities of this sort the opposing forces marched to a spot within twenty-five yards of Fort Windy. Then they threw aside their arms, flags, fifes and drums and, at the discharge of a toy pistol, rushed "like demons" for the old and weather beaten house on the crest of the old and it had not been occupied for many years. Every window light was broken and but one or two of the doors were on their for years and the house was worth less than the unpaid taxes on it. It was for the possession of this old shell that the two armies fought for two hours with two armies fought for two hours with neither party any nearer gaining the victory than when the battle first begun. General Prescott had been flung out of windows four or five times and General Howe had once come sliding down the long sloping roof of the "lean-to" and had caught his trousers on a nail at the edge of the roof and had hung suspended between the eaves and the ground while General Warren pelted him with small green apples from an old tree near by until some of his "henchmen" came to the rescue.

General Prescott brought on a violent attack of nosebleed by tumbling down a flight

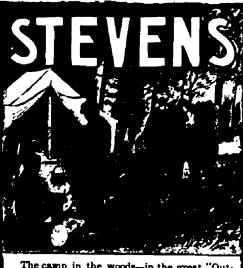
tack of nosebleed by tumbling down a flight of stairs, and General Gage nearly brought of stairs, and General Gage nearly brought hostilities to a close by breaking through the old thin boards covering an old well into which he disappeared. Both sides rushed to the rescue, but, fortunately, the well was but a few feet deep and it had but a foot of water, and the valiant General Gage called out to his followers as they gathered around the well, "Up and at them, my brave fellows! Leave me to my fate, and charge on the vile Yankee rebels in the name of our own King George!" General Gage emerged from the well cov-

General Gage emerged from the well covered with slime, and engaged in a hand to hand conflict with General Prescott which resuted in both generals tumbling into the well, whereupon their followers yelled with glee in a manner that was certainly a great breach of army discipline and of respect for a superior.

for a superior.

It was left to little Tommy Todd, who was nothing but a private in the American army, to bring the battle to a finish. Tom-

(Continued on page 271.)



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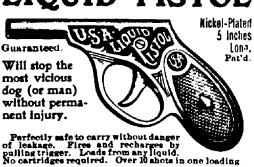
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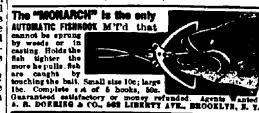


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"I've got a houseful of growing boys myself, and I declare that they are a great deal more blase than I am. Things that still divert and entertain me have long

still divert and entertain me have long since become a bore to them.

"And I am quite certain that any impostor could befool me, right now, a great deal easier than he could any of those boys. They appear to know all of the kinks. Nowadays, in fact, boys know so blamed much that I gravely doubt if they have as much fun during their youth, and especially during their early manhood, as the boys of my generation did.

"I fell to thinking of all this when I took on a few extra young men—most of them under twenty—in my office the other day. They were well groomed lads, held themselves well, looked alive and alert and seemed to be smarter than steel traps. The sight of them caused me to think of what a Rube of a boy I was when I took my first job—and it was with the same railroad that I am still connected with, by the way.

"I was fifteen and small for my age. I was born and brought up in a little Indiana town.

diana town.

"When I was a bit over thirteen I made up my mind to be a shorthand writer. I peddled newspapers and did odd chores to get the money to attend a shorthand class twice a week in Terre Haute. I studied stenography for about six hours a day and hamboozled all of the boys in my neighborhead to distance to me when I would be the contract to the state of the s hood to dictate to me when I got to the point where I could take dictation. "In just one year I was an expert stenog-

"In just one year I was an expert stenographer—not only an amanuensis stenographer, but able to take speeches. Yet I was about as uncouth a yap of a country boy as ever you heard tell of.
"My mother had a relative who was auditor for a railroad that had its head-quarters in Omaha. She wrote to this relative that she had a boy who was an expert stenographer and experts are and expert stenographer and typewriter and who wanted a job.

expert stenographer and typewriter and who wanted a job.

"The auditor didn't remember how old I was, if he ever knew, and my mother didn't tell him in her letter. He wrote to her to send me along to Omaha and he would put me to work in the railroad's Omaha offices. He enclosed a letter for me to present to the railroad's agent in Chicago to enable me to get transportation from Chicago to Omaha.

"Well when I lef' the little Indiana town for Chicago I had exactly thirty dollars and twenty-five cents in a huge wallet that had belonged to my father. I kent it inside my shirt. The money was what remained of my own savings as news and chore hoy. I had, hesides, one of those hig, old fashioned, black glazed bags, which contained all of my clothes and other possessions, and one of those extremely heavy typewriters of that period.

sessions, and one of those extremely heavy tynewriters of that period.
"The train was late in making Chicago, and it was after office hours when I arrived there. My idea was to get that transportation from Chicago to Omaha and go right through

right through.

"So I started to lug my big black glazed bag and the exceedingly heavy typewriter through the Chicago streets to the office of the railroad agent to whom I had the letter calling for transportation. I was, as I say, only a small boy, and the things were so blamed heavy that I had to drop tem about every half square and rest up.

were so blamed heavy that I had to drop 'em about every half square and rest up. "After about an hour, however, I reached the railroad office. It was then seven o'clock at night, and the agent, of course, had gone home. The janitor of the building gave me his house address.

"I determined to start for his house immediately. But I had no idea of taking a street car to reach his house. The reason for this was that I was afraid to show my money or to break a bill.

"I had spent my odd change for food on the way to Chicago and I had six fludollar bills left. Nothing in the world would have induced me to expose the wallet containing them on a Chicago street car.

"So I walked to the agent's house, which was away over to the South side of Chicago. It makes my arms ache even now to think of that journey. It took me four hours to get to the house and f

"It was eleven o'clock at night when I pulled the doorbell of the railroad agent's house, and the wooden paved street was as quiet as death. I thought it would be all right to pull the doorbell at that hour-

right to pull the doorbell at that hour—didn't know any better.

"I rang for ten minutes before the agent poked his head out of a second story window and gruffly asked what was wanted. I told him.

"'G'way boy!" growled the agent. 'What the dickens do you mean by ringing me up in the middle of the night on such an excuse? Come to my office in the morning and I'll look at your letter.'

"And so there was nothing for me to do but to pick up those two heavy burdens and walk downtown again. I didn't know where to go, but I wanted to get where the lights were.

where to go, but I wanted to get where the lights were.

"It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when I got downtown again. What with fatigue and sleepiness, I was just about able to stand up, and that was all.

"I was also pretty lonesome for home. I was decidedly sorry that I had ever learned to be a shorthand writer. I thought of my cosy bed at home, and, then I dropped my black glazed bag and sat on it and blubbered.

"I was thus engaged when a huge figure

of a uniformed man—I didn't know it then, but he was one of those watchmen who used to patrol the Chicago streets at night —swung by me, carrying a lantern. He saw me, and heard my suppressed blubber-

typewriter and led the way around the corner to one of the few remaining places with lights still going.

"A decent looking young fellow was behind the hotel desk.

"Jack, said the watchman to the hotel clerk, 'here's a lad I've found who wants a night's lodging. He was afraid to go to a hotel, for the reason that he has a great deal of money on his person, and he doesn't want to be robbed, of course. Better have the boy hand you the money to put in the safe, if it's so much.

"'Well, I don't care to be responsible for a large sum of money," said the hotel night clerk, looking at me in a wondering sort of way. 'How much is it, son?'

"It's thirty dollars, sir,' I replied, impressively.

"No, neither of them laughed. They were thoroughly decent fellows, and so they didn't laugh. I don't doubt, however, looking back, that they both wanted to laugh. They merely exchanged amused glances.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't mind assuming that responsibility, son,' said the hotel

glances.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't mind assuming that responsibility, son," said the hotel clerk. Let's have the money."

"I was a bit doubtful about it, even then; but the clerk's honest, kindly countenance reassured me, and I dug the wallet out of its hiding place and handed it over to him. He stuffed it into one of those old fashioned key safes.

saw me, and heard my suppressed blubbering.

"Hey, what's the trouble, son?' he asked me in a kindly sort of way.

"I told him.

"Oh, that's nothing to cry about, buddy,' said the big man with the lantern. 'All you've got to do is to go to a hotel—I can direct you to a cheap one—and get some sleep. You've got the price of a bed, haven't you?'

"That's just what I'm afraid of,' I replied. 'I've got so much money with me that I'm afraid to go to a hotel—'fraid I'll be robbed.'

"Oh, small chance of that, son,' said the big watchman, good naturedly.' The place I'll take you to is all right. Come along. I'll pack your gear—great Scott, this is heavy truck for a little chap like you to be carrying!' and the fine fellow picked up my black glazed bag and the

### THE BATTLE OF FORT WINDY

(Continued from page 270.)

my had spent a fourth of the money he had "saved up" for the Fourth for a huge cannon cracker. When at the end of two hours neither party seemed to be gaining ground and the interest in the fight seemed to be flagging. Private Todd bethought himself of a way of enlivening things up a bit. Retreating to an old shed in the rear of Fort Windy he lighted the fuse of his great cannon cracker and ran toward the fort with it in his hand while he cried

"A shell! a shell! Look out! We'll drive e Red-coats out! Hi there!"

the Red-coats out! Hi there!"
Running to one of the windows he flung
the sizzling cannon cracker into the house
and the room in which it fell was speedily
deserted by both Red-coats and Provincials. some of them leaving through the sashless windows. In a few seconds there was a terrific explosion and Private Todd paled a little when General Gage suddenly

out.

"Gee whiz! The fort is on fire!"

It was even so. The cannon cracker had thrown bits of burning paper in all directions. The old house was dry and inflammable and in an instant flames were coming from doors and windows. Private Todd began to weep in a very unsoldierlike way, having before him a vision of jails and penitentiaries, for a man in the village had but recently been sent to the state prison but recently been sent to the state prison for setting fire to a house.

"But don't you cry, Tommy," said General Gage. "You won't be jerked up forsetting fire to this worthless old shell for—

great Scott!"

The whole house was now wrapped in flames when there suddenly appeared at the attic window away up in the gable of the house a little girl apparently about five

Then General Prescott proved that he was worthy of the name of the brave man he had assumed. Heedless of the fact that the whole lower part of the building was in flames he dashed into the burning house and up the burning stairways into the old attic. He groped his way through smoke and flames to the window, snatched the screaming child up in his arms, hid her curly head in his jacket to keep her from inhaling smoke or flames, groped his way inhaling smoke or flames, groped his way back to the first flight of stairs down which he ran. He reached the top of the second flight of stairs just as they fell away in flames. Then he ran across the burning flames.



He dropped the little girl into the arms held up to receive her and then leaped from the window with his garments in flames. The old well was but ten feet distant, and into it he plunged and sait down in the shallow water. Then he climbed out tant, and into it he plunged and sat down in the shallow water. Then he climbed out with blistered hands and face, and with his eyebrows missing and the ends of his brown hair singed and burned. A great shout went up from both the British and the Provincials and General Gage clapped him on the back and said,

"Good for you, General Prescott! I didn't suppose a Yankee could be so brave!"

A moment later a strange women who

A moment later a strange woman who looked travel-stained and careworn came running up the slope of the hill with pallid face and heaving breast.
"My little girl!" she cried. "I left her

"Here she is!" called out General War-



the house a little girl apparency wears old.

"Mamma! mamma!" she shricked. "Come and get me, mamma! Come! Come!"

No one knew who the child was until later. General Prescott heard the cry and called out,

"Jump. little one! Jump and we will catch you!"

But she was too frightened to heed this call and she could hardly have escaped infury had she obeyed.

But she was too frightened to heed this call and she could hardly have escaped infury had she obeyed.

"Jump. little girl apparency work. She had left the little girl asleep in the old house while she had herself gone to a town two miles from Windham to make inquiries about a woman who owed her a small sum of money. The little girl had been told to play around the old house and when she heard the two "armies" approaching she had hidden in the attic and had remained hidden during all of the fight

had remained hidden during all of the fight for the possession of the old house.

The opposing forces watched the house burn to the ground and then they marched down to the village and each "army" treated the other to soda water and peanuts. Then they ran their races and played their games on the village green and, as General Prescott said at the close of the day, they had "a real good Fourth in spite of the selectmen and the scarlet fever."

#### floor to a window. "Here she is!" he shouted as he leaned far out with the child in his arms. "Catch a Grove

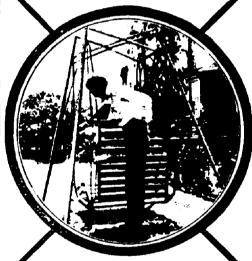
In planting small trees from one to three feet tall for the purpose of startthree feet tall for the purpose of starting a grove or wood lot, the usual way is this: Plow the land deep and pulverize thoroughly; lay off the lot both ways, as is done for corn; see the trees are sound and healthy; and that the roots are in proper order and moist, by dipping in water, or the dirt, manure and water mixture, and near at hand, and thoroughly protected from the sun and wind by the use of blankets, or by heeling in. Use a spade; press it into the soil to a proper depth at the crossing of the rows, and moving the handle forward from your position, open the soil behind the blade and in the opening let your assistant place the roots, being careful they are buried well under ground, nearly two inches lower than they stood in the nursery; let your assistant place the roots, being careful they are buried well under ground, nearly two inches lower than they stood in the nursery; let your assistant place the roots, being careful they are buried well under ground, nearly two inches lower than they stood in the nursery; let your assistant place the roots, being careful they are buried well under ground, nearly two inches lower than they stood in the nursery; let your assistant place the roots, being careful they are buried well under ground, nearly two inches lower than they stood in the nursery; let your assistant place the roots, being the place of the roots of the purpose of the roots of the purpose of the roots of t ground, nearly two inches lower than they stood in the nursery; let your assistant press with his feet the soil in such a manner as to bring it in close contact upon the roots and about the tree, the top of which is to be left standing straight. Continue in this way until the work is finished.

# Eagle Steel Lawn Swing

The Safest and Most Comfortable Swing Made



► HE JOYS of the swing appeal to the grown-up as well as the young. The old rope swing, however, has given place to the modern steel swing—a change that has brought both beauty, convenience and safety. The Eagle Steel Lawn Swing gives you what no other swing does-comfort and absolute safety. It has that easy, level and swinging motion without any tilting, the seats remaining upright, thus making this swing so different and so superior to the or-dinary steel swing. The most sen-sitive as well as the tiniest member of the family can use it with the greatest comfort and pleasure. wings as lightly as a feather in the breeze; it's as safe as a baby's cradle and as comfortable as an easy chair.



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Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List

A. BUCH'S SONS CO. Orange Street Elizabethtown, Pa.



"Nor Francis of France, for that matter," said Geronimo, with a conscious pride that was excusable. "I like him better than our dark, plotting Don Philip. He was a soldier."

The speaker was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, a stout, handsome lad, with bright blue eyes and a complexion as fair and rosy as a girl's. He had thrown his cap aside, and his long, curling flaxen hair was brushed back from a broad, high brow, on which even at that early age was plainly stamped the impress of genius and command.

"Will you throw again?" asked one of his companions.

will you throw again?" asked one of his companions.
"Not to-day," answered the successful javelin thrower, carelessly, "but if you please we will have a bout with swords. I will play I am Francis the First at Pavia, and, Pedro, you may be Charles the Fifth."

have defeated Charles."

It seemed like a bit of bravado, but it was not, only the frank, honest expression of a boy who was in deep earnest. The next moment their blades crossed as the two lads threw themselves into position.

"The great Constable is not here to-day to win a battle for Spain," continued the hoy called Geronimo, smiling, "so I do not think there is much danger of Francis losing his sword Look out, Pedro, I have touched you once; next time--ha!"

Pedro's sword flew into the air that instant, struck from his hand by a skillful blow, and fell down at the farther end of the yard, amid the shouts of the eager, watchful group of youngsters, while the conqueror made a threatening flourish with his own blade, and as suddenly desisted, walked slowly to the pile of arms and laid the weapon carefully down.

Two men who were standing at a window of the castle had witnessed this mimic war with a considerable degree of interest, and at its conclusion the elder, a large, heavy man, with a grave, saturnine countenance, dressed in a monkish suit of solemn black turned somewhat abruptly to his companion with the question, "Who is yon lad, Don Luis?"

"That is he—the boy—my Geronimo, your majesty."

"Hush! Not that name here. Remember,

"Hush! Not that name here. Remember, I am only Father Ambrose, a Hieronymite brother. But how comes the boy with such a marvelous skill in arms?" asked the other, bending his stern eyes upon Don

on now?

on now?"

The dark, grave man, clad in the monastic garb, turned to the window again as the sound of many voices and ringing laughter rose to the chamber. Standing there the two men were witnesses of a strange scene.

A motley crowd had gathered in the courtyard. In the midst was a band of wandering Moors, consisting of an old man, one much younger, and three girls, whose gleaming eyes and black, sweeping hair pronounced them of the purest stock of the Abencerrages, a brave, although a conquered race.

The Moorish dancing girls were much admired by the haughty Spaniards, and a

The Moorish dancing girls were much admired by the haughty Spaniards, and a throng of peasants, pages and men-atarms were looking on with gratified wonder at the agile gyrations of the dusky dancers. Whenever they paused the younger Moor passed round his fez, which was immediately filled with clinking silver. Among the horses that the Moors had ridden in on was one as black as night and graceful as an antelope, a pure Arabian, as one could tell by his dainty style and matchless beauty. The steed had attracted considerable attention, and one of the men-at-arms approached the elder Moor and expressed his wish to buy him. "Allah guard thee!" exclaimed the ancient Moslem, stroking his long, gray beard.

"I would not cheat a christian. The horse

him.

At length by the aid of a dozen men De Guzman succeeded in getting a saddle fastened upon him.

Two of the men-at-arms held his head, and De Guzman vauleed into the saddle. The Arabian uttered a wild scream, reared into the air, and sprang away with the speed of a deer while the man-at-arms was flung from the saddle like a stone from a catapult, falling upon his back—fortunately for him—in a soft, grassy spot.

"Mahound's own spirit is in the beast!" he exclaimed, as he rose to his feet more crestfallen than hurt.

ne exclaimed, as he rose to his feet more crestfallen than hurt.

"Said I not he was of no worth to thee?" said the aged Moor, placidly, as he whistled to the fiery animal, which immediately came running up to him and thrust its nose into his hands. "The christian does not live that can back him."

"Nay, but I can ride him." said the boy Geronimo, stepping forward.

"Thou."

"Thou."

"But how is this, Geronimo? Did not Charles defeat Francis?" asked Pedro, as he selected a light rapier from a stack of arms in the courtyard, that the boys had brought from the armory.

"True, but if I had been Francis I would have defeated Charles."

It seemed like a bit of bravado, but it was not, only the frank, honest expression

"Thou."

The white-bearded Moslem gazed earnestly at the broad forehead, the determined mouth, and the flashing eyes of the youthful speaker. The dancing girls had ceased their operations, and they, too, looked at him with a sort of pity and admiring wonder combined.

Geronimo seemed to read their thoughts, and he continued:

Geronimo seemed to read their thoughts, and he continued:
"Thou hast not answered. Is thy offer good to me as well as him? Can I have the horse if I can ride him?"
"Iderim is thine if thou canst ride him, I have said," replied the Moor, compos-

edly.
In an instant Geronimo was upon the steed's back, and the Arabian as quickly sprang away at a mad pace. But a different being from the heavy man-at-arms was upon his back. Geronimo seemed to have grown to him, until horse and boy appeared

"Santiago! that is good stuff to make a monk of!" mused the grave man in black at the casement above them. "A monastery must never curb that spirit. Hark ye, Don Luis de Quijada, I absolve thee. I foresee what the end will be. Eagles' eggs will make eagles, no matter where you hatch them. I am glad you brought me to see the boy. Do you see to his training longer still. I will speak to Philip. There may be need of him. Hush! Who comes?"

There was the sound of hurrying feet in the corridor without the door, and the next moment young Geronimo rusned in, his cheeks flushed with excitement, and his fair locks flying over his shoulders.

"Fie, Master Impatience! Is this the way you rush before company?" asked Don Luis, with bent brows. "It is our good friend, Father Ambrose, who has come to see what progress you are making in your books."

to see what progress you are making in your books."

"Burn the books!" cried the lad, irreverently. "They put me to sleep. But O, I have won such a prize—a pure Arabian, worth his weight in silver reals."

"Where learned you how to handle the javelin and sword so skillfully?" asked the visitor, sharply.

"From an old soldier who lives in the village yonder," answered Geronimo, readily. "He fought in the wars of Charles the Fifth. O, if I could only go to battle."

"Thou mayest have that privilege some day," said Father Ambrose, very gravely. "Perchance, however, as thou art older, thou wilt prefer the calm seclusion of monastic life to the strife and danger of arms."

arms."

"That will never be. Who would be a monk if he could help it?"

The boy's frank speech rather annoyed the visitor, who bit his lips.

"Charles the Fifth, the greatest monarch since Charlemagne, Emperor of Germany, King of the Spains, lord of the Netherlands, half of the Sicilies and of countless realms beyond the seas on whose lands, half of the Sicilies and of count-less realms beyond the seas, on whose dominions the sun never set, renounced all his titles and his state to become a simple monk," said the priest, bending on the youth his strange, dark gaze.

"I have heard he did so because he was disgusted with the cares of royalty," answered Geronimo, "A monastery would kill me."

answered Geronimo. "A monastery would kill me."

"Well, thou art young yet. Meanwhile thou shalt remain here and train that wild steed thou gottest from the Moor. 'Twas a bold deed, though a reckless one, and I believe the old moslem spoke true when he said thou wilt be a great leader of men. May our blessed St. James have you in his keeping."

The boy's heart bounded in his bosom as

The boy's heart bounded in his bosom as The boy's heart bounded in his bosom as he turned from that strange presence. Praise from this singular man was pleasant, but what could he mean by hinting at the great life before him? Would he, indeed, ever become a mighty captain and lead brave men to battle?

For many weeks and months the boy Geronimo pondered on the monk's strange

Geronimo pondered on the monk's strange

One year afterward he learned what they meant, for tidings came to Villagarcia one September day, that Father Ambrose, who, before he resigned his state and took a

before he resigned his state and took a monk's cowl, was known in the world as the Emperor Charles V., had died in the monastery of San Yuste.

And who, you ask, was Geronimo, the boy conqueror, who won Ilderim, "the lightning?" His name is a great one in European history—the victor of Lepanto and Governor of the Netherlands, who gained immortal fame and died before he was thirty-three—Don John of Austria.

gan to relax his speed, then he turned him and guided him to the group of spectators, bringing him to his bearings with the grace and skill of a practiced equestrian.

A shout of applause greeted his triumph. Even De Guzman, smarting from the bruises of his defeat, with the



# The DOY and the Oldsmobile

¶We have a proposition of interest and profit to YOU as a bright, wide-awake American boy.

¶ Isn't it true that you are never so happy and independent as when you are earning your own pocket-money—when you are "doing something." Enterprise appeals to your imagination—arouses your latent activities—makes a man of you.

¶ Out-door sport appeals to you as a live boy, and of all outdoor sport, the automobile is king.

# Boys, Here's Your Chance •

The Oldsmobile is the machine you know about—the one you want. You can own it if you have a fair amount of energy and hustle-in other words, if you are a "live boy."

¶Our proposition offers you not only a chance to own your own machine but to earn some easy pocket money as well. We are offering over \$2,000 in prizes for work which can be done in your spare time, leaving you all your usual time for play.

¶We want to tell you all about it, and want you to sit right down and write us a letter asking for information. Send a two-cent stamp for "A Message to Boys" and get the full details regarding this interesting proposition before the other boys in your neighborhood awake to its possibilities. Don't let the other fellow get in ahead.

Address Dept. 74

Olds Motor Works



# BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS

#### Little Romances of Savings Banks

A ragged little newsboy entered a Pittsburg bank one day and boldly invaded the private office of the president. 'Say, mister," he said, "can I put some money in this bank?"

"Certainly, you can," the president answered; "how much do you want to de-

"Certainly, you can," the president answered; "how much do you want to deposit?"

"A quarter!" exclaimed the youngster, pulling a handful of pennies and nickels out of his pocket. The banker took him over to the receiving teller and introduced him with all the deference that he would have shown to a millionaire.

The boy left the city soon after opening the account, but he kept adding to his deposit from time to time, and, as he was naturally bright and shrewd, everything he undertook prospered. He is back in Pitisburg now, the head of a successful manufacturing concern and one of the bank's most valued customers.

A year ago a proud young father out in Michigan sent \$25 to open an account for his first-born son, then less than a week old. "The boy'll need it some of these days," he wrote, "and we may as well begin to save for him right off." Six months later a tear-dimmed letter came, asking to withdraw the money, to pay the little fellow's funeral expenses.

A working woman in a litle town in New York sent a dollar bill in the name of her daughter, six years of age. "She'll be marrying by and by," she said, "and ought to have something to start life on." That was nearly two years ago, and almost every week since a dollar bill has been added to the account. There'll a snug little marriage portion for the young lady some day, if nothing happens.

Not long ago a woman living in Illi-

Not long ago a woman living in Illi- ing and its other proofs of ignorance on

Gents,

I would like the job you advertize in the paper so please let me no whare to come to see about it. Have had a good job but give it up because of the low pay. I wont work for less than six a week, hope you give saturday afternoon off. If you anscer this let me know hours and wages and what the work is. Would like the place if it would soot me. Write at once as I have another job I may take soon, so let me hear from you by noon tomorrow With kind respect.

A fourth applicant, whose capital let-

A fourth applicant, whose capital letters began and ended with the most elaborate and deeply shaded flourishes, and who had drawn a picture of a bird on the wing at the top of the sheet of paper, wrote as follows:

Dear Sir:
Enclosed find sample of my penmanship which is not my best for I have a poor pen. Can do any kind of fancy writing and am clever at drawing pen pictures. Am fair at figgures. Would like the place if the pay is all right. Can give good recommendations. State full particulars if you reply to this.

The fifth letter was neatly written on

The fifth letter was neatly written on a full sheet of plain, unruled paper, with an envelope to match, and it was as follows:

Dear Sir:
Will you kindly consider me an applicant for the position you have advertised in this morning's Herald? I am sixteen years old and have had some experience in general office work. It would give me pleasure to call on you with references if you would like to have me do so. Very sincerely yours,

Now which one of these five letters do you think would make the best impression on a business man, or on any one of intelligence and discrimination? Surely not the first letter with its bad spell-



IN CAMP ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN Photo by Mrs. E. E. Trumbull, Plattsburg, N. Y.

nois sent five dollars, with explicit instructions not to let her "old man" know about it, as "he'd be after spending every cent of it for drink."—Success,

# Can You Write a Letter?

The ability to write a letter as it should be written is a valuable accomplishment. A poorly written and badly spelled letter always makes a bad impression, and often subjects one to a great deal of ridicule. Some years ago I was employed in the office of a gentleman who wanted to engage a boy for general office duties. An advertisement was inserted in one of the daily papers and all applicants for the place were spectful and willing to serve. He did to apply in their own handwriting. Now, I want to give you some of the responses to that advertisement, just as day afternoon off," as did the writer of the third letter. Altogether, it was a

the part of the writer. And just here let me urge upon you boys the importance of learning to spell correctly. Bad spelling always makes a bad impression on a person of intelligence. Good handwriting does not atone for poor spelling. While inability to spell correctly is not always a sign of ignorance it nearly always excites ridicule, and where one is unacquainted with the writer it creates the impression that he is an ignorant

Now, I want to give you some of the responses to that advertisement, just as they were written by the applicants for the position. Here they are:

Dear Sir,

Please consider Me an applicant for the posishion you advertize in this morning's heraid. I wood like the place real bad so please let me have it.

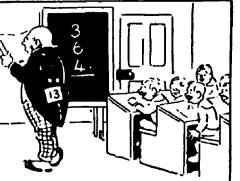
Another applicant—all names will of course be omitted—wrote as follows:

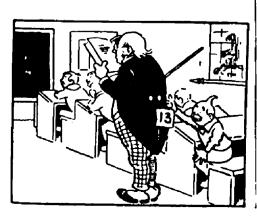
Deare Sir:

I desire to aply for the place you put in the morning paper. Am 15 years ould an think I can fill the bill if wages is sattisfactory an the hours aint too long. Let me know if you want me an I will come an see you an talke things over.

This letter was written on half a sheet of solled note paper and inclosed in a very dirty yellow envelope. A third letter was written with a lead pencil, on a sheet of paper evidently torn from an old record book, and it read as follows:

"Where There's a Will—"







#### Toilet Hints for Boys By R E. M.

Some people seem to think that it is only a girl who needs information about toilet matters, and yet they are very quick to notice if there is anything amiss in the body.

quick to notice if there is anything amiss in the boy's appearance.

Many times the reason for a boy's apparent neglect is because he does not know exactly what is needed, and thinks it is not quite proper for a "man" to bother about such things. Nine times out of ten the mother and sisters are to blame for this view of the matter. It is just as necessary for a boy to be neat about his personal appearance as it is for a girl, and how is he to learn the little "tricks of the trade," unless some one tells him?

The care of the hands and finger nails

The care of the hands and finger nails is important. The hands of boys on the farm soon become hard and calloused, but if they are kept clean and the nails neatly trimmed, the owners need not be ashamed of them. A dish of cornmeal on the wash shelf will assist in keeping the hands clean, and a little cream rubbed into the skin at night, will help to keep them from chapping. A small, stiff brush that can be bought for five cents is excellent for brushing the nails when washing the hands. Nothing about the hand looks worse than a black line at the root of the nail. When warm water is used for washing the hands, be sure to rinse them in cold water, as that contracts the skin again and prevents The care of the hands and finger nails to rinse them in cold water, as that con-tracts the skin again and prevents chapping. Some boys have an idea that it is best to wash in cold water, even in the coldest weather, but this is a mis-take, as warm water will remove the dirt better and the cold rinse tones the skin. Use pure soap for washing the hands and face. White castile is perhaps the

Now, I want to say a word about shaving. Some boys begin shaving too soon, and make themselves ridiculous by scraping their faces with the razor before there is a hint of down to remove. fore there is a hint of down to remove. Others wait too long and allow their faces to show not only the down, but a few scraggly hairs on the chin before they resort to the razor. After these appear it is time to use the razor, and ev-ery boy should learn to use it on his own ery boy should learn to use it on his own face, as there will be times when neither the barber nor his boy chums will be at hand. Use only the best kind of shaving soap, as it takes such a trifle each time that the expense need not matter. To relieve the disagreeable sensation after shaving, dust the face liberally with toilet powder. If sister offers her box of Mennen's, it will be well to accept it gratefully.

box of Mennen's, it will be well to accept it gratefully.

The care of the hair is another thing that is sometimes neglected. Of course, the hair is combed when it needs it, but it should be brushed, as brushing makes the hair soft and teaches it to stay where it belongs. Brush it well every day. every day.

## Vacation Money

easily earned by hustling boys selling the KING COLLAR BUTTON

These buttons are one piece, unbreakable: ten carat rolled gold plated. Try a dozen. Before the patent expired they were retailed at 25c apiece. You can sell them at 6 for 25c and make big profit. Send us 23c for one dozen. Special price by the gross.

Address MT. CARMEL MFG. COMPANY 25 M. Oak Street

# Catcher's Mitt GIVEN



Perfectly made, extra large. Hest gray tan leather. Careful double sewing all around, strengthened by rivets. Lacenge for thumb and ball pocket. Raised beel and double palm. Wine color leather back. Made of leather throughout, stuffed with curled hair. Very thick. Bend name and address for 30 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10 cents each. Everyone will buy of you for every housewife use BLUINE of the receipt of our \$2.00 we will send the mitt just as shown and described here, expresse charges paid by us. With this mitt you can catch twice as well; we also give a ferst-class fielding glove for selling 30 packages more. Write Inday. Wa guarantee satisfaction.

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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., 165 Washington St., Chicago.

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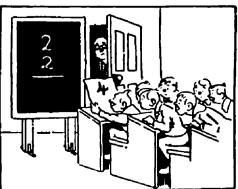
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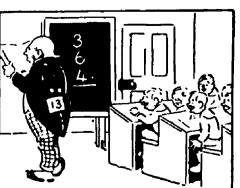
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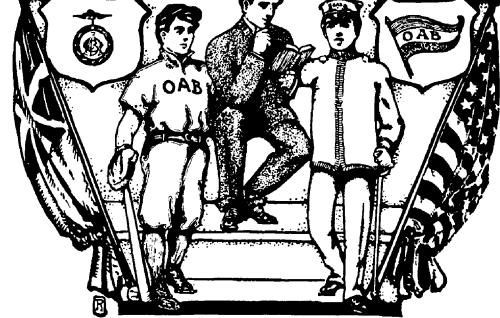
#### New Companies Organized

Edward Tiffin Co., No. 79, Division of Ohio, Prairie Depot, Ohio; Anthony Sunflower Co., No. 32, Division of Kansas, Anthony, Kans.; Elkhorn Valley Co., No. 21, Division of Nobraska, Wisner, Neb.; Lone Wolf Co., No. 8, Division of Oklahoma Territory, Lone Wolf, O. T.; Rouge River Co., No. 72, Division of Michigan, Rockford, Mich.; Lake Merrit Co., No. 29, Division of California, Oakland, Calif.; Walter B. Miller Co., No. 5, Division of Maryland, Salisbury, Md.; Beaver Creek Co., No. 54, Division of New York, Brookfield, N. Y.; Lake Superior Co., No. 29, Division of Wisconsin, Superior, Wis.; White Hall Athletic Co., No. 56, Division of Pennsylvania, Allen wood, Pa.; Wagoner Grit Co., No. 1, Division of Indian Territory, Wagoner, I. T.; Geronimo Co., No. 12, Division of New Jersey, Newark, N. J.; Col. Wm. Cary Sanger Co, No. 55, Division of New York, Waterville, N. Y.

#### Company News

COMPANY News

YOUNG AMERICANS ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 28, Petaluma, Cal., has now 12 members. Its ball team played its first game on April 27th but was defeated, the score being 28 to 24. Better luck next time. THE SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill., has now 32 members on its roll. It intends to celebrate its first anniversary on June 13th at Fairview Park in the form of an afternoon and evening plenic, with athletic games and baseball in the afternoon and a supper in the evening. At its anniversary the company will also install new officers. Company picture was duly received. All the members are most enthusiastic and expect to be able to rent a hall this fall as permanent quarters. This company since its inception has been earnest in living up to and practising the great principles of our Order and we trust that the prosperity it presently enjoys will be greatly increased. ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOYS' COMPANY, No. 5, Oxden, Utah, has a nice clubroom fitted up in the home of one of the members. The walls are decorated with pictures of great men. It has nine members \$4.50 in the treasury and 20 volumes of books in its library. Its charier has been framed and it has an O. A. B. Pennant. A baseball outfit was got by selling bluine. July 5 has been fixed by the members on which to give a reception to their parents and friends. This is a first class plan and we trust that the members will acquit themselves in a creditable manner. The company meets every Friday evening, the members giving reading selections, violin and mandolling solos, etc. Dues 5 cts. each meeting. MASSASOIT COMITANY, No. 37, Rockford, Ill., has held its fourth semi-annual election and the new officers are: Raiph H. Woolsey, Capt.; Charley R. Cope. V. C.; Ray C. McLarty, Secty.; Wm. Kellberg, Treas., and the form of the confidence the members have in their officers that they should re-elect them for the third and fourth time. This company is now having a history of its career since organized printed, and the Secretary will rurnish copies to mem make its own by-laws, provided such are in accordance with the principles and purposes of the Order. We should think that a composition of the Order. We should think that a composition of the Order. We should think that a composition of the Order. We should think that a composition of the Order. We should think that a composition of the Order. We should think that a composition of the Order. We should think that a composition of the Order. All the members we true the proposed of the Order. All the members we true the proposed of the Order. All the members we true the proposed of the Order. All the members we true to the order of the Order. All the members we true to the order of the Order. All the members we true to the proposed of Constitution and the proposed Constitution of the Order. All the order of the Order. All the members we true to the order of the Order. All the order of the Order of the Order. All the order of the Order of the Order. All the Order of the Order of the Order. All the Order of the



## 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.



BANGAMON BAY LEAF OO. No. 46, DECATUR, ILL.

Now, if the boys of America ever expect to have a permanent yearly celebration of their own, it seems to me that they never can have a better opportunity of making their efforts tell, than now, when the idea is being so energetically and widely spread. Do not think because your town is small and away from the large centres of population that it is useless celebrating. Population, large or small, makes no difference, as a celebration can be as successful in a town of 1,000 people as in one of 100,000 if only the boys will be up and doing. Get your adult friends, parents, teachers and others to interest themselves in the matter. Let them understand that their part in the celebration will only be to procure a suitable meeting place, select the boys to take part, have a few rehearsals and act as chairman of the meeting. We will promise the material for the program. We have still some copies of the pamphlet containing the proceedings of American Boy Day at St. Louis, and we shall gladly send free a copy to such adult friend who writes for it. This will give an idea of how we conducted the "day" at St. Louis. Now, there is no time to lose, so get to work, everyone with a will, and the determination that your celebration of American Boy Day, 1905, shall be a memorable one in your town. We shall also, on receiving intimation from any adult person assuring us that American Boy Day will be celebrated in his town, send copy of a program for the celebration.

#### Correspondence Clubs

The number of boys who are joining these clubs is most gratifying, showing that they are desirous of gaining a store of valuable knowledge and information which will be of the utmost value to them. These clubs have now passed the preliminary stage and are in first class shape. Of course I need not point out that the more boys who join these clubs the greater the benefits that the members will derive. Every boy interested in any line of work or hobby will find it of the greatest benefit to become a member of some one of these clubs.

#### Special Prizes

The three companies who were in the lead in the contest for increased membership on May 31st were: Honest Abe Company, No. 38, Division of New York, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.; Sangamon Bay Leaf Company, No. 45, Division of Illinois, Decatur, Ill.; Anthony Sunflower Company, No. 32, Division of Kansas, Anthony, Kan.

#### Renewing Subscriptions

I again wish to draw the attention of captains to a matter of importance; and that is, that in order to keep up the membership in your companies, you should carefully watch for the expiration of your members' subscriptions and obtain and send in renewal subscriptions before such subscriptions run out.

#### Company Letter and June Program

Detroit, June 10th, 1905. My Dear Captains and Brothers of Our

Detroit, June 10th, 1905.

My Dear Captains and Brothers of Our Order:

Within a few days after this letter reaches you, schools will be closed, and you will be set free for a time from your studies. To some of you it will mean a complete rest from every kind of work, and you will probably do nothing but play. To others it will mean only a change from one kind of work to another. To you all I sincerely wish a great good time, and that you may return to your studies in September with every energy invigorated.

There are other members of our Order who will this month leave the school-room not to enter it again. You now intend to seek out employment whereby you may begin your life's work. With hope and courage you intend to make of yourself something that will count; not one of you, I am sure, has the slightest thought of being a laggard in the, it may be, long race before you. To you, I would say, watch. Do not be willing to jump at the first position offered because of the inducement of salary. Find out what you like best, what you are fitted for, and altho you may not obtain your special work just at the beginning, bend every effort in that direction. Do not, as so many are doing, think that if you get in eight hours' work you are entitled to spend the remaining hours of the day in forgetting your work. You will never amount to much by doing that. It is only by keeping everlastingly at it that success comes, and no man, and no boy, ever achieved success except by putting forth their best energies.

Whatever employment you may ob-

ting forth their best energies.
Whatever employment you may obtain, be diligent and faithful. Don't be shirkers. I think the shirker is the meanest and most contemptible being on earth. You may not be smart or meanest and most contemporation on earth. You may not be smart or extraordinarily brilliant, or be a genius, but you can be faithful, and faithfulness counts. In these days it is the faithful, diligent boy or man who can be relied upon in every emergency whom employers are seeking and to whom they are willing to pay large salaries.

Yours for M. M. M.,

WM. C. SPRAGUE,

President General.



HE Boston English High School orchestra was organized in October, 1887, and has enjoyed a continuous existence. Its efforts in the beginning were not pretentious, but the easy pieces within its scope were well rendered.

well rendered.

The accompanying picture was taken for the St. Louis Exposition and shows thirty-one players. At the present time there are nearly forty members, and every instrument is represented except the oboe.

Though the membership has changed more or less from year to year, it has increased in numbers and musical power. So great has been the improvement in playing orchestral instruments that pieces which

orchestral instruments that pieces which in the beginning were well nigh impossible can now be rendered with little difficulty.

The orchestra has been continually under the direction of its founder—the writer of this article—one of the teachers in the Stuart Cangney and His Two

The present elective system in the Boston high schools allows one diploma point for those who practice vocal music one hour a week, and the orchestral practice in this school is now recognized to be of the same

No financial assistance has ever been given by the city. The property of the Orchestra has been contributed by the members to the amount of \$200 in instruments and library. In the latter are one hundred and thirty selections, among them works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Schumann, Schubert, Weber, Gounod, Suppe, Moszkowski, Scharwenka, and many American composers.

There are also some thirty manuscript arrangements, the private property of the director. The program at the last graduation contained the overture "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Wilhelmj's transcription of Walther's "Preislied."

Several members of No financial assist-

Several members of the orchestra do pro-fessional

also a manufacturer of all kinds of drummer's traps, acquired his interest as a member of the E. H. S. Orchestra.

The organization has often played in connection with the lectures in the Old South Meeting house, and for other educational functions.

Now that instrumental music has been companied.

cational functions.

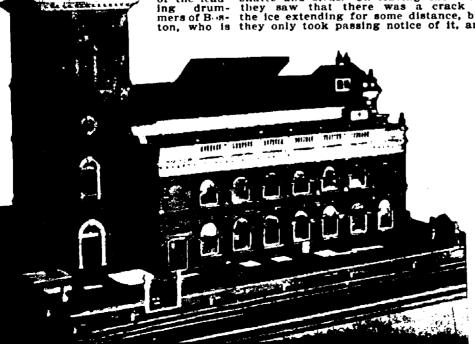
Now that instrumental music has been recognized as a regular study in this school, there is every encouragement for a pupil to keep up practice in ensemble playing; pleasure is added to profit; and he never lacks a delightful means of entertainment for himself and for others. One enjoys music more when he is himself a part of it, and thus busily and happily engaged, he experiences a conscious increuse gaged, he experiences a conscious increase of power which is most exhibarating and healthful.—The American High School.

# Little Sisters, Whom He Saved From Drowning

Stuart Cangney of Catawba Island, Ohio, age nine, recently saved his two little sisters, Verdi and Elizabeth, aged five and seven years, from drowning. The home of these little folks is situated at the north end of Catawba Island, about 100 feet from the water's edge. On the occasion of the rescue the chil-



work. One dren went down to the ice with their of the lead-skates and sleds. On leaving the shore ing drum-they saw that there was a crack in mers of B-18-the ice extending for some distance, but they only took passing notice of it, and



upon which they had been playing broke into small cakes and was distributed far and wide by the heavy seas.

### Smart Ginger

Ginger is an Irish terrier of such uncertain disposi-tion that his master doesn't like to take him along when he expects to meet strang-ers. But Ginger didn't care

ers. But Ginger didn't care so much what his master wanted as what he wanted himself; so he generally followed his owner whether he liked it or not.

A few weeks ago he did this, and when his owner ordered him home, Ginger sneaked along behind him, hiding behind bushes and trees whenever he looked around. When they had gone so far Ginger thought he was safe. He made his appearance, wagging the stump of his ginger-colored tall.

tail.

His master was going out canoeing, and he had to take Ginger along because he could not send him back home. So they went out together and Ginger's owner paddled straight out into the ocean. It was a little rough, and Ginger got tarrible.

straight out into the ocean. It was a little rough, and Ginger got terribly seasick.

Since then Ginger's master has no trouble about making Ginger stay home. Whenever he does not want the dog's company he simply picks up a paddle, and Ginger immediately crawls under the sofa and hides till his master is out of sight.

### A Newsboy With a Voice

Newsboys with voices are not rare, but newsboys with voices like that of Sam-mie Jasper, of Cleveland, Ohio, are not



SAMMIE JASPER

found on every bush. Sammie came from Russia to this country at the age of two and a half years, and is now fourteen. His voice is a clear tenor. Some time ago his singing attracted the attention of crites, who at once saw to it that Sammie got an opportunity to quit selling papers and learn how to make money in some other way. For some time he took part in entertainments in Cleveland homes, and then was sent to New York homes, and then was sent to New York to begin a musical education. If Sammie succeeds, as no doubt he will, for he is a careful and conscientious boy, he will not be the first newsboy who made a success in the line of music.

### Model of Historic Old Christ Church Added to the National Relics in Independence Hall

A model of historic old Christ Church, where Washington and other celebrities worshipped, has just been added to the national relics in Independence Hall. The model was made by the late Joseph E. Hover, of 416 Race street, Philadelphia, and was presented by his heirs. The model is exact in every particular, inside and out, even the gravestones in the yard being accurately reproduced in miniature. The model is accompanied by miniature. The model is accompanied by a leter from Thomas U. Walter, the architect who reconstructed the interior of the church in 1836. In this letter Mr. Walter states that the model is a faithful reproduction of the original.

Old Christ Church is located upon Second street above Market street, in

what was once the fashionable quarter of Philadelphia, but which has for generations been devoted almost entirely to purposes of traffic. The church, which was one of the most notable in which was one of the most notable in the colonies, was completed in 1744, the steeple, however, being finished seven years later. The church was the place of worship of George Washington, Ben-jamin Franklin and many other per-sonages of distinction.

# Do You Want to Change Your Work?

Before the days of the I. C. S., if a man wanted to change his occupation he had to let go the ladder he was on and begin all over again at the bottom of the new ladder. The I. C. S. system of spare time training by mail has changed all that. To-day if a man desires to change to a more remunerative, more congenial occupation he can prepare himself for the new occupation while pursuing the old.

The I. C. S. has made the way and the cost both easy.

If you want to change to a better paying occupation or if you want to advance more rapidly in your present line of work the first thing, the important thing, is to ask HOW by filling in and mailing to us the coupon below.

International Correspondence Schools Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

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We are about to publish "the best Poultry Paper in America" at a popular price. It will command national interest. To secure a good name for it, we will pay \$.00 in gold for the name accepted, \$50, \$35, \$15 respectively for the three next best. All have an equal chance. Contest closes November 1st, 1905. Write for free prospectus, particulars governing contest and hank references. NAWKHS PUBLISHING CO., Box 118 WATERVILLE, N. Y. Agenta Wanted Everywhere. Liberal Compensation.





NIFORMS FIREMEN, MILITARY and all others. Send for Catalog, mention kind wanted.

BASE BALL UNIFORMS a Specialty WESTERN UNIFORM CO., 234 CLARK ST., CHICAGO. "My son, aged 12, just writes me that he is to play center for his team, so I have somewhat of a personal interest in the game. To have this fine boy killed or maimed would break his mother's heart, and at least leave a very sore spot on my own. But—

To this the only way a mother's heart is

the-knowledge-of-evil theory.
At least 25 per cent practice vices from which the athlete turns with loathing; and the rest are mental, moral and physical weak-

careful oversight throughout their little lives. From them nothing of

means simply one more to be drowned or

Individual cases of injury or death from the rough athletics of the day are dis-tressful; but strike the balance truly, and

be in favor of the training of

who will require the same



in bright colors, such sentiments as the following: "Bound for the land of sunshine, flowers and corn," "A soldier, I fought to make Kansas free, and for my future home," "Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes and for the Homestead Bill," and so on.

Liverymen did a thriving business in those days in Kansas, as there were few

Liverymen did a thriving business in those days in Kansas, as there were few railroads. My trip through the state would in most part have to be made in the saddle. Upon reaching Emporia I cast about for a good saddle horse and was told to take my choice of two Colorado ponies, Black Bess and White Bess. I chose White Bess for several reasons. Her fine shape, her large black eye, Her fine shape, her large black eye, pleased me, and then a white horse does not attract the heat as does a dark one. Bess had never been in a saddle until that year, having run unrestrained from a foal on the prairie.

I had been out about a week on my trip when I reached the brink of the Verdigris river. After swimming the river we had to ascend a very steep hill. Once on top, what a grand view presented itself of gentle, rolling prairie, nature's rich green pasture and meadow-

I set off down the hill in a canter, a

I set off down the hill in a canter, a gait a Colorado pony can keep up all day. Soon I passed a dead Texas steer. I knew it to be a Texas steer by the long horns. His head was turned toward the slaughtering pens of the East, but it was not his to die that death. Shortly afterwards I met a number of Kaw Indians, riding their horses tandem, which I thought a very unsociable and inconvenient way, considering the miles of unfenced and unoccupied prairie around them. Each of them carried quite a quantity of meat. They had evidently been on a hunt and were returning to their homes in the Neosho Valley. Each one as he passed said "How! How!" their usual salutation, but I noticed they looked more at the pony than they did

Shortly after noon I reached a "break" or small canyon, where there was plenty of good water and "break" or small canyon, where there was plenty of good water and short, tender grass, on which Hess might feed. The water was in what was called "drawers," a clear spring of cool water which runs under ground, coming to the surface every few rods. I had brought a lunch, and after selecting a shady place under the shelving of a white magnesia lime rock, above which grew a prairie rose in full bloom, and also what I took to be a wild gooseberry bush, I made a very hearty meal; Bess, too, seemed to be enjoying hers. Long before sundown I could see the "shack," or house, with the high-built corrais of the ranchers. They built the corrals high to keep the wolves from destroying the sheep at night. I reached the ranch at six o'clock.

The next day was very warm and sultry, and I was preparing to return when a heavy storm came up. First there were low, blue-black clouds, accompanied by tremendous wind—a small Kansas cyclone, blowing down

came up. First there were low, blue-black clouds, accompanied by tremendous wind—a small Kansas cyclone, blowing down trees and fences. Immediately after it had passed a bright, saffron-colored cloud came up, bringing with it a very heavy rain, a "cloud-burst," they called it. It was now late in the evening, but as I was anxious to return, I started. About halfway back I had to cross Bird Creck, and as I approached it I could and as I approached it I could hear the roar of the waters. It hear the roar of the waters. It was quite dark, the moon not being up, and, before I arrived at the banks of the creek, the water reached the skirts of the saddle. At last Bess went to her neck. I knew it would be dangerous to go farther at that point, and concluded to go a little way up the stream, hoping to find more shallow water.

The trail showed very little travel, and was hard to keep in the dark. I concluded to count until I crossed, then count in the same way on the other side, and

until I crossed, then count in the same way on the other side, and in that way find the trail. I also dismounted and struck a match, to make sure I was on the right track. Finally I got back to Bird Creek. Five times I tried to cross, but each time was diven back by the depth of the water. I should govern! of the water. I shouted several times

of the water. I shouted several times in order to attract the attention of any house dog, in case I might be within hailing distance of any human habitation; but there came no welcome bark. The moon was giving some light now, but I felt that I was completely lost. I decided to go back from the creek a short distance. Taking off my blanket, I spread it on the grass, and after taking the saddle and bridle off Bess, and fastening her with a lariat, I sat down and lighted my pipe, preparing to spend a long and lonesome night. I could hear the dismal howling of the coyotes, but they were not dangerous. Frogs gave a free concert in the muddy waters of the creek. Occasionally a prairie bird, with free concert in the muddy waters of the of the battle and brought back found with notes of alarm, flew upward, but quickly descended. As I quietly smoked, without any warning, a long-winged bird hit me full in the face. Again and again,

Among the contered and brought back found with his back broken, some distance from the others, trying to drag himself to the river.

Among the relics of this trip I brought

without warning it came, first on one side and then on the other.

About three hours before dawn, Bess, who had been lying down, leaped to her feet with a cry of alarm that sounded almost human. Looking in the direction where the animal was grazing, I saw what at first glance seemed to be a wild cat, but a nearer view revealed a wolf that had in some way lost part of its tail. I got my revolver and kept a watch on him. He kept moving around Bess and me in circles, snarling and sniffing the air. He kept this up for some time, but at last started for the river.

It was with a sigh of relief that I watched his long shadow until he disappeared over the ridge. Bess lay down again, and I took up my lonely vigil, watching for the dawn of the morning. How still it was—nothing but the wash and swirl of the creek.

I must have ben dozing, when Bess gave another alarm. Springing to my feet, I saw that the same wolf had returned with a dozen more. I knew I had cowardly but treacherous brutes to day. Soon I passed a dead Texas steer by the I knew it to be a Texas steer by the long horns. His head was turned toward the slaughtering pens of the East, but it was not his to die that death.

Shortly afterwards I met a number of Kaw Indians, riding their horses tandem, which I thought a very unsociable and inconvenient way. considering the miles of unfenced and unoccupied prairie around them. Each of them carried quite a quantity of meat. They had evidently been on a hunt and were returning to their homes in the Neosho Valley. With my gun in my right hand, I threw their usual salutation, but I noticed they looked more at the pony than they did at me.

With a doyard more. I knew I knew I knew in the accovarily but treacherous brutes to dead with a doyardly but treacherous brutes to deal with. Bess evidently wanted to go to battle. They circled round us, commanded to battle. They circled round us, commanded them and nearer, snarling and mearer, snarling and would break his mother's heart, and at least leave a very sore spot on my own. But—

Is this the only way a mother's heart is ever broken by her sons?

There is something more than school-mok lore to be acquired by our boys in their school days. Their associates are actively molding the character of each other; their frames are settling into health or abnormal conditions; the success or failure of their future careers are broked more at the pony than they did ful wound. He fell back and was pre
Take 1.000 boys who are brought up in the active sports of which foot-

ess or faiture of their future careers are eing decided.

Take 1,000 boys who are brought up in the active sports of which football is a type. Note the fine athletic frames, the ruddy complexions, the clear eyes, the frank, open countenances. The keen, alert BULLETS INTO HIM, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY true value is to be expected.

They may become erudite, but
they will never be men of action. At
least 100 of them die before maturity of
minor ailments and accidents which their minor allments and accidents which their robust competitors would have thrown off with ease. They are a race of weaklings, valetudinarians, shivering over the register while their hearty brethren are enjoying the brisk air outside. Should an emergency arise calling for the exercise of strength and judgment, they may show the same courage as the others, but their shrunken muscles are unfit for the task before them; and if they plunge into the river to rescue the drowning maid, it means simply one more to be drowned or

paring for another attack, when I saw my opportunity and sent two bullets into him, killing him instantly. Before I could make a move, another wolf ran up to his dead comrade, sniffed the carcass, turned his head upward and gave a dismal how! It seemed to be a signal to all the rest, for they hurrled off to

Walnut river.

After the battle I examined Bess. She was severely hurt on the hips and breast. It was well that I placed the lariat around her neck, instead of the front foot, as I generally did, for I believe the rope swinging before her throat saved her life.

When I reached my next stop, which was the home of a friend whom I had known in Ohio, I related my night's experience. We went back to the scene of the battle and brought back four

could make a move, another wolf ran up to his dead comrade, snifted the carsast, turned his head upward and gave a dismal howl. It seemed to be a signal to all the rest, for they hurried off to Walnut river.

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When I reached my next stop, which was the home of a friend whom I had known in Ohio, I related my night's experience. We went back to the scene of the battle and brought back four wolf skins. One wolf was found with his back broken, some distance from the others, trying to drag himself to the Among the relics of this trip I brought of the battle and brought back four wolf skins. One wolf was found with his back broken, some distance from the

ning a few games, with the accompanying injuries and mortality? Would not this plan give to the nation a greater number of better men than the present gladiatorial method of college athletics?

### AMATEUR JOURNAL-ISM DEPARTMENT الله الله Edited by W. R. MURPHY الله الله

[The editor will send copies of typical amateur papers to boys interested in the hobby, providing a stamped addressed wrapper is

### Amateur Journalists' Annual Conventions

The work of the Amateur Journalists' year culminates in the annual conventions which are held under the auspices of the national associations. Convention week represents the red letter days of the hobby to the majority of the junior journalists. Crowded into the convention days are any number of pleasant with the whites. Their reservation at this time (1867) was on the Neosho and Post (1867) was on the Neosho and River Valley, about eight miles northwest of the now flourishing city of Emporia. At the same time I purchased the bow, arrow and quiver of old Ehebea then the oldest Indian in the tribe.

Many long years, with their sunshine and shadow, have come and gone since that night in the wilds of Kansas, and I suppose Bess has gone where all good ponies go, and the scars on my writing and hand, and the memories of that and hand, and the memories of that me until I, too, shall have passed over the Great Divide.

A Discussion of Football That

Will Interest Parents

An interesting discussion by physicians on the subject of football recently appeared in the Medical World. Dr. William F. Waugh, of Chicago, writing on the subject says:

"My son, aged 12 just writes me that he game. To have this fine boy killed or maimed would break his mother's heart is game. To have this fine boy killed or maimed would break his mother's heart is ever broken by her sons?

There is something more than school-book lore to be acquired by our boys in their school days. Their associates are actively molding the character of coloner; their frames are settling into the city molding the character of coloner; their frames are settling into the active sports of which for the conventions. A AMERICAN BOY readers will be actively molding the character of coloner; their frames are settling into the city molding the character of coloner; their frames are settling into the city molding the character of coloner; their frames are settling into the city molding the character of coloner; their frames are settling into the city of the conventions. All AMERICAN BOY readers will be cordially welcomed.

Take 1,000 boys who are brought up in the active sports of which for the conventions. All AMERICAN BOY readers will be cordially discussed in the conventions. The conventions at the convention of the convention of the convention at the eature sports of wh and profitable features, which render the occasion one long to be anticipated and longer I suppose Bess has gone where all good ponies go, and the scars on my wrist and hand, and the memories of that night on the lone prairle will be with me until I, too, shall have passed over the Great Divide. A Discussion of Football That

rountenances, the keen, alert glance, and tell me if these are not the men on whom the Nation will depend in its troubles. When occasion arises for the exercise of trated then on May 6 last at the Republican strength and readiness, these men club in New York City at the Reunion of The strength and readiness, these men are on hand to rescue those in peril, extinguish fires, command the crowd. Well developed muscles and practiced minds enable law, medicine and business came from many them to do things for which the states to gather about the festal board and others are unprepared. We will pay tribute to amateur journalism, both for allow that in the training one is the jolly times it had made possible and the the jolly times it had made possible and the drowned, one bursts a blood-vessel, one dies in a scrimmage, and two are maimed for life. The other 995 receive no permanent injury.

Take another 1,000 and educate the jolly times it had made possible and the good it had done in the halcyon days of boyhood. Many clever speeches full of wit and sentiment were made and each "fossil" pledged himself to use his best efforts for the perpetuation of amateur journalism and to aid the young amateurs of today. Space limits prevents a list of the distinguished guests present, but the writer as he traveled to his hotel was full of enthusiasm at the notable and inspiriting occasion. Take another 1,000 and educate them on the principle of avoiding all sports that involve an element of danger. They do not play games, swim, ride, fence, jump, wrestle, leap, box, or row. They are carefully garnered into their little beds at 8 p. m., bathe only in warm water to avoid chilling the skin, eat only sterilized and predigested foods, read only expurgated books of the most inoffensive style, and are in a word brought up on the carefully-shielded-from-harm-and-the-knowledge-of-evil theory. spiriting occasion.

By no mecns so elaborate but every white as enthusiastic was the sixth annual reunion of Philadelphia amateurs, past and present, which was celebrated at the Walnut on May 26 by a reception and dinner. Many glowing words to the efficiency and pleasure of amateur journalism were spoken in the toast responses. Everybody, young and old, had a royal good time. The society seconded the proposal of the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club to hold the 1906 convention of the National Amateur Press Association in the Quaker City and initiated a movement to have a grand raily of amateurs of all periods at the same time.

Philadelphia is a candidate for convention reat, 1906, of the National Amateur Fress Association.

reat, 1906, of the National Amateur Press Association.

Baltimore and New York are tussling for the privilege of entertaining the United Amateur Press Association. Each of these cities promises a cordial welcome and a royal reception to the visiting amateurs.

It is not often the case that three opposing candidates for an important office in an organization have a chance to fulfill its duties during the same year. The mutations, time, rpace and circumstances have brought about just this condition of affairs in the United Amateur Press Association. At the last convention in Baltimore, John W. Smith (The Amateurist), of Philadelphia; Lee B. Chase (The Pennant), of Chicago, and I. Eugene Reymour (The Venture), of Kansas City, were rivals for the office of official editor. J. W. Smith was elected. A business removal to Baltimore necessitated his resignation in November, when I. E. Seymour was appointed. The latter removing to Albany, N. Y., to enter professional journalism, Louis J. Cohen, of Minneapolis, was appointed. He, too, resigned, and Lee B. Chase was appointed. His will prohably stick the matter out, as he is a persevering lad.

### The Letter Box

Vahn W. Russom—Paul H. Appleby, publisher of The Chum, lives at Sedalia, Mo. The price is 39c per year. The monthly magazines and reviews will give full information about

Paul J. Richmond-There is always room at the top, and the amateur journalists will a hearty welcome to the paper you and your brother think of establishing.

J. Ray Spink—A number of printing press firms advertise in our columns. Their presses do excellent work when rightly handled, and their business integrity curues honest treatment of customers.

# University of Pennsylvania Will Try to Make Every Student an Athlete Automatic Midget Artist's

THE DIRECTORS of the University of Pennsylvania mean that the college shall become one of the foremost athletic centers in the country. With this end in view they have just built a magnificent new gymnasium at a cost of \$525,000, and have searched the continent for a man suitable to take charge of this fine building as physical director of the University. The choice has fallen on Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, President of the American Association of College Gymnasium Directors.

TESTING THE LUNG CAPACITY

Since Dr. McKenzie came to Philadelphia from the McGill University in Canada there has been a mighty stirring among the dry bones of the University. Every student who has athletic ambitions has been requested to call at the office of the physical director, and cards of invitation have been aftered and recorded by one of the scribes in the director, and cards of invitation have been sent to all the college boys, whether athletically inclined or not, asking them to come and be examined with a view to their future usefulness to the college as stars of the cinder path or field. To examine so many boys has proven a Herculean task, but Dr. McKenzie and a staff of assistants have been busy night and day, testing the student's strength, registering his lung capacity, measuring his bleeps and gauging his general efficiency biceps and gauging his general efficiency in a physical sense. As a result the physical condition of all the boys is recorded in the office of the director and Dr. Mc-



TAKING HEAD AND NECK MEASUREMENTS

are fit for nothing but weight lifting and strap breaking. He wishes to so train the boys that they shall be physically fit for the battle of life, as well as able to excel in the particular department of athletics which their muscular development suggests a fitness for a fitness for.

a fitness for.

Dr. McKenzie's method is first to carefully examine the boy, his condition and his family history and then prescribe for him the exercises that are most suitable to his strength. First the student is required to fill out a blank in which are some questions that it would seem are not intimately connected with the boy's physical condition, but which nevertheless must be answered before the physical director can determine precisely how to instruct the young man to exercise. Here are some of these apparently inappropriate questions: priate questions:

priate questions:

Do you resemble your father's or mother's family in general build? Are you subject to colds in the head? Can you breathe freely through each nostril? Do you suffer habitually from cold hands or feet? Do you suffer from sleeplessness?

Having filled out the blank form which contains these and other questions, the student is then introduced to the remarkable collection of apparati in the office of

student is then introduced to the remarkable collection of apparati in the office of the physical director. The measurements and tests that are made while he is moving about the room from one instrument to another consist of:

Body length, breadth of shoulders, breadth of chest, waist and hips, depth of chest and abdomen, girth of neck, chest, waist, hips, forearm, upper arm, thigh, calf, capacity of lungs, strength of legs, back, arm flexors, extensors, strength of grip, total strength, weight, height, etc.

During the examination records are made

office. Most of the apparatus used in connection with the physical test has been designed by Dr. McKenzie and made at the gymnasium under his direction.

signed by Dr. McKenzie and made at the gymnasium under his direction.

Particular care is to be taken at the University of Pennsylvania that no student be allowed to take any part in athletics unless he is physically fit. It will be the duty of the physical director to determine whether or not he is in condition to compete in track or field events or become a candidate for football honors. It has been decided by the faculty that the evils which the medical profession point out in the over-exertion and physical injuries resulting from college sports are brought about by the lack of just such examinations that are now to be compulsory at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. McKenzie will have a watchful eye on the men during their training and will be in close touch with trainers and coaches. He will seek to bring new men to the track constantly, so that the athletic body shall no longer be limited to the few who volunteer, but comprise all who are physically different tents to the tents of the track constantly to the tents of the few who volunteer, but comprise all who are physically different tents to the tents of the tents of the few who volunteer, but comprise all who are physically different tents of the tents of the few who were the tents of the tents of the few who volunteer, but comprise all who are physically different tents of the tents of the few who were the tents of the tents volunteer, but comprise all who are physically fit for such competitions as are popular between colleges.

between colleges.

Knowing as he will the pedigree and the physical condition of every student at the University, Dr. McKenzie will be able to select from his lists such students as he thinks are likely to make winners in the athletic events and request them to report at the track to test their fitness in compeat the track to test their liness in compe-tition with the regular men. This will obvi-ate to a great extent the trouble that has vexed the souls of trainers and coaches in the past—the shortness of candidates for athletic honors due to the shyness of new men in coming on the track in competition with the regular athletes of the col-

work for which he has been selected. He is famous on both sides of the Atlantic as an artist and sculptor. His work has been exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Salon and received the highest commendatraveled through Europe picking up curious and interesting sketches and ornaments, illustrative of his devotion to the work for which he has just been called to the University of Pennsylvania.

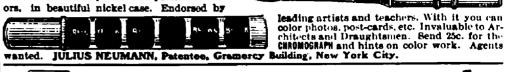
# John Hay Saved a Brown

John Hay, Secretary of State, once played an important part in a "smoke-out" at Brown University, according to the New York Herald.

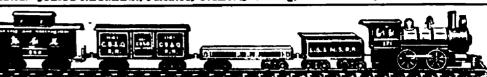
oniram J. Gordon, then freshmen,



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leading artists and teachers. With it you can



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TRETING BACK LIFT

the victims selected for the sophomoric

visitation.

"In the dead vast and middle of the night" a resounding rap on their door "In the dead vast and middle of the night" a resounding rap on their door was the first intimation they received of the honor. For a time a parley was carried on between the inmates and the invaders of room No. 27, but a forcible entry being threatened the callers were reluctantly admitted, finding their hosts not in costumes de rigeur, but in plain robes de nuit.

Each of the six disguised visitors had a small flower-pot, in the bottom of which were live coals, and on top of them and filling each pot were scrapings from the floor of a cigar factory.

Stretching themselves on the floor, in position that outlined the spokes of a wheel, with the flower-pot pipes—a long, red stem inserted near the bottom of each, they proceeded to blow into the room clouds of nauseating smoke that soon told in the stomachs of the embryo preachers. The only pure air in the room was the stratum next to the floor, where the smokers lay.

Ernest B. Gordon, in a biography of

was the stratum next to the floor, where the smokers lay.

Ernest B. Gordon, in a biography of his father, writes thus of that scene:

"Gordon, when freshman of but two weeks' standing, was visited in his room, 'smoked out,' and imperiously ordered by his visitors to mount the table and preach a sermon. The newcomer's resources in that line had not been suspected. With admirable appropriateness he chose as his text, 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves.'

among thieves."
"Never was a more pointed discourse delivered. The listeners, taking umbrage, rushed like the wild beasts at Ephesus upon the preacher, upset the table on which he stood and would have treated him badly indeed if his Christianity had not passed forthwith from the didactic to the muscular phase, and with excellent results. He sprang at the ringleader, tore his coat in halves, and with the efficient co-operation of John Hay, who

er, tore his coat in halves, and with the efficient co-operation of John Hay, who just then appeared on the scene, routed the intruders from the premises."

Duncan, mounted on a chair in the center of a group of applauding sophomores, and collaborating juniors, had just referred to "that monumental work of Daniel Webster, his great dictionary," when the group of juniors, sitting in a deep window seat at the end of the hall vociferously shouting "Here's to good old Brown, drink her down," were amazed at seeing the orator, his night-shirt waving in the breeze, tumble headlong among his audience, that was seen

shirt waving in the breeze, tumble head-long among his audience, that was seen to be scattering in every direction.

The cause of this sudden stampede was disclosed as the crowd thinned out.

Mr. Elliott, the register of Brown, whom we knew only as "Pluto," had made his way with a lantern concealed under a long coat, into the crowd gathered about Duncan's pulpit and had suddenly held up his lantern in the speaker's face.

up his lantern in the speaker's face.

In the end no one was made to feel
the weight of the faculty's displeasure
for the pight's percent for that night's uproar.



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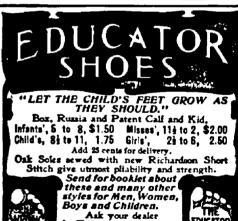
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# FRECKLED TOMMY'S **JOKE** ROSS

and Edith came from a far ACK and Edith came from a far eastern city to spend a few weeks with relatives at the ranch. Jack was ten and Edith seven, and bright children they were, but inclined to playing pranks upon their country cousins who knew a great deal about the mountains, but very little of the bustling city. For several days the visitors succeeded one way or another in creating cereded one way or another in creating. mountains, but very little of the bustling city. For several days the visitors succeeded, one way or another, in creating merriment at the expense of the country folk and especially Freckled Tommy, as everybody called the little boy who brought home the cows and goats at eventide. Even Freckled Tommy's dog, Old Nick, a very wise and kind animal, came in for his share of torment, which he bore good naturedly enough for a dog until, one day, unsuspectingly he took from Jack's hand a red pepper bonbon. With an angry yelp Old Nick ran for water and lay hidden in the thicket during the remainder of the day, reappearing only at call of his master at herding time.

That evening Freckled Tommy hit upon

That evening Freckled Tommy hit upon a scheme. Hie would get even and Old Nick should help and be in at the fun.
"I saw a lot of mountain ground hops "I saw a lot of mountain ground nogs down the canon, a ways," he said, as he put up the corral bars. "Hain't been very many of 'em 'round here fer two year, but I reckon as they's comin' back to these parts ag'in, now."

"Mountain ground hogs!" cried Jack and Edith together. "What are they?"

"Why, don't ye know?" replied the youthful shepherd. "They be little fellers about a foot 'n' a half long with fine fur

hout a foot 'n' a half long with fine fur

on em.
"Good to eat?"

on 'em."

"Good to eat?"

"Nope; not good to eat, but reckon their fur could be sold at a good price."

"Why don't you snare some of them, then?" asked Jack.

"Guess I will go out in th' mornin' in bag a few." replied Freckled Tommy, scratching his head thoughtfully and pulling his hat down over his eyes to hide a smile. Then he waited for the children to open the subject again. Nothing, however, was said for several moments. Jack was waiting to be asked along on the hunt.

"Are you not going to take Edith and me along?" he finally inquired anxiously. This was Freckled Tommy's opening.

"If ye want to go, yes."

"The children clapped their hands in glee. Old Nick wagged his tall as if he understood when his master whispered: "We'll git even with 'em in th' mornin', old felier!"

It was a glorious summer morning. The limpid streams of the canons

It was a glorious summer morning. The limpid streams of the canons boasted merrily of their refreshing waters, which ran unheeding in the narrow ways through sunlight and shadow on the long journey to the sea. The ginnt trees were alive with birds of song and the chinook winds scattered broadcast the incense of myriads of flowers. Over rugged rocks and fallen trees, through labyrinths of vines and pigmy forests of scrub oak and gnarled pines, the

through labyrinths of vines and pigmy forests of scrub oak and gnarled pines, the children made their way far up on the mountain side to the open. There Freckled Tommy halted. Mysteriously he raised a finger to command silence; tiptoed to a convenient boulder, beckoning Jack and Edith to do likewise; and when all were seated, the designing youth gave instructions for the hunt.

"Now," said he, "these here mountain ground hogs are pee-culiar fellers. They have two long legs on one side of th' body 'n' two short legs on th' other side. When they travel they have to walk in only one direction and only on the mountain side with th' short legs on th' down-hill side; see! 'N', if they turn around they fall over; cause why? Th' short legs git on th' low side of the slope 'n' th' long legs on th' high side. Now," handing Jack and Edith each a stout stick, "you two set here 'n' watch. Me 'n' Old Nick'll go 'n' drive th' animals around th' mountain. When they git here you holler quick-like; they git scart 'n' try to turn around to run away; the short legs git down-hill 'n' the long legs up-hill; they tumble over. All ye have to do is kill 'em as they roll. Can ye remember? 'N' say, keep quiet!"

Of course they could remember.

"Now, watch till they come." was Freckled Tommy's last hit of advice as he disappeared with Old Nick, who ran on ahead, nosing here and there for all the world as if he was already on the scent of prey.

"Wonder how many of them will come at once" mused Edith after a few mo-

scent of prey.
"Wonder how many of them will come at once," mused Edith, after a few moat once," mused Edith, after a few moments waiting.
"What do we care? They don't bite-

and whew, you just watch me get them, sis," replied Jack, making vicious jabs with his stick at imaginary game.

with his stick at imaginary game.
"I'm going to have enough skins to make mamma a fur cape for winter," the little girl added decisively.
"Course! Freckled Tommy won't want any, I guess. Maybe we'll get a hundred."

Half an hour passed—an hour; yet no long-short-legged animals appeared. Jack and Edith began to grow impatient. They had not spoken aloud during the wait, sitting behind the boulder with drawn clubs, ready for the fray. Would Freckled Tommy and Old Nick never some?

never come?
"But it's a long way around the mountain," whispered Edith. "You know he said it might take quite awhile."

watchers heard Old Nick's bark. Surely the dog was not driving ground hogs way down there! And his bark sounded as far away as the ranch house. Then the dinner bell was heard. The children were reminded that they had empty stomachs and concluded to give up the hunt for that time. Freckled Tommy couldn't possibly be angry when they had watched throughout the whole forencon

Arriving at the house, Jack and Edith saw Old Nick gnawing a bone at the door, and seated at the table with the others was Freckled Tommy.
"Why, how long have you been back?" inquired Edith in amazement.

"Oh, 'bout two hours!"
"Two hours!" Everybody was laugh-

"Yes, Old Nick 'n' me thought as how we had to git even with ye. Have ye got enough skins fer to make yer mother a winter's cape? Ha, ha, ha! Why don't ye laugh? City folks is smart. I reckon; but they laugh? ye laugh: City folks is smart, I reckon; but they ain't so smart but what they'll set fer half a day watchin' fer mountain ground hogs with short 'n' long legs—jist as if there was sich things! 'n' let me 'n' Old Nick watch 'em from th' brush!"

Edith cried, of course; and Jack ran Edith cried, of course; and Jack ran from the house, shamefaced, intending to "hide out" until bedtime. But as he ran, Freckled Tommy's dog barked at him, rolled over and over on the grass and carried on so that Jack could not keep back a laugh. He made up with Old Nick, then returned to the house, faced the matter, ate his dinner and resolved to give up tormenting the ranch solved to give up tormenting the ranch folk in the future.

### CATCHING A SEA SERPENT

By CAPTAIN A. J. KENEALY

T WAS DESCRIBED as a veritable sea

T WAS DESCRIBED as a veritable sea serpent with the girth of a flour barrel. Its haunt was a ledge of rocks off the Sussex coast in the English channel. This rocky ledge attracted many fishermen, who were rewarded by generous catches. One party had hauled in half a boatload. Just as they were about to hoist anchor one of the fishers felt a mighty tug at his line that made him think a whale was fast. All hands clapped on to the line, and inch by inch hauled it in. There were six strong men pulling, but it seemed as though they were never going to get their prey to the surface.

At last they dragged it to the surface.

prey to the surface.

At last they dragged it to the surface, and its appearance scared them so that they slacked the line and the fish gave a great shake of its head and got clear of the head.

the hook.

Their exciting narrative was heard by Billy Page, the pilot's son. The most trusty and beloved of his playmates was Jack Woolgar, the coastguard's son, and broached to Jack the project Jack Woolgar, the coastguard's son, and when Billy broached to Jack the project of catching the sea serpent and selling him to a Brighton showman, Jack was with him heart and soul.

Among the treasures in Billy's locker was a mighty hook fastened to a fathom of chain. To the chain was spliced a length of strong line measuring about eight fathoms.

oms.

The next question was the all important one of bait. The fishing sages of the neighborhood were cross-examined as to the lure likely to be most fatal to a sea serpent, but were shy to advise, never having had the luck to capture that kind of a



Teacher: "Johnnie, what are the four seasons?" Johnnie: Mustard, salt, vinegar and pepper, sir." A Young Cartoonist

tain," whispered Edith. "You know he said it might take quite awhile."

Another hour passed—another. Jack stood up to stretch his legs, which had grown cramped. He stole carefully ahead a dozen steps and scanned the mountain side, but saw nothing except a few birds. Returning, with a sigh, he had just taken his place at Edith's side when, far below them in the canon, the

fish. But the cook of the brig "Gertrude." it is needed, which generally means the just home from the West Indies, gave them the advice: "The best kind of bait for mermalds and sea serpents and sharks home plate the ball should strike the is a two-pound chunk of salt pork. Nothing that swims can resist pork. It's lucky ing that swims can resist pork. It's lucky you asked me, for I caught with the same chunk of pork a mermaid, a sea sarpint, and a shark my very last v'yage aboard this hooker, the time being March 17 last and the place Barbadoes. I've got the lucky piece of sait pork I hooked the three of 'em with, and I'll give it to you boys for luck."

The cook was as good as his word. He handed out a piece of fat sait pork and called attention to certain marks in it which he declared were made by the mer-

which he declared were made by the mermaid's teeth.

An hour afterward they cast anchor, and baiting the shark hook with the salt pork threw it overboard. They made fast the end of their fishing line to the heel of the mast, having a due respect for the ability of a sea serpent.

of a sea serpent.

Not a bite did they get. The sea serpent gave no sign of his presence. The boys regretted that they had brought no other fishing lines with them and that they were like the boy who was loaded for bear only, inasmuch as they were balted for sea serpent and for no other fish.

Waiting for the sea serpent was tedious work, so to change the luck they fell to on beef and biscuit. Their appetites were in excellent shape and the hearty meal was much enjoyed. But their hopes of catching the sea serpent grew fainter as the hours passed on.

the sea serpent grew fainter as the hours passed on.

They hauled the baited hook aboard every little while to examine the bait, and found that crabs and lobsters had been nibbling at it, so they hoisted the bait clear of the bottom in order to prevent its total disappearance.

It was nearly dusk when the boys determined to make goil and story homographed.

It was nearly dusk when the boys determined to make sail and steer homeward in despair. They were just about to hoist the lugsail when the fishing line flew over the side until it was stopped in a hurry by the turn round the mast.

"Hurrah, Bill, we've hooked him!" shouted Jack. Bill executed a triumphant war dance in the boat. Then the two tried



THEY DISPATCHED IT WITH THE TILLER

their hardest to pull the fish in. It was slow work and hard. It seemed as if a heavy anchor was at the end of the line, judging from the slowness with which the judging from the slowness with which the rope came inboard. Both boys threw off their coats and were soon bathed with perspiration, puffing and panting like porpoises. It was hard heaving and no mistake, the fish at the other end showing a marked disinclination to come up to the surface.

surface. The boys were wire and strong and full of pluck or they would have given up in despair. When about three fathoms of the

despuir. When about three fathoms of the line was inboard they made fast all they had got and refreshed themselves with a biscuit and a drink of water. Then they tackled the job again with renewed vigor, heaving away cheerlly.

The exertions of the fish grew feebler. The two hoys were encouraged. They hauled in hand over fist. Soon the head of the monster appeared at the surface of the water. It was that of a sea serpent, without doubt!

They dragged the head in till it rested

without doubt!

They dragged the head in till it rested against the gunwale of the boat, and, with the oak tiller, dispatched it. It was too big to haul into the boat, so they made fast a line to it and towed it to port.

The fish turned out to be a big congereel—the largest ever caught on the south coast. It was not of the circumference of a flour harrel nor as long as a French

coast. It was not of the circumference of a flour barrel nor as long as a French lugger, nor did the showman at Brighton buy it for a sea serpent; but it was a remarkable specimen of a conger eel, and the boys were elated at its capture. So was the cook of the West India trader "Gertrude"

### BASEBALL HELPS By WALTER B. NORRIS

ERE ARE a few hints for the boy

ERE ARE a few hints for the boy who wishes to perfect himself as a haseball player.

When not more than one man is out, and there are base-runners on first and third, do not let the man on first steal second at his pleasure. Let the catcher throw low to second, and then, if the man on third starts for home, let the second haseman, who should be playing in a little for this purpose, run in behind the pitcher, catch the throw and return it to the home plate. If the man on third does not try to reach home, let the ball go to second, where the shortthe ball go to second, where the short-stop makes the put-out. With a left-handed batter the shortstop and second baseman exchange duties. The first baseman's chief business is to

The first baseman's chief business is to catch throws, not keep his foot on the base. He should go out for all throws beyond his reach, as a passed ball will mean many a base for the opposing team. A good infielder should be able to throw underhand, as it saves time and enables him to cut off many a man who would otherwise be safe.

Outfielders should never throw to first base to catch a man who has just hit the ball. Throw one base ahead of the place you know he will reach safely.

When a hit goes far into the outfield, one man should go after it, and the outfielder nearest him should stand halfway in to receive the ball and throw it where

home plate.

In all throws from the outfield to the home plate the ball should strike the ground between the pitcher and catcher and bound into the latter's hands. This prevents an overthrow, and does not slacken the speed of the ball at all. On all such plays the first baseman should back up the catcher.

When the score is tied at the end of

the ninth inning and a man is on third, with less than two men out, do not catch a foul knocked to the outfield, as the man on third will score after you have caught the ball and before you can throw it home, thus winning the game.

A batter should tell the man who bats after him on what ball he intends to

steal second.

If the base-runner cannot steal second unassisted, and the batter knows when he is to steal, the batter should impede the catcher's throw by striking at the

When the base-runner on second needs When the base-runner on second needs help in stealing he signals to the batter by shouting, or in some other way, and then steals on the second ball. The batter makes a bluff at bunting the first ball, in order to draw the third baseman in, and then hits the second ball toward the third baseman as hard as he can.

When a hit seems good for more than one base the runner curves around be-

one base, the runner curves around be-fore reaching the first base, and then starts straight for the second base. When he has gone ten or twelve feet, un-less he is now sure he can reach the next base, he stops and slides back to the first one.

The coacher and base-runner should

watch separate men and not both try to watch pitcher and first baseman at the same time

same time.

In making up the batting list, place first the good hitter who is fastest in running and stealing bases, second and third good hitters who also run well, fourth the best hitter on the team, and the other men in order, judging by their ability to hit the ball.

In batting do not swing the arms or body too far back, but let the swing come at the wrist. Aim to meet the ball rather than to smash it. If the batter steps forward with the left foot, as the ball leaves the pitcher, there will be

ball leaves the pitcher, there will be swing enough to the bat.

When the batter has two strikes and three balls, the base-runners should start for the next base as soon as the pitcher

throws back his arm.
Only when a man is on first, or men on first and second, and none are out, should a batter bunt. Then it is the safest play.

A base-runner on third should hold his base on all flies to the outfield. When they are caught or missed, he should run

In sliding to a base, slide toward the back of it, and stretch out your hand to touch it. This keeps you beyond the baseman's reach.

When the bases are full, and a hit is made, the man on third is forced to run, and can be put out by touching home

plate.
When the ball is knocked to the first When the ball is knocked to the first baseman, the pitcher covers first base. When two men are out, play for the easiest man to put out. This is generally the batter, but sometimes when a hit is made, and men are forced to run, the man who fields the ball may be able to touch a base and avoid the risk of a throw across the diamond.

On a hit to the third baseman, the shortstop covers third base if necessary.

### Boys' Books Reviewed

THE STUDY OF ELECTRICITY FOR BE-

Boys' Books Reviewed

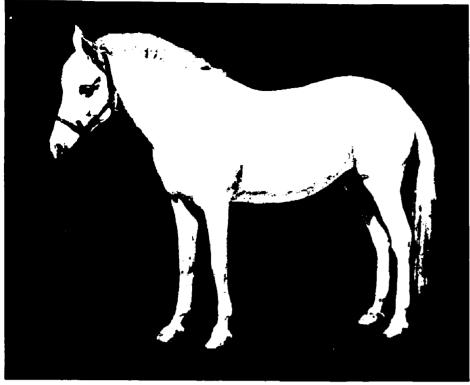
THE STUDY OF ELECTRICITY FOR BEGINNERS. Boys of a mechanical turn of
mind interested in electricity will find this
little book of considerable practical value
in laying a good foundation for further
study of this most important subject. It
is written in a way that will be easily
understood by the young reader. There are
64 original illustrations and 6 tables. 88
pages. Paper cover. Price 25 cents. Spon
& Chamberlain.

CAPTIVES THREE, by James A. Braden.
This is a story of the time immediately
preceding the Revolutionary war, when the
ploneers in their efforts to establish homes
in the wilderness had to contend with not
alone the savage beasts, but the savage
red men. In a little clearing Jonathan
Castle with his wife and children. Clay and
Nelle, had erected his home. Trouble with
the Indians had arisen and the father departed for Fort Pitt to learn what the settlers should do. In his absence his cablin
is attacked and burned by the Indians,
Clay and Nellie escaping. They meet with
another boy, Fred Fravel of Philadelphia,
who had also escaped from the Indians, but
whose father had been made captive. They
have 'many exciting adventures, but are
eventually taken by the Indians who treat
the boys cruelly but refrain from molesting
Nelle. The battle of Point Pleasant is
fought, the Virginians are victorious, peace
is made with the Indians and the captives
are released. Clay and Nellie find their
father and mother and Fred Fravel finds
his father. Many historical personages are
introduced, and it is a book which the boys
will find worth reading. Fred A. Elliott is
responsible for the illustrations 353 pages.
Price \$1.00. The Saaifield Publishing Co.

DAVID CHESTER'S MOTTO "HONOUR
BRIGHT" by H Escott-Inman. We have
no healtation in commending this book to
every boy and to every parent who seeks
will find worth reading Fred A. Elliott is
responsible for the bloy. It is a story of the
adventures of David Chester at school, on
the sea, and and the crew escape in a
boat, are run down by a ste

# Some Four-Footed Heroes

By W. FRANK McCLURE





CECIL MAY REX AND THE BIRD DOG THAT RES-

Samuel Rex, of Zion Station, Ky., would not have been living today had it not been for the heroism of her pet dog. She was playing one day upon the railroad track near her home, when a fast train came dashing down upon her. The dog grasped the situation just in time, and, rushing to the side of his little mistress, directly in front of the approaching train, seized her in his teeth and dragged her from the track.

This dog was nine years old and was a watch dog. When Mr. Rex heard of the rescue he went to Williamstown and had the dog listed as property at a value of \$500. Money could not buy this intelligent and heroic canine.

"Pat McGinty" is the name of another faithful dog. Pat saved the life of Mr. D. W. Winchester of Buffalo. In the old volunteer days of the fire department, when Mr. Winchester ran with the engine, Pat McGinty was always on hand. The slightest tap of the firebell was sure to bring him to his feet, and he was as anxious to go as the well-trained horses of a city fire department. On the occasion of Pat McGinty's heroism, Mr. Winchester had climbed three flights of stairs in the burning building in the midst of a dense smoke, and for the time being was not thinking of Pat. Having located the flames, Mr. Winchester was in the act of putting the chemical apparatus upon his back preparatory to ascending to the attic, when suddenly he heard the howls of his dog, which by



HESTER OF BUFFALO AND HIS DOGS. IS ON THE LEFT PAT MCGINTY OF THE PICTURE

THE SPIRIT of heroism in animals has been recently demonstrated by some most remarkable instances. That animals have been the means of saving lives and property is well known. Faithful dogs have sacrificed their own lives in the effort to rescue their masters; horses have acted like human beings in protecting their riders, and even cats have been credited with some notable performances in times of danger.

Cecil May Rex, the little daughter of Ce

one. This done, the little dog himself ran out into the fresh air in an almost suffocated condition.

An Irish setter named "Prince" saved the finest business block in the city of Lorain, O., from destruction some time ago. About 1 o'clock in the morning the fire started from a defective electric light wire over the offices occupied by the National Bank of Commerce. On the second floor were the living apartments and the office of Dr. J. E. Trombley, the owner of Prince. The fire had just started when Prince smelled the smoke. Running to his master's room he began a vigorous pawing at the door, while at the same time he made several desperate attempts to rattle the doorknob. A fierce racket was kept up until Dr. Trombley arose and opened the door. The dog then led him to the front door. The dog then led him to the front



"NIGGIE" AND HIS MASTER

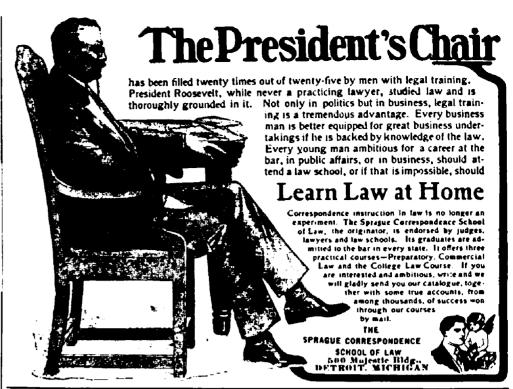
part of the building, from whence the smoke was proceeding. Dr. Trombley quickly turned in an alarm of fire and the fire companies responded, with the result that the damage amounted to only

result that the damage amounted to only about \$500.

Clayton Walker, aged five years, got too near the edge of the Scioto river at Marion, Ohio, one day last year and fell in. A large shepherd dog witnessed the accident and went at once to the rescue. Jumping into the river the dog grasped the little boy tightly with his teeth and brought him safely to the shore. In connection with this incident it is alleged that the dog, after landing the child in a safe place, ran for assistance and led the child's older brother down to the river bank to the scene of the rescue. The brother succeeded in reviving the child.

child.

No one could help admiring the beautiful white pony shown in one of our pictures. But even more beautiful than her appearance are her deeds. To her belongs the credit for saving a man's life in a western blizzard. She is an Indian pony and her name is Ribbon. Her original owner was F. O. Stone of Emporia,



# The GREATEST Little Gun in the World



For a limited time we offer to the sport loving boys of America this splendid rifle, regular factory price of which is \$3.50. You can't afford to miss this opportunity of securing a fine gun for so little money. It is a perfect shooter-of great accuracy and has the fine hang and balance and ease of shooting of more expensive guns; safe and reliable.

It is the only take-down rifle on the market for anything near the price. Takes long or short rim fire cartridges and weighs only \$\mathbb{E}\_{\mathbb{e}}\$ pounds.

It is a fine target gun and will run you up big scores-just the thing for small game, squirrels, rabbits, etc.

rabbits, etc.

Vacation is coming, and the boy with this little gun will have lots of sport wherever he goes. You had better write today.

MONTGOMERY, WARD & COMPANY.

Dept. D, 103 Chicago, III.

Kansas. At the opening of the Cherokee Strip, in Indian Territory, Mr. Stone went into the new country to purchase an Indian pony. It was a rugged journey and only a part of it could be made by train. On reaching his destination



"PRINCE"

he found Ribbon, a pony which beautifully matched one he had previously purchased. Closing the bargain for Ribbon, he started on the homeward journey. When about ten miles on the way a furious blizzard came on. Both pony and rider were soon covered with ice. The man was unable to raise his eyes to look ahead on account of the sleet and snow, and it seemed to him that Ribbon was traveling in a circle. With the expectation of finding the way to a possible shelter somewhere, Mr. Stone dismounted, intending to lead the horse, but he was by this time so numb and fatigued that he fell and was unable to rise. It was at this point that Ribbon showed her remarkable intelligence and heroism. Seeing that her rider had fallen, she bent over him and at times nearly lay down on him. The warm breath from her nostrils and the heat from her body finally served to revive him. By getting Ribbon down upon her knees he succeeded in again mounting her. Again they started, this time the pony choosing her own course, at length arriving at a small hut, where lived a man and his son, who were glad to extend a friendly hand.

An interesting incident of equine heroism was recently recorded.

inciden ism was recently recorded at Omaha, dance

Neb., where little five-year-old Ruth O'Hara fell off a curbstone and rolled directly under the feet of a horse. Everyone who saw the accident feared lest she would be trampled to death, but instead, it is alleged, the noble animal moved gently backward, raising his feet cautiously, and then, reaching down, lifted the child with his teeth and placed her on the curb again.

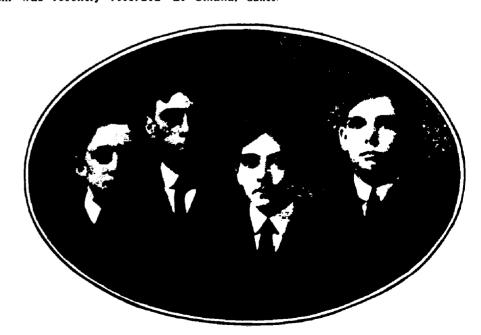
At the home of N. C. Bishop in Marshall, Missouri, Mr. Bishop was testing a double draft on a soft coal stove one day. As the stove was near the wall he stood a paper-lined zinc board on end between the stove and the wall. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop were eating dinner while the fire was heating up to make the test. Before they had finished eating, the cat, which had been left in the room where the test was being made, came



A MARSHALL (MO.) CAT THAT BAVED A HOUSE FROM BURNING

to the closed dining room door and began mewing and scratching. On opening the door Mr. Bishop discovered that the zinc board had fallen against the stove and was all ablaze.

A subscriber at Nova Scotia writes that he earned the money for his AMERICAN BOY subscription by picking about seven bushels of mushrooms. A large tract of marsh land near his home is washed in the spring of the year by the high tides of the Bay of Fundy and after the hay is cut from the marshlands the mushrooms may be picked in great abundance.

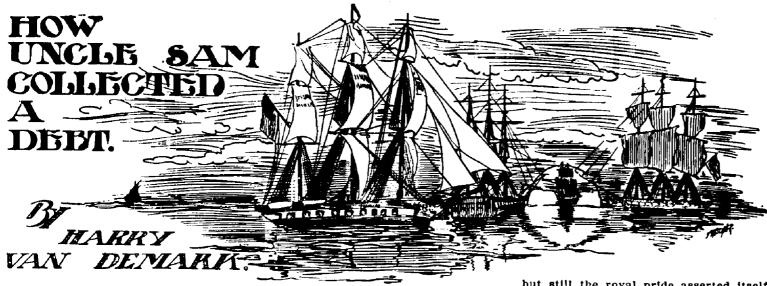


Above are portraits of the four Caro (Mich.) hoys who stood highest in the examinations at the close of last winter's term of school in the eighth grade. They are, reading from left to right, Freddie Weupper, George Kinney, Howard James, William Slocum. They were rewarded by a trip to Lansing, where Representative McKay received them and showed them all the interesting sights at the Capital, including the law-makers at work, and the state institutions located in and near Lansing. They spent two days there, and it was a wonderfully interesting experience for the boys, who will always gratefully remember the generosity of Postmaster Fred Slocum of Caro, who arranged and stood the expense of the entire trip.

BOYS!

Don't throw away your presty hirds and annul annuals when you go hunting. If statefully mounted, true to life, they make splendid decorations for the home or school. Learn Taxidermy, by mail, from our course of leasons. They are simply and plainly written, especially for BOYR, and fully illustrated a splendid opportunity for hops to EARR MONEY at home, mounting specimens for their friends. Write for our SPECIAL OFFER, by which only one hopy in each place can get our complete course entirely FREF. Students in nearly every state. Our finely illustrated Catalogue sent to any address for a 2-cent stamp. WRITE TODAY.

THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY HARGOR, MAINE



URING the years from 1809 to 1812 the Neapolitan government, then under the tyrannical rule of Murat and Joseph Bonaparte, confiscated, under one pretext or another, numerous merchant vessels flying the American flag, disposing of them and their—in many cases valuable—cargoes in various ways beneficial to themselves.

Coming just previous to and during the early part of our war with England, little or no attention was paid to these outrages except by the parties directly interested. These parties tried by differ-

outrages except by the parties directly interested. These parties tried by different means to secure suitable redress, but the government had troubles of its own and the appeals fell upon deaf ears.

With the two ambitious Frenchmen at the helm of the Neapolitan government, it was a case of "might makes right." These gentlemen, with a foresight that would have done them credit had their motives been honorable, saw that the young Republic across the western ocean had little or no means of protection to give defenseless merchant vessels sailing under its flag. under its flag.

Thus, the claims were allowed to rest for many years. But with the advent of brave old Andrew Jackson to the presidency, in 1829, they were revived, The claims which the kingdom of Naples ignored with such undisguised contempt amounted to \$1,734,000.

Matters soon reached a crisis. A deputation of prominent merchants, whose losses amounted to considerable sums, waited upon Old Hickory one day and laid before him a concise statement covering their grievances against Naples. In a few well-chosen words the spokesman informed the President that they felt this contemptuous disregard of law and justice had gone far enough, and that with the increased naval power of the United States the matter ought to

be brought to a speedy conclusion.

Jackson was favorably impressed by this appeal, and with a characteristic snap of his gray eyes that boded ill for somebody, he swept the papers into a drawer and assured his callers that their claims would be prosecuted with the utmost dispatch and the result mode. dispatch, and the result made

By this time the navy of the United By this time the navy of the United States had been so increased in strength that it was recognized as a formidable sea power, the war of 1812 having gained for it a new prestige. A squadron of considerable force was patrolling the waters of the Mediterranean under the command of Commodore William H.

Crane.

It so happened that Commodore Crane's term of service expired just as the President was ready to press the claims against Naples, and in his stead Jackson sent Commodore D. T. Patterson, a brave and efficient officer, with whom he had co-operated in the famous battle of New Orleans. On this occasion Patterson, from his flagship, the Louislana, had sustained a fierce cannonade of seven hours' duration, expending over eight hundred rounds of ammunition from his sixteen guns.

Jackson well knew the caliber of the man, which was the cause of his selecting him for this especial mission. Patterson was given his full instructions

terson was given his full instructions before leaving the United States. Just what passed between the President and his veteran friend will probably never be known, but the latter was instructed in no uncertain terms to see that the long-delayed claims were speedily ad-justed to the complete satisfaction of the Americans. In this he was to act in concert with the newly-appointed minister to Naples, the Honorable John

Nelson.

The force under Patterson's command consisted of the flagship Delaware, 74 guns; the frigates United States and Brandywine, 44 guns each, and the John Adams and Concord, sloops of war. Every vessel was manned effectively by American blue jackets, who were thred of the long period of inactivity which had been their lot, and glad at the prospect of a fight.

had been their lot, and glad at the prospect of a fight.

In order not to precipitate matters, Patterson instructed the commanders of the vessels to appear off Naples one at a time, with an interval of one or two days between each arrival. This, he felt, would give the Neapolitan government ample opportunity to settle the claims with as little trouble as possible. He concluded that the appearance off the city of one vessel of the squadron would do more to induce the king to settle do more to induce the king to settle the claims than all the previous efforts combined; for in many instances a manof-war has a far more salutary effect upon the solution of a diplomatic prob-lem than volumes of subtle diplomatic

The big Delaware, having on board, The oig Delaware, naving on board, besides the commodore, our new minister to Naples, was the first vessel to appear in Neapolitan waters. She created quite a furore as she moved majestically up the harbor and came to anchor off the city. Minister Nelson was put ashore as soon as it was considered expedient, and lost no time in pressing the claims of his followed transming the claims of his fellow-citizens. The king, how-ever, did not seem very vividly impress-ed with the appearance of a lone war vessel in the harbor, and the demand met with an emphatic refusal.

The minister retired on board the Delaware and he and Patterson awaited eagerly the coming of vessel No. 2. A sail was sighted within forty-eight hours, and a short time later the United States came up the harbor under shortened sail, the stars and stripes floating proudly from her masthead. She anchored near the flagship.

Her arrival was the signal for another interview with the gold-laced functionaries at the palace, and Minister Nelson accordingly presented himself and renewed his demands on behalf of his countrymen. But the officials smiled suavely and put him off, and again he was forced to retire discomfited to the flagship.

At dinner he imparted to the commodore the result of the interview. Patterson smiled grimly and made a remark to the effect that the Brandywine would soon be in if the wind held fair, and that with three formidable war vessels in front of the city there would surely be a bowsing and hauling of diplomatic land-tacks that would soon decide the game in the minister's favor.

ame in the minister's favor.

At sunset on the following day, just as the report of the evening gun in the castle was reverberating over the water, the Brandywine floated silently into the harbor and anchored by her consorts. This made a squadron of 162 guns, and unmistakable signs of alarm and uneasions. ness were soon apparent shoreward. Additional guns were hurried into position, and swarms of men, rushing hither and thither, appeared in the vicinity of the forts and on the dilapidated battlements.

But quiet and good order prevailed upon the decks of the American vessels. upon the decks of the American vessels, broken only by the exercise of the men at general quarters. Occasionally during the day the broadside guns were run in and out. The sun's rays, glinting brightly on the rays of polished steel, were a forceful reminder to the Neapolitan authorities that the Americans were not assem

After the Brandywine's arrival the commodore's barge again set Minister Nelson ashore. With a dignity becoming his station he again presented himself in the audience chamber of the King of seison ashore. With a dignity becoming his station he again presented himself in the audience chamber of the King of Naples. That worthy met him with palied face and greatly perturbed in spirit; seion arranged the affair to the latter's entire satisfaction.

A few days later the American ships, with flags flying and drums beating, raised face and greatly perturbed in spirit; harbor.

of Navajoes, and has been as often rebuilt by the surveying parties. There is no white habitation near-by except at the Scott trading post which is across the river and outside the reservation in little command of will, the American fill dwell in order that they may barter the minister was again dismissed.

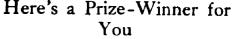
A The war-like aspect about the harbor continued during the interval between es the minister's third visit to the king and and the arrival of the John Adams. It has soop of war came up the harbor of before a sprightly breeze, and when she had taken her position in line with the other vessels of the squadron the guns of the men-of-war were brought to bear upon the city and the forts. Through the rows of open ports the crews could be seen mustered at quarters, awaiting the word from the commodore that would send them action. On the decks the miniment of action of the squadram up in battle armainment of action of the squadram up in battle armainment of action. forts. Through the rows of open ports the crews could be seen mustered at quarters, awalting the word from the commodore that would send them into action. On the decks the marines were drawn up in battle array to the accompaniment of rolling drums and loud words of command, which, echoing over the water, reached the ears of his majesty with a significance that could not be mistaken. be mistaken.

pieces and his palace riddled with can-

Commodore Patterson chuckled softly Commodore Patterson chuckled softly to himself as, from his post on the Delaware's deck he descried a barge approaching from the city. It proved to have on board a prominent government official, who, upon his arrival, announced the desire of his gracious majesty to settle the American claims at once.

It was a bitter pill for the haughty king to swallow, but he entered into the matter with the best grace possible, and his representative and Minister Nelson soon arranged the affair to the latter's





Estall Roberts, Arcola, Ill., writes a pleasant letter to the editor in which he expresses his approval of THE AMERICAN BOY and tells some interesting things about himself and his brother Chester. These two boys won valuable prizes in the Boys' Corn Exhibit at the Prize in Exposition concerning which St. Louis Exposition, concerning which the February number of THE AMERI-CAN BOY had something to say. They



THE "FOUR CORNERS"

Point Where Four States-Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona-Corner.

reservation and into the country allotted to the Navajoes. Fresh water has to be carried in canteens as little is found that is suitable for drinking purposes of the western horse, stood quietly in last half day's ride, the journey when last half day's ride, the journey when suitable for the interval of the western horse, stood quietly in last half day's ride, the journey when last half day's ride, the journey when suitable for drinking purposes of the western horse, alfred Wetherill, the won first premium—a high-bred bull, famous guide of that section, was in New valued at \$750. At a contest in lowa last valued at \$750. Estall, last spring, won a silver medial at the Eastern Illinois Field Meet, and territories. Alfred Wetherill, the won first premium—a high-bred bull, famous guide of that section, was in New valued at \$750. At a contest in lowa last of the valued at \$750. Estall, last spring, won a silver medial at the Eastern Illinois Field Meet, and territories and territories. Alfred Wetherill, the won first premium—a high-bred bull, famous guide of that section, was in New valued at \$750. At a contest in lowa last pring, won a silver medial at the Eastern Illinois Field Meet, and territories and territories. Alfred Wetherill, the won first premium—a high-bred bull, famous guide of that section, was in New valued at \$750. At a contest in lowa last pring the won first premium—a high-bred bull, famous guide of that section, was in New valued at \$750. At a contest in lowa last pring the valued at \$750. Estall, last spring, won a silver meeting pring the won first premium—a high-bred bull, famous guide of that section, was in New valued at \$750. At a contest in lowa last pring the valued at \$750. At a contest in lowa last pring the valued at \$750. Estall, last spring the val

T IS A long, hard ride and a long distance from any railroad and for that reason is seldom visited, but our exploration party felt that the extra variation of the "four corners" in the world. When we told our friends that we expected to visit this spot and that it was the only one of its kind in the world there were many who doubted the correctness of such a statement, and it did seem strange that the only place in the world where four states, territories, kingdoms or provinces should meet at a common point should be at the junction of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, but such is a fact. A careful search of your atlas or geography will show that this is correct and will also be an interesting study.

The "four corners" were reached by a long journey on horseback through a dry and rocky section of country, the trip taking one through the Ute Indian reservation and into the country allotted and territories: Alfred Wetherill, the to the Navajoes. Fresh water has to be carried in canteens as little is found that is suitable for drinking purposes until the San Juan River is reached. The country is quite desolate and during the last half day's ride, the journey when last half day's ride, the journey when when thas been destroyed on several occasions by wandering bands



HAROLD WELLS OF EUGENE, OREGON, ONE OF THE SPEAKERS ON AMERICAN BOY DAY AT THE PORTLAND EXPOSITION



"OH DON'T he discouraged, brother, Though Fortune seems to mock, Often the last key on the bunch Is that which turns the lock; Often the last key on the bunch Is that which turns the lock."

ET UP, boy, will you? you've always got a song on, always."
"Why not, Andy? Why not?"
the boy asked good-naturedly.
"Isn't a song better than a grow!? and isn't the sentiment all right? Hang on, just hang on, and maybe things will come your way."
"H'm!" grunted the old man. "It's about time something came our way."

come your way."

"H'm!" grunted the old man. "It's about time something came our way. I'm thinking. We're out five weeks, and have got but three sets; and mind the gales we've run on to! Three anchors gone and some cable, and not a sail but is either torn or chafed; and just look at her now! Look at her, will you—fairly coated with ice—fairly coated!"

The boy looked up from his work, and his clear eyes took on a new light, and his face fairly glowed as he exclaimed:

claimed:

and his face fairly glowed as he exclaimed:

"For a picture, that's the real thing, isn't it, Andy? Oh, this is living, all right—this is living! Grand, isn't it—simply grand!"

Grand indeed was the scene, and impressive. At anchor, more than a mile to windward, to the eastward of Sable Island, under double reefed foresail and riding sail, rode the fishing schooner, Ednah D. Like a seagull with its head under its wing, the little sea boat plunged up and down with the rise and fall of every sea, breasting safely the foam crested waves that were sending over her the spray which quickly congealed into ice on ligging and deck, and such portions of her hull as were not under water. The early morning sun was streaking the eastern sky, and as it flashed and gleamed on the ice-clad craft, the boy burst forth in rapture.

"Beautiful! beautiful! Why, Andy, to me she looks just as I'd expect to see a phantom ship!"

"H'm!" the old man grunted.
"Phantom, maybe, will be the right word for her before long and phantoms for

phantom ship!"

"H'm!" the old man grunted.
"Phantom, maybe, will be the right word
for her before long, and phantoms for
the rest of us. To me, boy, and to any
one who's got a sober thought in his
head, that's a mighty dreary looking
sight out there—mighty dreary! Just
look how her lee yardarm comes over—
almost touching the water. But, pshaw!
you're only a boy, so've got no interest
in anything."

"Say, Andy, I don't like that even a
little bit," Ben Cleveland blurted out
manfully. "I am only a boy, of course—
only sixteen years old, but when you say
I have no interest in anything, you're

only sixteen years old, but when you say I have no interest in anything, you're away off! You've been my bunk mate, my watch mate, and dory mate, for nigh six weeks, but because I've kept my affairs to myself, don't think I've no sober thoughts. What do you think I'm thinking of nights when I'm on watch walking the deck with only the black heavens above, and black waters all about? What am I thinking of when I lie there in my bunk, while the rest of about? What am I thinking of when I lie there in my bunk, while the rest of the gang forward are playing cards, or just killing time? I will tell you, Andy, because I don't want to quarrel with you. I like you, and I don't want you to keep on thinking me a good-fornothing, for I always try to do my best in everything, and to put the best there is in me into all I do.

"There are three helpless tots at home. Andy, and an invalid mother. My father died last September, after a long and costly illness, during which time I tried to earn enough ashore to keep things going, but I couldn't. I loved the sea, but marm was opposed to my going until it came almost to that or starving, and then she stood for it, and this hallbut catcher was my first chance. "I like you. Andy, first rate, but I

this halibut catcher was my first chance. "I like you, Andy, first rate, but I can't see why you should worry half so much as I, because things aren't going our way. You've got no family to think of, and the men say you've always had a good eye for the dollars. A

to think of, and the men say you've always had a good cyc for the dollars. A poor trip means a lot more to me than it possibly could mean to you, but I'm not worrying about it—no, siree! Hang on, Benny, I say to myself. Keep doing something, and by and bye things will come your way.

"Often the last key on the bunch is that which turns the lock—that's my lifebuoy, and I'm hanging right on to it, too. Now you won't be cross any more, will you, Asdy?"

"H'm, you're a queer boy, Benny—a mighty queer boy," the old fisherman said slowly, as he gripped the trawl and pulled in hard and strong. "H'm! another 'gray,'" he continued, as the catch came into the dory. "I would like one 'white' for a change. All we pull this morning are either 'grays,' or, worse yet, 'seconds." But, I say, Benny, that tongue of yours swings as nat'ral as a foreboom. Why don't you take to the law, or something of that kind? 'twould pay better'n fishing, in the long run. Why don't you?"

"I've talked enough already, Andy," Ben answered cheerfully. "Sometime,

pay better'n naning, in the long luit. Why don't you?"

"I've talked enough already, Andy," Ben answered cheerfully. "Sometime, however—sometime, when marm gets well, and the tots get grown up, I'll finish my schooling sure, and then—ha—ha—ha—the rest, Andy, is what you may call a pipe dream. But no matter what I do, I shall ever love old ocean!"

"My but you said that well!" the old sailor exclaimed heartily. "Always love old ocean, eh? Good! But say, boy, there's never any smoke to your pipe dream, I notice."

"That's right, too," Ben answered with fervor. "No tobacco—no liquor, in mine, either now or ever!"

"It's just as well, boy, just as well exactly: and, anyway, it's only habit—both of 'em. Move along a little. There! At last a 'white!' H'm but that puff wasn't so very gentle, was it, now?"

"Hullo, there, Andy!" called a fisherman from a dory to windward. But Andy was busy taking his halibut from the hook, and with the waves lapping against the side of the dory, and the fish flapping in the bottom, he did not hear the call.

"Ahoy, there, Andy! Aho—o—oy!"
Andy looked up—his fish had been unhooked and killed.

"Aye—aye!" he answered.

"Wind's comin' up, ain't it?"

"Aye, right; but we've got this trawl to finish. Any luck"

"Looks like it came the answer."

"Looks like it came the answer."

"We're piled high fore an' aft. We're off now. Good luck!"

"H'm! that beats all tarnation!" Andy exclaimed as his shipmates rowed away.

now. Good luck!"

"H'm! that beats all tarnation!" Andy fortune favored him.

The slacking of the "Him! that beats all tarnation!" Andy exclaimed as his shipmates rowed away. "Here we've both worked like blazes, but ain't much more'n half done. But it's always so with Sam. He's always the first one home, and despite us all striving hard for the honor, he generally beats us all with the largest fare. Him! there's no use trying to second. ally beats us all with the largest fare. H'm! there's no use trying to account for it. Maybe it's his knack in setting trawls; maybe it's the way he places the bait, or the spot he chooses; maybe it's just luck—I don't know, but anyway it's something I ain't got, that's sure, and f did think I had about the whole of it. H'm! that puff was the real thing, now, wasn't it? and there's a good sea on, sure. Howsomever, we'll finish our trawl," the old man said grimly, as he continued to ply his task, pulling up the long line that passed over the dory amidships, removing and killing the fish, amidships, removing and killing the fish, rebaiting the hook, and paying out the line again to sink to the bottom, Ben assisting in the pulling up and paying



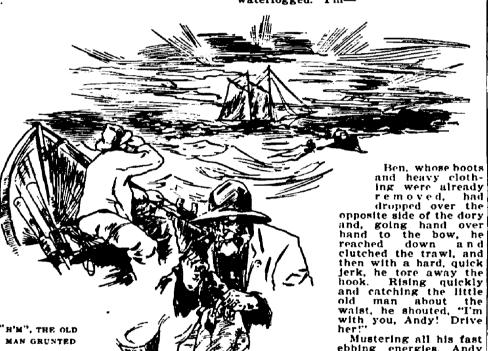
again down went Andy. But just then

man to windward.

A drowning man will catch at a straw, and as Andy sank beneath the surface, as he believed for the last time, an uplifted hand came in contact with the trawl, and eagerly he gripped it.

Although somewhat exhausted by his efforts, he still retained his wits and the indomitable courage of the true fisherman, and hand over hand he at once began to haul himself up the stout line to the surface. But just as he got his head above water and caught his breath, just at the very last moment of endurance, with his hand clutching the gunwale of the boat, one of the stout hooks on the line caught securely in his leg, holding him fast.

"I'm gone—after all!" he panted. "There's a hook—in my left leg! No—don't—move, boy. She'll—founder. She's waterlogged. I'm—"



And one by one, into the air, and down, went the dories, until all were over. Andy and Benny being the last away, and as they slipped by the quarter, in stentorian tones again the skipper's voice rang out, "Set to the west-ard, boys, an' drive her—drive her!" Twill blow like all git out by noon, I reckon. But the tide runs strong to wind'ard, an'll help you home all right; but drive her!"

With the dory hawsed up in such a

Without the slightest warning, over-hoard went Andy and his mate.
Fortunately for him, when Ben emerged from his plunge, he was so near to the side of the boat that he was able to group the gunwale and he outled. able to grasp the gunwale, and he quickly climbed in, although she was in almost a sinking condition, being nearly
filled with water. He at once sprang to
the trawl, and after he had fastened it
to the bow of the boat in such a way as to keep her as nearly as possible head to the sea, he caught up the dipper and began balling for dear life.

began balling for dear life.
Andy was far from being so fortunate.
The sea had broken over the boat with such force as to throw him quite three fathoms away, and so greatly was he encumbered with his oilskins and jackboots that he could not keep himself from sinking. Down—down—he went!
Then up he came from sinking. Dow . Then up he came.

"I'll get you!" shouted Ben, and grasp-ing an oar, he thrust it toward his ship-It was in vain, however, and

Ben, whose boots

Mustering all his fast

Man grunted

Man grunted

Mustering all his fast ebbing energies, Andy responded to Ben's boost by one last effort. Over the side of the boat he went, then fell sense-less on the thwarts.

It was a breezy day. In the early morning, although it was rough, with the waves breaking frequently and the wind blowing in gusty puffs, it was not considered exceptionally dangerous to venture out, and the eager fishermen had jumped to obey their skipper's order:

"Dories to the rail!"

Then, loud and clear, in quick succession, came the orders:

"Over with the wind'ard dory!"

"Wind'ard dory to the rail!"

"Looard dory to the rail!"

"Looard dory to the rail!"

And one by one, into the air, and down, went the dories, until all were over, Andy and Benny being the last away, and as they slipped by the quarter in steptician to reason and the skip.

Ben Cleveland was all nerve!"

wind ard, an'll help you home all right; but drive her!"

With the dory hawsed up in such a manner that her side was somewhat exposed to the sea, Andy and Ben had safely hawled the greater part of their trawl, and had a number of halibut on board, when suddenly a huge, curling wave came tearing along, striking with full force the fishermen and their boat. Without the slightest warning, overheard to the merged from his near to the sea for the sea to the sea warning overheard to the sightest warning, overheard to the sight warning the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bait was nearly to siff the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bait was nearly to siff the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bait was nearly to siff the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bait was nearly to siff the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bait was nearly to siff the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bait was nearly the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bait was nearly the at once took up the work of tending the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bait was nearly the trawl, and he had just reached the farthest buoy, and his bai

proudly.

"That's right. My! but you're a dog!
And you're one of the lucky ones, too,
for I believe they're about all white,
and that means better money than the
grays bring. When did you gash that
hand?" Andy asked suddenly.

"Just after you came aboard headfirst," Ben answered easily.

"H'm! What did you toss off your
duds for?"

Ben laughed bootily. "A mild idea of

Ben laughed heartily. "A wild idea of mine, that's all, Andy. I was so scared when I saw you sink the second time, I thought I could dive and bring you up again, that's all. I got rattled, you know."

"H'm!" muttered the old fisherman as he straightened himself up, and reaching over he took the oars Ben was placing in the thole pins.

"With such a hand as that, you can't pull an oar, boy," he said decisively. "I'm coming round fast. I'll row home.

(Continued on page 291.)

# YOU WANT THE The slacking of the trawl had allowed the dory to drop slowly leeward, while the tide was sweeping the struggling man to windward. A drawning man with



which cuts, cleans and files the nails, and is an article you will be proud of. Beautifully finished in nickel plate.

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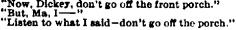


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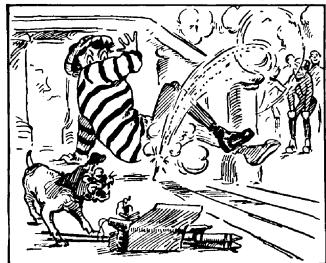
WE WANT AGENTS --- The AMERICAN BOY

"Now, Dickey, don't go off the front porch."











But as Dickey can't go down they start a "devil-chaser" up.

Whiz-bang!! biz!-\* \*--!!!--\* \*

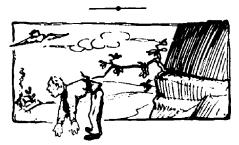
"I didn't go off the porch, Ma."



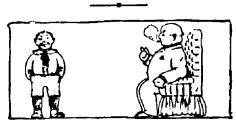
Scene: Country inn; a party of young wheelmen, several of whom had put up at this hostelry for the night a few weeks previously; time: morning, when about to settle bills.

Spokesman for Party: "Why, how's this? You have gone up thirty per cent on the prices you gave us when we stopped here before?"

Host: "Yes, I know it; I hadn't seen you eat then."

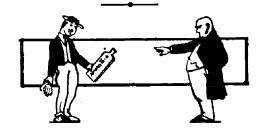


A youth at lifracombe, England, while climbing a cliff, fell from a height of one hundred feet, and although injured by the fall, escaped death by what seemed a miracle.



Papa—"Yes, my son, you must always begin at the bottom to learn anything." Willie—"How about swimming, pa?"





cation, "to keep the family name free

All right," said the practical parent. "Tell the maid to give you some whiting and ammonia, and then you can go out and polish up the name plate on the door."



President Roosevelt once found his skill with the lasso very useful. A guest who was staying with him at his ranch in Dakota fell into a stream, and Mr. Roosevelt, flinging the noosed rope round him, dragged him back into safety.



The youth was talking about the loss of life at a certain fire. "I think," said he, "everyone ought to keep a rope in his bedroom with which to make his escape in case the flames cut off

the stairway."
"And in what way would you, for instance," said his friend, "supposing you were in danger of death by fire, make use of the rope?"

'What a silly question!" replied the first speaker, with a superior smile, "Why, I'd tie one end to the bedstead and the other round my waist and jump out of the window, of course."

### The Wooers of the Wood

This romantic story may not be issued in book form, beautifully embellished, but if it should be, it would still be un-fair to keep the reader in suspense, so we shall proceed at once to set forth the remarkable career of these (wood)

be lovers.

This happy (Pear) lived in the (Buckeye) State, at (Mullberry) Grove, near (Ash)tabula. Mr. Henry (Hawthorne) was no common scrubby (locus-t), but was strong, tall and majestic like the (Oak), a very (Pop-u-lar) young man, and she,—Miss Minnie (Myrtle) was a slender, genteel (Willow)ey creature, whose very nature seemed to (Pine) for affection and (Wood knot) be denied.

"By the way," said the business man to the boy who was applying for a situation, "I was trying to whistle "Bill Bill's this morning, and I couldn't get the middle of it. Can you tell me how it goes like this."

"Yes, sir," said the business man coldly. "Thank you—you won't do."

"All right," said the business man coldly. "Thank you—you won't do."

"It shall be my ambition, father," said the young man who had finished his edu
"It shall be my ambition, father," said the young man who had finished his edu-



Uncle Jack—"It is very good lemonade, I'm sure; but tell me, 'Robert,' why do you sell yours for three cents a glass, when Charlie gets five for his?"

Robert—"Well, you mustn't tell anybody, Uncle Judd, but the puppy fell in mine and I thought it ought to be cheaper."

### The Boy Who Stole Birds' Eggs

The hoot-owl sat on the bough of a tree, Crying, "Hoot, hoot! And with two solemn eyes she looked down

at me,
Crying, Hoot, hoot!
"Now, are you, or are you not," said she,
"The boy who stole my young owlets from
me?
"Hoot, hoot!" "Hoot, hoot!"

The blue jay flew down and perched by her side,

Screaming, "Jay, jay!"
And I trembled with fright as she scolded

and cried,
"Jay, jay!
"I had four pretty eggs in the nest in the

tree;
pretty blue eggs you have stolen,"
cried she,
"Jay, jay!"



The robin hopped up on the bough by the jay,

Chirping, "Chee, chee? Suc "My nest it is gone, where I sat all the tank.

day, "Singling, Chee, cheel
"Oh, you great naughty boy, bring my
home back to me."
She sobbed as she sat on the bough of the

tree.

Moaning, "Chee, chee!"

Down flew the crow from her nest in the Crying, "Caw, caw!"

And she said to the birds, "Now just listen to me;
"Caw, caw!"
And I heard all their plans as they talked in the tree,
And, oh, children, they said they would surely steal me;
Oh, oh!

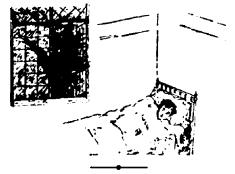


And now, when the trees tap my window

at night,
Oh, oh!
Way down in my bed I am trembling with

fright.
Crying. "Oh. oh!"
For I'm sure that some night when nobody can see.
The owl and the crow and the robin, all

three,
Will carry me off to their nest in the tree!
Oh, oh!
—Mary V. Hobart. -Mary V. Hobart.



Little Ebenezer—"What's all dishyer what Ah heah 'bout de sassage comin' outen a hole an' den goin' back in again w'en he sees 'is shaddah?"

Uncle Mose—"G'wan away, chile, wid you ig-rance. 'Tain' no sasage. Hit's a groun' hog."

Little Ebenezer—"Well, ef sassage ain' groun' hog, den Ah don't know whut is!"

—Washington Life.



It is hard to convince a boy that his best friend is his mother when she has him across her lap with her slipper in the air.

### Tongue Twisters for All

Such pranks Frank's fish play in the

Five wives weave withes.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper

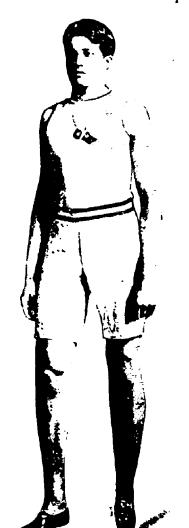
picked. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled

peppers,
Where are the pickled peppers Peter
Piper picked.

# STANDING HIGH JUMP

B y R A  $\Upsilon$  C E R  $\Upsilon$ 

American Champion and Holder of World's Record

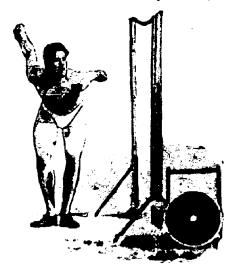


RAY C. ERY American Champion and Holder of World's Becord for High Jumping.

In MANY standing high jump contests in which I have entered since I first took up this form of athletics, I have been surprised at the few entries. Possibly it may be on account of the limited number of opportunities offered to the standing jumper compared with those held open to the athlete who aspires to honors in running jumps.

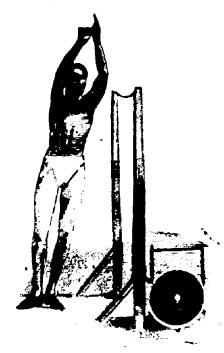
These discrepancies, like water, will find their level, and if the boys in the public schools and the young men of our

public schools and the young men of our universities would take up and train for these neglected events, the increase in entries would be an inducement for an additional number of competitions, till



in time the standing jumps would be found in the games of every club.
Unlike the running high jump, the standing event needs great power in the legs and shoulders to raise and later to legs and shoulders to raise and later to lift the body over the bar. Height of the athlete does not mean ability to succeed, athlete does not mean ability to succeed, but rather is it a matter of conformation, either natural or acquired, combined with regular practice and judgment.

In my own case, while at school I had tried every kind of sport, with but meager success, till I took up the standing



high jump in order to help out my school

high jump in order to help out my school in this event.

When once I had decided that I would compete in that item I went right into it, using all my time out of study in either actually performing the jump or following athletic and gymnastic work calculated to improve the necessary muscles and give strength.

My jumping consisted of about ten to twelve jumps a day, the highest being about four feet seven inches, which was the best I could then do. Combined with this, I played baseball and other outdoor games.

games.

My gymnasium work was of a nature to develop the thighs, abdominal muscles and included all exercises which would aid in the lifting and perfect control of the legs. I also paid particular attention to the shoulder muscles used in the arm lift.

the arm lift.

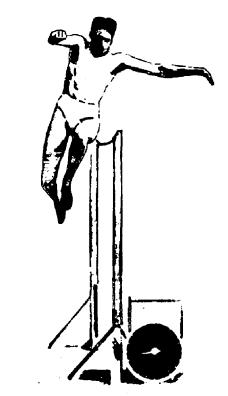
The squats and skipping a rope with stiff knees were two of the exercises which I used, and are of great value, while very simple.

while very simple.

After I once got my muscles into shape a very little practice sufficed to keep them right. About six weeks previous to jumping in a contest, however, I jumped in practice every day till within four days of the event, when I allowed myself complete rest from any such exertion. During this six weeks' work I only placed the bar at a medium height, extending myself about once a week.

In jumping I stand from twelve to seventeen inches away from the bar, according to the height; for four feet the shorter distance, while in doing my record of five feet five and one-quarter inches, there was about seventeen inches of space between the center of my feet

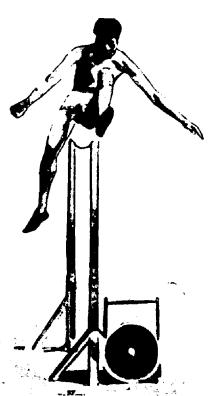
of space between the center of my feet



and the computed position of the bar.

Don't get too near, it means jumping higher to clear the bar.

Having got the correct position, crouch down as low as possible, with arms extended hackward. As the body is gradually straightened out in preparation for the final spring from the feet, the arms should be brought forward and upward. At the time of leaving the ground the

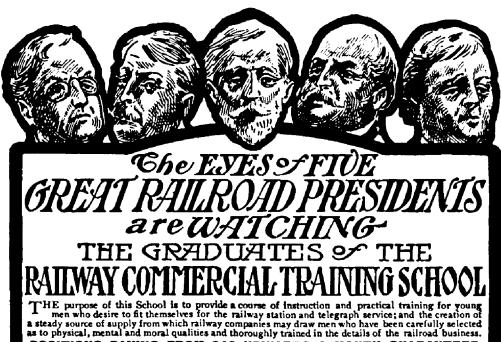


arms should be almost over the head and they should be fully extended when the body is above the bar. The most having been gotten out of

the spring and the arm and shoulder lift, the inside leg should be raised over the bar, the knee drawn up as high as pos-

When well over the bar curl up the other leg and the impetus from the original spring should then carry the jumper

In practice attention requires to be paid two things particularly, the correct



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action of the legs and the lift of the arms.

The former is somewhat in the nature

The former is somewhat in the nature of a high kick, for which reason both the single and double high kick are useful in preparing for this sport.

Smoking, and drinking of any kind of alcoholic liquors must be abstained from if success is expected, and a lot of sleep is necessary. More nerve is required for the standing high jump than for any other athletic event, for which reason nothing must be allowed to interfere with this important part of one's makewith this important part of one's make- a pin.

For the same reason attention should he paid to what is eaten, as a little in-digestion will make a man nervous and

arms while jumping.

Any boy who follows out the lines suggested in these notes, even if he cannot win a championship, will materially benefit himself physically by the training involved. ing involved.

### Making Crystals Without Trouble

### Your Eye Will Fool You

The next time your "crowd" is around you just say: "None of you have an eye that is any good. I guarantee that not a single eye in the crowd can see straight." Of course the challenge will be taken up.

be paid to what is eaten, as a little indigestion will make a man nervous and balky.

Above all things keep warm and avoid any chill to the muscles of the legs and arms while jumping.

Any boy who follows out the lines suggested in these notes, even if he cannot win a championship, will materially benefit himself physically by the train-

### Robert's Idea of Business

"What are you going to do when you

grow up, Robert?" asked the visitor.
"I'm going to be a bisness man," said

Dissolve ordinary soda in a glass of water, putting in as much soda as the water will take up. Then tie a common bean to a string and let it hang in the water so that it will be entirely submerged. The best way to do this is to tie the other end of the string to a piece of wire or something similar that can be laid across the top of the tumbler.

Before long a curious thing will happen to the bean. It begins to cover itself with tiny spines, until at last it looks like a tiny porcupine.

The explanation is simple. The bean is very porous and soaks up a lot of water, but the soda in the water cannot enter the bean and stays outside.

A funny thing can be shown by hanging some object that is not porous alonging side of the bean, such as a piece of glass. Long after the bean has disappeared under its accumulation of soda crystals the hit of glass will remain the same as it was.

"I'm going to be a bisness man," said Robert. "Pop tooked me down to his bisness last week, and I'm going to be bisness nand. I'm going to catch the car every morning going to catch the car every morning to light a great big cigar and sit down at my desk and say that there's so much work to do it ain't hardly any use beginning till after lunch. And then I'll go out with another big man and we'll eat and eat until we can't eat any more, and then we'll go back to the bisness and I'll ask everybody else why the work and ell i'll ask everybody else why the work and ell i'll ask ev

# My Four Years at West Point American Boy (BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER)

XIX.

MY FIRST WINTER AT THE POINT.

HE MONTH of September was devoted entirely to battalion infantry drill, that is so far as my class was concerned. With the first of October, however, a new schedule was substituted. We had another month of foot battery drill. The Seps constituted a battery by themselves, as they needed much more enlightenment than we. As during this month it grew dark quite early in the afternoon, dress parades were dispensed with, except on Saturdays and Sundays, when we had it at 4:40.

Saturday parade became a bore, especially when one had been shouldering his gun on the area the preceding part of the afternoon, but it was different on Sundays. Then we did not have to double-time back to barracks after parade had been dismissed. HE MONTH of September was de-

missed.

missed.

The band discoursed sweet music, and upon resuming its place on the right after "sounding off," played some grand old hymn. The seats in front of camp were well filled with visitors. The noble trees skirting Officers' Row and the forest surrounding the ruins of "Fort Put" were one mass of red and gold. When the battallon was brought to a "rear open order," and the eyes of all were cast to the right, mine would wander from the buttons of the files on my right to the grand scene to the on my right to the grand scene to the north, where Cro' Nest was frowning at his rival on the other shore of the Hudson, and where tiny sails dotted the surface of

the water as far as the eye could reach.

The early part of November brought the last change in the schedule for the term.

Parade was to take place at 4:10 until furthers. ther orders and no other afternoon drill was prescribed, but, at different hours in the morning, we were required to attend gymnastic exercises and fencing. Two math, sections attended at the same

time, and the drill lasted thirty-five mintime, and the drill lasted thirty-five minutes. Gymnastics and fencing took place on alternate days. The "gym fiend" (the same teacher that we had at swimming) instructed us in both arts. An army officer was also present to see that everything went along smoothly.

The course in gymnastics included exercises with dumb bells, Indian clubs, and on the horizontal and parallel bars. The gymnasium contained several horses made

eyes by hammering one another, amid greater or less applause according to the science displayed.

Those cadets who were of a literary turn had access to the post library during release from quarters. It is one of the finest lease from quarters. It is one of the finest libraries in the United States. All the standard writers in science, art and literature are represented, and there were shelves upon shelves devoted to military science. The cadets were allowed to take books from the library only on Saturday, and they were returnable on the following Monday. If not returned at the proper time, the infallible reminder was resorted to—a "skin."

These were about the only diversions for plebs. True, there were lots of gossip, and much speculation as to who the future "corps" would be. Gradually the true

"corps" would be. Gradually the true men drew to the front, as they always do. The cadet who had told his friends confidentially that he had excellent prospects of standing "I" in the class, was drudging along in the "immortals," and piling up the demerits day by day. He who had secret hopes of becoming the future class president, because of his inexplicable popularity in camp, now occupied a back seat. The youth who had aspired to be a ladies' man and the ranking hop manager for yearling camp, not to speak of being for yearling camp, not to speak of being first corp, because of receiving first color, had fallen from his lofty pedestal, for the

first corp. because of receiving first color, had fallen from his lofty pedestal, for the reason that he had attempted to economize by wearing high-water, flannel pleb trousers in lieu of the gray cloth trousers worn by the cadets in barracks. Moreover the future "spoonoid" had discovered, like many of his classmates, that his low standing, and his inability to "catch on" to logarithms, must inevitably end in disaster at the January examination, and had sent in his resignation.

Now, can you guess what the particular cadet I am describing will do when he gets home? He will tell his friends that he is heartly sick of the whole business, "Oh, the course was easy enough; I could have stood in the first section, if I had cared to devote myself to study; but my instructor was down on me, and I had no show. Anyway, the accommodations are poor, and the cadets are treated as meanly as they treat the poor plebs—in fact, West Point is no place for a gentleman of my style!" (True indeed.) Then our "resignee" would be the means, direct or indirect, of inspiring the article in the Daily Howler, setting forth the glaring defects of the West Point Military Academy, and calling upon Congress to abolish the hot-bed of an army aristocracy.

an army aristocracy.

This cadet is no fiction. Unfortunately he is present in every class that enters the

By A GRADUATE

Point, and his existence is largely responsible for the false impression that exists in many quarters regarding West Point.

I met an old friend the other day, who attended the same military school with me, the year before I entered the Point. It was the first time I had seen him since those days. After a short conversation, he asked me whether I graduated at the Point. "Yes," I replied. Seeing my uniform and shoulder-knots, he asked me if I had graduated into the Maryland—th.

form and shoulder-knots, he asked me if I had graduated into the Maryland—th.

A few days after this occurrence I ran across an old townsman who asked me what I was doing. "I am in the army," i answered. "Commissioned or non-commissioned?" he inquired.

We had not been in barracks a month before members of our class began dropping out. By the latter part of December a dozen had sent in their resignations, to avoid being "found" by the Academic Board. These men left the Point voluntarily, and found much consolation in the fact.

proceedings, may commute the sentence, as he frequently does.

as he irequently does.

The most helinous offense a cadet can be guilty of is lying. The authorities know no mercy in such cases. The liar, although his superiors may not find him out, is soon

his superiors may not find him out, is soon recognized by his mates, and is utterly detested. Truth is the foundation of all intercourse among gentlemen, and of all official communication, and no man is fit to become an officer whose word is not as binding as his oath.

A cadet's word is invariably accepted as final. If in any investigation an officer asks a cadet whether he is guilty of a certain offense and receives "No" for a reply, it is accepted unquestioningly, no matter what the circumstantial proof may be. The officer would require the evidence of his own senses, before doubting the cadet's word.

valuable one. Although, I fear, it is not fully appreciated by all the cadets, still it assists materially in keeping up the high moral and religious standard that exists in

the corps.

We had two holidays before January,

These were

We had two holidays before January. Thanksgiving and Christmas. These were observed by a suspension of academic an military duty. Call to quarters were sounded as usual after supper on each of these days, and studying was resumed.

At Christmas, some of the upper classmen who had been fortunate enough to escape all demerits from the previous June were allowed a Christmas lease of three days. Santa Claus evidently overlooked West Point altogether. It was too mild for any skating, and I devoted the day to lounging and comparing former Christmases with the present. We had an excellent dinner, which was fully appreciated by the entire corps. Christmas night was given up to the study of equations of the sixth degree.

sixth degree.

Cold weather set in immediately after, and on the following Saturday we were allowed to skate on the Hudson. The limits were strictly defined but the distances fact.

The court-martial had been resorted to in the case of three of my classmates for various offenses. One of the number was caught interfering with Seps and received a dose of light prison. The other two were unfortunate enough to be charged with "conduct unbecoming a cadet and a gentleman." And this, if proven, always means dismissal. The President who reviews the proceedings. may commute the sentence,

An amusing skating incident occurred on the Saturday to which I refer. The details gradually leaked out until even the plebs knew them all. I suspect that the authorities learned the truth too, in an unofficial way, when it was too late to mend matters. A cadet lieutenant and a private of the first class conceived the idea of skating off limits, for the purpose of visiting Cold Spring on the other side of the river. They had some fun in view, the nature of which they kept to themselves.

They arrived in town, spent an hour or so there, and started to return about half an hour before parade. The lieutenant, who evidently prized his chevrons highly became somewhat nervous after they had put on their skates, and suggested that they return separately, so as to avoid as much as possible the risk of detection. The private said that he did not like to lose the company of his friend but at his re-

what the curronstantial proof may be the first grown as the every thing went along smoothly.

The course in gymnastics included exercises this dumb belis. Indian clubs, and on the horizontal and parallel bars. The gymnastim contained several acreed and the exercises that he were to execute upon horses of flesh and bone.

The course in fencing included fencing with the musket, sabre and foils. Boxing with the musket, sabre and foils. Boxing was not taught, although the gymnastim contained several sets of gloves with which the cadets were at fiberty to pound one another during release from quarters.

The gymnastim occupies the first floor of the Academic building, and unsatisfaction of the cadets acreed the gymnastim was not the made of the made of the provided the cadets were at fiberty to pound one another during release from quarters.

The gymnastim occupies the first floor of the Academic building, and unsatisfaction of the Academic building, and unsatisfaction of the cadets are growned to the succeeding March the gymnastim was new one which is a vast improvement.

From November until the middle of the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the provided to the received to the received to the cadety and the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the succeeding March the gymnastim was never of the succeeding Marc



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Bedford, Pa. July 4th

Cairo, Ill. July 20th

Chautauqua, N. Y. July 22d

Boston, Mass. In August



The editor of The American Boy will attend all of these celebrations, excepting the one at Bedford, Pa.; at each of the places he visits he hopes to greet hundreds of readers of The American Boy and make their personal acquaintance.

### XX. "PLEB" JANUARY.

New Year's was a holiday,—at least the order published the day before stated that all duty, except the necessary guard and police duty, would be suspended, and the Commandant would authorize such recreation as he deemed fit. There was a large hop New Year's eve, but that did not interest us. Quite a number of girls were at the hotel, some of whom were those "that came up in June." Not a few upper classmen took the opportunity (from all appearances) to resume the thread of the previous summer's romance.

Notwithstanding the cold weather, Flirtation Walk was patronized at intervals by solitary couples in all of which the cadet gray was prominent. The wintry wind sighed dismally through the leafless branches, the favorite nooks among the branches, the layorite nooks among the rocks were hidden under ice and snow—but the cadet overcoat and heavy gray gloves are warm, and there are such things in the world as muffs, boas, and sealskin

sacques.

But I am anticipating again; there was none of this for the plebs and the "nonspoonoids." If it had not been for the skating on the Hudson, I fear New Year's would have been for us the same as any other holiday, a mere breathing spell in which one could take a retrospective glance and resolve to "bone" lessons and demerits more faithfully in the future.

and resolve to bone lessons and deficits more faithfully in the future.

January the second was the day on which the examinations were to begin. As it is customary to call up the sections in reverse order for examination, it can easily be imagined in what a perturbed state our immortals were. Poor fellows! They were too excited to do their New Year's dinner too excited to do their New Year's dinner menu justice, and they spent the greater part of the day in desperate attempts to unravel the mysteries of logarithms and quadratic equations. In fact, this panic of nervousness was not confined to the "goats," but extended, more or less, throughout the entire class. The fear of being "found" by that awe-inspiring Academic Board pervaded in some cases as high as the fourth section. The men in and above that, while confident of "pulling through," were all concerned about their January standing.

Call to quarters on New Year's night

Call to quarters on New Year's night brought us to our studies again, and by

prought us to our studies again, and by the time the sentinel of the first relief had inspected. I had almost forgotten that the day was a holiday at all. Being in one of the upper sections in each study, and feeling confident of getting though in the and feeling conndent of getting through in the "exams," I had no immediate fears. My roommate, however, studied like a Trojan. He was in the third section in math, and felt safe in that study, but he was an immertal but he was an immortal in English and occupied the whole evening in toiling over his green B. S. I giving what help I could.

The orders relative to examinations had been published some time before. They prescribed that the Academic Board should be divided into two committees, one to sit

division the old call of "turn out promptly" dued manner the one funeral march that or at such an hour, specifying the study and the class. At almost every meal, the O. D. published some order in the mess-hall correspond to the main time. The library presented a different appearance to the men turned out. They spent the correspond to the main in the mess-hall correspond to the main in the mess-hall correspond to the main in the mess-hall correspond to the men turned out. They spent the correspond to the men turned out.

concerning the examinations.

The "goats" in mathematics were the first to come under fire, and judging from the long time they were under examination, and the excited tales that they told of "fessing" or "tying it up cold," it looked as if the immortals were soon to put on

mortality. At dinner that day, every "goat" was besieged with questions of all kinds, "What with the state of the state subjects did you have?" "What subject did they give to Smith?" "Did the Prof. ask you any questions?" Who had probs?" and kindred queries poured in On the hap-

less immortal from all sides.

More than one immortal told a mournful story of having boned every subject except the one that had been given to him, and that particular branch was the one that he didn't know anything about. It was the same old story—men boning for examination without knowing how to do it; but, unfortunately, the experience acquired was likely to be of no avail to them at West Point. They felt that they must "get over" Point. They felt that they must "get over" it all, and so they waded through page after page, forgetting that the time they were devoting to the whole course was not more than they had previously given to two day's lessons before examination, and that, if they did not know it already, it was too late to learn it now. Hour after hour was devoted to poring over subjects that they already knew, while those old knotty points, here and there, were glanced over in the same hurried manner of other days. The Professor and the instructor had a him through.

—all in due time for the great ever peculiar way of giving out these hazy subpeculiar way of giving out the subpeculiar way of giving out the hazy subpeculiar way of giving out the hazy subpeculiar way of giving out the ha

divisor, or the ignorance of the nature of equations of the "mth" degree may caunge the whole course of an earthly existence.

I ought to have taken warning from the experience of these unfortunate immortals,

but I did not. I counted on being called up for examination on the afternoon of January 3d, so I started in after dinner on the 2d to plough through the whole of my Davies Bourdon, and I actually did it, with the exception of the last ten pages

Our January examinations were to be entirely oral, which for the cadet has its entirely oral, which for the cadet has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. If in an oral "exam" you get a subject with which you are well acquainted, and you are proficient for the term in marks (68) you are proficient for the term in marks (18) per cent, or more) you are in all probability safe. If, however, you are awarded a subject that you do not know very well (and even the best men are hazy on a few points), you are liable to be turned out for a written examination, unless you stand quite high in the particular branch. If you "fess" very badly, even if you escape a written "exam" you will have a loss in class standing.



Photo by M. A. Yauch, Rochester, N. Y.

should be divided into two committees, one to sit in No. 1, Academic Building (the room on the second floor over the Dancing Academy), and the other to sit in the Library. The work of examining the cadets was divided between these two committees. The senior member of the Academic Board was to act as president, although the Superintendent presided when present.

The Board was composed entirely of Professors, with the exception of the Superintendent and the Commandant, who were also members. One of the instructors was detailed as secretary for each board and his diffes were to keep the record and from time to time report to the adjutant the progress of the examinations.

The professor at the head of each department presided when his particular study was in order, the instructor being present during the examination of his section. He gave out the subjects, and conducted the examination, although the professor often had something to say, and occasionally some one of the members asked a question. The sections were turned out by the marks for the term are considered together in determining his standing and fate.

At about 2:30 p. m. of January 3d, the officer of the day came into my division and shouted, "—th section, fourth class mathematics, turn out at 2:45!"

I was in a pretty rattled condition, and divided the time from 2:30 till 2:45 between making my toilet and taking hurried glances at subjects that I already knew.

We formed promptly on the hour, and by the command of the O. D., who had charge of the formation, were marched over to the Library by our section marcher.

As soon as we were outside of the area and saw that the coast was clear, each man of well examination, although the professor often had something to say, and occasionally some one of the members asked a question or two.

The sections were turned out by the officer of the day as the board was ready for them. Notice was sent to the O. D. by an orderly, and the officer went through barracks shouting on the first floor of each division the old call of "turn out promptly" or at such an hour, specifying the study and the class. At almost every meal, the old calls of the section was and the class. At almost every meal, the class is a promptly on the hour, and the hour, and the command of the O. D., who had charge of the formation, were marched over to the Library by our section marcher. As soon as we were outside of the area and saw that the coast was clear, each man of the section began putting questions of a math, nature to his nearest file. There was one exception and that was Corp, who asked no information nor gave any, but contented himself with whistling in a sub-division the old call of "turn out promptly" or at such an hour, specifying the study and the class. At almost every meal, the old calls of "turn out promptly" or at such an hour, specifying the study and the class. At almost every meal, the old calls of "turn out promptly" or a such an hour, specifying the study and the class. At almost every meal, the officer of the formation, were marched on the formation. I might just as soon as we were outside of the area and saw that the coast was clear, each man of the whole matter over, and found only one that the whole matter over, and found only one that the whole matter over, and found only one that the whole matter over, and found only one that the whole matter over, and found only one that the whole matter over, and found only one that the whole matter over, and found only one that the whole matter over, and found only one that the class of the area and saw that the coast was clear, each man of the whole

notary presented a different appearance from the ordinary. There was a complete semi-circle of blackboards, opposite the center of which sat the Academic Board. We had to wait outside the inner door until the orderly notified us that we were wanted inside. We opened the door occasionally to see how things were progressing within. There were several cadets at the boards, but only the lower halves of their bodies were visible. One of my classiticate subject to the ment turned out. They spent the few hours remaining to them in wain endeavors to "get over it" all again, and disappeared in the hall of the Academic Building asking fifteen questions of each other, for which, as usual, there were not fifteen answers.

(To be continued.)

American Roard R tricate subject to the Academic Board the professor interrupted now and then with

report to the President of the Board, and we took seats on the benches provided for that purpose. As there were three hoards vacant, the instructor of our section called up the last three men in reverse order and gave them their subjects. As it was customers. tomary to give but three men in a section problems, and as two had already been provided with "probs." I concluded I had little chance of being furnished with that material.

I took a survey of the boards, and seeing several subjects already given out that I did not particularly fancy, felt somewhat relieved. The man in the section below me, now called on to write, had one of my pet subjects, and it made my blood run cold to hear him massecre it. I wondered how the Board had the patience to hear

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in his math. I determined to dispel my nervous feelings by driving all thoughts of algebra from my head. I tried to imagine those self-possessed, dignified professors as cadets. The best I could do was to picture them as mighty first captains "driving" battalions to meals—it was utterly impossible to fancy that they had all been niebs ble to fancy that they had all been plebs the same as we and had shaken in their shoes before an Academic Board just as solemn and just as awe-inspiring as they

were now.

Behind the Board were several benches.

A few girls visiting on the post at the time and chaperoned by officers' wives had taken possession of these seats. They looked very knowing and wise. Although I couldn't be certain of it, I was willing to wager that while they might know the difference between a corporal's ch vron and a captain's, not one of them could tell a logarithm from an unknown quantity.

I returned from all these absurd fancies

stood fully twenty min-utes before I could even place the subject in the book. At last, by a long process of reasoning. I remembered that it was on the left-hand page. This was a clue at least, but strive as hard as I might, I could not recall the author's words or his method of demonstration. I stared at the board in a va-cant manner, but it

at the board in a vacant manner, but it stared back at me just as vacantly.

My subject was not a "B.S'g" one (that is one of a mere matter of hook go and work in my own way. The minutes sped swiftly. I became so engrossed that the hum of voices almost died away in my ears. Then I paused a moment to glance around, I saw that there was but one cadet between me and my recitation, but I had gone far enough in my work to see my way clear. I had solved the difficulty according to my own methods, but was confident of the start of the star

I had solved the difficulty according to my own methods, but was confident of every step in the demonstration.

As I faced about and gave my enunciation, I was perfectly cool. When I started on my demonstration, my instructor frowned a little as he saw that I had completely abandoned the book; but the professor took me in hand, and I came off with flying colors,—in fact, the professor said, "Very well."

On my way back to barracks, I thought

# at Bedford, Pa.

# a question. When they were all through with my scared classmate, we were notified that we could enter. Our section marcher made the Eastern Pennsylvania

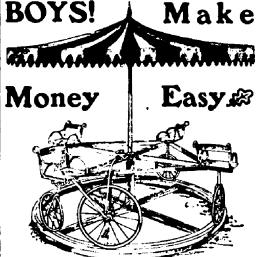
of going to press we receive from one of the ladies (mind you, boys, ladies) who have charge of the celebration of American Boy Day at Bedford, Pa., the following letter:

Bedford, Pa., June 14, 1905. Mr. Wm. C. Sprague: Dear Sir: Your letter of June 1st with suggested program for American Boy celebration inclosed was duly received, and answer delayed only until I could report some progress made.

Matters are adjusting themselves nice-

Matters are adjusting themselves nicely and we are expecting a great day on July 4th in Bedford. We are taking the program about as you suggest, so are expecting the Prize Poem, Dewey letter, also letters from Governors, Formula for Salute to the flag, and a letter from you—all in due time for the great event!

I begin tomorrow evening training a male chorus of 50 voices who will be on the platform during the exercises. Our



Q You enjoy riding in a Merry-Go-Round, why not own one yourself and have the other boys pay you for the privilege of riding and have your own rides free? • Our Merry-Go-Round is comparatively inexpensive and

you can make enough spending money to last you all summer, besides paying for the Metry-Go Round.

It Is An Ornament On Any Lawn.

¶ FATHERS-Wouldn't you rather have your boy stay at home instead of running on the streets during his vacation and in addition get the habit of making and saving his earnings and at the same time enjoy a very healthful, outdoor exercise. Our Merry-Go-Round is absolutely safe.

door exercise. Our Merry-Go-Round is absolutely save, even the babies can be strapped in the seats and enjoy the sport with the order children.

If A good agent is wanted in your city, discounts being made on first order to introduce.

If We also manufacture the cerebrated HUTCHINS ROLLER SWING.

HUTCHINS ROLLER SWING CO., 801 Front St., ALTON, ILL.

The Solgram Color Photo Co. of Downington, Pa., beg to announce that their

Solgram Sensitized Paper and Chemicals Are Now on the Market

No process has ever been devised that so clearly of the object photographed. The directions are simple and the results most pleasing. Any one with a slight idea of ordinary photography can do it readily. Either plate or film can be used.

Solgram Paper and Chemicals will be sold by supply dealers results as will be mailed no received a rice.

20 to 20, strong, good sight and hearing, for firemen and brakemen on all railroads. Firemen, \$65 monthly, be-come engineers and earn \$190. Brakemen, \$60, be-come conductors and earn \$190. Name position pre-ferred. Send stamp for particulars. Railway Associ-ation, Room 1-227 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Dollars or Presents** Send for 3 doz n Handy Iron Wax worth ten cents each. Sell for five. Every woman will buy two. Return our \$1.50 and we well give you three articles. Buy's Leasure hall, fine buy catcher's or fielder's glove, and mask. Money, cameras, gons, etc., also given AMERICAN HOME SUPPLY CO., 642 Avandale Ave., Intede, 0.

committee seem to prefer the program rendered on our public square unless it should rain, when we have the assembly hall in our public school building at our

disposal. I regret not being able to send photos of those taking part by June 12th. I may get some in later. These are strenuous times with me, but, somehow, the ous times with me, but, somehow, the wheels are kept moving and we are hopeful all will end well. Several platform drills are under preparation, somewhat spectacular in effect, which will doubtless attract the crowd.

Any circular letters you might send to subscribers will be greatly appreclated. We, too are sending invitations to all Sunday schools in the county and to interested individuals where we know

terested individuals where we know there will be interest taken. I am expecting six parts on the pro-

gram to be taken by boys outside of Bedford. One recitation, "Old Glory," will be given by Harold T. Shuck, a Cen-tral City, Colorado, boy. So, you see, we are reaching out from our borders quite

Bands have been engaged for the day and while there will be other celebra-tions during the day, such as a trades' display in the morning and fireworks at night, we have right of way from 1 to 4 the afternoon, and the best place in the parade is reserved for the

think this is about all I have to report at present.

Respectfully yours,
MISS L. D. SHUCK.

### Appreciated in Libraries

The Hurlbut Library, Water Works Pumping Station

Water Works Pumping Station.
Detroit, March 18th, '05.
My Dear Mr. Sprague:—I am sending a line
to tell you how much we appreciate THE
AMERICAN BOY. I think you would feel paid
for sending it to us if you could see how
eager the children are for the new numbers
and how much they seem to enjoy every page
of the magazine. With many thanks to you.
I am.
Very truly yours

Very truly yours, ELIZABETH MANCHESTER,

Reunion: 5 var. Peru; 3 var. Tunis; 3 var. China; 5 var. Egynt.

Any one of above seven (7) offers free (your choice. 11)

you send for a trial one of my big 50% app. books(not sheets) and promise to buy or sell from same. No trash, reprints or such stuff. The largest, finest and best selections to either buy or sell from. Please give age, size of collection, and something to convince me you are honest and reliable. These sets are 10c. ea: 10 Uruguay; 8 Philippine 1s.; 13 India; 13 Argentine Rep.; 2 Zanzibar; 17 Jap.; 4 Perak. Big 32 pp.. list, circulars etc., free. W. C. PHILLIPS, Glastonbury, Conn.

Stamps Free A set of Venezuela 1896 Map stamps, Cat. 42c, for the names of two collectors and 2c postage. 17 Civil War Rev., 10c; 40 U.S. postage and Rev. 10c. Packet No. 95,30 King's Heads, Hong Kong, Grenada, at only 25c. C. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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21 DIFFERENT UNUSED STAMPS ABSOLUTELY FREE and return postage. Packet contains a few fac similes of very rare stamps. 4 Honduras 1888, 56:;1000 fine for 'n, 14c: 2 unused Br. New Guines, 7c: 5 U.S. Depts. 12c: 5 Thessaly complete, 75c: 20 U. Rev. 5c; comp. catalog foc. Our large money saving price list res. Time Stamp Co., 180 & St., Time, Ohlo.

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revenues and foreign at 50%. No trash or reprints. A. J. KOENS, Norristown, Pa.

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as a premium. 10 Weeks for 10 cents. Varieties Foreign Stamps FREE for names and addresses of two collectors and 2c return postage. Only one lot to a customer. 1.000 Hinges Sc. 10 var. U. S. Rev., long, 10c; 40 var. U. S. stumps 10c; 10 var. Japan Sc. MIAMI STAMP COMPANY, OHIO TOLEDÖ,

### Some Philatelic Portraits

We have told the story of many a South and Central American "Stamp head." Nearer home there are philatelic portraits with stories equally interesting and romantic. The aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who came into the heritage of the Hapsburgs when a boy of eighteen, is still occupying what has been described as "the most difficult throne in the world;" and during the past fifty years stamps his head has figured on many millions of Austrian postage stamps.

When adhesive postage stamps were first issued in Austria, just fifty-five years ago, the design selected was one commonly chosen for European empires—viz., the arms of the country. The head of the Emperor was not employed until the issue of 1858, when an embossed profile portrait formed the principal feature of the design. Another embossed head—but turned to the right instead of to the left—appeared on the oval stamps of the left-appeared on the oval stamps of





1861, but in 1867 the best known and longest lived Austrian issue was produced, the well-known series of 1867-1882, bearing the Emperor's head to right in a central circle. Many of us who have collected stamps for a many of us who have considerable period of time can recollect these stamps as being current in our schooldays. Common enough then—almost despicably common; but nowadays, one or two of the higher values are anything but easy to pick

higher values are anything but easy to pick up in first-class condition.

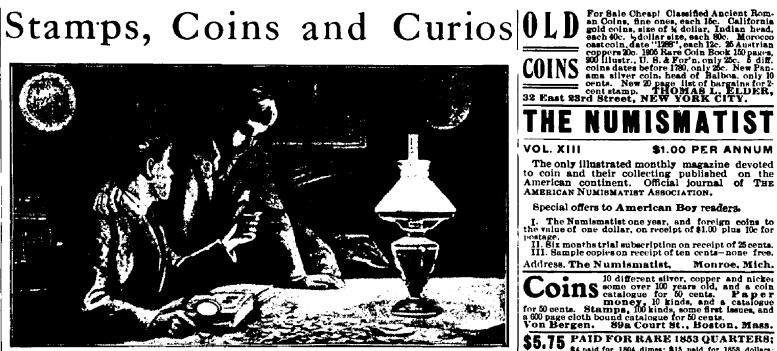
These various portraits of the Emperor Francis Joseph on successive issues of the postage stamps of Austria form a most interesting portrait gallery of the ruler of the Dual Empire. The stamps are not mere repetitions of a stereotyped profile as was the case with the English issues of the Victorian era. On each issue of the series, Francis Joseph grows a little older, though it may be doubted whether the portrait on the issue now current faithfully depicts the head of the House of Hapsburg in the winter of his days, after a long life of public trial of his days, after a long life of and private bereavement unequalled in the career of any other reigning sovereign.

career or any other reigning sovereign.

Italian stamps show us some interesting heads, too—especially if we include under the heading of Italy, the stamps bearing the head of King Ferdinand of Sicily. It was this



king, known by the contemptuous nickname of "King Bomba," whose precious head (on his postage stamps) was shielded from the contaminating touch of the postal obliterating stamp by the sycophantic ingenuity of one of his courtiers, who devised a special postmark, which, while cancelling the outer portions of the stamp, would leave the kingly effigy untouched! The stamps of Italy proper—the "United Italy" of the past forty-five years—show us portraits of the gallant House of Savoy, from the first Victor Emmanue' down to his namesake and descendant of today. The head of Victor Emmanuel ("the Gallant") gave place in 1879 to that of his successor on the throne, Umberto, or as we render it, Humbert, the illustrious but lifted monarch who fell a victim to the murderous hand of an anarchist. The King Humbert, fated monarch who fell a victim to the mur-derous hand of an anarchist. The King Hum-hert series of stamps lasted from 1879 to 1901, in which latter years the new labels bearing the head of the present King Victor Emmanuel II. made their appearance. The most recnt issue of the current type is the oblong "Expresso" label for the express de-ligant department of the Italian postal serlivery department of the Italian postal ser-



### A Few Aids for Classifying Stamps

Bs As-Buenos Ayres. Communicationes—Spain.
Cpenja—Servia
Deficit—Peru unpaid letter stamps. Espana—Spain.
Franco Bollo—The States of Italy.
Helvetia—Switzerland.
H. I. & U. S.—Hawali.
Island—Iceland.

willingly contributing their kopecs to what is certainly a most noble and deserving cause. Even the very poor are giving their mites, and it is evident that the Russian moujik, himself an object for commisseration, has not had all the humanity crushed out of him by generations of tyranny and oppression.—Hobbies.

### The Numismatic Sphinx

Expans—Spain paid letter stamps. Expans—Spain paid letter stamps. Expans—Spain paid letter stamps. France Bollo—The states of Italy.

If i. 1. 6. U. S.—Hawati France Bollo—The states of Italy.

If i. 1. 6. U. S.—Hawati France Bollo—The states of Italy.

If i. 1. 6. U. S.—Hawati France Bollo—The states of Italy.

Norg—Fore South Meles.

N. Z.—New Zealand

Ottoma Emple—Turkey.

D. S. U.—Sansel Ujong.

R. H.—Sansel Viong.

R. H.



# THE NUMISMATIST

The only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to coin and their collecting published on the American continent. Official journal of THE AMERICAN NUMISMATIST ASSOCIATION.

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The Numismatist one year, and foreign coins to the value of one dollar, on receipt of \$1.00 plus 10c for

onstage.

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III. Sample copies on receipt of ten cents—none free. Address. The Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

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\$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; big prices paid for 1804 dimes; \$15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stau: p value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address

G. F. GLARKE, Agent, LeRoy, N. Y. Dept. H. SEA 35 Varieties ..... 20c 20 larger varieties 20c Sea Horse ..... 15c Panama shell .... 05c SHELLS Alligator Figg...... 30c Crocodile Figg..... 40c AND CURIOS 15c Panama shell .... 05c Assorted 15c Panama shell .... 05c Assorted 15c Cassorted shells—Florida—Singapore—Philippines, 20c. Post paid. Price list free. TROFICAL CURIO CO., Miami, Florida.

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U. S. stamps, all issues from 1857, including Columbia, Omaha, Pan-American. Civil War 10 cts.
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# A FEW SUMMER BARGAINS All are unused and post free. WILLIAM P. PRICE, Arnold Avenue, Rewport, R. L.



Stamps 100 all different genuine La-China, Urugusy, Corea, etc. with Album only 50. 1000 FINELY MIXED 20 Cents; 1000 hinges 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. NEW LIST FREE. C. A. Stegman, 5041 Cote Brilliante Ave., 8t. Louis, 30.

105 var. used and unused stamps including COREA (the bone of contention between Russia and Japan), India, Portugal, Japan, Rossia, Australia Philippines. &c., \$1 and \$2. U.S. Revenue, 250 faultless hinges and AN ENTIRE JAPAN POSTAL CARD all for Its silver and 5s stamp for postage. Chas. A. Townsend, \$7 fined St., Akros., O.

FREE A set of 10 all different Canada Postage and a set of large U. S. Revenues for names and addresses of 2 collectors and return postage. Large lists and list of valuable premiums FREE. ROLONA STAMP CO., Dept. B., DAYTON, OHIO.

50 Cuban Revenues, unused.
1000 Peerless hinges.
3 set Honduras, 2 var., unused.
1 set Nicaragus, 2 var., unused.
1 set Paraguay, 2 var., unused.
1 millimeter Scale and Perforation Gaugo.
OHIO STAMP CO., Station F., Toledo, Ohio.



500 finely mixed only 10c; 50 all diff fine 1000 fines Sc; 40 diff. U.S. and Canada, 10c; 200 all diff. 20c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free, old Stamps bought. per cent. List Free. Old Stamps bought. UNION STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

# Stamp Collectors eign stamps in-

38 CLARKSON ST., DORCHESTER, MASS. FREE 16 var. U. S. Revenues for names and addresses of 2 reliable stamp collectors with 2 cents return postage. 1000 Hinges, 8 cents; 100 U. S. all different, 20 cents; 60 U., S. 10 cents. Collector's Own Catalogue, 10 cents; 60 Japanese mounted on sheet, 18c. A Real Bargale. JAPANESE STAMP CO., 741 E. Pine, Portland, Ore.

Catalog \$1.50 for and addresses of two boy friends.

215 different stamps, catalog \$3.00, for . . . . . . 16c
525 different, worth \$8.00, for . . . . . . \$1.10
JOSEPH F. NEGREEN, 128 E. 28RD STREET, NEW YORK

STAMPS FREE! 50 different Foreign unsed Servia, etc. State size of your
collection. 150 var. Foreign. 10v.
1,000 hinges, 5c. Pocket Albam 5c. Approvaaheets also sent. 50 per cent. com. Prise-list Free!
REW ENGLARD STAMP CO.,
PB Brumfeld Street., Besten.

9B Brombeld Street.

FREE 100 var. Foreign Stamps for names and addressee of two stamp collectors and 2c. return poetage. Only 1 pit. to a customer 35 var. U. S. stamps, 10 cts. 10 U. S. Revenues, long, 15 cts. 1000 Hinges, S cts. Dupil cate Album, board cover, space for 600 stamps, 10 cts. READ STAMP COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

STAMPS FREE 100 all different free for names and 2c for postage, 1000 hinges, 8c; 12 U.S. Documentary Revs., 10c. 220 varieties Foreign, fine, 26c; 100 varieties U.S., special value, 25c. List 600 sets free. Agents 50 per cent. commission; QUAKER STAMP CO., Ohio.

STAMPS 100 Chins Java, etc., unusual val unusual val unusual val illustrated list of 1000 bargains. All the above postpaid for Sc. Stamps in alhum free to agents. 50 pct. com. 1905 illus prieed cat. of stamps of all nations 10c. Globe Album, holds over 1,200 stamps, good paper, 10c. World album, 18c. Bester ones, 28c. A. Bullard & Co., 446 Trement St., Rectos

FREE A Russian Coin for the names of two Collectors and 2 cents postage—20 Russian stamps 10c; 40 Japan Postage and Revenue 25c; 2 Inhambane 3c; 2 Eritres 2c; 2 St. Helena 7c; Big lists free—Wholesale list for dealers. TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, O.









THE RUBBIAN WAR STAMPS, ISSUED IN AID OF SOLDIERS' WILOWS AND ORPHANS

# The Boy Photographer by the use of ammonia. The solution should be about one drachm to a pint of water. The prints should be washed in several changes of water, then immersed in the ammonia solution, finally toned as usual. It is necessary to wash the prints carefully when they are in the ammonia, as the action is very rapid.

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.

### Honorable Mention

The list of those entitled to this distinction this month includes the names of: Ed. C. Steuber, F. Smith, Frank Gerlach, E. E. Trumbull, Kerr Forman, Paul G. Shippee, J. L. Kadgihn, Albert E. Sindt and M. C. Shoemaker.

### For Amateurs

The May issue of the Camera Amateur Magazine, of Boston, contains a number of in-cut ro-teresting articles and numerous artistic il-lustrations that are printed on calendared pa-per. The magazine requires no commenda-tion; it commends itself.

### 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.—Ex,

Lantern Slides From Newspaper Cuts

Newspaper cuts (or printed matter) are sometimes used as iantern slides but cannot be mounted so as to be very satisfactory. The best way to prepare them is probably to coat the printed matter with a fine spirit varnish, or a negative varnish might answer. Rub tho print face down on the glass until all air bubbles are expelled. When dry, soak the paper with water, and rub the paper off the glass very carefully with the finger, so as not to remove the varnish and ink of the picture. If successful, the picture will remain on the glass when the paper has been removed.—Photo Straws.

### To Enamel Bromide Paper

To Enamel Bromide Paper

This may be satisfactorily done by the following method. Take a clean sheet of glass and warm it before the fire, then thoroughly clean and rub it with a little vaseline, finally polishing with a clean cloth. Coat this thickly with enamel collodion (made up of castor oil 2½ minims, pyroxyline 3½ grains, alcohol ¼ ounce, ether ¼ ounce). Allow this to set. Then make a solution of gelatine—20 grains in 1 ounce of water. Put the collodion-coated glass face upward in this solution while it is still warm. Next immerse the print face downward and bring print and glass into contact. Remove and squeegee together till all air-bubbles are removed. Leave till dry, then cut round the edges with a sharp knife, lift up one corner, and strip off the enameled print.

### Copying Cracked Prints

Prints which have become cracked and discolored by age are somewhat difficult to photograph. The best way is to fill up the cracks in the surface by some means before attempting exposure. A good plan is to soak the print in good glycerine and squeegee it to a glass plate. This, of course, makes the copying somewhat difficult. Either the glass and its attached print should be placed in a sloping position in the open air, and the

APPLE8 First Prize, by Nick Bruchl, Sherwood, Wis.

### Prize Winners

Nick Bruehl, who takes first prize with his Nick Bruehl, who takes first prize with his fine photograph of apples, requires no introduction to our readers as reproductions of some of his pictures have appeared in these columns before, but Chas. L. Wallace, the winner of the second prize, is a newcomer. He is a Chicago boy, 13 years of age. The photogroph represents his brother. It was taken on a Cramer plate, developed with tolidol and printed on solio.

HIS FIRST PANTS Second Prize Photo by Chas. L. Wallace, Chicago. Ill.

camera pointed down upon it, or the print may be surrounded by sheets of tissue paper. These should be arranged so as to form a kind of open-ended box some ten or twelve inches jeep. A rapid plate should be used and a moderately long exposure given. If the print cannot be treated with glycerine, the only thing to do is to take a photograph of it upon an isochromatic plate, employing a yellow screen.

### Mistakes to be Guarded Against

Never take a view with the sun directly behind you, says a correspondent of the Photographic News, and reference to Figs. 1 and 2 herewith given will show the worth of the ad-

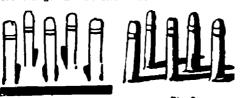


Fig. 1 shows the result with the sun be vice. Fig. 1 shows the result with the sun behind the photographer; the shape of the objects, shadows, and even perspective are lost. Fig. 2 shows the effect with the light coming from the side, and how great an improvement!

Another error to be guarded against is lack of foreground. Note the contrast between Fig.





3 and Fig. 4. In the former the object has been to get as much of the tree as possible, and consequently foreground has been sacrificed and the tree looks as though it were anchored in the air, rather than firmly rooted in the earth. In Fig. 4 the top of the tree has been sacrificed to gain more foreground and the top-heavy and unsymmetrical effect thus eliminated.

### Too Deep Prints

It frequently happens that prints are made more deeply than is intended. Usually such prints are regarded as useless and thrown away. They may, however, be easily reduced

### A Developing Hint

One very fertile source of pinholes in negatives is the formation of minute air bubbles during the flyoding of the plate with the developer. This may happen even if the solution is poured on quickly and carefully. A very simple method of doing away with any difficulty from this source is to breathe upon the film surface of the negative. By this means a very slight moistening of the gelatine is caused, and this enables the developer to come into contact with the film at once without any formation of bubbles. The plan is a very simple one, but is nevertheless perfectly effective.

### Current Coraments

Current Comments

Geo. D. Shelton: The proper tone of solio is a warm brown; the reddish tint should be entirely eliminated. Howard Dietrich: If you should wonder why your "Fishing" received no consideration in our prize contest, note the size of the boy's leg, on which the dog is resting. Evidently it was too near the camera and, therefore, appears much larger than the limbs of the remainder of the party. In every other respect the photograph is very good. Richard H. Valentine: Blue prints are excluded from our competitions. F. C. Leurs: Your photograph of "The High Jump" is a very creditable one. Vernon Householder: For a first effort two of your prints are pretty good. By looking at the photograph of the horse, however, you will find that the fore-part appears larger than the hind-part, because the animal was not taken on the same plane. Cecil E. Grambs: Subject too large for so small a camera; otherwise commendable. R. Lee Goulding, Matthews H. Tardy and Robert H. Fowler: Prints show lack of contrast; probably your negatives lack density and were either under-exposed or taken out of the developer too soon. In the case of Goulding, this remark refers to his print of the U. S. Kearsarge. Geo. Ringrose: From a pictorial point of view, your photograph is excellent. Technically it is defective and appears flat. Perhaps the negative is not to blame, in which case you may be able to send us a print that will show more contrast; otherwise, try intensification.

### The Letter-Box

The Letter-Box

Geo. A. Miller: In a general way I should say that a folding camera would be preferable, although you would have less trouble with a box or fixed focus camera when making snap-shots; the camera you mention is a good one; a good 3½ x 4½ camera may be purchased for 35 up. H. D. Lippincott: By selecting a suitable mount, that is to say one that is thick enough, the annoyance of curling may be avoided. Edwin Peterson: In my opinion the film cameras you mention are much inferior to the Kodaks. Request the Eastman Co. to send you a catalogue and investigate the matter for yourself. Harry Wilton: Titles on prints are produced by writing backwards on the negative, employing type, carbon tissue, etc. The most practical methods are either to write the title first of all on the paper before printing with India Ink, the same being washed off prior to toning; or the following may be used after toning:

 Water
 30 parts

 Iodine
 1 part

 Gum
 1 part

Gum

You can get the materials for the foregoing at any drug store. R. Lee Goulding: For information concerning the No. 2 Brownie, please address the manufacturers, the Eastman Co., Rochester, N. Y. To take a photograph of the picture of your great grandfather, you will require a copying lens. If the picture is covered by glass, you will have to take it out of the frame. The length of time exposure cannot be given, as that depends upon the light.

Almost a Kodak.



# **DECORATE** YOUR

with Vacation Pictures. They are easily made with a

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

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# Boys or GUN GIVEN

For half hour's easy work, Gleve extra large all leather and well made, lacing for thumb and wall pocket; raised heel and double palm stuffed with finest heir. Blee in of best make; shoots 250 shots with out relouding; accurate and true aim. Send us your name and address, we send you free, postpaid 30 packages of our latest imported needles to sell at 10 erats per package, gregular price 25 erats.) When sold send us the \$2.00 and premium selected will be sent prepaid same day your remittance is received. We guarantee astisfaction and take back all unsold goods, giving you a handsome present for what you have sold. Don't delay—write today.

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DAVIS BROTHERS, Dept. A. B., 6109 S. May St., Chicago.



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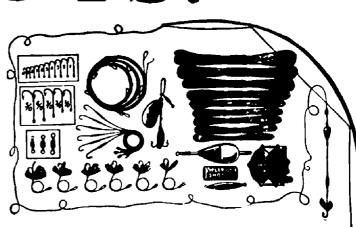
The cut is the exact size of our Gold Plated Automobile Charm. We also make 25 other designs, among which are a Foot Ball, Base Ball, Revolver, Auto Wheel, Fisherman's Fly. Gold Fish, Carpenters' Hammer, Monkey Wrench, Drawing Knife, Saw, Razor, Troting Horse, Oar Lock, Compass, Butchern'steel, Saw, Cleaver, Any of the above by mail 25c, each, W. IRVING SAUDER, 100 Smann 8t.

GOLD TOOTH CO., Frenchtown, S. J.



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Publishers "The American Boy"

DETROIT, MICH.

# The Boy Mechanic and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where saked by boys, be sawered in these columns. A Permanent Department Consistence of certain chemicals which have a depolarizing action and prevent this collection of bubbles. If it is not possible for you to get sulphuric acid, you may use strong vinegar or brine instead, but the action is not as violent. Experimental Lessons In Electricity I.esson III. Current Electricity Lesson III. Current Electricity. Lesson III. Lesson III.

HILE our studies in magnetism are necessarily brought to an abrupt close by reason of a desire to get into a new field with each lesson, when possible, we shall have frequent occasion to refer to the subject again throughout this series. Under the head of Current Electricity and its applications there will be many experiments where the magnetizing effect of the voltaic current will be studied at great length. This past lesson will serve to show some of the wonderful effects produced by magnetism and introduce to many a new force, upon which all of our electrical machines depend for motion or action. HILE our studies in magnetism are

our electrical machines depend for motion or action.

Many of these experiments in magnetism require a knowledge of galvanic, voltale or current electricity, and for that reason we will treat of its generation in this lesson. We will make a few simple cells that will show the principles, and those who desire to do so may make batteries as large as they wish.

We learned in the first lesson that a charge of frictional electricity would flow from a charged body to the earth immediately upon the body coming in contact with some conductor. And in the case of the electrified sealing wax, if we were able to keep up a continuous electrification a current of electricity would flow from the wax to any conductor connected with the earth. This may be accomplished to a great extent with what are known as frictional or static machines, but the discharge takes place with such rapidity that these machines can be not to no years great pracplace with such rapidity that these machines can be put to no very great practical use other than in an experimental

chines can be put to no very great plactical use other than in an experimental or medical field.

But before going further, let us form a clear conception of just what a current of electricity really means. While we have no positive evidence as to a definite direction in which a current of electricity is supposed to flow in passing from one body to another, it is very convenient to speak of it as flowing from a body charged with it to one that is not so charged, or from a body that is positively electrified to one that is negatively electrified, in exactly the same manner as water flows from a basin on a high level to one on a lower level. In fact, the action of a current of water flowing in a pipe is so nearly like that of a current of electricity flowing through a conductor, that the former is often made use of in evoluting

like that of a current of electricity ilowing through a conductor, that the former is often made use of in explaining the different terms used in electrical science, and we shall also make use of the illustration in these lessons.

In order, however, to assume that the electrical current flows at all, we must imagine it as a mass or something that can move, and in this assumption we are in error, because we have no proof that electricity has any mass, weight or dimensions, but the assumed character will do very well in speaking of it and will make the facts easier to understand.

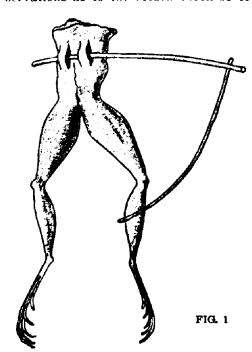
Now, the word current is still further

will make the facts easier to understand.

Now, the word current is still further divided, or classified, into two distinct kinds—a continuous or direct current—one that flows continuously in one direction only—and an alternating current, or one that changes its direction at equal intervals, flowing first in one direction and then in the opposite direction. These changes, or alternations, in the flow of the current often reach the rate of several hundreds per second. It is the direct or continuous current that interests us most and the one of which we will speak in this lesson, taking up alternating currents later.

Direct currents are generated by voltaic cells, or batteries of such cells, and machines called dynamos. There are other sources of this current, but they are of interest in an experimental way only, and of no practical use.

The discovery of electric currents was made by Galvani, a physician in Bologna, in the year 1786. The story of his discovery is this. While experimenting with various animal tissues, making observations as to the return shock so of-

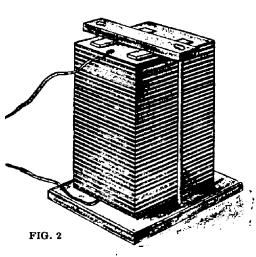


ten noticeable in dead animals shortly after houseante in dead animals shortly after being killed, he hung several pairs of frogs' legs on hooks attached to the veranda railing outside his window. To his great surprise, they immediately hegan to kick as if alive, and the convulsions were at times very violent. In-

vestigation proved that the hooks were made of zinc, while the railing was of iron. He then removed the legs and repeated the experiment with wires of zinc and copper, touching one of the nerves along the backbone and a muscle of the thigh simultaneously, the two wires being in contact. He at first thought this due to a current generated by the contact between the metals and the moist flesh, but Volta, a professor in the University of Pavia, proved that it was due to the electricity generated by the contact of two dissimilar metals.

Experiment 1. While we do not advocate the wanton killing of a frog, or any other animal, for that matter, those of you who are sufficiently interested may purchase a pair of frog's legs at some market, since they form an article of diet for some, and try the experiment. Hang the legs from a hook made of copper wire, passing the end under-

of copper wire, passing the end under-



neath the nerves running along the backbone. These nerves may be exposed by making an incision with a knife on either side of the backbone, lifting them up and passing the wire beneath them. Then, while holding the copper wire in contact with a small strip of the contact with a

beneath them. Then, while holding the copper wire in contact with a small strip of zinc (cut from the edge of a sheet of the metal), touch one of the thigh muscles. If the legs are reasonably fresh there should be a convulsive shudder and kick. If you perform this experiment you can readily appreciate the impressions that came over Galvani when he saw the legs kicking and writhing as the wind blew them against the railing, over 119 years ago.

It is true that this current is extremely feeble, but it is a current nevertheless. Volta, in whose honor the words voltaic and volt are assigned to certain electric terms, took up this experiment and went further in proving his theory that the contact of dissimilar metals generated electricity, and constructed the apparatus that bears his name, the Voltaic Pile, shown in Fig. 2. It is simply a pile of metal and paper disks, two disks of dissimilar metals, separated by a layer of moistened paper.

two disks of dissimilar metals, separated by a layer of moistened paper.

Experiment 2. You can readily make one of these piles by cutting out of sheets of copper and zinc fifty squares, 1½ inches by 1½ inches, of each metal, and twenty-four squares of blotting paper of the same size. Soak the blotting paper in strong brine made by dissolving two tablespoonfuls of salt in a glass of water. Now pile up the pieces, placing two disks of copper and zinc together, then a layer of paper, then two more disks and so on, being sure to have the sequence of the disks as follows:

Copper,

Blotting paper, Copper, Zinc, Blotting paper,

Copper, Zinc, Solder a copper wire to the upper cop-Solder a copper wire to the upper copper disk and the lower zinc disk. Make a small wooden base. Drive into this two stout wires, on the top of which is placed a yoke, into the ends of which the wires are driven. Then place the pile beneath the yoke and compress slightly by inserting a wedge between the top disk and the yoke. The presure should be sufficient to make good sure should be sufficient to make good contact between the metal disks, but not sufficient to cause the water to coze

out of the paper.

Quite a perceptible shock may be obtained from such a pile if both terminal wires are touched at once to the tongue maistened fingers. The quantity mate of or the moistened fingers. The quantity of electricity generated by each pair of disks is extremely small, but, owing to the method of connecting each pair in series with the next, the output is mul-

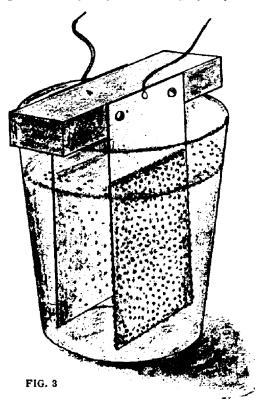
the method of connecting each pair in scries with the next, the output is multiplied so that the pressure (voltage) of the entire combination may become quite appreciable.

In speaking of bodies charged with electricity, we say that there is a certain potential existing between the two terminals, or points of connection, meaning that there is a certain pressure existing between the points causing the current of electricity to flow. This term "potential" means exactly the same as the word pressure does when applied to steam or water. When steam is generated in a boiler, it creates a pressure of so many pounds per square inch, and we all know what a pressure water has when drawn from a faucet, or, speaking we all know what a pressure water has when drawn from a faucet, or, speaking more correctly, the pressure or force with which the water is forced out of the faucet. It is this pressure that causes either the steam or water to flow from one point to another through the

And for the same reason it requires And for the same reason it requires electrical pressure to force electricity through a conductor, such as a wire. It is this pressure to which we refer when we speak of potential, and instead of saying that we have so many pounds pressure, we call the units of electrical pressure volts, and say that the pressure, or potential, between two points,

such as the binding posts of a battery, is one and a half volts.

The pile you have made is, in reality, a very simple cell. And at this place it will be well for us to learn the correct meaning of the words cell and battery, because they are so often incorrectly used. In electrical science a cell is a single piece of apparatus used for the generation of electricity by chemical means. It is a unit. A battery is a col-



ent upon the amount of zinc consumed in a given time. In order that we may refer to the dif-



to be made over several times before he succeeded in getting them just right. The engine stands 16 inches high and develops ½-h. p., and runs smoothly and without noise. He frequently belts it to his mother's sewing machine. The supporting part of the engine is made of babbitt, the cylinder of brass, and the rods and other parts of steel or iron.—Popular Mechanics.

### Query Box

Kindly give the cost of an induction coil as described in your January and February numbers.

12. G., San Francisco, Cal.

described in your January and February numbers.

Answer.—The cost of these coils depends largely upon the price you are compelled to pay for the wire used. This will vary in different places, depending upon the various costs that the retailer has to pay for the stock, and for this reason it is almost impossible to give a very close approximation. The bare wire for the secondary would probably cost in the neighborhood of \$2.00, and perhaps \$4.00 would cover the cost if cotton insulated wire is used. The primary has so little wire in it that the cost is a mere trifle.

In quoting costs of various articles in this column for the information of its readers, it is to be distinctly understood that the prices are not absolute, as this would be impossible. Every section of the country will have different transportation rates, which affect the cost of all commodities, and for this reason it would be unfair to quote a very low figure, or one that a manufacturer would pay for materials in bulk. The instruments above mentioned were designed to be built by boys at home, out of

pay for materials in bulk. The instru-ments above mentioned were designed to be built by boys at home, out of materials that they could readily secure, and, outside of the wire, silver and nickel for filings, there should be little or no expense.

and nickel for filings, there should be little or no expense.

In order that we may refer to the different elements of a cell in writing of them, without mentioning their composition each time, we have given to the zinc the name of the negative element and to the copper plate that of the positive element and to the copper plate that of the positive element is, however, the element attacked by the solution, no mater whether it be zinc, lead or iron, and the positive element is that which collects the electricity thus generated and carries it outside the cell.

The solution is called the "electrolyte." Scientists tell us that in all probablisity the electricity is generated at the surface of the zinc, passes across and through the electrolyte, and thence up the copper to the wire attached thereto; from this terminal the current may be led anywhere, provided a return metalic path is provided for its return to the zinc. A complete metallic, or other conducting circuit is absolutely necessary before we can have a flow of current from the cell.

The small bubbles arising from the surface of the zinc pates of the line as thickly that the acid cannot get at the metal, when the aufdecannot get at the metal, when the aufdecannot get at the metal, when the acid cannot get at the metal, when the aufdecannot get at the metal, when the aufdecannot get at the metal, when the acid cannot get at the metal, when the acid cannot get at the metal, when the acid cannot get at the metal, when the aufdec of the zinc pates of the liquid, or a shaking of the plates will dislodge the bubbles when the action will again take place as before. Later on we will learn the following questions?

Ans. Our space is too limited for this description, but they will be described in a later issue of the magazine.

Will you please tell how to make small escription cannot be given in this column, have the paper.

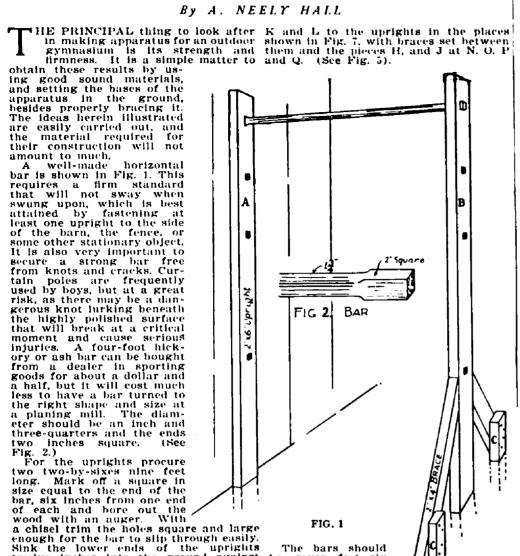
Will you please tell how to make scription cannot be given in this column, have the paper.

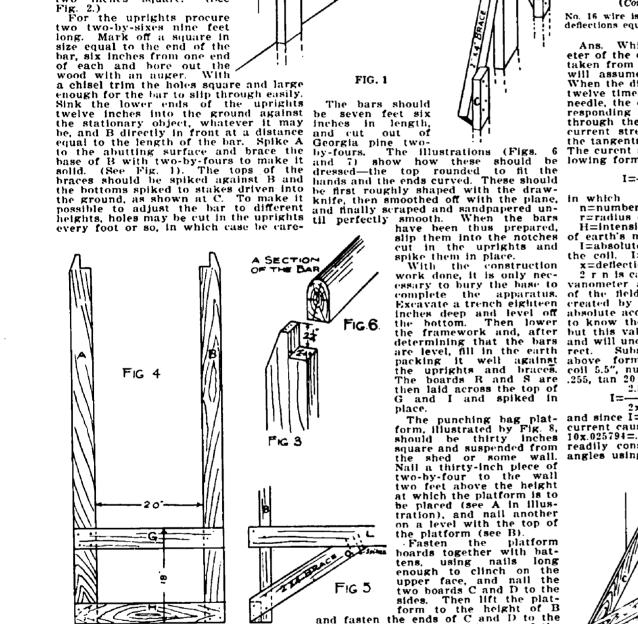
Ans. Our space is too limited for this description

# SOME APPARATUS FOR ANIX OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM

ory or ash bar can be bought from a dealer in sporting goods for about a dollar and a half, but it will cost much less to have a bar turned to the right shape and size at a planing mill. The diam-eter should be an inch and three-quarters and the ends two inches square. (See Fig. 2.)

two inches square. (See Fig. 2.)
For the uprights procure two two-by-sixes nine feet long. Mark off a square in





ful to locate the holes exactly opposite

each other.

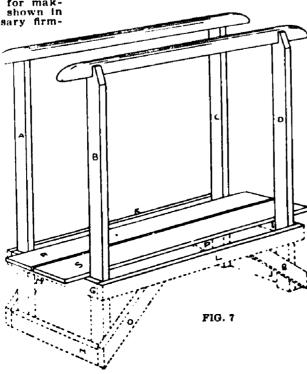
Having finished the construction of this piece of apparatus, oil the bar with hot boiled linseed oil, and paint the up-

hot boiled linseed oil, and paint the uprights and braces.

A most satisfactory scheme for making a pair of parallel bars is shown in Fig. 7. To acquire the necessary firmness without putting in bracing that would interfere with the performer, the base of the apparatus must be set below the surface as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 7.

in Fig. 7.

In height the parallel-bars should be about four feet six inches, in length seven feet six inches, in length seven feet six inches, and in width twenty inches between the bars. This makes the uprights A, B, C and D, six feet long, allowing eighteen inches to project into the ground. Prepare one end of each as shown in Fig. 3, notching it for the bar to fit in and cutting off the corner. When this has been done, cut four two-by-fours twenty-eight inches long. Then lay the uprights A and B on the ground twenty inches apart and spike two of the two-by-fours to them at G and H. (See Fig. 4). Uprights C and D should be similarly fastened together with the other two-by-fours at I and J. (See Fig. 7). When these frames have been made, set them upon their bases six feet apart and spike the two-by-fours In height the parallel-bars





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### Query Box

(Continued from page 288.)

No. 16 wire is used, what would the following deflections equal; 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90?

C. L. Kelseyville, Cal.

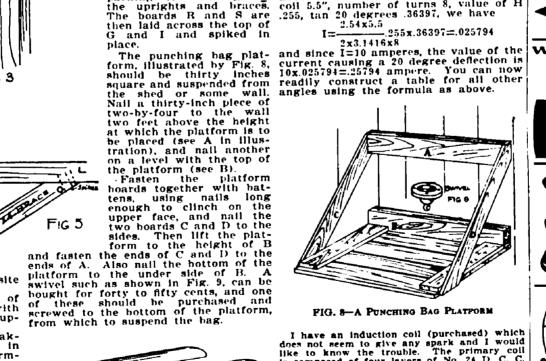
I =-−H tan x

2 r n

in which
n=number of turns in coil of wire.
r=radius of coil in inches.
H=intensity of horizontal component of earth's magnetism.
I=absolute units of current flowing in the coil. I=10 amperes.
x=deflection of the needle in degrees.
2 r n is called the constant of the galvanometer and represents the strength of the field at the center of the coil created by one unit of current I. For absolute accuracy it would be necessary to know the value of H at Kelseyville, but this value for San Francisco is .255 and will undoubtedly be very nearly correct. Substituting the values in the above formula, which are—radius of coil 5.5°, number of turns 8, value of H .255, tan 20 degrees .36397, we have

1=-254x5.5

1=-255x.36397=.025794



I have an induction coil (purchased) which does not seem to give any spark and I would like to know the trouble. The primary coil is composed of four layers of No. 24 D. C. C. wire, and the secondary coil or ten layers of No. 35 D. S. C. wire. It has a good vibrator and gives a shock that a person cannot endure I used five wet batteries and for spark electrodes I used stout copper wire with a ring at the end as described in the January issue. What is the matter?

L. F. C., Los Angeles, Cal.

Ans. From your description of this

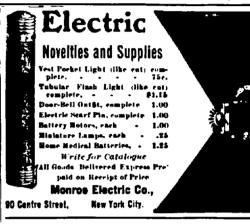
I. F. C., Los Angeles, Cal.

Ans. From your description of this coil it is evidently designed only for medical purposes and is not capable of generating sufficient electro-motive force to make a spark, although it will give a perceptible shock to a person holding the terminal wires. I doubt if it will be worth your while attempting any remedy, as the only one that could be suggested would be a larger secondary winding and the use of a condenser. winding and the use of a condenser.

In the February issue there is one screw on In the February issue there is one screw on the right hand side of the board that has no name written beside it. What is this for (?) and on the left hand side there is a wire running along beneath the face which stops without going to anything. L. M., Dallas, Texas.

out going to anything. L. M., Dallas, Texas.

Ans. The screw on the right hand side to which you refer is for one of the wires from the battery operating the tapper and sounder. The name written beneath the two right-hand screws was intended to refer to both. The wire on the left-hand end referred to is plainly marked "to vibrator screw" and the other wire running parallel to it is marked "to primary coil."



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### OFF, SABLE ISLAND

(Continued from page 281.)

Change goes!" That's right—here places. Arms, shoulders, back and legs-all

Arms, shoulders, back and legs—all went into that stroke.

"It's a pretty good lot, after all," he continued, as he drove the dory along—"a pretty good lot, and I like your perseverance in hanging on till you'd done what you started out to do. You put your soul into everything, Benny. I like that in you. And I like the efforts you made in my behalf back there. So the gang say I've an eye for the dollars, do they?"

"I'm sorry I said that, Mr. Elwell. Please don't mind it, will you?" pleaded Ben earnestly.

Ben earnestly.
"I'll not mind it, no, Benny," the old

Ben earnestly.

"I'll not mind it, no, Benny," the old sailor answered good-naturedly. "Howsomever, for a wonder with them telling it, it's straight. Yes, old Andy always had a good eye for the dollars! They don't know it, Benny, but I own one-half interest in the Ednah D. That's why I worry some, and growl a little, perhaps, at a poor trip.

"You know the best of the seiners, the Rolling Wave? I own a half interest in her, too, and it don't end there, either. In other days, I've been captain off and on, and for years I've been laying away briny harvests. Most of 'em never look for any record for prudence. But, boy, when, like me, they're nearing the seventieth shackle in the windlass of life, they'll wish they had, I'm thinking.

"A spell ago you said I'd no family to think of. That's right, too, and you shall profit by it, no mistake, for I realize how badly scared you were when you jumped out of your boots, and I appreciate it, too. I'll never forget how you grabbed me and tumbled me in at the last moment; and you, boy—you'll get your schooling all right, beginning the next day after we get hack to Boston. The tots and the marm will be all right, too, I'm thinking, for you'll provide for them from your own bank account.

"Heave ahead, Benny, boy, hard and feet."

count.

"Heave ahead, Benny, boy, hard and strong, now. Just pitch into that 'last key' song of yours. Sing, boy, sing—together now!"

Ben Cleveland's face was glowing with joy and enthusiasm, and clear and strong over the waters his rich young voice rang out even above the whistling of the winds.

voice rang out even above the whistling of the winds:
"Oh, don't be discouraged, brother,
Though fortune seems to mock—"
"Hooroo!" broke off Andy. "Hooroo!
That's the song to stir one's blood! I've got the idea, I'm thinking—hang on—fight on! Fight on just so long as a breath remains! Hooroo!"

### A FRENCH FROG AND AN AMERICAN EAGLE

(Continued from page 269.)

and had a few of my more serious hurts attended to, I was invited to the officers' mess and placed at the captain's right hand. There, I held that gallant company spell-bound by the recital of my surprising adventures. Ere I had finished more than one manly breast was heaving with emotion, and when in broken accents I told the story of my heautiful Zuleika's devotion and death many a pearly tear stole unheeded down the hronzed cheeks of my rescuers. In the days that ensued I was at once the hero and the darling of the ship. Prominent among the brave tars, who from a reverential distance regarded me with admiring enthusiasm, was the sturdy boatswain, William Bobstay, who had taken so prominent a part in my rescue. His devotion to me was absolutely canine. My influence with the captain enabled me several times to save him from impending punishment for some slight errors of conduct into which he was betrayed by his too great devotion to grog. I was more than repaid by the touching phrases in which the honest fellow expressed his gratitude.

"The Swasher was bound for Alexandria, and as soon as we arrived at that port, I went ashore, with the faithful Bobstay in attendance, to gratify a long-cherished desire to see the Pyramids. Together we explored those marvelous monuments of the Pharaohs, and I formed an entirely new theory respect-

mids. Together we explored those marvelous monuments of the Pharaohs, and beautiful swings
I formed an entirely new theory respecting them, which I hope some day to
yard. The deligive to the world, if I survive the fourth within the reach
book of Euclid. It was on our return to

Cairo that an incident occurred which changed the whole current of my existence. As we were passing through the streets of that wondrous Eastern Fairyland

land • • "
"Pharaohland!" suggested Baines, with his face in his pillow.

Amid a crowd

of donkey-boys, buffoons, and loathsome beggars, amongst whom the silly goat who has just interrupted me would have been perfectly at home, my wandering eyes were caught by the flutter of a handkerchief from the lattice of a house which seemed barred and fortified like a prison. I stopped and considered the place more closely, and fancied I perceived a fair face behind that jealous screen. Again the little silken flag was waved, and this time I felt certain that it was a signal, and addressed to me Immediately bringing Bill Bobstay to a halt, I drew his attention to the circumstance and announced my intention of it was a signal, and addressed to me Immediately bringing Bill Bobstay to a halt, I drew his attention to the circumstance and announced my intention of pursuing the adventure, calling upon him, on his allegiance to assist me. A true British buildog, he professed himself ready for anything, but pointed out to me that his shore leave was up and that England expected him to do his duty. I commended his conscientious scruples, and pressed five shillings into his horny hand, promising at the same time to make his peace with the captain. He yielded, and we cautiously approached the house and knocked upon the heavy oaken door. After an interval of breathless waiting, slow footsteps were heard moving along the passage within, and a light shone through the keyhole " "Cave!" suddenly whispered Carclough, as the storyteller paused for breath.

There was a light shining under the dormitory door; and it wasn't moonshine either. There were the slow footsteps, too, just as Crikey had described them, as soft as could fairly be expected from a pair of stockinged feet, number tens, out size. McCloskie, of course!

We heard him stop outside and try to listen noiselessly; which he can't do; for he blows like a grampus. Then he felt for the handle and stealthily opened the door, upon a touching sight. Two dozen fair boys lay there, wrapt in the unconscious sleep of infancy and innocence, while the moonlight softly brooded over that peaceful scene. Through my own half-closed eyelids I could see the expression of his countenance change, as he gradually grew ashamed of his unworthy suspicions; and presently he softly withdrew, muttering as he shut the door, in his native dialect:

"Puir bairns!"

And a moment later we heard his own door, at the end of the gallery, close behind him and knew that we were saved.

And a moment later we heard his own door, at the end of the gallery, close behind him, and knew that we were saved.

(To be continued.)

### The Pleasures of the Swing

One form of outdoor exercise and amusement holds its attractiveness with most of us from childhood to old age,—and that is swinging.

One old apple tree in my father's yard was known as the children's tree, largely because about eight feet from the ground that tree sent out a limb straight from its trunk at a perfect right angle for a distance of three feet and the ground that tree sent out a limb straight from its trunk at a perfect right angle for a distance of three feet and then, as if having determined it had gone far enough to allow of the tying of swing ropes, it turned its course again straight into the air. Here from my earliest days hung a swing—one of the home-made sort, made of clothesline rope with a board for a seat, notched at either end. I know of at least three generations of children who have swung to and fro, supported by the strong arm of that benevolent old tree. Nor were the children the only ones who sought the exhilaration of swinging in that old apple orchard, for the older people often came and, after testing the strength of the ropes by sitting down on the seat very carefully and pushing themselves gently with their feet. They were soon urging the swing to its utmost. Regardless of consequences, they gave themselves up to the fun of flying backward and forward through the air, hair flying, clothes disheveled, faces red with the glow of exercise. Thus just like children they sat until from sheer fullness of pleasure or from senses numb under the rhythmic motion of "letting the old cat die" they

swing board.

I feel sorry for city boys for many reasons, and one of them is that in so many cases they never have the fun of swinging from trees in the open.

Perhaps you may be one who thinks swinging only fit amusement for girls—that it is not a "game" worthy of a boy, or a grown-up. If so, I would like to see you get into one of the big grape-vine swings that hang some twenty. vine swings that hang some twenty, thirty or forty feet from the ground and swing as I have swung, away out in the air till you think you may never come back, and away out on the edge of things there is a little pause during which you hold yourself tight, and then you come sweeping back, only to go farther the other wav

Swinging sometimes takes courage of

Swinging sometimes takes courage of a high order, and unless you have a cool head I would not advise you to go into this "girl's game" too far. If you are ever going to cross the ocean, it might be well for you to get your stomach used to the rocking motion of the waves. I fear city boys are often without the opportunity of using the swing, yet nowadays, in city or country, there is really no necessity of anyone missing this kind of fun. Shrewd manufacturers have met the demands and are offering most beautiful swings at small cost, which may be set up on lawn or porch or backyard. The delights of swinging are within the reach of everyone and should not go untasted.





zies nor to reply personally to let-

through the air, hair flying, clothes disheveled, faces red with the glow of exercise. Thus just like children they sat until from sheer fullness of pleasure or from senses numb under the rhythmic motion of "letting the old cat die" they came to a gentle stop, with head against the rope and eyes closed—a tired brain or body relaxed and gone to sleep.

How natural it is for children and for persons older grown to crave the delights of the swing! Did you ever notice what first happens when the boy and the girl visit or go to make a home in the country? It is first a swing. The trees seem to beckon and call, saying: "Come swing upon our strong arms. We love the children and will not harm them."
You will see the children answering the call pell-mell, helter-skelter, Jennie to find a rope and Johnnie to cut out a swing board.

I feel sorry for city boys for many reasons, and one of them is that in so many cases they never have the fun of swinging from trees in the open.

Perhaps you may be one who thinks swinging only fit amusement for girls—

ceived by July 20. A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of original puzzles, suitable for Sep-tember Tangles, received by July 20.

### Answers to June Tangles

65. The 35 words, in order, are: Baltic, anchor, saddle, Eskimo, basket, arches, Latium, letter, spider, wigwam, Indian, mallet, muscle, insect, naught, gallon, mister, angles, rubric, barrel, ladder, ermine, shovel, valise, anthem, camera, alpaca, turtle, iambus, oceans, napkin, target, octave, parrot, sandal. The initials spell: Baseball, swimming, marbles, vacation, tops. The finals of the numbered squares spell: Commencement.

Mutual Friend). 19. Miss Mowcher (David Copperfield). 20. Thomas Traddles (David Copperfield). 21. Wilkins Micawber (David Copperfield). 22. Mark Tapley (Martin Chuzzlewit). 23. Mrs. Jarley (Old Curiosity Shop). 24. Amy Dorrit (Little Dorrit). 25. Grip, the raven (Barnaby Rudge). 26. Mrs. General (Little Dorrit).

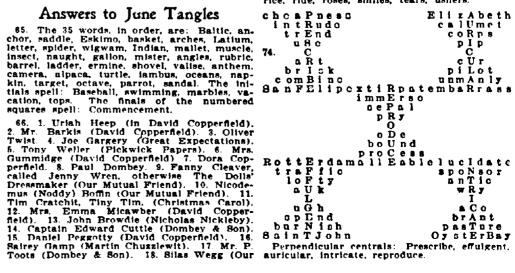
67. 1 ArThur 2 Buchanan 8 Garfield 68. E N T I R E N O R M A L T R E P I D I M P A L E R A I L E R E L D E R S 4 JacksOn 5 ADams 6 POlk 7 GRant 7 GRant
8 Hayes
9 Jefferson
10 Washington
2. M
11 Lincoln
12 Johnson
4. D
13 McKinley
14 VanBuren
15 Monroe
16 CleveLand
17 Tyler
Star pat
Star pat 69. 1. Vatican
2. MAzeppa
3. LuCerne
4. DecAtur
5. KitTery
6. Chinese
7. Bonanza
8. Newgate
Rossevelt.

70. 1. IOWA. 2. ALSO. 3. OWN. 4. ACRE. 5. LAMB. 6. BARRIER. 7. FLOG. 8. OATS. 9. BOOBY. Taking the first and every alternate letter only, read: I was once a barefoot

71. Beginning with the T on the top of the base ball and taking every other letter around to the right and across the seams until all are used once only, read: The stars and stripes adopted by Congress, June fourteenth, seventeen hundred and seventy-seven. Beginning with the F nearest the center on the lower side of the bat and taking every other letter until all are used once only, read: First recorded match game of baseball, June nineteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-six.

72. 1. George Washington. 2. William Mc-Kinley. 3. Thomas Jefferson. 4. James Madison. 5. James Monroe. 6. Theodore Roosevelt. 7. Benjamin Harrison. 8. Essay on Man, (by) Alexander Pope. 9. The Heart of Midlothian, (by) Walter Scott. 10. Tale of a Tub, (by) Jonathan Swift. 11. Oliver Twist, (by) Charles Dickens. 12. Lays of Ancient Rome, (by) Macaulay. 13. Sabina Zembra, (by) William Black. 14. Craddock Nowell, (by) Riackmore. (by) Blackmore.

73. Best man, bride, bridegroom, brides-maid, cake, clergyman, dressmakers, fee, good byes, kisses, mamas, money, music, old shoes, orange blossoms, papas, prayers, presents, rice, ride, roses, smiles, tears, ushers.



Blount 75. Bent On But Ler Greene A Drian SawyEr merry than Ocean A dam Sum te R experience to make me i o sad 2. For never anyt t never anySabin Emme TiffiN
AThens liarp Er amiss when
AlPena Gai Way simpleness
IslAnd BrAnch and duty
CitrUs BRemer tender it. 3.
HowelL Kemper Small cheer
Diagonals: Toledo, Denver, St.
Paul, Newark. welcome makes a
merry feast. 4. Every one can master a grief

makes a merry feast. 4. Every one can master a grief but he that has it. 5. Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

78. 1. Caprice, rice, ice, price, cap. 2. Republican, can, republic, public. 3. He, there, here, her. 4. Shot, shotgun, gunshot. 5. His, story, Tory, history.

6. Severe, Eve, ever, sever. 7. Cat, nip, catnip.

79. 1554 plus 22 is 1576; divided by 4 is 394; plus 44 is 438; this subtracted from 1894 is 1456; plus 57 is 1513; minus 21 is 1492.

### New Tangles

### FOURTH OF JULY STAR.

Interpret the 30 pictures and definitions by words of equal length. The star is composed

1. An island in Spencer gulf, Australia. 2. A county of Virginia. 3. A Vermont town, near New Hampshire. 4. A town in Peoria county, Ill. 5. Something above your eye. 6. An irthmus, town and gulf of Greece. 7. Father of Mibhar (I. Chron.). 8. The highest known reak. 9. A Labrador harbor. 10. Mountains of British Guiana. 11. A river of Kansas. 12. A gulf of Russia. 13. A town of Macon county, Tenn. 14. A county of Alabama, Kansas, Kentucky and Virginia. 15. A group of French islands east of the Society islands. 16. A city of Massachusetts.

—Henry F. Wilson.

2d 50N

ASHER,

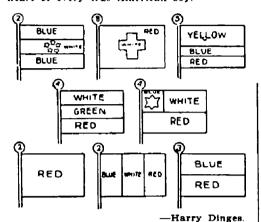
(C2 H5)2O

OF

-Henry F. Wilson.

### FLAG TANGLE.

From the name of each nation whose flag is here shown, take the letter which is indicated by the number at the top of the flag staff. The eight letters in order will spell the familiar appellation of a flag dear to the heart of every true American boy.



### PATRIOTIC LABYRINTH.

Beginning with a certain letter and taking adjacent letters till all are used once only. find a patriotic American document, the date of its adoption and the city associated with its early history.

CEDI ENNNLRNT UPEEEEN E S S X FVENENP OSITPLH URAHEDAL -Osborn J. Dunn

### ANAGRAM ALTERNATES

Transpose each anagram into an American

Transpose each anagram into an American city or town. Rearrange these names in such a manner that the alternate initial and final letters will spell a national holiday.

1. Coach pail, Ala. 2. Auntie's Tunis, Ga
3. Echo itch, Ill. 4. Level Ranch Co.'s, Ill. 5. Oil grant, N. D. 6. Hazel tow it, Neb. 7. Cider P. O., Nev. 8. Saint Gow, N. H.

DeKalb 77. 1. I of two large triangles that cross each other. Be Witt had rather Rankin have a fool Be a Ver to make me Saw y Er merry than 18 um te R experience to make me o sad 2. For a sad 2. For to mever any-triff in thing an legant of the words illustrated in the inverted trifia angle same used in both.

The Gopher. The Gopher. The pictures at the crossing points of the words of uniform length. The initials, welcome make a greet one can master a grief. 5. Love sought is good, is better. The cite, ice, ice, ice, ice, ice, ice, loce, shotgun, gunshot. 5. His, shotgun, gunshot. 5.

Three events in American history, that happened on July fourth, form the outline of our flag when the letters are correctly substituted for the numerals. In continuous order they are: 1 to 22, a poet born; 23 to 39, a city captured; 40 to 58, a patriot died. The words "born," "captured" and "died" appear in their proper places. Key words: 46-15-4-1 11-39-33-43-27 a patriot who died on July fourth. 22-5-3-41-44-6 10-2-9-38 an American spy in the Revolution. 46-15-48-49-8.16-52-42-17 a New York county named for a Revolutionary patriot. 40-14-53-43-2-45 a civil war general. 47-58-12-5-51-55 a king of England. 23-56-32-35-20-30-7-11 a queen of England. 34-50-54-17 a signer of the Declaration of Independence. 28-21-29-25-50 a king of the Scots. 26-24-1-31 vicepresident, 1853-6.



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# How to Play the Mandolin

ANDREW

**JAMES** 

JOHN

PORT OF YUC ATA!

58

AN

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A BIBLE

BOOK

BIBLE

BOOK

TAUGHT IN EIGHT LESSONS > By LILLIAN STANDIFORD

SIXTH LESSON.

We will now learn to play in one sharp, or scale of G. Notice the double cross on the F line. This means that every F in the music is to be played one fret higher. There are two F's on the mandolin; one on the D string, second finger. To make it sharp, you place the finger one fret higher. There is another F on the E string; the first finger. To make it sharp, place the finger one fret higher. Trill each note in practicing the following scale:



B, with the fourth finger, on the E string, is the highest note in the first position. But this scale runs one note higher to C; it is called an extension of the first position. You play it with the fourth finger, the same as B. It is played two frets higher than B. If you have to stretch your hand to make it, be sure and get the hand back in position again.

In the foregoing trill the whole notes, half notes and dotted quarter notes.

"Nearer my God to thee

This is the scale of D, with two sharps, F and C. You make all of your F's effect higher, and all of your C's one fret higher, to make them sharp. Trill





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Vol. VI

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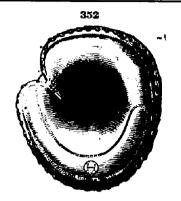
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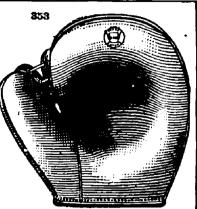
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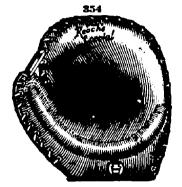
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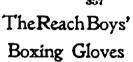
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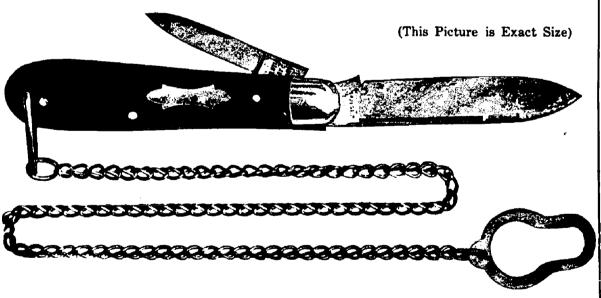
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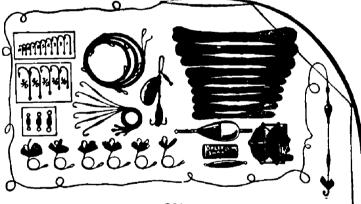
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NUMBER 10



S DUNSTER BROWNLEIGH and the new commander of the Naisha regained their feet they confronted one another with anxious faces.

"We have reached the surface," said the former with a glance at the depth indicator.

At the moment of speaking, Takahaki sprung up the conning-tower ladder and attempted to raise the hatch; but it was immovable.

"Dun Brown," he said, "we are under the ice!" "I know it," replied the other, "and the worst of it is that we haven't an idea to which side of the channel we have drifted. Nor do we know how far we are from it. There may be open water within a few yards of us, or it may be a mile away. Even if our auxiliary were in shape so that we could go ahead, which it isn't we wouldn't know in which direction to steer, nor can we learn without an observation. Of course we could use the gasoline or compressed air for a few miles, but our air is too precious to be wasted on uncertainties."

"So that observation we may not take," mused Takahaki.

"It doesn't look like it; but I'll tell you what we can do. We can make ready to take an observation if we have the chance, by putting our electric into working order. It's one bit of luck that we've enough insulated wire on board to rewind it. What do you say, Mr. Comander, shall we tackle the job?'

"Yes, Dun Brown, we will rewind; for it can do no harm to work but perhaps good; and it will keep us from always thinking," replied Takahaki, promptly, at the same time starting forward to get the coil of wire from its place of storage.

In spite of his brave words it was evident from the young commander's furrowed brow, and long periods of silence, as he worked, that he was thinking, and thinking profoundly, of the desperate plight into which his little craft had fallen. Besides being imprisoned beneath unyielding ice, and without sense of the direction in which lay safety the limited interior space at his disposal was encumbered by one dead man, and by two living enemies who must constantly be watched to see that they did not loosen their bonds and seek an opportunity for murdering their captors.

There was plenty to do besides rewinding the motor. Suwarrow's errors had to be corrected, while exhausted nature demanded a certain amount of food and sleep. Thus many hours were passed before the work in hand was so far completed that if they had known in which direction to go they could have navigated their craft without wasting precious air the outside blackness remained impenetrable and they had no guide.

'Look here, Taki," said Dunster finally, "We can't be more than half a mile from that blessed channel, and I propose that we run half mile traverses, north, east, south and west, or until we find it, keeping as close to the surface as we dare, and coming back as nearly as possible to this point each time.'

As no better plan suggested itself, this one was adopted, and the Naisha began to make her way blindly through the darkness, submerged to a one fathom depth, and impelled by her reconstructed auxiliary. Her commander had doffed his uniform and returned to the post of electrician; while Dunster, in the conning tower, steered and stared at the thick deadeyes to detect the faintest glimmer of light that should denote open water above them. The third member of the crew watched the prisoners, as well as the dials indicating speed and depth.

So they went one half mile north and back, one half mile east and back, one half mile south and back, and one half mile west and back, without a single gleam to indicate that their movements had led them to open water.. While they were on their last course the sharp tinkle of the bell connected with their sounding apparatus, suddenly warned them of water so shoal that they were in imminent danger of being wedged between ice and bottom. As with reversed motor the Naisha hurriedly backed away from this danger, Dunster conceived an idea for obtaining access to the air.

"Hold on, Taki!" he cried, "Stop her for a moment while we consider a scheme. Can't we manage to place a mine so as to blow a hole through that confounded ice? A few pounds of gun cotton would do the trick, if we could get it into position."

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by KIRK MUNROE:

"But how could we get it into that position?" asked the young commander.

'A can, half filled with explosive and provided with a time fuse, might be ejected from the torpedo tube

and allowed to float up to the point of contact."

Takahaki shook his head. "It is of too much danger in water so little," he said. "Also we have no time fuse but only the electric, and now not the wire to get away far enough. No, Dun Brown, such plan may not do; but maybe another thing may do in deep water when we get back to that place from which we make start. So, if you please, we will again head to the east and at one-half mile we will go to the bottom. Then if the water is enough deep perhaps we will blow the ice."

"All right, Taki, you are the boss," muttered Dun-"Only if we haven't wire enough for safety in one place. I don't se how we are going to be any better off in another.'

While Dunster grumbled like a true sailor he also obeyed orders like one, and in a few minutes the Naisha was as nearly as might be in the position she had occupied when her crew made the startling discovery that they were imprisoned beneath thick ice. Here she was stopped and sunk to the bottom at an indicated depth of thirty feet.

Now, Dun Brown," said Takahaki, who had carefully thought out his plan, "we will screw detonator to torpedo, insert in tube, pump out forward tanks till bow elevates ten degrees, and discharge. Total distance to point of contact about fifty-eight yards. Concussion very great, but margin of safety is, I think, sufficient. After explosion we follow course of torpedo and come to hole in ice, open water, and fresh air in plenty. There we take observation and lay course for channel. Is it good?

"It is a fine scheme, Taki, and shows you to have a great head. I suppose responsibility develops heads, and if I were commander in your place, I might have worked out that proposition myself-perhaps. The only thing I have against you is that you didn't think of it hours ago so that we might have been breathing instead of simply stifling all this time.

Dun Brown, but for you speak of mine I might never think of such plan. Even now that concussion may break this boat. I am not know; but can hope not, for she is so strong as to resist sea pressure at fifty fathom. I think sure, though it will give us great headache."

"I don't believe it can give me a greater one than I already have," replied Dunster, with an attempt at a smile; "but if it don't give us something to breathe besides this poison then I hope it will smash us to bits and have done; for I don't care to try and live without air any longer."

By strenuous effort one of the five torpedoes forming the submarine's offensive weapons was made ready for service and inserted in the tube. Then the breech block was closed and locked, sea water was admitted, and the bow part was opened. A forward trimming tank was blown empty and the boat's nose gradually lifted to the required angle. The young commander turned on a quick rush of compressed air; there was a cough, a thud, an intake of water, and

enough gun cotton to put a battleship out of business, had been started on its upward slanting course.

A submarine does not hurl its terrible weapon at the foe: but merely starts it, and a little motor. working inside the torpedo itself, speeds the whole affair, without deflection from a given course, to a distance of something over a mile. Then, if no obstacle has been encountered, the torpedo stops and rises to the surface, where it floats ready to be picked up and given another chance at destruction.

In the present case the crew of the Naisha knew just how far their torpedo must travel before striking the overhead ice, just how many seconds would be occupied in covering the distance, and that a tremendous explosion was certain to occur at the instant of contact. What they did not know was the possible effect of the explosion under existing conditions, upon their boat and themselves. Therefore, as the torpedo was ejected, all three threw themselves flat on the floor and waited, in breathless suspense, for the expected shock.

Dunster Brownleigh found himself trying to dig his fingers into the iron plates beneath him and was absolutely unconscious of the passage of time when, it might have been a second, a minute, or an hour, later, he heard Takahaki's voice and glanced up. young commander was standing erect and was say-

That time limit is passed, by many seconds, and there has been no explosion. Let us then follow that torpedo and see what has happened.'

Heaving great sighs of relief at the passing of their threatened peril, and filled with curiosity as to what could have averted the explosion, the Naisha's crew sprang to their appointed posts, and in another minute their boat was following the course of the torpedo. As before, Dunster stood in the conning tower striving to pierce the outer blackness. Suddenly it seemed to him that a film of light was paling the glass at which he stared. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, it was the blessed daylight, that he had almost despaired of ever again seeing, dimly filtering through the thick glass, but growing brighter with each instant.

The lad's voice choked as he tried to shout the glad news to those below, and before he could control it they had stopped the motor; for the closely-watched depth indicator showed them to be within a few feet of the surface.

Takahaki squeezed up beside his friend, and together they looked out over a leaden sea of tossing waters dotted with jagged cakes of floating ice that bumped viciously against the Naisha's rounded deck.
"I don't understand why we didn't feel or hear that

explosion," said Dunster. "It must have been tremendous to have shattered such a body of ice. There

seems to be no end to the opening."
"That end is far away," replied the other quietly; "for this is the channel that we must have been close beside many time, and two time at least must have

passed under." 'Oh, Taki! kick me, or knock me on the head, or set me ashore, or do something with me, for I am too stupid to live. It must be the effect of this vile air. Let's get the hatch open and feel how it seems to be alive and breathing once more."

"Yes, and for that observation," agreed the Jap-

So they tried to uplift the steel cover above their heads, but could not. That first, crashing contact with the ice had jammed it fast; but an air pipe, leading to the engine-room, proved to be in working order and through it the exhausted crew inhaled long draughts of the vital element from which they so nearly had been cut off.

Although they could not get outside for an observation, they found their alliscope to be uninjured; and by uplifting its telescopic length Dunster, who alone of the crew was familiar with its use, obtained a fairly far-reaching view of their surroundings. He could see that they were in the channel kept open by ice-breakers, that sky and water alike were of a dull gray, and then suddenly there came within his range of vision a trail of smoke moving towards them. When this fact was reported to the young commander the latter promptly took measures for again disappearing beneath the waves with only the slender shaft of his alliscope reaching to the surface.

"It is very good," said Takahaki when this had been done; "and now will we get rid of that Suwarrow without killing him."

"But how?" asked Dunster, "with the hatch cover hopelessly jammed I don't see how you are going to get him out."

"Dun Brown, maybe we can make of that Rus-si-an Korea. How far is Wonsan?" a torpedo," was the answer.

### CHAPTER XXII.

### TORPEDOES OF SEVERAL KINDS.

For a moment Dunster looked dubiously into Takahaki's smiling face.

"Make a torpedo of a Russian!" he repeated slowly, as though striving to grasp the other's meaning. 'You don't mean to eject him through the tube?"

"Hei. That is what I mean."

"But he will drown as soon as we open the port." "Maybe so, but I think maybe perhaps not. Anyhow, it must be tried. There is no other way, and for our own safety we may not longer keep him on

Takahaki was commander of the submarine, and Dunster was sworn to obey his orders; so, though with great reluctance, he helped to thrust the unresisting Suwarrow into the torpedo tube. As the inert form was slid into the narrow chamber its bonds were severed. Then the breech was closed, the bow port was opened, and almost at the same instant, an irresistible blast of compressed air emptied the tube.

"Close port! Clear tube! Make ready for number two shot!" commanded Takahaki crisply; and a few minutes later a second victim was enclosed within the steel cylinder.

He too was ejected, and then came the turn of the Japanese who, in that place, had died that his country might live. As the rigid body took its turn to enter the chamber from which its living predecessors had passed to an unknown fate. Takahaki bent low over it and muttered a few words of commendation in his own tongue. Then the now familiar orders were again given and the submarine was emptied of its dead as well as of those who had so imperilled the safety of its remaining living.

A minute later, a quick glance through the alliscope having shown that the approaching steamer, which proved to be a tug bound up the channel, was close at hand, the auxiliary motor was started, the horizontal rudder was slightly deflected, and the last visible vestige of the submarine disappeared from view beneath the leaden sea.

Takahaki kept his boat below as long as her nearly exhausted air supply would allow, and then cautiously regained the surface. Within the limited range of the alliscope no tug was visible, and with deck awash the Naisha was headed down channel for the With an hour's run, and as the short open sea. northern day was drawing to its close, she gained a sheltered position in the lee of a low-lying rock off the harbor entrance and beyond the ice, where it was decided to spend the night.

In the meantime the conning-tower hatch had been pried open, and the long imprisoned crew once more breathed unlimited quantities of untainted air. Having anchored his little ship and retreated before the bitter cold to its snug interior, the young commander's first move was to rip a hole in the lining of his uniform coat and draw forth a diminutive Japanese naval flag. At sight of it his fellow countryman dropped to his knees, and repeatedly touched his head to the floor with audible inhalings of breath. Then he was permitted to hold aloft the treasure, while Takahaki in turn prostrated himself before the flag of his adored Mikado. Dunster did not bow down to it because it was not his flag, and because that was not the American way of showing respect. Besides, he was too importantly busy just then, with a kettle of water that he was trying to boil over a little electric stove. At the same time he was so filled with joy at finding himself enlisted under the sun-rayed banner of Russia's chiefest enemy that he "Nip pon Banzai! Banzai!" (Ten thousand years of life to Japan), a compliment that was acknowledged by his companions with pleased smiles and profound bows.

There was not much conversation until they had satisfied their hunger and warmed their chilled blood with copious draughts of hot tea; but after that came a council of war. Dunster, comfortably outstretched on the smooth, steel back of one of the remaining marking: "Well, Captain, here we are! What happens next?"

Takahaki sat awkwardly on another torpedo made fast to the opposite side of the boat, while the third member of the crew squatted on the floor at a respectful distance, but within easy hearing of all that

"Dun Brown, I may not say what thing is next come, till I get the bearings of the mind," replied Takahaki.

"Good enough! Mental bearings are exactly what we need. To begin with then, we have got safely away from the 'Rosskys,' as you call them, though they may be prowling somewhere around here looking for us at this very moment, for all we know.'

"Ah! that Rus-si-an!" interrupted Takahaki in a tone of intense satisfaction.

"Yes, it isn't likely that friend Suwarrow will bother us any more, but there are others who are liable to jump us just so long as we remain in this vicinity.'

'Then must we quick get away," agreed Takahaki.

"So I think: but where to is the question: How

far is it to Tsushima? "Seven hundred and fifty mile," was the ready ans-

"Too far for us, though our normal radius is eight hundred. We are too shorthanded though for so long a run, and we have on board only about one-half our full supply of gasoline. What comes next? Oh! Hakodate, of course; but if I remember rightly that is some five hundred miles from here."

"Four hundred ninety-two," corrected Takahaki. "Still too far for us even though you should knock off those last two miles. What other place is there? "Perhaps Wonsan," suggested the young com-

"Of course, Japanese colony on the east coast of

"Three fifty, about."

mander.

"Thirty-six hours' run under normal conditions, forty-eight or more in heavy weather, and Eternity for us if anything goes wrong, as it is pretty certain to do with our Suwarrowized equipment. Can't you think of some nearer place or of something more hopeful?"

"No, Dun Brown, unless it is that we might meet some warship of my country."

"That would help us out of a pretty nasty fix, I'll admit, but I don't believe there is the slightest chance of any such luck.'

"Then, Dun Brown, we will, at the first of daylight, start for Wonsan," replied the young commander, with a tone of decision.

"Very good, sir." answered Dunster, "I am glad to have the question settled. At the same time I must confess that I consider the chance of this craft, unprovided with charts-thanks to the late lamented Suwarrow,-shorthanded, and on half supply of fuel, thanks to the same gentleman, making a winter voyage of nearly four hundred miles and gaining an unknown port, to be about as slim as though it did not exist at all."

"Yes, very slim chance, but perhaps better than if we return to Vladivostok."

"A thousand times better!" cried Dunster energeti-"And now, sir, since we are to start at daybreak, with your permission, I will turn in."

"Yes," agreed the young commander, "it is good if all of us turn in this night, for on some other night it may not be so possible.'

entire crew of the Naisha, outstretched on whatever of clothing or oilskins or waste they had been able to place between their bodies and the unyielding iron of the floor, were buried in the utter oblivion of dreamless sleep. As they slept, almost without moving, their uncanny craft, the only one of its kind in eastern seas, tugged at its cable, wallowed beneath the rush of overflowing waves, or slid down the smooth slopes of long rollers that every now and then found their way behind the sheltering rocks.

So the hours wore on until, towards morning, a great ship, black and deep laden, showing no lights, a formless smudge in a void of darkness, came up from the southward, cautiously feeling her way through the night. At length she was on soundings; and, as they gradually shoaled, her speed lessened until, in ten fathoms, her engines were stopped. By this time daylight was close at hand, and until then it was safer to wait. So the ponderous anchor was let go with a rush and a roar of chain. As it struck the water there came a blinding flash of light, and an explosion as terrific as the crash of a thunderbolt.

The ship quivered in every joint, groaned as though

### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 12-From the Governor of Rhode Island



LUCIUS P. C. GARVIN, GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND

Office of the Covernor

buton of the Apalar, Iwould kay: which you are enwelling to relater some & your mother at older scioler Lucius F. la l'avoir

in mortal pain, and rolled rails under, while yells of terror sounded from deck and hold. A few minutes later, rockets began to leap hissing through the upper darkness spreading far and wide their messages of distress, while the whole fabric glowed with electric lights.

On the Naisha, miles away, the effect of the shock was such that her crew instantly were wide-awake and asking one another what had happened.

"It was a heavy report of some kind," said Dunster, "for the jar made my teeth rattle; but I've no idea whether it came from land or sea. What time is it anyway?" Here the speaker switched on an electric light and glanced at the ship's clock that marked the hour of seven.

"Most near day!" exclaimed Takahaki, "put out light quick till we something know."

Thus saying the young commander entered the

conning tower and opened the hatch that had been closed against the egress of breaking seas. For a minute he saw nothing. Then, in the distance, against the paling eastern sky, a rocket soared aloft and burst into a fiery shower.

"Ship in trouble!" he reported as withdrawing his head he again closed the hatch against the bitter cold. Rockets out at sea. With daylight we will go and find the matter. Without light we may not get away from these rocks; but in a half hour we can plenty

"Just time enough to make coffee," said Dunster, who was a firm believer in being well fortified with food and drink before seeking trouble.

"Or perhaps tea," suggested Takahaki.

"Oh, yes! Of course. I might have remembered that there isn't such a thing as a cup of coffee in this whole benighted region, but I do so hate tea. The stuff is only an excuse for drinking hot water anyway.

So Dunster grumbled while he attended to the ket-Thus it happened that, a few minutes later, the tle, and the others examined the Naisha's engines to see that everything was in working order.

An hour later the submarine, showing only her conning tower and a tiny Japanese naval flag fluttering bravely just above the sullen waters, had left her rock-screened shelter, and was headed towards an anchored steamer that had been discovered by the growing daylight.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

### A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.

There was no chance for conversation as the Naisha sped on her voyage of discovery that would mean so much, one way or another, to our lads, for each member of her crew was too intent upon the manifold duties allotted to him, but each was in a fever of excitement. If the steamer should prove Japanese all would be well; if Russian it would be their duty to try and destroy her; while if she were a neutral their course must be governed by circumstances. As they approached near enough for observations Dunster, who steered from the conning tower, shouted down brief reports to his companions:

"Merchant ship," he called, and a little later, "At anchor, and seems down by the head." In another minute he announced: "I can see her ensign, and it is British.'

At this report Takahaki stopped his engine and the Naisha floated motionless, well nigh invisible, and not yet detected from the ship. The wind of the night had subsided and was succeeded by a calm beneath which the sea heaved in long, oily swells.

"Yes," said the young commander, after a long look at the anchored steamer, "she is a neutral and so perhaps of no use to us. But maybe," he added, brightening, "she has something contraband on board

for which we may capture her."
"Capture her?" repeated Dunster incredulously. "Three of us capture a ship of that size! Why, she must have forty or fifty men on board."

"Perhaps yes, but same time I think it will be a very easy thing. Now let us go a little more under the water and move slowly around her for see what has happen.

So the Naisha sank from sight leaving only the cowl of her alliscope above the surface, and in this condition she circumnavigated the anchored ship,

within observing distance, without being detected.

"There is a hole in her starboard bow," announced Dunster, who, as usual, handled the alliscope. looks as though she had been in collision, and yet it doesn't, for while the hole is just above the water line it doesn't extend far enough up to have been caused by another ship, nor is it of the right shape. If it were lower down I should say that it had been caused by contact with a floating mine. That would account for the explosion we heard, too, but surely even Russians couldn't be such fools as to set mines, adrift in track of the coal-laden ships they are so anxiously expecting."

"Perhaps maybe it was our torpedo," suggested Takahaki, quietly.

"By Jove! old man, that's the very thing!" cried Dunster. "What a chucklehead I am, not to have thought of it. The tide was running out and easily might have drifted it as far as this. Of course it was our torpedo, and it's lucky for them that they struck it on the surface, instead of having it strike them a fathom or so lower down."

'Perhaps for us, too," said the other. "But tell

me, Dun Brown, are they mending that hole?"
"Trying to," was the answer. "They've launched a staging over the side and there's a gang at work on it."

"Then will we give them a little amazement," announced the Naisha's commander.

The British ship Honan, coal laden from Cardiff, had been in hard luck from the very beginning of her voyage. Storms, breakdowns of her machinery, and sickness among her crew, had attended her all the way to Shanghai, her original port of consignment. There she lay for two months in muddy Woo Sung creek before receiving rush orders, by cipher cable, to proceed to Vladivostok. In the meantime her crew had died or deserted until her captain and the chief

# The Boy Who Shirks and The Boy Who Works

HERE ARE BOYS of both kinds in the world, but, happily, the boy who shirks is very much in the minority. This is true because the average American boy has too much pluck, too much pride, too much ambition to be classed with the shirks. He may not be able to say in his very heart of hearts that he likes to work, but he can say that he does not propose to be classed with those who "stand around all the day idle," thereby bringing upon himself the deserved contempt of the better class of people in the community.

Every high-spirited boy detests a downright shirk, and admires the boy or the man who does thingswho brings things to pass, and who counts for something because of his own achievements. Every boy of spirit admires the hustler and has contempt for the dawdler. I once went to the funeral of a man seventyfive years of age and on the way home a man who had known the dead man nearly all of his life said of

"There was a man who dawdled away a life that might have been one of splendid achievements, for he was naturally an extremely gifted man, but work he would not and he shirked everything that he could. His wife supported him by going out as a dressmaker up to the time of her death, and he nearly starved after that. A few of his old friends have to pay his funeral expenses to keep him from being carried to a pauper's grave. A man of good family, respectable enough in mcrals and of more natural talent than most men, his life has been a flat failure because of his own slothfulness.

I know several boys whose end may be like this if they do not "look a little out." They have good natural ability and good health, but work they will not. Boys with not half their talents but who are working hard have far greater chances of success in life than they. Once let a boy achieve the reputation of being downright lazy, and it is "all day" with him in the estimation of other boys-of the boys who would be lazy, too, if they yielded weakly to their own inclinations, but who are wise enough to know that if they would succeed in life they must pay tho price of success, and that is-work.

Never in the history of our country was there a time when there were better opportunities for the boy who is willing to work, and never was competition for the high places sharper. The shirk and the boy who is looking for a "soft snap" are "dead sure" to be left far behind the eager, alert boy who is so little afraid of hard work that he is not at all anxious to find a "soft snap." The bcy who is looking for a "snap" of this kind has in him al! the elements of the shirk. I one day overheard two boys speaking about



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SONS OF SENOR BAEZ, MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES FROM PARAGUAY

a third boy not long ago, and one said to the other: "He! Bah! he's a regular jellyfish! Lazv? A snail has more hustle and more muscle than he has or ever will have if he doesn't bestir himself soon!"

Pretty scathing, wasn't it? But people are apt to be scathing when expressing their opinion of the shirk, just as they are apt to be highly laudatory when speaking of the manly boy who is known to be a hustler. Mere inclination has nothing to do with it, boys. Whether you want to or not you must be workers if you ever expect to "amount to anything" in this life. That's the gospel truth.

### WHAT BISHOP VINCENT WOULD TRY TO BE

If I were a boy, says Bishop Vincent in an exchange, I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights or stories in my imagination, and no foul words on my tongue. I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants; be tender toward the unfortunate-all this I should strive to do for the sake of being a comfort to people, a joy to my parents, and a help to the next century.

If I were a boy I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers and he able to do all the manly things that belong to the manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study hard and with a will when the time came for study; read the best literature-works of the imagination, history, science and art according to my taste and need; get a good knowledge of English; try to speak accurately and distinctly; go to college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer or a mechanic; spend my Sabbaths reverently; try to be a practical. every-day Christian; help on every good cause; never make sport of sacred things; be "about my Father's business," like the boy of Nazareth; "use the world and not abuse it;" treat old men as fathers, "the younger men as brethren, the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity," and thus I would try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent. courteous.

### EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Like so many other men destined to a literary career, Edward Everett Hale learned to set type almost as soon as he had learned to read. The offices of the Boston Advertiser, of which his father was editor, were likewise his nursery. Here, while a small boy, he learned the mechanism of newspapers, and wrote articles for the paper, which he set up in type with his own hands.

Before he was eleven he had translated an article from the French, which was published in the Advertiser, and his serious literary career may be said to have dated from that time. Unlike most literary persons, Dr. Hale was extraordinarily fond of mathematics. Though he was not prodigiously fond of school, yet he distinguished himself at the Boston Latin School, as he was to do later at Harvard University.-New York Herald.

# FOR THE MIKADO

(Continued from page 296.)

engineer, an American named Bunker, were the only "Europeans"\* left on board. To obey orders the former was obliged to ship a job lot of Lascars and Chinese. Then he cleared for Che Foo and put to sea, with winter already upon him, for a run to the northward so hazardous that only a handsome bonus promised by his owners to be paid even if he failed to reach Vladivostok, and doubled if he got there safely with his precious cargo, nerved him to undertake it.

Once clear of the coast Captain Crosscut made no pretense of steering towards Che Foo, but bore directly away for the Straits of Korea which the Japanese were blockading and in which they already had captured many valuable prizes. Aided by a dense fog during which she was ordered to halt by one shot fired across her bow from an unseen blockader, and had three men killed by another that raked her deck, the Honan made good her entrance into the Japan sea. There, again in a fog, she struck on the Liancourt Rocks from which she escaped only by sacrificing half of her cargo and aided by an extra high tide. Then her crew mutinied, and if Captain Crosscut had not ostentatiously thrown overboard every firearm that the ship contained, excepting two pairs of revolvers worn by himself and his engineer, the sorrowful voyage would have ended then and there. As it was the mutiny was quelled, the cowed Lascars returned, half heartedly, to their work, and the Honan, showing no lights at night, crept a couple of hundred miles farther northward.

As she neared her destination her exhausted officers, cheered by visions of wealth almost within reach, congratulated one another that their ill-omened undertaking was about to terminate successfully after all. Gaining soundings on what they fondly hoped was the last night of the voyage, they determiend to avoid further risks by anchoring where they were until daylight, and the engines were stopped. Five minutes later the letting go of a ponderous anchor was instantly followed by an explosion so tremendous that for a short space every soul on board imagined their ship to be totally wrecked, and a mad rush was made for the boats. Several of these were launched, and three-fourths of the crew tumbling into them. pulled to a safe distance where they lay to and awaited developments.

Those who remained on board set off rockets with the hope of attracting assistance; while the chief engineer made a hurried examination into the condition of the ship. A little later he reported:

"Number one forward compartment is full of water, sir, but the bulkhead still holds and there is no present danger of sinking.

"Very good, Mr. Bunker," replied the captain, "You may let go another anchor and we will wait till day-

\*In Asia all white persons are called "Europeans."

light before deciding what is best to be done. For heaven's sake though slack away gently on your cable, for anchoring in these waters seems to be about the most dangerous thing a man can do.'

What do you suppose it was, Cap?" asked the engineer after the second anchor had been got overboard without mishap.

"Must have been a floating mine, though I can't understand why the confounded Russians should place any without notifying us, when they are offering every inducement for coal ships to run the block-

"Perhaps it was the work of Japs."

"Nonsense! There aren't any Japs in this vicinity yet. They've got all they can attend to at Port Ar-

'Maybe so, but you never can tell what Japs are going to do, or where they are going to turn up. I myself didn't think much of 'em until their war with China. Then I served on the Chinese battleship Ting-Yuen in the Yalu fight where a little Jap cruiser had us knocked out in such short order that I've felt ever since there's nothing too big or too desperate for those fellows to tackle."

By this time the occupants of the boats, nearly perished by the bitter cold of the night, and seeing that the ship was not sinking, returned to her and sheepishly climbed on board. By daylight the extent of the damage, caused by the still mysterious explosion, being found much less than had been feared. Captain Crosscut decided that, with a temporary patch over the hole, he still might limp into Vladivostok, and he soon had a gang of men at work from a staging launched over the side. Leaning far over the forecastle rail he personally superintended the job, upon which the attention of every person on board was focused.

Of a sudden the captain found himself gazing in fascinated horror at a vague, black form, unlike anything he had ever run across in all his seafaring experience. It was silently and slowly, rising from the ocean depths not fifty feet away, and at first sight he thought it was a whale. In another moment, as it lay with a small portion of its glistening iron back exposed, he knew that the mysterious object was of human origin.

In the meantime, the workers on the staging, catching sight of the silent monster, were swarming up the tackle ropes to the deck with yells of terror. Shooting out a long, jointed arm or feeler, the creature seemed to reach after them, at the same time glaring balefully in their direction from a single, unwinking eye, set at the end of the tentacle. All at once, as suddenly as it had shot up, this uncanny member was withdrawn. At the same moment the terrifying form sank beneath the waves and disappeared without rippling the surface or giving other evidence of

Although it was a cold day, Captain Crosscut lifted his cap and mechanically wiped away the beads of it to the utmost during the few seconds left him. sweat that glistened on his forehead.

"I never in my life saw a submarine," he said to the engineer, who stood beside him staring at the water where the monster had floated, but I've read of 'em, and I'll be hanged if I don't think that was

"Then it must belong to the Japs, 'cause if it was Russian it would at least have hailed us. Now I suppose, having taken an observation, they have gone below to finish blowing us up."

"Man, dear! don't say that," ejaculated the captain. "Why should they blow us up, when we'd surrender in a minute if they'd give us the chance? "Here, you!" he cried to a Chinese quartermaster, "Scuttle aft and haul down that ensign. Bend on a Jap flag above it and hoist 'em both together. Sabe?"

"Yep, me sabe," responded the man as he made a dive for the flag locker.

The remainder of the crew huddled together, excitedly jabbering in half a dozen dialects, with straining eyes fixed on the place where the terror had disappeared. Nothing could have induced them to resume work on the staging within reach of that awful tentacle; nor did the ship's commander, nervously waiting to be blown into Eternity, make any effort to move them.

This state of affairs remained unchanged for some minutes during which the strain of suspense was so unnerving, that Captain Crosscut jumped as though a bomb had exploded beside him, at a sudden sharp cry from Mr. Bunker who had ascended to the bridge.

While all others, including the captain, were so paralyzed by fright that they had no thought save to stare at the place where the submarine had made its appearance, the engineer, calmly lighting a big Manila cigar, which he smoked with evident enjoyment, allowed his gaze to traverse all sides as far as the encircling horizon. Finally, in the opposite direction from that in which the others were looking, his eyes encountered an object so extraordinary that for a moment he too was rendered speechless by amazement. Then he uttered his warning cry, at the same time pointing to a spot of commotion on the surface of the heaving waters.

All hands rushed to that side of the ship and from it gazed upon an apparition very nearly, if not quite as terrifying as that of a few minutes earlier. What they now saw was a small black cylinder, its upper rim apparently but a few inches above the surface. rushing towards them in a smother of white water raised by its own rapid motion. From it projected a man's head; and, following at a short distance behind this marvel, unsupported by visible staff or halliard fluttered the sun-rayed naval flag of Japan.

At this sight many of the superstitious crew fell

on their knees with cries of terror.

"Another of 'em," muttered the captain. "We are surely done for now.

"Looks that way," agreed the engineer, puffing vigorously at his cigar as though determined to enjoy

(To be continued.)

# American Boy Day at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Ore., July 5



HE CELEBRATION of American Boy Day at the Portland Exposition, July 5th, was a success from every standpoint. The audience was large, looking to the total attendance at the Exposition for the day, and the attention given the program was remarkable, considering that it consumed nearly three hours, and that a short distance away Liberatti's splendid band was rendering an open-air concert, and all the regular features of the exhibition

were in full operation.

The auditorium of the Portland Exposition, corresponding to Festival Hall of the St. Louis Exposition, is a large, light, airy structure, with a seating capacity of some 2,000 and a stage capable of seating one hundred and fifty people.

At the beginning of the American Boy Day exercises there were over one hundred on the stage, including De Caprio's exposition band of forty pieces, and some sixty boys, all prepared to take their part in the program. In the body of the auditorium were about 1,000 persons, including many boys and a fair proportion of fathers, mothers and friends of boys. Few left during the long program, testifying to the interesting character of the proceedings, while many came in from time to time to swell the company of

Promptly at two o'clock the band struck up a stirring selection, and President H. W. Goode, of the Exposition, Theodore Hardee, assistant to the President, and Wm. C. Sprague, editor of THE AMERICAN Boy and President of the day, entered and took seats at the front of the platform, the others who were to take part in the program being already seated.

The invocation, which was to follow the band selection, was omitted on account of the non-arrival of Secretary Stone of the Portland Y. M. C. A., he having misunderstood the hour of beginning.



PROF. FREDERICK W. GOODRICH

Professor Frederick W. Goodrich, organist of St. David's Church, of Portland, rendered "Athalia" on the pipe organ, after which Mr. Sprague introduced President Goode with a few words of compliment and congratulation on the artistic success of the Exposition, to which the President responded.

"I feel a peculiar pleasure in welcoming the youth "I feel a peculiar pleasure in welcoming the youth who are here to participate in the celebration of American Boy Day. For Mr. Sprague's earnest efforts in promoting the interests of our American boys and, above all, his work in arranging for this special occasion much credit is due. I desire to congratulate Mr. Sprague, and each of you, upon the success of this splendid gathering and upon your good fortune in health appears.

splendid gathering and upon your good subsing present.

"This Exposition is a great open training school for the old as well as the young, and you will, I have no doubt, carry away impressions of your visit here which will be ever a delight to remember. Your grandfathers and grandmothers were never so fortunate in the opportunity of studying the wonders of the world, the accomplishments of science and invention and the products of the skill of mankind in various remote portions of the world, as you shall behold here.

"Now, you have heard a good deal of the axiom that it is better to be right than to be President. When you pause to think about it there is no reason why a man cannot be both, as exemplified by the first citizen

The lives of some of the foremost men in national

"The lives of some of the foremost men in national life are the best illustrations of the fact that all of you have a first-class chance to get ahead in the world, and that by perseverance and a little 'luck' success will come to you. Nothing, howover, is gained without hard work and persistency of purpose.

"The best I can think of to say to you in the way of encouragement is always to retain your ideals of good American citizenship. You have a proud heritage as young Americans—a glowing future—and the best time to live is the present. There was never a time when the chances for boys were more promising, or rewards better, than now.

"It occurs to me that a national American Boy Day may be among the future possibilities, and, indeed, I may add that I think such a national holiday would become one of the most popular of special events on the national red-letter calendar. I am safe in saying that every one of the young men who are visitors here would endorse and support the demand for this.



PRESIDENT H. W. GOODE WHO DELIVERED AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME

"Again, I assure you of the pleasure it affords me to bid you welcome to the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, and I hope you will have occasion to cher-ish pleasant recollections of this day the rest of your

Henry Masten, a fine-looking Portland boy, then stepped to the front, and in a clear, ringing voice, in behalf of Portland boys, bade the company welcome.

Mr. President and Boys of America:-Upon me today devolves a most agreeable duty—that of extending to you, in behalf of the boys of Portland, a hearty welcome on this significant oc-

that of extending to you, in behalf of the boys of Portland, a hearty welcome on this significant occasion.

I have said a significant occasion. Why? In you, Boys of America, we behold the sturdy timber which will form a glorious superstructure to the magnificently solid foundation of our republic,—that foundation of lindependence, the anniversary of which we celebrated yesterday. Behold this fair city, an ever increasing testimonial to the sagacity of Jefferson, to the daring of Clark and Lewis. But your efforts, if they be worthy, will be rewarded not by the upbuilding of city, or section, or state alone, but by the welding of Republican America into one strong, everlasting nation, superb in war, powerful in peace, enlightened and cultured, first on land, first on sea. These achievements we precommemorate today.

Welcome, then, Boys of America! A thrice hearty welcome to each, to all of you! Partake of our luscious fruits; climb our lofty pines; inhale our lifeying ozone; bask in our mild Oregon sun; angle for the festive trout, and hunt the woolly bear. Enjoy to the utmost your stay, and, if you must leave, before you go acknowledge, secretly, if loyalty to your home state will not permit you to do so openly, that ours is one of the greatest states of our great Union.

To our puny welcomings, Nature adds her glorious voice. From whispering cascades and babbling brooks, from laughing waterfalls and deep-volced rivers arises in unison a cry of welcome, which, borne up by the winds, carried over our valleys, resplendent in Summer's full bloom, hurled from one ermine robed sentinel to another, finally blends with the reverberating roar of the glant ocean, "Welcome!"

And in these lavish greetings of Nature, all is not empty show. Utility is joined with beauty. Those forests contain one-tenth of the world's timber supply. Those rivers will respond to the touch of a master hand with the strength of ten thousand million horse. Those mountains hide riches such as the eyes of man have never beheld. Those fields conta



HENRY MASTEN WHO DELIVERED AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME

their bosoms, untold fortunes, awaiting the indus-trious, intelligent worker. This is Opportunity. Hither she beckons. Rivers, trees, mountains, fields await but master-spirits—enthusiastic men. This is Oregon's

welcome.
"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads to fortune." The magnificent but yet undeveloped resources of our great state offer

pregnant illustration of that oft-repeated aphorism. The opportunity lies before you, Boys of America. "Men, give us men!" is Oregon's cry—"Men of brain and brawn, grit and integrity." To those who respond, Nature will unfold a more glorious welcome each day. Remember, once again—

This is the tide in the affairs of men which leads on Westward, where the star of empire takes its way.

Now, a word to you, Mr. Sprague. The need of our Nation, a need I have touched on before, is—men. Good men, pure, clean, ambitious, intelligent, gritty men. And of all influences outside home and school your work, through the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY, has been next only to the example of our beloved Roosevelt, the most potent factor in shaping the character of the coming generation. You have builded better even than you know. And to crown your achievement, you have established this day, as an everlasting testimonial to the greatness of the American boy. All honor to you. Portland's boys feel privileged in being allowed to bid you welcome to our city.

Boys of America! Let me reiterate the hearty greeting extended to you by the boys of Portland, who stand prepared to show you that Oregon hospitality is justly famed for generosity and geniality.

Once again, Welcome!

The response to the addresses of welcome came from a fourteen-year-old Colorado boy, Joseph B. Hosmer, of Ft. Morgan. With a voice somewhat lacking in spirit, but with a particularly clear enunciation and clear-cut sentences, the Colorado boy won his spurs and his share of the applause, which was liberally bestowed on the performers throughout the program. His address was as follows:

Mr. President and Boys of Portland, Ladies and Gen-

tlemen:—
Permit me in behalf of the Boys of America to gratefully acknowledge the eloquent and cordial greeting that has been extended to us.
With true western hospitality everything within the gates of the city, as well as within the boundaries of this twentieth century Wonderland has been thrown open to us.

Strange indeed would be the boy who could find in his heart no response to the sincere and cheery welcome we have received.

This is our day and we are here from every nook and corner of this vast land, we are fresh from the celebration of our country's natal day, and we are feeling unusually patriotic. For us there is but one toast, and that is:



DWINELL CLAPP

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring! Let freedom ring

The constitution and our beautiful flag of red, white and blue are the biggest things in the world, but the Lewis and Clark Exposition comes in as a close

We are all glad that President Jefferson away back in our great-great-grandfathers' days laid the foundation for this celebration in which you have honored us by allowing us to participate. President Jefferson builded better than he knew when he took the initial steps toward making this rich and resourceful section a part of the Union

steps toward making this rich and resourceful section a part of the Union.

When I first heard of the Lewis and Clark Exposition I was quite a small boy. I knew nothing of the achievements of Lewis and Clark, and my knowledge of Portland was meager. I could locate it on the map, knew that it was a city corresponding in size with the city of Denver, and had been obliged to commit to memory from my geography: "Portland on the Williamette branch of the Columbia river is the commercial center of Oregon."

But soon the newspapers began to devote much

Millamette branch of the Columbia river is the commercial center of Oregon."

But soon the newspapers began to devote much space to write-ups of the whys and wherefores of this exposition, and I began to feel interested. Then a little more than a year ago, while in attendance with my father upon a meeting of the National Editorial Association at St. Louis. I was introduced to Mr. Albert Tozier, one of Portland's most enthusiastic citizens and ex-president of the National Editorial Association. At that time I heard such wonderful tales of the attractions of this peerless portion of the great west—such artistically painted word pictures of this exposition, that I resolved to attend and repeat the grand good time I was then having.

Little did I then dream of the honor which would be mine on this occasion. I shall always count among the happiest moments of my happy life the moment when I was told that mine would be the privilege of responding to the gracious welcome which has been accorded us.

accorded us

For all the American boys who are here from what-ever part of our beloved land, and for myself, who have come from our country's Switzerland (Colorado), where for 365 days in the year the sun vainly attempts to melt the snow from her lofty peaks, I heartily thank you.

The violin solo by Dwinell Clapp, of Forest Grove, Oregon, "Fantasie Pastorale," by Singelee, was played with great skill, especially the closing part, when, having gained complete command of himself, the youthful performer handled the bow like a master. His accompanist was his teacher, Prof. F. T. Chapman, of the Conservatory of Music of Pacific University.

The prize American Boy Day poem was then recited by its author, Angus M. Berry, of Logan, Ia. In introducing the young poet Mr. Sprague announced that the prize (\$25.00) had been competed for this year by many boys, but that the verses by Angus M. Berry had easily won. Interest was added by the fact that young Berry had won in the 1904 contest, and had recited his prize-winning poem of that year on American Boy Day at the St. Louis Exposition, just one year before to a day. This announcement and the placing by Mr. Sprague of the prize money in the winner's hand brought hearty applause, which was redoubled in volume and intensity at the conclusion of his recitation of the poem.



ANGUS M. BERRY
AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN BOY PRIZE POEM

"Love the Pedlar" was the title of Thomas Dobson's vocal solo that followed the poem. Thomas, or Tommy Dobson, as he is known in Portland, is a boy soloist in St. David's church choir of Portland, and one of the best boy choir singers on the coast. He sings a remarkably pure and flexible soprano. Cultivation has added to its natural charm. These elements of strength, added to perfect self-command, make a fine singer—and all of that Tommy Dobson is. The applause following his number was spontaneous and hearty.

Then came little Frank D'Arcy in Scotch Highland costume and his sword dance. Always spectacular and charming, the Scotch sword dance is particularly fetching when the dancer is a handsome, well-proportioned little lad, kilted and bonneted in the fashion of the braw Highland laddies of old Scotia. It was a pretty performance and deserved the tremendous applause that greeted its close.



THOMAS DOBSON

Five Indian boys from the Government Indian School at Salem, Ore., then occupied the front of the stage, rendering a vocal quintet that lacked somewhat in spirit and vigor, but was remarkably good music, harmonious and evenly balanced. This number enlisted the closest attention, as here were performers who could rightly claim to be of the original "American Boys." The rule of "no encores," laid down by Mr. Sprague at the outset, came nearly being broken in this instance.

Mr. Sprague now rose to his feet and beckoning to a little fellow in a white suit, Harold Wells, of Eugene, Oregon, came forward. "I always like to introduce boys of this boy's age, for they remind me of my own boy," said Mr. Sprague. The words met with applause, not so much from the sentiment underneath as from the pretty picture the boy presented. A beautiful, yet boyish face, a complexion and a figure to tempt a painter, a voice clear, sweet, sympathetic, and you have Harold Wells, the boy who won the biggest applause accorded to any per-



RAYMOND COURSEN

former on the stage that day. He recited "As the Moon Rose," a composition requiring dramatic talent of a high order.

Second in interest to Harold Wells came, perhaps, J. Lawrence White, boy soprano of St. Stephens' Church, Baker City, Oregon. Mr. Sprague confessed to some friends in advance of the exercises that he had some fear of young White, as the boy had told him in a conversation the morning of the fifth that he had never taken a yoral lesson in his life. "For



HAROLD WELLS

All Eternity" was the boy's selection, and with the first note sounded by the young singer, clear and resonant, all question of the boy's triumph was set at rest. At the close, when his voice soared into a high key, accurately and firmly sounded, he was given a perfect ovation, in which no one more heartily joined than the President of the day. It was a splendid song splendid song spendid young.

Melvin Scott Ogden, a Portland boy with full, clear voice and good delivery, won applause with his recitation, "Marshal Ney's Last Charge at Waterloo."



NORMAN ESPEY

Norman Espey, a St. David's (Portland) choir boy, assisted by the St. David's boy choir of twenty-four voices, then rendered that spirited composition, "My Own United States." The rendition of the song was somewhat marred by the evident unfamiliarity of the singers with the words and music. Dash and spirit was lacking more from this cause than any other. Young Espey's voice was of excellent quality, but did not show its real worth for the reason stated. The audience, however, enjoyed the number and applied it heartily.

Following came letters to the boys written by Admiral Dewey, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and many Governors of States. These were read by Mr. Sprague, his reading being frequently interrupted by applause.

After the splendid sentiments contained in these letters the audience was in fine mood to rise, and accompanied by the band, sing "America." Few voices were silent as the opening notes of the grand old song struck the air. Above all rose the voices of the boys.

The next number was a violin chorus composed of



GRANT M. GIBSON

eight boys, all pupils of Professor E. O. Spitzner, of Portland. Their selection was "The Holy City," arranged for eight violins by Professor Spitzner. The playing of the boys was remarkably even and harmonious, awakening great enthusiasm on the part of the audience. The players were Victor Jorgensen, Earl Sharp, Philip Kamm, Charley Duhrkoop, Milton Marx, James Woodcock, Max Smith, Leon Shaperer, Hans Niclas.

"Custer's Last Charge" was the subject of the fine recitation by Grant M. Gibson, of Issaquah, Wash. Then came Raymond Coursen, of Portland, with a pretty soprano solo, "Sleep, Little Tulip." It would be strange if in a company of sixty boys—ordinary American boys such as appeared on the stage—one at least did not have his eye bandaged from his having come in contact with a ball or a bat or some other boy's good right arm, and Raymond supplied the needful. Mr. Sprague introduced the young singer with the bandaged head as a typical American boy, too plucky to fail to do his duty just because something had hit him in the eye.

Arthur Winstock, a little Portland boy, was the first to deliver a speech of his own composition after



MELVIN SCOTT OGDEN

the opening addresses. His subject was "Abraham Lincoln," an ever popular one with boys. Arthur had a good, clear voice and a natural delivery. His oration was simple, clear, orderly in arrangement and was handled easily and naturally.

Following came "The Stars and Stripes Forever," by St. David's boy choir of twenty-four voices, with Professor Goodrich at the piano. Notwithstanding the little fellows were tired after a two hours' performance, they handled the stirring song with enthusiasm and spirit.

Chas. W. Robison, of Oregon City, was the last to speak, his subject being "The Ideal American." In voice, delivery, composition, his address took rank as easily first among all the speeches and recitations. This young man showed himself possessed of a very high order of oratorical talent. Every word rang out clear, sympathetic and true. He won the audience with his first sentence and held it to the end.

At the request of Mr. Sprague the performers, excepting the band, now left the stage to give room to

(Continued on page 323.)

# A FRENCH FROG AND AMERICAN EAGLE



(BEGUN IN MARCH) CHAPTER IX.

PATRIOTISM AND A COUNTRY WALK.

B EFORE the term was many days old we heard of still greater benefactions to the school on the part of Mr. Pickens. The first announcement was made by Mr. Henderson to Carclough, but the Head himself informed the whole school a few days later. Mr. Pickens designed to institute two valuable scholarships tenable at Crosscombe, open to all candidates between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. It was great news for the school which had but a very few exhibitions, all given to classics and

few exhibitions, all given to classics and mathematics.

Now the Silas Q. Pickens' Scholarships, as they were to be called, were to be for Natural Science and the holders, if of good conduct, and at the discretion, of the Headmaster, were to be allowed to finish their scientific education at Leipsic or some other approved foreign centre. The examination would be held at the beginning of the autumn term, and was to be superintended only by Mr. Henderson, the papers being set by the lecturer at Owens' College who had already been appointed our senior scientific master, but was not to take up his duties till after Christmas.

Speculation was immediately rife concerning the chances of the various prob-

cerning the chances of the various prob-able competitors; that is to say for the scholarship allotted to chemistry. As for the one which was to be given for Physics, everybody knew it would be a gift for Mainwaring, who was miles ahead of the rest of his form in that But in chemistry there were at least three candidates who might fairly expect to have a chance of success. Postlethwaite, a boy who was always employing his leisure in concocting some unearthly mess or other, and who had seriously singed his eyebrows in the course of these experiments, was considered to have on the whole the best chance; out Briant with his marvelously part Franch hands would be somewhat chance; out Briant with his marvelously neat French hands, would be somewhat his superior in the practical work and was also in the running, though a year younger than Postlethwaite. Ascott also announced his intention of competing He would be the eldest competitor, being only just within the prescribed limits of age. One point which might weigh with the examiners in awarding the scholarship was the fact that Postlethwaite's father was a fairly wealthy man, while both Briant and Ascott were seriously in need of assistance to enable them to continue their studies at the school.

"It's a rotten shame that that French

"It's a rotten shame that that French chap should be allowed to compete at all," declared Anstruther who was par-

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ticularly chummy with Ascott, and strongly supported his claims. "We're being positively eaten up by these forgetings. Now if only the frog were out of the way poor old Ascott would be a made man, for Postlethwaite told me that he would be quite content with the honor and glory of winning the school, and would get his pater to let him hand over the coin to Ascott."

"Stuff!" said Carclough, before whom he expressed his opinion. "Let young Postlethwaite win the thing before hy makes so free with it. He'd better get a pair of false eyebrows for the exam, or he'll frighten the show from Manchester into fits. As for Briant being French, you seem to forget that if it were not for a foreigner there would be no scholarships at all. You're a good honest man, Anstruther, but not clever; now are you?"

Anstruther disdained to notice the personal question "I don't care"

Anstruther disdained to notice the personal question. "I don't care!" he said. "It's going to be my business to fight the French, and I am glad of it. They don't seem to me to be straight. As for Briant, he's clever enough to please you, I suppose; I know he makes me long to punch his head, though he never says anything one can take hold of. The French are like that in the history books. No matter how soundly we thrash them, they always get the better of us when it comes to the treaty of peace."

Carclough refrained from arguing the matter: "Perhaps there are more ways than one of being straight," he remarked sagaclously, "and you know you admire Bayard and Jeanne d'Arc and what's his name, that old Bontemps was telling us about,—Lamartine. There's ro sense in running on against a whole people!" he added, unconsciously plagiarising from the great Burke. "Come and box for a bit in the gym! It will do you good."

Although Briant had been unfortunate enough to arouse Anstruther's animosity there were others who regarded the French boy with far different feelings. George Washington Pizarro Pickens took to him from the first, apparently because Rene was a complete contrast to him in nearly every particular. A special

cause Rene was a complete contrast to him in nearly every particular. A special hond between them was their common hatred of games. Together they evaded compulsory cricket until Carclough and Mr. Villiers Brown, the terror of ordinary shirkers, nearly gave them up as hopeless cases. The pair found a kindred spirit in Postlethwaite who was as fond of rambling over the downs in search of specimens for his many collections, as he was of making loathsome chemical mixtures to poison the air of the laboratory. This triple alliance was at first of the closest and most cordial character, but an incident which occurred early in term caused a certain coolness to arise between two of its members. its members.

which occurred early in term caused a certain coolness to arise between two of its members.

A had headache, an affliction to which Briant was occasionally liable, had kept thim at home one sunny half holiday; so that Postlethwaite and Pickens started to their ramble without their usual companion. With great care and circumspection they skirted the avenue where ranged the terrible Villiers Brown seeking whom he might devour; broke into a trot as they passed Best Pitch and simulated sudden deafness when carclough descried them from afar and loudy commanded them to return. He would lick them thoroughly on the morrow, but "It is worth it." observed and profitable afternoon, and never had they found the woods and hedges so populous and interesting. They discovered a dozen birds' nesting. They discovered a dozen birds' nests, and those of the rarest kind, before they had been hunting for an hour, saw an otter with its young enjoying aquatic sports in a mile by an lrate, red-faced gamewellers of the while Pizarro entertained a fire with sum and adventure in America which rivalled Postlethwaite with stories of hunting for least the Western United States were rather more thickly populated with carnivorous beasts than an any or "road-agent," as Pickens called him, was as the case of timber of datast the command or "coda-agent," as Pickens called him, was as the case and kept him the spot and the red case and circumstant of the spot and the provided him, was as the common or garden po-

an average zoo, and that the highway-nan, or "road-agent," as Pickens called man, or was as the common or garden po-

"Alligators!" cried Pizarro in answer to an enquiry by Postlethwalte concerning those reptiles: "You bet! Thousands of them! We used to sit out on the river side after breakfast and feed them with buttered muffins. I had one that was a great pet of mine, thirty feet long she was, and I called her Hail Columbia When she made a little camp stool of her tail and sat up and begged, her jawk just reached the verandah, and I tell you she would have been a dandy sign for a dentist! So well meaning, too! Not a spark of malice in her. I believe," Pickens assumed an air of consideration, "I believe she had chopped a baby tion, "I believe she had chopped a baby or two, but it was never proved against her, and perhaps they tumbled in. She got to know me well and followed me round like a dog. Well, one morning, dad's shaving water didn't come at the regular time, and Pomp, the nigger that usually valeted him. Pomp was missing We went to breakfast and by and by We went to breakfast and by and by Hail Columbia and the rest came for their usual collation. I thought my little favorite was sick, she seemed so languid and her appetite was so poor. She was suffering from hiccoughs, too, though a joined member of the Mississippi Rechabite Association. Then Aunt Columbia and the house and Clytemnestra came up to the house, and made a fuss, wanted her husband, Pomp, would have him, though a more trifling old nigger you never saw. I pointed that out to dad and also what a loss Hail Columbia would be, but he said Pomp was valuable and that the sanctity of human life must be respected. So

my pet had to go, and we opened the poor creature that afternoon. I shall never forget the look she gave me." "I suppose there was not much left of Pompey?" inquired Postlethwaite with

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY—By E. S TYLEE

"Sho! You make me tired!" said Pickens scornfully. "There was all of him left, sir; and very little damaged on the whole. Auntie Clytemnestra took him

home and nursed him and he was as drunk as ever a week after. You see he drunk as ever a week after. You see he had been teasing Hall Columbia with a German sausage tied to a string, till she got mad and took him in before she thought. He still valets my dad when we're at St. Louis; but we call him Jonah now!"

now!"

Pizarro was thoughtful for a few seconds; then he took from his breast pocket a small pocket-book: "This is my 'gaterskin wallet!" he said, "made from the hide of that faithful creature. Dad gave it to me. I shall never part with it. The gentlest, playfullest pet a fellow ever had, sacrificed for the sake of a trifling no-count nigger like that. It's a queer world."

They had left the river meadows now and were climbing the slopes of the high

They had left the river meadows now and were climbing the slopes of the high downs. Here the sport was of a different character. Few nests, though they were lucky enough to find that of a plover; but they saw rabbits by the hundred and presently picked up the body of one slain by a stoat, the back of its neck bitten clean out by its tiny enemy. Then they made a more interesting discovery: a live adder which they killed in great excitement with the enemy. Then call the state of the strength of

red.

Pickens claimed it as having been the first to perceive it basking loathsomely in the sun on a moss-grown rock. Postlethwaite on the other hand, who had done most of the killing, declared that it had thereby become his rightful property. Moreover, taking an unfair advantage of his superior age and strength, he defied the American to personal combat, and Pickens, in view of the great disparity between them, was fain to yield the point with as good a grace as he could, and the triumphant Postlethwaite laid the slimy prize in his own bundle of plunder.

They were good friends again in a

They were good friends again in a few minutes and Pizarro appeared to have forgotten the affair, as they left the downs on their southern side and set their faces towards home. He suggested that their faces towards home. the downs on their southern side and set their faces towards home. He suggested that they should return to the school by the river, saying that he had something to show Postlethwaite. The latter consented and they went on until at a bend in the road, Pizarro drew Postlethwaite's attention to a sort of high old-fashioned barn straddling on four stilts of legs, much in the same manner as the Lake dwellers of old time built their strange houses. The only entrance was by a long ladder leading to a trap-door in the floor. Pickens led the way to the foot of this and prepared to ascend.

"What is it? Owis?" asked his companion with moderate interest.

"Hush, no:" answered the American.

"I've been here before. There's a gull's nest up there! The only one in the British Isles, sir, in such a place. Most extraordinary curiosity! Barnum would give his head for it!"

Now Crosscombe, of course, is not very far from the sea, and the thing was just possible. Still it did not seem like-

stirred it and caused a violent fit of sneezing. When he recovered, he noticed that the American had left the loft, and running to the window saw him strolling leisurely away with a bundle under his arm.

"Come hack, you Rotter!" shouted the angry Postlethwaite. "There's not a sign of a gull's nest here!"

Pizarro already at a considerable distance neither stopped nor turned, but in his usual high nasal tones, replied:

"That so? Then William B. Postlethwaite, I guess you'll have to build!"

Something in his voice disclosed the truth to his unfortunate victim, who hurrying to the trap-door, found his worst suspicions confirmed. The ladder had been removed, and all means of egress cut off. Furthermore, when Postelthwaite proceeded to examine his bundle of plunder he found that all the most desirable articles had disappeared with the elusive Yankee, and he was left to face the pleasing prospect of an afternoon in the close and stifling loft, with the certainty of heing late for calling noon in the close and stifling loft, with the certainty of being late for calling over. For unfortunately the window was at such a height from the ground that escape in that direction was mani-

festly impossible.

For three mortal hours Postlethwaite For three mortal hours Postlethwaite remained in his prison, revolving the most elaborate and impossible schemes of vengeance. At the end of that time an ambassador appeared in the person of a very small boy, who declared his message from afar, declining all Postlethwaite's courteous invitations to approach within throwing distance. A treaty of peace was soon concluded, for the captive was suffering for his tea. The terms were extremely one-sided Pizarro was to be left in quiet possession of his illgotten gains, and the events of the day were to be buried in oblivion of the day were to be buried in oblivion

(Continued on page 32.)

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of highest class.

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gether. Purpose of school is to cultivate the heart and mind and develop the body, the boy being the unit.

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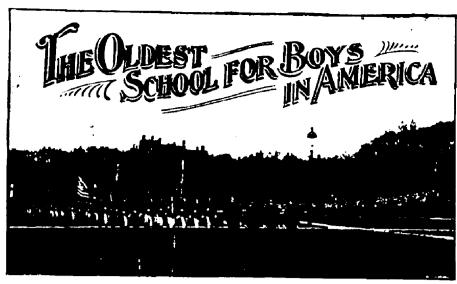
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BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL BOYS PARADING ON BOSTON COMMON

OW MANY readers of THE AMERICAN BOY know that there is in
existence in America a school for
boys that has been in existence
ever since the year 1633? This is the
oldest school in the United States. No
other school organization can trace its
history back, year by year, to so remote
a period. There was a school in Albany
and there were no doult schools in Virgrinia and in old Plymouth, in Massachusetts, previous to the year 1635, but no
other school in America can compare to
the famous old Boston Latin School in
continuous existence. And no other
school in America can present a list of
more distinguished graduates. The Hall
of Fame in New York contains the names
of several men who graduated from this
old Boston school. Among them are
Benjamin Franklin, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Samuel Breese Morse, who invented the telegraph. Every June the
seven boys who stand highest in the
graduating class of the Boston Latin
School receive each a beautiful silver
medal, purchased with the income of a
fund left for this purpose by Benjamin
Franklin, one of the early graduates of
the school.

Thwack! Thwack! In those good old
times a schoolmaster's blows were well
laid on. See! the birch rod has lost
times a schoolmaster's blows were well
laid on. See: the birch rod has lost
times a schoolmaster's blows were well
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aid on. See: the birch rod has lost
times a schoolmaster's blows were well
aid on. See: the birch rod has lost
the Franklin, one of the early graduates of the school.

Phillips Brooks was a graduate of the school, and one must agree with him when he said of it on the occasion of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary:

its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary:

"A great public school, which has lived to celebrate its two hundredth anniversary, must surely have a story of which it need not be ashamed. It may well fling wide its doors and invite the congratulations of the world, for it has entered for an appreciable period into the world's history. Its arc on the great circle is long enough for the eye to see. It evidently has possessed a true vitality, and had to do with perpetual principles and the continual necessities of man. For, lo! it has lived through the changing seasons. There is nothing which the world has to show which is two hundred and fifty years old that more deserves the thankful congratulations of its friends and children than an old school, all the more strong and alive for its venerable age."

its riends and children than an old school, all the more strong and alive for its venerable age."

At a town meeting held in Boston on the 13th of February, in the year 1633, it was voted that "our i rother, Philemon Pormort, shall be entrated to become scholemaster, for the teaching and nourtering of children among us." One will find in the different histories of this old school that the name of list first master is spelled in no less than six different ways, and there is no information that can be relied upon in regard to ids actual connection with the school. His successor was a man named Donalel Maude, who had come to the new land of America from Cambridge, in Lingland. We are told of him that he wrs "a good man, of a serious spirit, and of a peaceable and quiet disposition." He gave up the school to become a minister in New Hampshire, and a man named Woodbridge was his successor. The list of masters who have had charge of this famous old school is a long one. Some contained the school is a long one. S nouse for the Boston Latin School stood on a lot directly across; the street from where the Parker House stands today, and it was because of this school house that the street to-day bears the name of School street.

of School street.

Schoolhoys of to-day who feel that we have "awfully long hours" in our school house should draw of the Boston Latin School house was the hours were from seven in the morning in the summer that to five in the fetranon, with two hours' intermission at non. In the winter time to five in the attention, with two hours' intermission at non. In the winter time to five in the attention was put lastly pounds a year for his services, and he lived in the school house many and many, and Master was put lastly pounds a year for his services, and he lived in the school house must go. One of the most hours with a standed floor, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days when the chimney here are freeze at one end of the room, and there were days w

Tell what they owe to Him, and tell the Truth;

All the Eight parts of Speech he taught to them
They now employ to Trumpet his Esteem."

This famous old schoolmaster lies buried near the spot on which he taught school for nearly forty years, and around

their mark in the world in the after

Years.

The school was in session on that famous nineteenth of April, when the bat-tle of Lexington was fought, and Harri-son Gray Otis, then nine years old, said in after years that he entered the school house that memorable morning just in time to hear Master Lovell speak his fa-

house that memorable morning just in time to hear Master Lovell speak his famous words:

"War's begun and school's done—deponite, libros!"

From the time of its founding down to the present day this has been a school for boys, and its pupils to-day number about seven hundred. The old school houses have all passed out of existence, and the present home of the school was built within very recent years. If you were to be in Boston some day in May or June you would see an interesting sight on the famous old Common. It would be that of the boys of the Latin School drilling on the Common. They make a very fine appearance in their snowy white trousers, blue coats and natty little dark blue caps. There is no free school in Boston, nor in America, in which boys are better taught than in this famous old school, whose entire history is one well worth reading. The this famous old school, whose entire history is one well worth reading. The school has had several historians, and the library in your town or city may contain some account of it. No other school has played a more honorable part in the educational history of our country.

### Sheep and Boys

A sheep raiser said: "No animal that walks on four legs is as big a fool as a sheep. We have to watch them every minute, and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire flock is likely practically to commit suicide. In handling most animals, some degree of intelligence can be relied on to aid the owner in saving their lives, but sheep seem to set deliberately to work to kill themselves. If caught in a storm on the plains they will drift before the wind and die of cold and exposure, rather than move a hundred yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. I once lost 1,000 head beyards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. I once lost 1,000 head because I could not drive them to a corral not 200 feet away. In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up they will all move "down wind" until stopped by the fence. Then begins the proceding so much dreaded by sheepmen, known as "piling." The sheep will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course, all those at the bottom are smothered."



THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

pendence in the later years of their lives. The boys of this famous old school were the boys who went to the British head-

quarters to complain because the British soldiers had spoiled their coasting place in Boston.

him are the graves of some of those who were his pupils.

John Lovell was the second master of unusual ability who taught the school, and his name will be found in any complete history of education in America. It is amusing to read that one of his rewards bestowed on a hoy for good conduct was the privilege of going out and working in the master's garden near the school house. Other good boys were allowed the delightful privilege of sawing his wood and bottling his cider, with the additional privilege of laughing all victory will prove a rich reward. victory will prove a rich reward.

### What Our Military **School** Will do for Your Boy

Make a Man of Him

A strong, healthy, clean, honest, intelligent manly man-full of the snap and vigor and joy of life-able to do things-competent to control others through having first learned to control himself.

The Michigan Military Academy

can develop all that is best in your boy. Splendid academic work, exceptionally able faculty, high moral tone, and a military discipline which cre ates ideal conditions for study. There is absence of vice, bad associations, social and other distractions which retard mental and physical growth.

The Discipline is Strict, But Just

The military features are so fascinating that he cheerfully accepts the strict regulations. He learns obedience, industry, self respect, cleanliness, orderly methods, promptness, regularity Heenjoysdoing what he ought to do. He is glad to retire at "taps," healthfully tired. He is up at "reveille," refreshed and wide awake, ready for the new day's work with a clear brain and active

### 95% of Our Graduates

are today filling enviable positions in the business and professional world. Military training does not signify a military career. The 5% who elect the military career, follow it successfully, several now holding important positions in the Uni-ted States army. We have more graduates at West Point than any other military school. Ours Sest roins than any other minitary sensor. Ours is a military school conducted by military men. Captain Cress, 4th U. S. Cavalry, our Superintendent and Military Instructor, graduated from West Point in 1884, has had over twenty years' service, and is on the active list. Our military training system is admittedly the finest in the country outside of West Point.

### The Academic Courses

cover 8th Grammar Grade and High School work. Our diplomas admit to any college or uniwork. Our apiomas admit to any college or un-versity where certificates are accepted. Our in-structors are live, up-to-day men, in the prime of life, seasoned by experience in leading colleges, and universities. Mr. Hull, the Head Master, is eminently fitted by education and varied exper-iences to direct our academic work. The four persons prominent in the management of the school have any a son in attendance. school have each a son in attendance

### Our Location at Orchard Lake

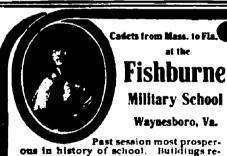
is ideal. The college, campus, farm, etc. are situated high and dry with perfect draipage, pure water, healthiest of climates. The site overlooks three of Michigan's most beautiful inland lakes. three of hichigan s most beautifu inland lakes. Bracing air, wholesome food, regular exercise and recreation, quickly develop hearty appetites and vigorous constitutions. The services of our staff physician have not been necessary during present school year.

A Boy's Mental Capacity Improves with his physical development. Military trainand a perfect control of himself mentally and physically that will last to the end of his days. Parents and Guardians Are Invited

to write us for literature giving full description views, courses of study, terms, etc.

Address General Harris A.Wheeler, President, at Orchard Lake, or at the Chicago office in the Old Colony Building.

Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake, Mich., U. S. A.



Past session most prosper-ous in history of school. Buildings re-cently remodeled and enlarged. Able instructors, best training, pleasant home and social life. Pure air, fine campus, electric lights, etc. Only pure, manly boys wanted. Write for catalogue. JAS. A. PISRBURNE, A. B., Principal.

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# STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

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AN IDEAL HOLE SCHOOL FOR MANLY BOYS
243 boys from 30 states last session. Largest private school in
the South. Boys from 10 to 18 years of age prepared for the
Universities. Government Academies, or Business.
1,610 feet above sesslevel; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of
the famous, proverbially heathful and beautiful Valley of the
Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone.
Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience,
health, manly carriage. Fine shady lawns, expensively equipped
gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. All manly sports
encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from
homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, indi-

IMMY and the GOA JONAS JUTITO No the state of th

OME ON, Jimmy let's play hookey.
The fishing is fine down by the mill, and Bill and I are going."
"Like to," was the reply, "but I never play hookey; besides, to-morrow is Saturday, and I can get to go then."
"Well, don't 'bleat,' " requested Jack Lawton, as he turned towards his companion, who was waiting on a lower corner.

You know I'm no tell-tale," retorted Jimmy, spiritedly, and he continued on his way to the grocery after some sugar

his way to the grocery after some sugar for his mother.

While Jimmy was noted for his pranks and mischief, he was known as an honorable boy, and though delighting in a jeke, was very obedient to his mother's wishes. And that was whe' puzzled his playmates. They knew that he would run great risks of a severe whipping to have a hearty laugh, but if the act was dishonorable it mattered not how much fun there was in it, Jimmy could never be enlisted. be enlisted.
"By George! I know them fellows will

"By George! I know them fellows will have a good time—but I'll get to go tomorrow," and thus comforting himself, Jimmy, with bowed head, lost in thought, ran into Mr. Poston and Mr. Fentress, saying as he did so, "Excuse me, please, I was not watching."

"That's all right, Jimmy," replied Mr. Poston; "but you are always butting into something," then, laughingly, "you rode the trick mule at the circus all right, but I'll het you couldn't ride that big goat of mine."

"Pshaw!" grunted the lad. "It's a heap easier to ride a goat than it is to ride

"Pshaw!" grunted the lad. "It's a heap easier to ride a goat than it is to ride that mule, for he was a sure enough bucker.

"Yes, I know; if you could get on him; but that's it. I'll tell you what I will do. If you will go into that lot, it isn't more than an acre, and ride that goat out, I will make you a present of a five-dollar bill."
"You are toking?"

"You are joking?"
"Indeed, I'm not. If you come out of that lot on the goat's back the money is

Give me till to-morrow to think of

"Yes, a week, if you wish it. You are not to take a stick or anything else to hurt the goat, mind you, but go in empty-handed."

to hurt the goat, mind you, but go in empty-handed."

"Very well, Mr. Poston, I'll study over the matter, and believe I'll get that five easier than I did my monkey for riding that circus mule," and he laughed at the idea, then hurried on, while Fentress remarked jocosely to his companion:

"You had just as well give that boy the money now, for he is as sure to devise some way of riding that goat as the goat is a reality."

"I don't know how he will go about it," smiled Poston. "Billy is a big fellow, and I don't even dare to go into the lot when he is in an ugly humor. I've tried holding him by the horns, and I can't do it, man as I am."

"And you couldn't have ridden that mule, either," laughed Fentress, "yet Jimmy did," and they fell to discussing the boy, who had produced more laughs and trouble than had any boy in the village.

Jimmy didn't know his lessons as well.

Jimmy didn't know his lessons as wellthat day as he usually did, his mind being so filled with the goat and the reward that was offered if he could ride him out of the lot. "The trouble is," he said to himself, "I am not to take anything in the lot with me. Now, if he would let me carry a stick, I might hit him a few biffs over the head and bluff him. But I must think it out some way, for I want some fishing tackle and other for I want some fishing tackle and other things, and mother can't give me the money to get them. I know old Bill; he's a daisy! I remember last spring when I got him to butt our wash-woman," and the mischlevous little rascal laughed heartily as, in his imagination, he saw the victim of his prank going head over heels, and then scrambling up and running for dear life, while Billy stood and shook his head at her as long as he could see her. see her.

That night Jimmy went to bed early. It seemed to him that he could always think better after he had gotten in bed, with his head covered up, and everything quiet. He lay awake a long time,
his mind filled with the goat and the
five dollars, but at last, unrewarded by
his thoughts, fell into a sound slumber.
The next morning he met with the owner of the goat, and after saluting him
courteously, said with his usual chuckle:
"Well, Mr. Poston, I went to sleep last
night thinking of how I was going to

"Well, Mr. Poston, I went to sleep last night thinking of how I was going to ride Billy, and—"
"And you couldn't think it out?"
"No, sir, but I dreamed of a plan, and am ready to ride that goat any time you

say so."
"You are?" inquired Poston, in sur-

"Yes, sir. I believe I could do it eas-

"Yes, sir. I believe I could do it easily, if I could only carry a stick and bluff him; but I will go into the lot empty-handed and do it anyway."

"All right, Jimmy; I won't go back on my word. Ride the goat out of the lot, and you have made five dollars."

"But how long am I to have to do it?" queried the boy.

blufted either, and allowed Jimmy to get within about ten steps of him when he lowered his head and made a charge. The boy ran a short distance, and then fell on his knees, with his head from the goat, while the crowd yelled:

"Get up from there, you little fool!" "That goat will kill you!" and other such advice was fired at him; but the boy only braced himself with his hands, and the goat took him from the rear with such a blow that the concussion sounded like a section both walk and run, but how few men and boys can jump a rail waist high!

The reason of this would appear to be that outside of a few cases where an individual is possessed of phenomenal spring, success is a matter of practice and cultivation of the muscles and nerves which control the upward propelling motion of the body.

Up to the time I was sixteen years of age I could not do four feet. After six months' assiduous practice I was sure of clearing this height, and had improved six inches in another six months.

Within a year and a half I could jump five feet, but it took constant practice for another eighteen months before I at last succeeded in getting over a bar six his face, but quickly rolling over, jumped to his feet and on to the back of the goat, which appeared dazed from what his head had come in contact with

Though Jimmy was on the back of the goat all right, the animal went the wrong way, all the time throwing his head around and trying to butt his tormentor off. Seeing this wouldn't do, Jimmy slid to the ground and headed for the gate, the goat after him, and after running about twenty yards, and seeing the goat close behind, Jimmy again went to his knees and the goat's head came in contact with the lad's coat-tall with

extent, and on one side was a big double gate for the entrance and exit of a wagon or other vehicle.

Half-past one rolled around, but Jimmy had not put in an appearance, and one of the would-be sightseers began laughing at Poston, telling him that the joke was on him, as Jimmy had no idea of coming, and just wished the crowd to assemble for nothing. But the prophetic gentleman was wrong, for about that time the boy was seen coming merrily up, and arriving at the gate, said laughingly:

"I am sorry if I have kept the audi-

"I am sorry if I have kept the audience waiting, but the actors, you know, are the last ones to show up," then, after looking over the situation a minute or more, asked politely: "Will you all please get away from that gate. I don't the goat to get scand and not go

ter looking over the situation a minute or more, asked politely: "Will you all please get away from that gate. I don't want the goat to get scared and not go through when the time comes."

Several made jesting remarks, but all did as requested, and Jimmy threw both gates wide open. "Now, me and Billy will come through there flying, at some stage of the game." he asserted, as he glanced around for Billy, who was on the opposite side of the lot. Then the hovemers and going towards the goat. boy entered, and going towards the goat,

"Hello, old fellow! I've got to ride you out of here some way, so you had just as well come and begin learning

how to be horse."

The crowd laughed, and Billy, who was in an ugly mood, stood on his hind legs and shook his head victously.
"Oh, come on; you can't bluff me, you can't, you long-whiskered old rascal!" shouted the lad.

The goat seemed like he couldn't be

"I hadn't thought of that, Jimmy. Say two hours; that long enough?"

"Plenty," agreed the lad. "When does the riding take place?"

"How would half-past one this afternoon do?" was the suggestion.

"Suits me to a T," agreed Jimmy, "and you may expect me at that time. Goodbye," and as he walked off he commented, "That knocks my fishing in the head; but a five-dollar bill beats a few fish any old time."

"The joke will certainly be on me, if "I hadn't thought of that, Jimmy. Say two hours; that long enough?"

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"The joke will certainly be on me, if I have to give him that V," thought Poston, who, though not a penurious man, did not believe in throwing money away. Billy's owner wished to have as much fun out of the incident as possible, so informed his friend Fentress and others of the time for the attempted equestrian feat; and when one o'clock came there were at least a hundred men and boys surrounding the fence which enclosed his goatship. The lot was about an acre in extent, and on one side was a big double gate for the entrance and exit of a wag-on or other vehicle.

such a whack that, "Gee! what a lick!" and other such excitamations came from the excited spectators. As before, Jimmy rolled over and up before Billy could decide what to do, and started for the renewing the attack, but decided to do so on Jimmy filrting his handkerchief at him and exclaiming, "Come on, you old the lad, as he fell on his knees within ten feet of the gates. Jimmy that the goat, seeming to wish to bring the matter to a close, reared up on his hind the goat, seeming to wish to bring the matter to a close, reared up on his hind the goat, seeming to wish to bring the matter to a close, reared up on his hind the goat, gave him a slap with his hand, and out the opening went goat their merriment as Billy, who had disgoatship. The lot was about an acre in extent, and on one side was a big double gate for the entrance and exit of a wag-on or other vehicle.

The plucky, victorious little chap got Billy back into the lot, and shut the gates, and as he did so pulled a piece of iron about an inch thick and eight inches square from the seat of his trousers, then fishing out a piece of quilt, turned and said.

"Mr. Poston, I never had a thing in

my hand."
"No, you did not," laughed the maker of the proposition, "and here's your five dollars." The others cheered lustily, while one

The others cheered lustily, while one of them remarked, good-naturedly:
"Well, I've had a dollar's worth of fun, and here's another quarter, Jimmy," and others following his example, the goat and mule rider went happily home with six dollars and fifty cents in his pocket, while Fentress remarked to Poston:
"I told you you had just as well give that boy the money on the start, for I knew he would get it."

# Running High Jump

By S. S. Jones, American and Metropolitan Champion, 1903. English Champion, 1902.

N GIVING careful consideration to the ow to be horse."

The crowd laughed, and Billy, who as in an ugly mood, stood on his hind gs and shook his head viciously.

"Oh, come on; you can't bluff me, you an't, you long-whiskered old rascal!" alysis of the muscles below the waist show that they are arranged principally for three movements which have a simi-

last succeeded in getting over a bar six feet in height.

In starting I would point to the time I took before my efforts were rewarded, and say, don't get discouraged early in the game.

the game.

Every boy, if he will be patient and stick to it, can meet with some success in the high jump; but for those boys who desire to get into athletics but are not strong enough to train for long distance running, this is the event which they can possibly succeed in, comparing favorably with their stronger constituted schoolmates.

In commencing practice for the high

In commencing practice for the high jump, the legs must be first got into con-

The best way to accomplish this is to take constant sprints from twenty to fifty yards; this strengthens and gives snap. For the first week also take a daily jog on the toes of two or three hundred yards.

hundred yards.

The actual jumping can then be commenced, alternating each day with sprinting. In starting place the bar at a height easily cleared, about four feet or less, if this appears to be a strain.

The proper run, take-off and style of turning when going over the bar must then be studied and practiced, rather than increasing the height.

The take-off can be gauged in the following way: Stand under the bar and raise the foot till it can just touch the bar. The spot on which you stand is about the best from which to make your spring. Having found the take-off, take four strides similar to those you take in your

strides similar to those you take in your run and make a mark.

The object of this is plain. By striking the mark with the jumping foot each time the four following strides will bring you to the correct "take-off."

After practicing in this way you will soon find if you are reaching the best place in which to make your jump from, and can regulate it in the above method. Personally I take off between thirty-seven to forty inches away from the bar for the highest jumps.

Personally I take off between thirtyseven to forty inches away from the bar
for the highest jumps.

The object in acquiring the accurate
"take-off" is so that the parabola described by the body in flight will reach
its apex directly over the bar.

The parabola described by the body—
a high jump should have as much height
and as little width at the base as possible. In order to accomplish this when
running for the take-off make a momentary halt when springing. This will
prevent the body shooting horizontally
against the bar and will cause the lift to
be more vertical. Such a spring, supplemented by a lift from the arms, embraces
the acme of economy of power.

The arm motion here spoken of is all
important and must receive close attention. Perhaps most jumpers use a style
which they think best, but after seeing
a number I think the one I use the most
logical. The motion should be made at
the time that the legs are drawn up to
go over the bar, and is as follows: Raise
the right arm well up, extended, and at
the same time bring the left arm bent
across the chest and up past the chin.
This action must be made very fast and
with the utmost snap.

It will be found to bring the body

This action must be made very fast and with the utmost snap.

It will be found to bring the body around so that the hip will escape the bar, while it also both lifts and propels the body over the bar.

In learning to jump always use a straight run, the oblique run and scissor motion is a waste of energy, as the body has to be lifted higher each jump, as you cannot turn on the side as in a jump. cannot turn on the side as in a jump made in a direct line at right angles. At least five inches is saved by using the methods described herein.



s. s. JONES

When landing, always try to come down on both feet together, and let, the body sag off to prevent a jar. Do this at all low heights, so that it will be natural when the real strain comes as the bar is raised.

Practice is necessary to success, and jumping at a low height should be done every alternate day, but not for over fifteen minutes at a time.

This will be found sufficient to bring

(Continued on page 303.)



arm and shoulder. A telling blow of the rife brought a yelp of pain from the beast; then as she gave way for a moment Long Jim began to reload, but only

to find to his utter dismay that the barrel

Panting and in despair, the man again faced the wolf as she moved about her victim in narrowing circles. If he could only get rid of the trap! But that was impossible; to take his eyes for a moment from the wolf would mean instant death. Cautiously he lifted the imprisoned foot till his hand grasped the chain; then he pulled with might and main till the loosened stake gave way and he

Panting and in despair, the man again

IT WAS LATE fall in the timber-land of the Upper Maquaw. The forest trees stood bare and shivering in the north wind which swept fitfully through their creaking branches, whirling the withered leaves high in air. Long Jim was tramping his homeward trail, twitching with impatient jerks at his moose-skin jacket and clumsy fur cap, rattling the chains of the traps dangling over his shoulder, his footsteps directed to a solitary log cabin among the trees.

Darkness was settling as the trapper

Darkness was settling as the trapper reached the hut, and snow-flakes were sifting down through the bitter cold air with a steady intensity which to a practiced eye promised a storm of long

duration.

Long Jim was collecting his traps be-Long Jim was collecting his traps before the coming of the snow which would bury them too deep for recovery. Pausing only long enough to fling his jingling load under shelter, he tramped on up the rising ground back of the camp and, descending the farther side of the ridge with long strides, approached with some eagerness the thicket surrounding a little open glade where was set a heavy-jawed wolf trap which had been placed in many different game haunts during the fall, baited with the hunter's utmost skill for a wary enemy.

This enemy was a solitary old shewolf which, contrary to all precedent shunned her kind. Gaunt, fierce and cunning as the generality of her race is cowardly and timid, she was as formid-able a creature as the savage forest held.

able a creature as the savage forest held. War between the man and the beast was declared at an early stage of their acquaintance. In the spring Jim had discovered the lair and knocked the snarling cubs on the head, and since then all the animosity of the old wolf's nature had set in towards the trapper. Thereafter a sharp watch was set on his movements; she knew his goings out and his comings in; night after night she sat on the ridge back of the camp and howled forth her maledictions at the sleeper below, and as often the man had left his warm bunk and stolen forth into the night to catch her. But the

the sleeper below, and as often the man had left his warm bunk and stolen forth into the night to catch her. But the wolf was vigilant and many a time she had lain flattened to the earth while the hunter crept past and then betaken herself like a shadow in the opposite direction, sending back a howl of derision to signify to the hunter that he had again been folled.

Not a glimpse of the enemy did Jim get till one day in the fall when on his rounds several mink traps were found robbed, and farther on he descried the lean gray shape of the thief stealing away from her unfinished repast. A long raking shot and a snarl of hate were exchanged, indicative of the hostilities which were to wax fiercer and more absorbing as time went on.

Jim's hopes ran high as he approached the trap in the thicket, for this was a favorite lurking place of the wolf; but a dull red mounted to his hair as he caught sight of the spot. The animal had been there and, to show her defiance of the trapper's skill, had kicked dirt over the bait till it was covered from sight. This was a direct insult, and, full of plans for future vengeance. Long Jim threw down his gun and attacked the stake driven through the chain ring as though it were the offender herself.

It was no easy matter to pull the stake from the frozen ground and, bending

It was no easy matter to pull the stake

herself.

It was no easy matter to pull the stake from the frozen ground and, bending over, the hunter worked it back and forth with both hands till suddenly, without a sound of warning, a heavy body shot out of the thicket and, striking the man's shoulders from behind, knocked him sprawling on the ground "The wolf!" flashed like lightning through his mind as the great body shot over him; then, springing up and backward with a single bound, he landed with one foot square in the open trap, which closed with a sickening crunch around his ankle.

Faint and giddy with the shock, the hunter swayed and would have fallen, but there, not ten feet away, crouched the great wolf for another leap, her eyes glaring with hate, and her lips drawn up showing rows of gleaming fangs. For one instant the hunter glared at her eye to eye and the sight braced him for fight. Forgetful for the moment of the trap, he leaped for his rifle and was thrown headlong his fingers barely grasping the stock of the weapon as it lay in the grass.

Instantly the great beast was upon

grasping the stock of the weapon as it lay in the grass.

Instantly the great beast was upon him and had his shoulder in her terrible jaws before he could stir. With the strength of desperation the hunter tore himself free, and rolling, thrashing, fighting like a demon for his life, he struggled to his knees, sending blows crashing right into the face of the brute, which leaped upon him, tearing and hiting with teeth and claws and striving with all her might to gain his throat.

A sledge-hammer blow from the trapper's fist caught her straight between the eyes, dazing her for a moment. With lighting rapidity the hunter was on his feet and with clubbed gun swept a blow at the crouching animal which she dodged, the rifle whacking heavily against a tree.

Backing off, Jim hastily took aim and fred but missed the wolf, and she, mad-

against a tree.

Backing off, Jim hastily took aim and fired, but missed the wolf, and she, maddened by the report, sprang forward with redoubled fury. It seemed to the hunter as though he must go down before her terrible onslaught. The frenzy of despair kept him fighting, although the iron teeth of the trap cut deeper into his lacerated fiesh with every movement and blood was dripping from his torn

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

(Continued from page 502) noticeable improvement. Once a about noticeable improvement. Once a week is often enough to try your best. Before competing take a week's rest, and just prior to actually jumping a few sprint starts of twenty yards or so will limber up the muscles.

Exercise for the abdominal and lower back muscles is necessary, they being used considerably when making the effort to clear the bar.

The best and simplest way to strength-

fort to clear the bar.

The best and simplest way to strengthen these parts is to lie on the floor and raise the legs, stiff-kneed, over the head, bringing them down again, but not permitting the heels to touch the floor. Repeat this exercise till tired.

All-around gymnasium work is good for a jumper, as he uses his whole muscular system. Handball, basketball and such games will be found of assistance as developers, but skating and rowing

as developers, but skating and rowing are not advisable.

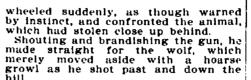
The high jumper must have his nerves

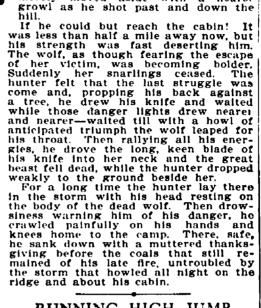
good shape. He needs them as the r goes up.

This means abstemious habits and the This means abstemious habits and the avoidance of tobacco in any form.

The stomach needs to be kept in good shape, as a bad one will take the snap out of a man and probably cause cramps, which many jumpers are subject to.

With the strict observance of the rules have laid down and conscientious prac-







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### The Wrong Book for a Boy

B, C. A. VOTEY

When the writer was a boy of fifteen he was taking books out of the Apprentices' Library, New York, and was eager to read every book in it, for he read everything that came in his way, from a dictionary to an almanac. As he couldn't read the Library through, he undertook the task of reading Sparks' "Life and Writings of George Washington," in twelve octavo volumes of about 500 pages each. He found it dry reading, and it took him six months to drag his mind through it. About all he remembers of the contents now is a letter of Wash. of the contents now is a letter of Wash-ington, then in New Jersey, returning to Lord Howe in New York a little dog of his, that, somehow, had strayed into the

Lord Howe in New York a little dog of his, that, somehow, had strayed into the American camp.

But it was a foolish task for a boy of fifteen and a waste of time. And if that librarian had kindly given him a word of advice he wouldn't have tried it. Suppose he had said: "My boy, do you mean to read that book through?" "Yes, sir." "Well, don't; it was not made for boys to read, but for scholars to consult. You will waste your time on it. I can lend you a book that you will like much better, and can read in one-tenth of the time." "A book about Washington?" "Yes." "Well, let me have it."

The fact is, a boy—yes, even an American boy—needs a guide through the wilderness of modern literature. Father, or mother, or teacher, or friend, should stand ready to choose his books for him; to warn him off the miry, malarious ground of "dime novels" and "boys' papers:" keep him from chasing will o' the wisps, and lead him into sweet, green, clean pastures, that will help to build up the boy into the man.

### Something About a Smart Horse

George Kilpatrick, R. F. D. No. 33 Memphis, Tennessee, wants us to tell about his smart horse. Without training, this horse has learned by long practice, in going after the cows, to know the cows by name, and when told to fetch any particular one will never go after another until he has brought the one designated. George is an amateur printer. He and his brother own an outfit valued by them at \$30.00. The press is 3 in. x 5 in.; but they hope soon to have a larger one, and then print a small paper. We would suggest that this young man join THE AMERCAN BOY AMATEUR JOURNALISTS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Memphis, Tennessee, wants us to tell





NE EVENING when I went home from school I found the house cold and silent. My supper was set out on a table in the kitchen, with a cloth thrown over it, and the following note was pinned to the cloth:

"Your grandmother is very sick again."

"Your grandmother is very sick again and your Uncle Henry has come for me. I shall not be at home before to-morrow, and may stay longer if your grandmother needs me. Be a good boy and
take care of everything. You may ask
Billy Baxter to come and stay all night
with you, but please do not quite tear
down the house.

MOTHER."

It was not the first time I had come home and found my mother gone. My grandmother, who lived in a little village about eight miles from our farm, was in feeble health and had sent for mother several times that winter. My father, who combined carpentering with farming was at work in a town ten farming, was at work in a town ten miles distant and did not come home except on Saturday nights. I did not have any brothers or sisters; and was thus left alone when my parents were

I ate my supper hastily. Then I fed and milked our two cows, strained the milk and put it away, and cared for the horses and other stock. When the work was done I hurried down to the Baxter

horses and other stock. When the work was done I hurried down to the Baxter farm to get Billy to come and stay all night with me.

There was reason for the last clause in my mother's note, for Billy was a boy who was "up to everything." He was a merry-hearted fellow, rich in the possession of perfect health and a generous and kindly spirit. With his good humor Billy was a general favorite, and I liked him better than any other boy I knew. He was a noisy young harum-scarum, and rather wearing on those with weak nerves, but his wildest pranks never did real harm to any one, and he was one of the kindest of boys.

Billy liked nothing better than to "rigum." as he called it, as a tramp or an old

and he was one of the kindest of boys.

Billy liked nothing better than to "rig up," as he called it, as a tramp or an old lady or a peddler. He was an excellent mimic and could nearly always "fool" the neighbors when he set out to do so. He always stayed with me when I was left alone in the house at night. We would pop corn and crack nuts or make molasses candy, and we usually went to bed at nine o'clock. But this was not to be our program on the night of which I am writing. On our way up from the Baxter farm to my home Billy said:

"Say, Joe, let's have a lot of fun tonight."

night. 'How?" I asked.

"How?" I asked.

"Let's rig up and go out somewhere. It is a glorious night. S'posing we go away over to the spelling-school in the Butternut District."

"Go over there 'rigged up.'"

"Yes, of course, It would be great fun. I could rig up as a young lady and you could be my beau. We don't know any one over there, and it would be great fun."

I did not have Billy's forders forders.

great fun."

I did not have Billy's fondness for masquerading, but it always amused me to see how well he did it, and I said:
"I don't want to dress up. for I can't do it as cleverly as you can, but it is a fine night to go somewhere and I'll go any place you choose, but you must do the dressing up."

"You're not much good at that sort of thing, that's a fact," said Billy with his usual frankness. "But you get the things for me, and we'll have some fun out of it, see if we don't."

He began to dress up as soon as we reached my home. He went into mother's

with very thick and curly brown hair. When he had put on some skirts and a wine-colored dress of my mother's, and a gray felt hat with wine-colored feathers, and flowers, he looked exactly like a very pretty young lady. A black jacket and a small black veil over the upper part of his face completed his costume. His black eyes sparkled with fun as he took a last look at himself in the glass and tied a white lawn scarf in a graceful bow under his chin.

I had been hitching one of our horses

"Let's ride over to Preston. It is a fine night and the sleighing never was better. It is only eight miles, and I propose that we go over there and call at the Harvey's. They'd be glad to see

at the Harvey's. They'd be giad to see us, and we should be sure to have a good time. What do you say?"

I fell in with the plan at once. The Harveys were a family who had once lived in our neighborhood. The two hoys, Dan and Rob, had been warm friends of Billy's and mine, and we had not seen them for several months. So I headed my horse in the direction of Preston, and away we went at a lively

when we drew rein before the house in which the Harveys lived, there was not a light to be seen, and when repeated ringing of the bell met with no response Billy returned to the sleigh and said regretfully:

Billy returned to the sleigh and said regretfully:

"There is no one at home. Too bad, isn't it? What shall we do now?"

"Let's ride around a little." I said.

"No, I'll tell you what let's do," said Billy. "Let's hitch the horse here in this quiet street while we go to the restaurant over in K street and have some hot oysters. I have a dollar in my pocket."

"Aren't you afraid to go into a restaurant looking like that?"

"Pooh! Of course, I'm not."

We hitched and blanketed the horse and began to stroll around the well-lighted streets of the town. Billy was entirely unconcerned regarding the danger of detection. He nudged me in the side and tittered when a gentleman who ran aginst him while hurrying around a corner lifted his hat and said with profuse apologies:

"I beg your pardon for my awkward-

"I don't know that I would have rigged up like this had I known we were going over to Preston," said Billy as we much inclined to encourage the attenglided along over the snow. "But it always used to amuse the Harveys to have little. But she is at the same time a young tay outside at first when we get there and I'll go in and fool them in some way that will set jolly Mrs. Harvey to laughing so that you can hear her half a mile away."

But this plan was not carried out, for when we drew rein before the house in housekeeper, and one who will understand the art of entertaining to perfection. She is of a frank and open nature and it would be impossible for her to deceive any one. She is—"

The sentence was never finished, for at that moment the loud voice of Rob Harvey called out:

at that moment the loud voice of Rob Harvey called out:

"That's a good one on you, Mister Professor! She ain't no 'she' at all! She is a fellow named Billy Baxter—that's just who she is! I know him!"

This was unkind and unwise of Rob, and he said afterward that he did it for the purpose of exposing Professor Teffario, without thinking of the position in which it would place Billy.

Billy started to run when the hotly indignant professor caught him by the arm and called out:

"Is there an officer in the hall? If



"IS THERE AN OPPICER IN THE HALL?"

his elbow, and followed the usher down the aisle, while I remained in the rear of the room. A few minutes later the professor came forward and said:
"I would like to illustrate what I have

"I would like to illustrate what I have been saying about palmistry by having some young lady come forward and allow me to read her hand. I will undertake to indicate her most prominent traits of character, and will forecast her future with a degree of accuracy that will amaze her in later years when all of my predictions shall have been verified. Now what young lady will volunteer to come forward?"

No one stirred for a moment and then, to my amazement, Billy had the audacity to leave his chair and march forward toward the platform. the glass and tied a white lawn scarf in a graceful bow under his chin.

I had been hitching one of our horses to a sleigh while Billy dressed, and I drove out of the barnyard just as Billy appeared at the door.

"Come on," I said.

"Come on," he replied, mimicking me.
"Is that the way you address a young lady? You would hitch that horse and come and escort me to the sleigh if you had any manners. I am ashamed to go out with such an ill-bred beau."

He came out to the sleigh with his skirts held up to escape the deep snow, and as soon as he had climbed into the sleigh beside me he said:

"Say, Joe, I have been thinking of something. Let's not go over to the Butternut spelling-school, after all; I have another plan."

"What is it?"

"Let's ride over to Preston. It is a fine night and the sleighing never was and the company than the sleighing never was a sleigh traits of character, and will forecast her future with a degree of accuracy that traits of character, and will forecast her future with a degree of accuracy that traits of character, and will forecast her future with a degree of accuracy that will amaze her in later years when all of my predictions shall have been verified. Now what young lady will volunteer to come forward?"

No one stirred for a moment and then, to my amazement, Billy had the audacity to leave his chair and march for ward toward the platform.

"Ah, thank you," you' said the professor, effusively, as he rubbed his hands together and bowed low. "Will you take this chair in the center of the stage? Thank you."

Billy sat boldly erect facing the audience with the utmost coolness. The professor looked at Billy's hand for a moment or two and then said:

"I find this to be a remarkably strong that the glaghing never was a strong the same of the stage."

"The strong the form of the stage of accuracy that traits of character, and will forecast her future with a degree of accuracy that will amaze her in later years when all of my predictions shall have been verified. Now what young lady will volun

ment or two and then said:
"I find this to be a remarkably strong hand, with the chief traits of character hand, with the chief traits of character very clearly and definitely outlined. The artistic temperament is very pronounced in this young lady. She would attain a very high degree of success along any line requiring an eye for color, and she would be a great success as a milliner or dressmaker, although I see clearly that she is not to engage in either of those occupations, for she will be married within five years to a gentleman of large wealth and will live much abroad. I see indications of early widowhood and a second marriage less fortunate and happy than the first. She

things for me, and we'll have some fun out of it, see if we don't."

He began to dress up as soon as we reached my home. He went into mother's room with me and I got him the things he wanted for his costume. He was a slender, good-looking boy of fifteen, with very thick and curly brown hair. When he had pur on some skirts and ticket office and had purchased two ticked to the day of the found the hall so crowded that there was not a seat left, and we were standing in the rear of the room when an usher came up to us and said:

"I can get the young lady a chair up with very thick and curly brown hair.

When he had purchased two ticked office and had left the hall and went to where I had left my horse and subject the purchased two ticked office and had left the hall and went to where I had left the hall and went to where I had left my horse and subje

when I heard some one call out:
"That you, Joe?"
"Yes, it is," I replied, rather surlily;
but Billy laughed his usual merry laugh
and said:

"Oh, come now, Joe, don't be cross, and when I am the rich widow you have heard about, I will load you down with presents. Jump into the sleigh and let us light out for home before the professor gets on our trail."

His jokes seemed rather forced and we did not talk much. The prank had been a foolish and not altogether unquestionable one, and Billy was evidently a good deal ashamed of it. I felt pretty sober, too, and we both did some good, solid thinking as we rode along. When we finally reached home Billy said:

"That was a pretty narrow escape, now wasn't it, Joe? I guess it is about time I stopped playing such tricks as that, and this shall be the last one. In the meantime, you put up the horse

the meantime, you put up the horse while I go into the house and start up the fire and we'll warm up one of your mother's mince pies and eat it before we go to be d' go to bed.

### Boys, Think These Over

One of our great American leaders says a boy should learn:

To let cigarettes alone.

To be kind to all animals.

To be manly and courageous.

To ride, row, shoot and swim.

To build a fence scientifically To fill the woodbox every night,

To be gentle to his sisters. To shut a door without slamming.

To sew on a button.—Philadelphia Rec-

### HOW ERNEST SAVED THE HERD and ROUT-ED BOLTER'S GANG

ED BOLTER'S GANG

IT WASN'T very pleasant to be left outside the stockade to guard the corral gates, with no companion but a pony and the three thousand six hundred half-wild and restless cattle. Most boys of fourteen would not have relished the position even in a time of peace. And now a band of desperadoes of the worst type was known to be approaching White savages who have no fear of the law are worse than savage Indians. A scout had brought word that the terrible "Bolter gang" were on their way to raid the cattlemen of the valley and all hands had since been busy gathering the scattered settlers into the central stockade for protection against this marauding band of "rustlers," or cattle thieves.

Whatever may be said against the cowboy, laziness and cowardice are not among his failings; so it is not surprising that the ranchmen began to prepare most actively to give their unwelcome visitors a warm reception.

Up on the mountain lay the scout, waiting to send the signal of warning when the foe should enter the pass. Below fearless riders dashed over the plains bringing in the scattered cattle and preparing for a long and vigorous defense. Until the signal came there was no danger, and, as all hands were needed in stockade was, for the time, left comparatively undefended. That was how it fastenings safely secured. There was if it came to pass that Ernest was left alone to guard the corral gates till the remaining cattle were driven in and the heavy trastenings safely secured. There was little for him to do but watch till the other herds arrived. Then he would have to swing the big gates open and help turn the leaders in. This might take some hard riding and not a little danger. Often the least unusual thing is enough to start those herds of half-wild cattle on a mad stampede before which there is no safety but in flight. A single missep, and horse and rider would be trampled to pieces by a thousand hoofs. The cattle were restless that day—ready for a stampede on the slightest provocation. As though they scen

would attempt to break from the inclosure.

Within the stockade the women were doing what they could in preparation for the coming fight. Guns were being cleaned and examined, ammunition boxes dragged into more convenient places, and the little fortress strengthened in every possible manner. In fact, every one was husy at some active work except the scout, away up on the mountain, and Ernest. No wonder the lad felt almost alone in the world.

Would the men be ready to return before the signal came? Of course they would be all right anyhow, for they would have time to get back after Bolter came in sight of the scout. They could leave the rest of the herds, if necessary. But the excitement of the cattle he was guarding seemed to be contagious, and Ernest's restlessness, like theirs, increased. He galloped up to a little plateau, and, dismounting, looked anxiously toward the spot where the scout was stationed, as if expecting his signal. His attention was about equally divided between the trail by which the men would come and the lookout on the mountain. The lad was not by any means a coward. Accustomed as he was to the dangers and hardships of frontier life, even the cowboys admired his daring. Still, it was with a keen sense of relief that he saw an approaching cloud of dust that told him the men? The cattle never came like that uplear

relief that he saw an approaching cloud of dust that told him the men were coming.

But was it really the men? The cattle never came like that unless they were stampeding. Surely that couldn't be Bolter! The scout would have been sure to see him and give warning—unless he had been surprised and captured.

Older heads than Ernest's would have been anxious at that moment. Furiously the cloud of dust approached, drew near, then parted, and out of it there came, not horns, but horses ridden as if the evil one possessed the reins. There was —there could be—no more doubt. It was Bolter and his gang!

Ernest's first thought was of the men scattered hopelessly over the valley; then of the women and children in the stockade, defenseless and as yet unconscious of their danger; then of the cattle. Ah, the cattle! Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed to the corral gates, tore them wide open, and then flew to the rear of the inclosure, and, shouting like a maniac, swung his coat in the air above his head. For one instant three thousand six hundred heads were in the air. The next, four times as many hoofs went thundering down the valley in a thousand six hundred heads were in the air. The next, four times as many hoofs went thundering down the valley in a hopeless stampede. A railroad train would not have stopped that rush. Nothing could withstand or check it.

The advancing horsemen drew rein for a moment, astonished at the commotion. Then, as the full sense of their danger thurst upon them, they turned about and

burst upon them, they turned about and fled helter-skelter for their lives. Desperate men they were, and only desperate riding could save them.

When the cowboys returned the noise

When the cowboys returned the noise and dust had died away, and the desperadoes were disorganized and scattered. Here was the ranchmen's chance, and so well did they improve it thanks to their habit of quick thinking and acting in an emergency, that Bolter left nearly half his gang prisoners in the hands of their intended victims.

Cowboy skill soon rounded up the scared and scattered cattle. The scout? Poor fellow, he had kept his last watch. Bolter's sharpshooters had surprised him

Poor fellow, he had kept his last watch. Bolter's sharpshooters had surprised him at the post of duty. And Ernest? Well, a week later a half dozen of the ranch owners came up from Denver and held a meeting in the main ranch house. As they sat around the fire they were told the story of Ernest's exploit, and immediately they clubbed together to send him east to school. He graduated with high honors, and not many years later became the prosperous owner of the very became the prosperous owner of the very ranch which his pluck and cool-headed-ness had saved from Bolter and his des-peradoes.—Wilder Graham, in April St. Nicholas.

### AS MONEY MAKERS BOYS

### The Value of Persistency

Gillott at once turned his inventive genius towards devising a more rapid process of manufacturing pens. He succeeded in inventing a machine that turned out pens by the thousand in the time required to make one by hand. He set up in the business of making pens, and married Miss Mitchell.

On the morning of his marriage the young machinist arose early and made a gross of pens. He sold these for thirty-six dollars, and with this money paid the wedding fees. It was an unusual pro-

wedding fees. It was an unusual pro-ceeding, but it was like Gillott, who was conscientious and who paid as he went

along.

He continued the manufacture of pens He continued the manufacture of pens for many years, and, by industry, economy and honest dealing amassed a large fortune. His pens were famous the world over for their excellence, and the price at which he sold them enabled the poorest family to use a steel pen. In his old age Gillott again visited the old inn where he had lodged in that former time and purchased the rickety settee upon which he had sat during the time of his brief despondency. From it ne had a chair constructed, which he left as an heirloom to his son, to remind him of the foundation of his success in life.

Joseph Gillott was indebted to persistency for his success in life. If he had given up to despondency in his hour of trial we should never have heard of him, and another would have reaped the reward. But he persevered, even when effort appeared to be futile, and he reaped a fortune thereby.

Thomas resides in a modest two-story brick dwelling at 1425 W. Hagert street Philadelphia, Pa., and he is rather young to cause a disturbance in the diplomatic world, but that is just what he has done. If he were a soldier his offense would be a serious one, as he has ignored all his immediate superiors in making an appeal direct to the head of the nation. Although but fourteen years old, I homas has learned to distrust councilmen and mayors, but he still has faith in the President, and this faith has caused his inident, and this faith has caused his introduction into the world of politics.

Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, was the recipient of a letter from President

Roosevelt two weeks ago in regard to Thomas. A letter from the boy was en-closed. It read as follows:

Mister President:

I would like to get a permit to put a double wire a short disents across the street for telegraphy, would you get this for me and oblige

T. HOUGHTON,

1425 W. Hagert street.

Philadelphia, March 20.

The President made no comment upon this message, and Thomas' hore now rests upon the mayor. As usual, there is a woman at the bottom of the boy's trouble. Thomas wants to connect his house with that of his chum, George Gratz, but George has a big sister who vetoed the project. She told the boys that no wires would be allowed to enter the house. Thomas frowned when told the house. Thomas frowned when told this and then declared that he would ap-peal to the President. "Nohody told me to write," said Thomas in discussing the matter. "I just thought I'd do it, for this and then declared that he would apport four-track scale."

The peal to the President. "Nobody told me in recent years, Mr. Wanamaker said, gleaned from historic incide to write," said Thomas in discussing the mill had been enlarged and four more important truths—for the matter. "I just thought I'd do it, for more S's entered into its construction, are entering business life—th I've read that many men have been successful because they haven't been afraid to deal direct with big people. If the wasteful, and apply all your talents, various parts of the country.

President has the power to grant favors and the like, and I want one from him why should I hesitate to ask him? He's a great man, but he's only a man like my father, and I'm not afraid to ask father for anything."

The Value of Persistency

Advancement does not come by chance, but is the result of earnest endeavor. He who is devoid of application rarely meets with any success worthy of mention. Success is in general secured by those who are willing to work for it, and ew who do not pesses reliable characters gain it in the early part of the last century, there was a serious depression in trade, such as sometimes affects all rinnufacturing communities, and hundress of operatives in Sheffield. England were was a young man of twenty-one, named Joseph Gillott. He was a native of Birmingham, and when the crash came he returned home, hoping to secure employment of some kind.

and hungry, and spent the day seeking work. Unsuccessful an idiscouraged, he spent the night at an old inn, paying its last penny for a lodgirg and breakfast. Seating hinsel hoon a dought succession was no work to be had. The prospect was dark indeed.

But he did roughes faced the future was dark indeed.

But he did roughes faced the future was dark indeed.

Twill not be discouraged, he excellanded. The was utterly without funds, and three was no work to be had. The prospect was dark indeed.

But he did roughes faced the future was dark indeed.

But he did roughes a faced the future was dark indeed.

But he did roughes a faced the future was dark indeed.

Twill try again, and trust in God, whatever may come.

Rising quickly, he left the tavern and went out once more to try to find employment. The timen of the saved several pounds, with which he leased a garret in Broad street. Here the spent all his spare time in perfecting in the saved several pounds, with which he leased a garret in Broad street. Here the spent all his spare time in perfecting in the faced with a good-looking, sensible young woman, named Anne Mitchell, whose broth saved several pounds, with which he leased a garret in Broad street. Here the spent all his spare time in perfecting in the face of the saved several pounds, with whose broth the good of the saved several pounds, with whose bro

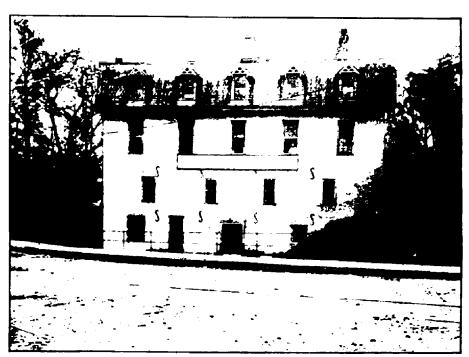


### An Oklahoma Boy Writes:

MALCOLM DALE, Kansas City, Mo., says his father owns a farm in Oklahoma where he spends his summers. He has a pony, saddle, bridle, a fine 32-calibre rifle, a cartridge belt and a 42-foot leather lariat that came from the pontentiary at Language Was. from the penitentiary at Lansing, Kas. Besides this cowboy outfit he owns three head of cattle and an interest in a grocery store. He is an ardent admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY.

# CLUTCHES

A FAMOUS OLD MILL APPLIES PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS



PAMOUS OLD MILL ON YORK ROAD WITH SUGGESTIVE "S CLUTCHES"

ency for his success in tife. If he had given up to despondency in his hour of trial we should never have heard of him, and another would have reaped the reward. But he persevered, even when effort appeared to be futile, and he reaped a fortune thereby.

Boys, do not be discouraged, however hard your lot. Keep on trying and doing, and advancement and ultimate success will come.

Sought President's Aid

There is always some weak point about a great gerlius. Thomas Houghton's trouble centers in the spelling took, but apart from that he is destined to make his mark in the world.

Thomas resides in a modest two-story brick dwalling at 1405. W. Horst stead of the despondency in the hadden and make and a recast gerlius and modest two-story brick dwalling at 1405. W. Horst stead of the despondency in the hadden and and the angency of the people and the respect of the people, and the respect of the people and the respect of the people, and the respect of the people and the respect of the people, and the respect of the people, and the respect of the people and the respect of the people, and the respect of the people and the respect of the people and the respect of the people, and the respect of the people and the resp given additional prominence by furnishing illustrations for a strong talk to boys by John Wanamaker at a recent Sunday afternoon service of the Young Men's Christian Association in Philadelphia. When a country boy, Mr. Wanamaker was often about the mill, and observed that the building was strengthened by rods fastened in the wall with a large clutch on the outside in the form of the letter S. Applying this to his illustrations, Mr. Wanamaker said: "God has forged four great governing rods to hold up the world, each beginning with S. "These I commend to you," he said. "The first S is the Sahbath. God wanted to spend one day of each week with man, and this is part of the structure of God's government of the world.

government of the world.

"The second S is the Sanctuary. This may he a meeting house, a church or a cathedral, or it may he man's heart. I have pity for the man who rolls on and on and never enters the sanctuary. If you go to criticise, or to see what women wear, it won't help you much.

"The third S is the Scriptures, in which God has revealed Himself to man, in order that man might be drawn by gratitude and love to worship Him.

"The last great S is the Son of God to be our help and pardon, to believe in, that every man be worked in the wheel of life, and he mada better, and make

that every man be worked in the wheel of life, and he made better, and make the world better."

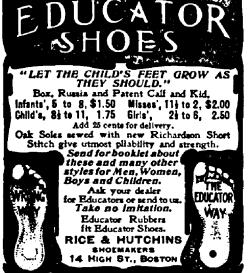
"I believe all can find their places in this world, just as did McKinley and Roosevelt, if your life is drawn to some scale—the scale of the Scriptures—this four-track scale."

In recent years, Mr. Wanamaker said.

man so greatly armed as by the vote of the American people only a few months ago. It was because the people thought and read. This wonderful decision of the people turns around the single thought that there is a man who has the confidence of the people, and the respect of every nation in the world, and why should we change? It was not the party but the every of the every second ty, but the exercise of common sense, that made the vote so great. I believe it was because Roosevelt gave his heart to God so early in his youth that made possible the great advancement, prog-

as and honor he has made."

The ancient grist mill (now known as the Cheltenham Flour Mills) and its surroundings form one of the most interesting spots on the York road. A spot filled with historic facts and quaint legends. It was built about the mi'dle of the eighteenth century—1744 to 1746—and an old record is still treasured in the Shoemaker family, containing the articles of agreement between Dorothy Shoemaker and Richard Mather—joint owners of the mill. In this old document, dated November 6th, 1746, the mill is styled a "Corn-Grist Mill," and further: "Ye s'd mill and for other conveniences abovt ye s'd mill (ye race and dam excepted) is to begin at Toxony Crick, opposite ye s'd Dorothy's garden at ye place of s'd crick commonly called and known by ye name of ye Sheeps-Washing Place, and from thence to extend down ye east side of ye s'd crick to the Cheltenham Flour Mills) and its sur-Washing Place, and from thence to extend down ye east side of ye s'd crick to ye fording place of s'd crick in ye York road." The quaint, old-time phrases, "Ye Sheeps-Washing place" and "ye fording place of s'd crick" recall vividly the ancient gala season known as "sheepwashing time," and the famous fords of Old York road, where stagecoacher were deleved in time of storm; but no lessons delayed in time of storm; but no lessons gleaned from historic incidents carry more important truths—for the boys who are entering business life—than the suggestive lessons silently preached by the "S clutches" of many ancient mills in





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GINSENG \$25,000 made from one-half arg-basily grown to roughout the U. N. and Canada Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars worth Room and seeds for sale. Send de for postage and set our book-let A. C. telling all about it. McDowell Ginseng Garden, Joplin, Mo.

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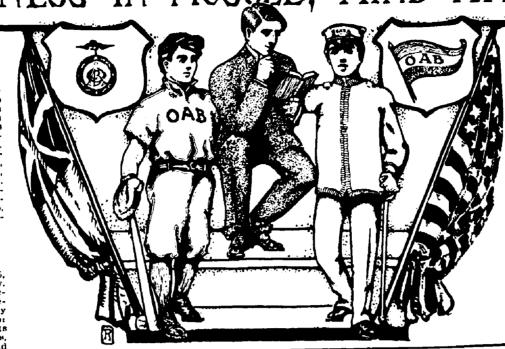
# for manliness in muscle, mind and mor

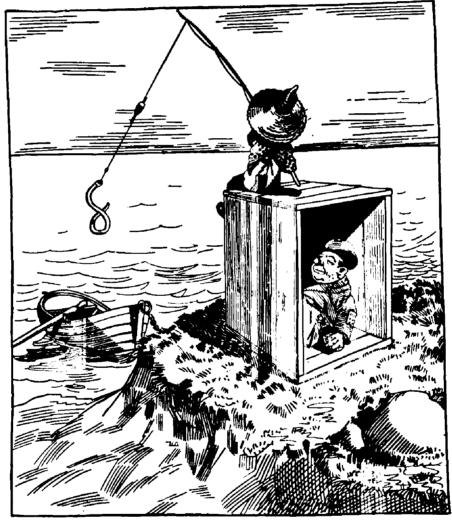
### New Companies Organized

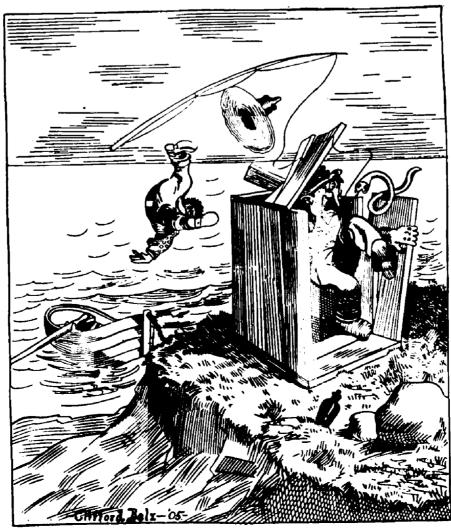
Garden City Co., No. 7, Division of Utah, Provo, Utah. Lewis & Clark Co., No. 15, Division of Washington, Clarkston, Wash. Free Sollers Co., No. 73, Division of Michigan, Iron River, Mich. Mt. Lowe Co., No. 31, Division of California, Los Angeles, Cal. The James Lick Athletic Co., No. 30, Division of California, Campbell, Cal. John Paul Jones Co., No. 81, Division of Ohio, Canfield, Ohio. Portsmouth Athletic Co., No. 80, Division of Ohio, Portsmouth, Ohio. Fruitdale Boys Co., No. 9, Division of Alabama, Fruitdale, Ala. Mt. Lassen Co., No. 32, Division of California, Redding, Cal. Pleasant Corners Co., No. 82, Division of Ohio, Pleasant Corners, Ohio. Swannanoa Co., No. 6, Division of North Carolina, Hendersonville, N. C.

### Company News

WATCH OUR SMOKE COMPANY, No. 15, Pueblo, Colo., is certainly getting along nicely. A nice club room, woodwork painted, pictures and rugs, also center table and secretary of the color of the c







### July Company Letter

Letter From Headquarters of the Order of The American Boy, Read Before Each Company at its July Meeting

Detroit, July 11th, 1905. My Dear Captains and Brothers of Our Order:

Detroit, July 11th, 1905.

My Dear Captains and Brothers of Our Order:

The question has been asked me again and again in letters I have received from company officers: What plan can you suggest to keep the members of a company together during the warm months of summer? I confess it is a hard nut to crack. It is a question which older institutions and societies than our Order would be well pleased to have satisfactorily answered. Churches want to know why there is such a falling off in attendance at religious services during the hot weather; the young people's societies of the different churches want to know why the attendance at meetings is so small and the interest so slight, and Sunday school superintendents bewail the diminished number of both teachers and scholars. Even in the business world there is the same condition of affairs to be met with. The fact seems to be that there is in every department of life activities, religious no less than secular, a general letting go of things and an inclination to take matters easy during these warm summer days. Boys do not want to be cooped in hot rooms, nor do they want to be tied down by anything like rules! They want to be doing things different altogether from what they have been doing during the other months of the year; they want to be free, to do as few tasks as they must and to have as much fun as they can crowd into the hours of each day. So this question is a very difficult one to answer. However, it will readily be seen that to the boys themselves belongs the solution of the conundrum. I think if all the members of each company were to join together in an effort to interest and amuse one another, the question would soon be answered. Let each member of a company put on his thinking cap, notwithstanding the heat, and come to the meeting prepared with some plan, and I doubt not out of the many suggestions something will be done that mill enlist the interest of all, something in which every one will have a part. I believe suggestions whereby the beling out of

### CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS.

The number of boys who are joining these clubs is most gratifying, showing that they are desirous of galning a store of valuable knowledge and information which will be of the utmost value to them. These clubs have now passed the preliminary stage and are in first class shape. Of course I need not point out that the more boys who join these clubs the greater the benefits that the members will derive. Every boy interested in any line of work or hobby will find it of the greatest benefit to become a member of some one of these clubs.

### SPECIAL PRIZES.

The three companies who are entitled to the special prizes for largest increase in membership during April, May and June are: First prize, Honest Abe Company, No. 38, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.; second prize, Sangamon Bay Leaf Company, No. 45, Decatur, Ill.; third prize, Anthony Sunflower Company, No. 32, Anthony. Kansas. Yours for M. M. M. M., WM. C. SPRAGUE, President General.

# Of Special Importance

During the vacation season the majority of the members of companies are away from their homes visiting relatives and friends in other cities and towns and coming in contact with and making the acquaintance of other boys. In doing so there is great opportunity for them to make "The American Boy" and the advantages of belonging to the O. A. B. known among their new acquaintances and friends; also they can greatly increase their vacation money or get some of our fine premiums by obtaining subscriptions for "The Amer-ican Boy." The liberal cash commissions which we offer as well as the variety and excellence of the bats, baseballs, mitts, gloves, fishing equipments, books, motors, engines, watches and other articles which our boys want and the opportunity of making their favorite paper known should induce every member of the O. A. B. to get to work. Don't delay. Write at once to Subscription Department, The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Nickel-Plated

5 Inches

Long.



rustic comes down from the audience, rides the kicking donkey and finally flashes forth in a blaze of pink tights and spangles without thinking of a trick once played by my cousin, Jack Walton.

keeper, as directed in the notice, when an idea was suggested to him.

We both had on our haying clothes and were rather unsophisticated in appearance and as we walked up to the counter, two or three town youths who were loafing around began their usual cheap with "Haow's craps, hayseed?" "Going to run in them races?" etc. This raised Jack's ire hut he said nothing and walking up to the store-keeper sild in a drawling voice, "Be you the one to take names for them races?" The store-Jack went on. hurdle race, it speaks

Finally the starter told the men of their places.
"Wait a minute," piped up Jack, and selzing his big hat he scaled it across the track. Then he drew off his calico shirt and the rough trousers. Ames gave one look at him and I saw by his face that he realized the trick that was being played. He had seen Jack's spiked shoes.
"Get on your marks."

"Get on your marks.
"Set."

Bang!

Bang!
That start was almost pitiful. As the pistol flashed out Jack, practiced starter that he was, gained two full yards before the others left their marks. On up to the hurdle he went and without the slightest pause cleared it by a scant inch, took his three even, quick strides and skimmed the next one and the next. I never saw prettier hurdling in my life. The crowd was so astonished that not a sound was heard. Jack was certainly outdoing himself. from the audience, rides the kicking donkey and finally shout that race; he's going to run it, himbout that race; he's going two was guited two full yards before that he was, gained two full yards before that hat hard hurdle he went and withen the haud shifted and until yards was a full yards was a

Good agents wanted to solicit subscriptions. Lib-cral commissions. Address, Agency Department, THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Michigan.

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# The Fight That Went Wrong

him that all the chickens hatched should

be his.
Richard took such a personal and constant interest in the process of hatch-ing that the brooding hen rather re-sented it as an unwarranted interfer-ence in her domestic affairs. Either be-cause he insisted on handling the eggs breathlessly upon the sides of the stall too often to see if they were hatching, to see the battle. sented it as an unwarranted interfer-ence in her domestic affairs. Either be-cause he insisted on handling the eggs too often to see if they were hatching, or for some other reason, when the hen finally came off the nest for good she brought with her only one solitary

He was not much of a chicken, either. He was an ungainly bird from his first appearance, and as he developed in awkwardnes his mother became so disgusted wardnes his mother became so disgusted that she would not scratch for him or shelter him under her feathery body. But Dick was immensely proud of the solitary little rooster, which he fed and coddled and actually "brought up by hand," as it were.

The chicken grew into an ungainly buff-cochin with a bad temper, which earned him the enmity of all the other fowls in the hen-yard.

Dick called his pet Punch, and since Punch was a solitary outcast among the

Punch was a solitary outcast among the other fowls. Dick made for him a little coop of his own, and from the roop the boy stretched a string leading to his bedroom window. This, he informed Punch in one of the many long talks the boy and the rooster used to have together, was to serve as a telegraph in case he should need help during the night

night.

"You see, Punch," explained Dick, "I will the my end of the string to one of my toes when I go to bed, and if you want me during the night just pull on your end and I will come out."

Punch stretched his neck, flapped his wings and said, "Cock-a-doodle-doo," in the most knowing manner.

Dick was always boasting about the beauty and other good qualities of his Punch to Bob Smith, who lived across the way and owned a flery little bantam which he valued beyond all other earthly possessions.

possessions.
"Pooh!" said Bob, one day, "your rooster may know more than mine, but mine can lick him!"

can lick him?"
Now, though Punch was about four times as big as Bob's bantam, Dick had some grave doubts as to his fighting qualities, because he had been obliged to rescue the bird many times from the flerce attacks of both hens and roosters, where the property of the property is the state of the property of the state of the sta

fierce attacks of both hens and roosters, who drove him about the yard and generally showed their contempt for him as a fighter. So Dick did not take up the challenge at once, but contented himself with saying, "Can't, neither!" Seeing this, Bob became more than ever abusive of Punch and boastful of the bantam's ability to "lick" him. Finally Dick could stand it no longer and said in desperation: "Well, bring over your old rooster and you'll see and said in desperation: "Well, bring over your old rooster, and you'll see how Punch will eat him up."

So one day Bob appeared with his bantam.
"Now, I know all about rooster fights,"

ICHARD entered into the poultry business with a great deal of enthusiasm. His father gave him a hen and a setting of eggs, and told that all the chickens hatched should his.

Ichard took such a personal and constitution of the process of hatched should his the process of hatched should he process of hatched he process of hatched should he process of he

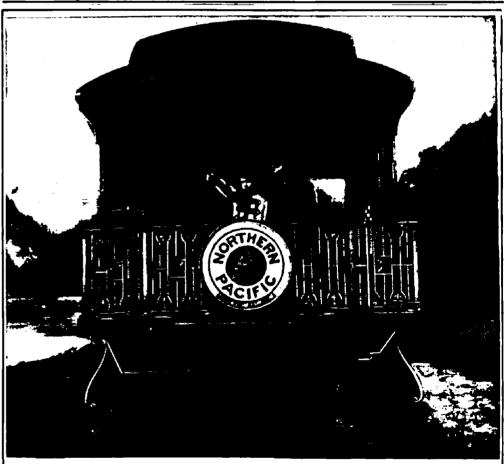
The two roosters looked at each other inquiringly. Both spread their wings and crowed valiantly. Then they both and crowed valiantly. Then they both hegan eating corn ravenously, each apparently indifferent to the presence of the other. They did not stop until they had eaten up every grain of corn on the floor; and when the hoys let them out they walked off side by side, scratching and crowing together in the most friendly and social maner. In fact, the bantam became Punch's only friend among the feathered tribe, and the friendship of the boys became warmer than ever when they saw the friendship of their pets.



WALKED OFF SIDE BY SIDE'

If they were ever tempted to quarrel and fight the peaceful example of Punch and the bantam restrained them.

Correspondence G These ciubs are Clubs obtaining new members every hobby should join one. Valuable information and instruction can be received by the members from each other. Write and tell us the club you desire to join and enclose fifty cents as membership fee. Address Correspondence Club, care The American Boy, Detroit, Michigan.



# Young Travelers on the Right Track

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It is amusing to see the earnestness and apparent sincerity with which they present this worn-out complaint.

In October, falling to induce the Government to remove them from the Indian Territory, the whole body of Cheyennes left their reservation and started for the north, killing many whites and spreading terror among the settlers in their course.

course.
Their route lay through Western Kansas, then sparsely settled, and they met with no resistance, but had escaped into sas, then sparsely settled, and they met with no resistance, but had escaped into Nebraska before the United States troops could be called out. Here they were captured by Captain Wessels on Cherry Creek, sixteen miles east of Red Cloud, in the latter part of October.

The Cheyennes are the most turbulent and fierce of all the Sioux tribes, and even after they had surrendered they boldly refused to return to their reservation in the Indian Territory, stoutly declaring that they would die first.

They were then taken to Fort Robinson and placed under guard with the hope that they would soon consent to return to their reservation.

Fort Robinson is situated 125 miles north of Sydney on the old Deadwood road, and about six miles from the Wyoming line.

As soon as the Cheyennes had been quartered at Fort Robinson, I, in company with a man by the name of Payne, was sent to that place from Red Cloud to look after them and to superint sup-

to look after them and to superintend the distribution of the government sup-plies of clothing and provisions among

the captives.
The Cheyennes numbered about 200, including squaws and children, and were accompanied by their chief, Dull Knife. We found them sullen and insolent, and We found them sullen and insolent, and saw at once that we were likely to have trouble with them if they were given the slightest chance. Every ten days I issued rations to them, and in performing this task I met with a serious difficulty. They were all huddled in a large building and it was almost impossible to ascertain their number. Although Captain Wessels had placed the number captured at 200, the Indians claimed rations for 250, and would be content with no less. When I ordered them counted again the number was found to be 234 and rations were issued for that number; but I did not learn till afterwards that I had been issuing rations to thirty four sticks of wood which the Indians had cunningly wrapped in blankets to appear as children.

Fort Robinson at that time consisted

as children.

Fort Robinson at that time consisted merely of seven or eight large buildings composed of heavy slabs and built around in a square with a parade ground of four stove, we extinguished the light and consequently the context of the con

in a square with a parade ground of four or five acres in the center.

On the east side of the square, in a building 100 by 30 were quartered Co's B and C of the 3d Cavalry. On the west, occupying similar quarters were Co's B andH of the 9th Infantry, making in all about 300 men. These were under the command of Captain Henry Wessels, of the 3d Cavalry, then Post Commander at that place. On the north side of the square the officers had their quarters, and in a large building 120 by 40 on the south were confined the entire body of Cheyennes with a guard of twelve men kept constantly before the door.

On the southeast corner of the square, just between the east end of the building containing the Cheyennes and the one occupied by Co's C and B, was a small building which had formerly been used as a post trader's store room. In this

as a post trader's store room. In this Payne and I had our quarters.
For three months we held the Cheyennes captive; but early in January, 1879, it was evident by their actions that they were meditating an attack upon the garrison.

The 9th of January was ration day. but it was so apparent that we were go-ing to have trouble with the savages that no rations were issued. This brought that no rations were issued. This brought matters to a crisis. About dark that evening Frank Guerard, the Government interpreter, left his office in the small building adjoining that occupied by the Indians, and hurrying to the officer's quarters, informed Captain Wessels that the Indians were planning an outbreak which might occur at any moment, But the Captain treated the matter lightly, expressing his opinion that there was no cause for alarm as there was

was no cause for alarm as there was little danger of 200 Indians making an attack upon 300 well armed soldiers.

However, to provide against an emerg-ency, he ordered the men to keep their

arms in the long gun rack at one end of their guarters while doing feed duty at the stables an eighth of a mile away. at the stables an eighth of a mile away. The Indians knowing this had planned to capture the arms while the soldiers were at the stables, and then butcher the defenseless garrison. It is probable that their plan would have succeeded had it not been for the timely warning of the interpreter.

It seems incredible that an army well trained in the science of warfare could have exposed itself to such danger, yet such was the case. No soldier had been allowed to carry arms unless on duty, and through the observance of this unwise rule a whole garrison narrowly es-

wise rule a whole garrison narrowly es-caped being butchered by a band of ignorant savages

ignorant savages.

It was generally supposed that the savages were unarmed save with a few knives which they had been allowed to retain, but this proved to be a mistake. They had been disarmed on being captured, but it was supposed that some of their pistols had been concealed about their children, and other arms had been brought to them by some half-breeds who were allowed to visit them from time to time. who were a time to time.

It was about 9 o'clock when Payne and I retired to our cabin. The ground was covered with snow and the weather was intensely cold.

Putting a fresh supply of fuel into the



threw ourselves on our bunk. But neither of us removed our clothes, and our rifles were placed by our sides.

It must have been pretty well on toward 11 o'clock; we had about come to the conclusion that we had been unnecessarily alarmed, when the sharp crack of a dozen rifles broke the stillness of the night. In a moment we had leaned of the night. In a moment we had leaped to the floor and grabbed our rifles. There was no need for us to ask the cause of the alarm. We knew in an instant that the dreaded outbreak had come. Scarcely had our feet touched the floor when the rattle of firearms came from across the parade ground, and we knew that the soldiers were rallying to the scene of the conflict. The clear notes of the bugle sounding the call of "boots and saddles" rang sharp and distinct through the frosty air, and the sound or hurrying feet could be heard on the snow without.

My first impulse was to rush out at the door and make my way to the buildof the night. In a moment we had leaped

the door and make my way to the build-ing occupied by Co's B and C; but be-fore I could cross the room the firing re-

fore I could cross the room the firing recommenced and the bullets rattled like hall against the door. I stopped and for a moment stood irresolute, hardly knowing which way to turn.

The moon was shining without, rendering it almost as light as day. There was a small window in the north side of the room, and as I turned toward this I saw Payne pause before the window. At that moment there was a crash of glass, and I saw him stoop down quickly. I threw myself upon the floor to avoid the bullets that were now crashing through the glass and spatting upon the opposite wall. As I did so I cast a swift glance wall. As I did so I cast a swift glance through the window and saw that the whole band of Cheyennes were swarming about the building, their guns and knives gleaming in the moonlight.

"For heaven's sake, George!" I cried in a low tone, "let us get out of here at once—we must fight our or nere at once—we must fight our way to the barracks or we'll be butchered!" As I spoke I hastily crept to his side where he sat leaning against the side of the window.

Lisewbee.

ing. I ran to the east, hoping in this way to make my escape.

In the excitement of the moment little notice had been taken of me, but now as I sprang swiftly away, a warrior suddenly leaped into my path with leveled gun. I was within ten feet of him before I saw him. There was no time to use my own gun, and my only chance lay in dodging. Stooping quickly I darted to the right, but in so doing I slipped on the smooth snow and fell. Before I could rise the savage wheeled quickly and the smooth snow and fell. Before I could rise the savage wheeled quickly and again leveled his gun at me; but at that moment a heavy rattling of musketry came from the direction of the barracks, and the bullets flew like hall about me. There was a blinding flash within ten feet of my face; a loud report, and for a moment the savage was enveloped in smoke.

one stupefied I staggered to my like one stupefied I staggered to my feet and stood for one moment filled with the horrible conviction that I had been shot through, then finding that I had not been harmed I leaped away. A single glance told me that the Indian who had attempted my life lay stricken dead upon the snow, killed by a bullet from a soldier's rifle, just as he had been in the act of firing upon me.

dier's riffe, just as he had been in the act of firing upon me.

Without waiting a moment I ran to the cast with all the speed I could command, passing within a rod of a squad of retreating Indians.

By a circuitous route I reached the barracks where I found everything in the wildest confusion.

The guards lay dead on the snow, and the soldiers, frantic with rage at sight of their murdered comrades, were pushing the savages to the south east and pouring a deadly fire into them as they went.

### AMATEUR JOURNAL-ISM DEPARTMENT # & Edited by W. R. MURPHY &

### The Reviewer

[Comment and Criticism.]

[Comment and Criticism.]

The zoology of the two hemispheres has been explored by amateur journalists in their endeavor to secure novel names for their publications. Until Don Otto Herold, a sixteen-year-old lad, of Bloomington, Indiana, happened along nobody had hit on that vivacious little domestic beast, the flea, to furnish a title for an amateur paper. THE FLEA was so named because it is, like its original, little but lively. Its publication is purely a labor of love with the editor. The first issue came out some months ago, four pages, four by five inches in size. The latest issue has the same page size, adapted to the chase of the editor's press, but in number of pages there has been a big increase. Along other lines there has been a big increase. Along other lines there has been a corresponding growth. The typography, both in composition and press-work of the last issue, shows a big stride forward in the "art preservative," while the literary quality is of a vastly higher character. This shows the truth of the old saw, Practice makes perfect. Most, if not all, of the contents of The Flea is written by the editor, and is humorous in style. Some of his epigrams and quaint turns of thought are very bright indeed.

The Flea is printed by its editor. He "set the first one loose" from some old type a local printer gave him, but is now the possessor of a better plant. Experienced in High School and other papers, he took at once to

the idea of amateur journalism, and despite his youth has graduated into the professional field as a reporter for a daily in his town. Among the High School papers with which this enterprising journalist has been connected are the Owl and The Bell. He is a member of the National, United and Indiana Amateur Press Associations.

"\$INCERE ENTWINED \$ERMONS" is a fourteen-page and cover booklet of diminutive page size, published by Rud Cook, of Rockport, Indiana. It represents the "third cookle" of the "first pan" to adopt the young editor's phraseology and is published quarterly "for our practice and friends pleasure." The youthful editor who writes the essays, epigrams and poems which comprise the contents, also prints his efforts. The typography is neat and errors are rare. The literary quality could be improved if more attention were given to revision. The editor's thoughts are bright enough, but he falls sometimes in expressing them. He should especially avoid the use of long words merely because they are long. This venture shows great promise. Success to it.

THE STORK, Issued monthly, by Berry H. Akers. of Richmond. Missourl, is a good at-

Success to it.

THE STORK, issued monthly, by Berry H. Akers, of Richmond, Missouri, is a good attempt toward the long-felt want of an amateur newspaper. It is published on the press of the Richmond Missourian, with which Berry is connected, and the printing is very good. The Stork is gotten up in conventional newspaper style with glaring headlines and all the other accompaniments. One defect which should be remedled is putting "editorial" utterances in the news articles, especially when they are partisan. Make the news storwhen they are partisan. Make the news stor-les "straight," and put the editorials on the proper page



DON OTTO HEROLD

The Bulletin Board [Current Doings of Amateurdom.]

By the time this reaches the press the annual conventions of the United and Amateur Press Associations, with all their pleasures and profits, will be over. THE AMERICAN BOY, as has been the custom in the past, will contain adequate reports of the various meet-

on their manages to the south east and pouring a deadly fire into them as they went.

In a few moments I heard the thunder of horses' feet in the snow, and then the cavalry swept by in hot pursuit.

The fight that followed was of short duration. A mile to the east on White Earth Creek the Indians made a stand, but again retreated after sixty nine of their number had been killed. The rest made their escape to the Hot Creek road, twelve miles west of the fort, where they intrenched themselves in a dry ravine. Here they were discovered by the soldiers a few days later. They were offered quarter if they would surrender, but this they refused to do and in the fight that followed thirty five of the Indians were killed. The others, in company with their chief, Dull Knife, escaped to the hills and subsequently made their way into the Sloux Reservation north of Red Cloud Agency.

The action of the troops in thus summarily dispatching the troublesome Cheyennes caused Captain Wessels to be convertion of the troops in relieving the circumstances, fully justify the prompt at and blood-thirsty savages that has ever and the country of a band of the most turbulent and blood-thirsty savages that has ever and the country of a band of the most turbulent and blood-thirsty savages that has ever and the country of a band of the most turbulent and blood-thirsty savages that has ever and the country of a band of the most particular for the blooken club road and the country of a band of

One more convention remains. The Interstate Amateur Fress Association will hold its third annual meeting on Labor Day in New York. Most of the delegates will arrive on Saturday. Tuesday will probably be given over to sight-seeing. The entertainment committee assures us that American Boy readers will be heartily welcomed, and the editor of this department will be on hand to greet them personally. Full information can be obtained from Bernard J. Goldstein, 71 E. 92d St., New York, N. Y.

Harold C. Whiteside graduated in June from the Philadelphia Northeast Manual Training

the Philadeiphia Northeast Manual Training School. During vacation he will dabble in professional journalism on The Ocean City Breeze, a seashore daily.

### Boyhood of a Great Man

The subject of this sketch was born in a village near Heidelberg, Germany, early in the latter half of the eighteenth

century. Even as a child he was noted for his thrift and for his investigating turn of

mind.

mind.

One day he killed a neighbor's cat that had been eating his young chickens. He skinned the cat, took the hide to a dealer, and sold it for a pfennig.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "there is money in furs. Some day I am going to deal in them as a regular business."

Years afterward that boy, having grown to manhood and emigrated to America, became the John Jacob Astor of commerce and the founder of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic the wealthiest and most aristocratic English families of the present day.—Chicago Tribune.

# Easier to Supply a Good Manager Than a Good Office Boy

the five I had been well impressed with were taken.
"Next day the manager called on me and said:
"What sort of boys were those you sent me? Do you know that one of them chewed tobacco and another smoked a cigaratte when

"The young reprobate called at my office about three months ago and I got him a good job," he said. "He is only thirteen. He held the job for a couple of weeks, and then got fired because the manager caught him holding up a smaller office boy for a dime. He actually had a big revolver in his pocket, and inquiry showed that he had acquired quite a reputation among the other boys as a desperado. He made them shell out nickels and dimes regularly, and he was sav-ing up the money, so he said, with the idea of going out west and becoming a

The superintendent of a bankers' and pose. brokers' messenger company, which op-erates only in New York's Wall street district, has control over some hundreds



or three numerical the money and has never since.

"There is no end to the dodges of the little crooks. I've known cases where they pretended to have lost negotiable paper and wept copious tears in my office—after their big brother or some other er relation had got the money. That game is getting played out; but do you know what they do now? One boy will pass a bond or coupon or other negotiable security to another boy, and then say that he has lost it. A reward is immediately offered. Soon afterwards the other hoy appears, hands me the lost paper, saying he picked it up in the street, and collects the reward. Then, I suppose, they share.

"There is hardly an ingenious trick of the wing news to his sorrow that he has a problem comparable with the servant girl problem of his wife—and that is, the office boy problem.

exposed in a mancial district of a large city must be a builty little fellow. The worst of it is that I feel morally compelled to get rid of my best boys. I have chances to place them in banks and brokers' offices, where they will have a career before them; and I can't stand in the boys' light.

work is beautifully done. I saw a model of a street car he had made, and it seemed almost impossible that a hoy who had never seen a street car in his life could have made such a perfect model of one.

Holland Morrant

He is extremely fond of the country and he can tell any tree he comes to by smelling of it, or by feeling of the leaves, he will tell you through his teacher of all the things he "saw" in the country the country.

leaves. He will tell you through his teacher of all the things he "saw" in the country.

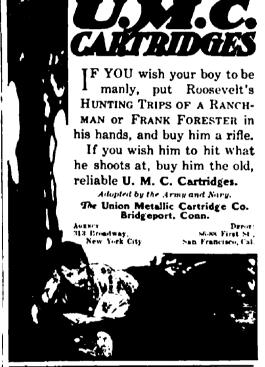
It will interest you to know that Tom did not know until within three or four years that he was different in any respect from other boys. He supposed that everybody talked to each other with their fingers, and that they "saw" with their fingers, and that they "saw" with them also. The knowledge of the fact that they saw with their eyes and heard with their ears did not depress him any. When he was first brought to the kindergarten, Tom Stringer was really nothing more than a little animal, so far as his ability to help himself or to understand things were concerned. It is doing him no injustice to say that he did not know "even a little bit." His mind was in total darkness.

It has taken infinite patience and real love for this afflicted boy on the part of his teachers to make Tom the alert, intelligent boy he is today. He might resent being called a boy, for he is now a tall, straight, manly looking young fellow of nearly twenty years. He is probably the most remarkable deaf, dumb and blind young fellow in America, and he is a fine illustration of what can be done in the way of teaching a person in his condition.

Time was when the blind and dumb were classed with idiots, and no attempt

person in his condition.

Time was when the blind and dumb were classed with idiots, and no attempt was made to teach them, but such greathearted men as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, husband of Julia Ward Howe, and men like Horace Mann were sure that the blind, the deaf and the dumb could be educated, and these men gave the best part of their lives to the work of perfecting a system of education for the unfortunates of the world. But perhaps even they were not sure that the deaf, dumb and blind could ever become what Helen Keller and Tom Stringer have become. have become.





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TOM STRINGER AND HIS TEACHER

went out to the kindergarten for the blind in the Jamaica Plain district of Boston. The children, more than a hun-dred of them, were out on the play-ground, and I am still wondering how they ran about with unseeing eyes with-out coming to grief. They were laugh-ing and shouting quite as if they had never known a misfortune of any kind in all their lives, and one would never

with his.

The name of this boy is Tom Stringer, and he is not only blind, but totally deaf and for years he was dumb. He has been taught to speak so that one can understand him, but it is a very strained, harsh and unpleasant kind of speech. He much prefers talking with his fingers, but his teachers want him to improve in his speech, and they compel him to ask vocally for some things before he can have them.

Tom Stringer was a little fellow of

before he can have them.

Tom Stringer was a little fellow of about four years of age when he was brought to Boston from his home in Pennsylvania. His parents were very poor, and he had been sent to a hospital, and it is possible that he would have been sent from there to the poorhouse had not Helen Keller heard of his condition and interested herself and his condition and interested herself and others in his behalf. Finally money was raised to bring him to the kindergarten

For the control of th uted money for his support, for the boy is entirely dependent upon others for his income, and it costs seven hundred dollars a year to keep him at the kindergarten and employ a teacher for him. Of course, he must have a special teacher, for it is impossible for a boy in his condition to sit in a class with others. He has for several years gone to the regular public schools. His teacher goes with him, sits by his side and "talks" into his hand with her fingers, translating in the deaf and dumb finger language everything the teacher says. Learning in this strange way, Tom is a better scholar today than a great many boys of his age.

This totally blind boy is never so happy as when he is at his work bench. He has the same lessons in sloyd in the schools that other boys have, and his facility with tools is wonderful. I remember that I was at the school for the blind where Tom is one afternoon when he was twelve years old. I asked the superintendent where Tom was.

"Oh," she replied, "he is putting new weight cords in some of the dining-room windows."

weight cords in some of the dining-room

weight cords in some of the dining-room windows."

Now, what do you think of a totally blind and deaf boy taking out large windows, putting in new cords and replacing the windows without the least assistance? I saw him at his work and it was wonderful how rapidly he did it. Then I saw him using planes and saws and hammers at his work bench. He was making a beautiful model of a house, and there were eight or nine kinds of wood in the house. How do you suppose he knew one kind of wood from another? Why, by smelling them! His sense of smell is left to him and he makes it do a good many things for him that your eyes do for you. All of his for the blind in Boston, one of the finest institutions for the blind in America.

His sense of smell is left to him and he for Catalog, mention kind wanted.

Helen Keller has called Boston the makes it do a good many things for him "City of Kind Hearts," because of all that your eyes do for you. All of his WESTERN UNIFORM CO., 234 CLARK ST., CHICAGO.



A VIEW OF THE PLATFORM AND THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN THE PROGRAM ON AMERICAN BOY DAY AT BEDFORD, PA., JULY 4TH, 1906

# American Boy Day at Bedford, Pa.

An Open Air Meeting Attended by Several Thousand People, Preceded by a Procession in Which the Boys of Bedford, Accompanied by a Fine Band, Held the Front of the Line-A Real Celebration of the Fourth of July in Which the Boys were Given the Chief Part

zette of July 7th tells the story of American Boy Day as celebrated at Bedford. It reads as

"Despite the threatening storm at the appointed hour for the American Boy program, the interest of the large crowd was unabated and the exercises were conducted in a most praiseworthy manner by the boys assembled, Prof. C. J. Potts acting as chairman.

"Following an introductory fantastic drill by nine young ladies under the direction of Miss Cogan, the program proper was opened by prayer by Rev. M. L. Culler, of the Lutheran church.

Mayor Jo W. Tate then welcomed the visitors on behalf of the citizens, which address was followed by a welcome to the boys by George Rush, of Bedford, whose manly address captivated the assembly and received hearty applause. A pleasing response to the welcome was given by Edgar G. Johnston, son of Dr. Johnston, principal of the Schellsburg Seminary,

HE FOLLOWING from the Bedford (Pa.) Ga- of which institution this promising youth is a student. A spirited chorus, entitled 'All Hail, Land of the Free,' was rendered by male voices, Miss L. D. Shuck, accompanist. A well-spoken recitation entitled 'Cheer, Cheer the Flag,' by Master Paul Cessna, of Rainsburg, was followed by the singing of the stirring Keller's American Hymn. The bow and arrow drill by five boys in typical Indian costume The bow and was spectacular in effect and suggestive of the real spirit of the aborigines. Letters from governors, Admiral Dewey and others were read by Hon. J. H. Longenecker, after which the first original oration entitled 'The American Boy of Yesterday' was deliv-Bell' was declaimed in a masterful way by Logan Gogley, of Everett, and was followed by a tribute to 'Old Glory' by Harold Shuck, of Central City, Col., who acquitted himself most creditably.

"A salute to the flag wherein all, with right hand raised, repeated the following pledge, 'I pledge al-

legiance to my flag, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth and union. I pledge my life, my heart and my sacred honor to love and protect it. I pledge allegiance to my country—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all,' was followed by the singing of 'The Star Spangled Banner.' 'The American Boy of Today' was ably discussed by Calvin Diehl, of Charlesville, who was followed in a short but interesting address by Charles R. Grissinger, D. D. S., of Philadelphia, whose subject was 'The American Boy of Tomorrow.' A platform scarf drill and song-'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' -by twelve bright boys in white costumes, concluded ered by Leslie Blackburn, of Fishertown, an excepthe first American Boy Day program given in Bedtionally bright youth of eighteen. Independence ford—which was conceded by all close listeners as one most worthy."

The editor of The American Boy regrets his inability at this writing to give a more extended account of this interesting celebration, the success of which is largely due to Miss L. D. Shuck, one of the teachers in Bedford's schools.

In a sunset land of glory
Where the flag of freedom flies,
And the snow-capped peaks are pointing To the tender purple skies, Stands a city gleaming, glowing, Pink-flushed with the hints of day, And around it hangs a glamour That can never pass away.

Portland! All the gods of science. Portland! All the gods of science,
They have marked you for their own;
Marbled verse and sculptured story
Shout along your walls of stone.
Fountains' crystal rills are streaming,
Templed groves have met to pray.
We are in a palaced city,
Fashioned from immortal clay.

Today the Portland breezes sweep Along the Portland hills, On many a spired height they greet A flag that throbs and thrills An hundred thousand hearts In this great land of ours—Gleaming bright it meets the light O'er Portland's flags and flowers.

The story of its field is told
In summer skies of blue,
That bend above the smiling land

# American Boy Day Prize Poem

By Angus M. Berry, Logan, Ia., Age Eighteen

All, all the glad day through.
And when the sun-god seeks the west—
That blue dome of the air—
The white stars of a new born hope
Break through and blossom there.

And stripes of white are purity,
They come from mountain snows
Up above the timber line,
Where winter's whirlwind blows.
And on a summer day at last
We look far up and see
The white caps of the mountain tops
That stand for purity.

But best of all are crimson stripes,
Those blood-stained bars that stand,
Telling of many a battle fought
For home and native land.
Ah, better than the gods of old,
Whose altars flamed for years,
Are this many strong in human blood. re triumphs won in human blood And vict'ries bought by tears.

But now no more do war's alarms
Ring with their doubts and fears, For peace, white robed in innocence, Shall reign a thousand years.
Our swords beat into plowshares
The prairies wide shall till,
And peace and joy and plenty
Shall be our portion still.

Far greater vict'ries will be ours-Than have been won before On many a blood-stained battlefield— In office, bank and store. By steamboat and by telephone
And by the pulling wire
The mighty forces of the earth
Shall hearken to desire.

man shall reap the harvest Of God-sent thought and skill; The heartbeat of the nation throb In factory and mill, A schoolhouse on each hilltop, A chapel by the way

Shall mould our thought to wisdom And teach us how to pray.

Today we come, a mighty throng
Of youthful hearts and brave,
From distant towns that dreaming rest Down by the ocean's wave From plains where long-horned cattle roam.

From happy hills afar—
Today we throng this festal hall,
Boys of the days that are.

Boys today—tomorrow men!
A year of time fleet-footed flies Its race around the golden dial.

Kaleidoscopic to the eyes.
Be good, be noble and be brave;
Boys will be boys, but can be men,
And will be if they try and trust, And failing, struggle on again.

Oh, God, guide us divinely.
Look down in mercy here
Where youthful hearts and faces
Have come from far and near.
Guide us, oh, heavenly Father.
Through all our way, and then
When night time comes bring thou
the day.
Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!



the North river, where the long, black liners and freighters, and stuffy tramp steamers tie up to receive and discharge their cargoes, there lived until recently—for this is a true story—a boy whose name was Dopey. Possibly Dopey wasn't the name his parents had given him—if they had ever taken the trouble to give him any—but it served to distinguish him from the hundred or so other street gamins who made their homes in the same place, and no one, least of all the boy himself, had ever found fault with it. For one thing, he was too busy. He blacked shoes for his living, and it is necessary to black a considerable number of shoes every day at three cents per pair, in order to get enough to eat in New York City. But Dopey was enterprising, even if, as his friend, the fattest of the wharf policemen, remarked, he wasn't "Bigger'n a minute," and he managed to get along very well. He had little difficulty in finding fairly good sleeping accommodations among the boxes and barrels on the wharves in the summer time, and in the winter the engineers of the harbor tug boats allowed him to sleep in their engine rooms in return for divers trifling services.

Experience is a hard teacher, but she had taught Dopey many things in his fourteen years of existence. He knew the destina-

Experience is a hard teacher, but she had taught Dopey many things in his fourteen years of existence. He knew the destinations of the liners and freighters and tramps better than most boys of his age who have studied geography, and he could tell what line a ship belonged to merely by looking at the colors on her smokestacks. But the thing that interested Dopey most was smuggling. The fat wharf policeman was a special customer of his, and Dopey was often regaled in his leisure hours by stories of daring attempts to get dutiable goods through without paying the legal toil. The fattest policeman liked to talk, and Dopey was better than no audience at all, so the boy received the full benefit of the policeman's wide experience. He drank in all the stories engerly, and secretly resolved to be a wharf policeman himself, when he had grown up.

And there came a day, not so very long are when Dopey's store of information re-

wharf policeman himself, when he had grown up.

And there came a day, not so very long ago, when Dopey's store of information regarding smugglers stood him in good stead. He overheard the assistant collector of the port and his friend the policeman talking about it; the collector had said. "That ship certainly must have the stuff on her—there's been a regular flood of it on the market each time just after she docked. It's bulky stuff, too, and how in tarnation they can hide it or get it ashore is more than I can see. But it must be on her." Then the policeman had replied, "But we've searched her three times, and you know I've been watching the unloading every minute today. Nothing has come ashore, I'm certain, except wine. Every bottle has been in full sight—not a case left closed." Then they had moved off, still talking in low tones, leaving Dopey in a very perturbed state of mind.

Wine? thought the boy, yes it must be

mind.
Wine? thought the boy, yes it must be that white ship with the black banded funnels, which had come in that morning from Lyons, France. He had noticed the line of stevedores passing out the cases of bottles as he came from work that evening. They couldn't get very bulky stuff into those bottles—what sort of bulky stuff was it, anyway? He started slowly down the wharf to think it over. Almost unconsciously his feet led him toward the dock where lay the white ship with the two black bands around her smoke-stacks.

stacks.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, and the light from an electric arc lamp threw the high prow of the boat into sharp relief, but left the stern in a deep shadow. Dopey sat down on the edge of the dock, as near to the prow of the ship as he could get, and regarded it with deep attention. All the stories he had heard of darring smugglers filed through his brain in rapid review—and here, before his very eyes, perhaps was a case as mysterious as any of them. He blinked his eyes hard and tried to remember a similar case among any of them. He blinked his eyes hard and tried to remember a similar case among those the fattest policeman had told him about, but he couldn't think of one that would fit. It is true there had been a ship with a false bulkhead, but then there had been no wine on that ship, and it had not come from Lyons.

Suddenly a slight scraping sound from the steel bow of the ship not ten feet away from him startled him out of his revery. The sound stopped and there was

away from him startled him out of his revery. The sound stopped and there was silence for a moment, then it came again. Suppose this ship had a false bulkhead like the one in the story, although it did carry wine and was from Lyons? Suppose carry wine and was from Lyons? Suppose that creaking sound meant that someone inside was taking out the bulkhead to get at the smuggled stuff? He glanced up at the top of the high bow. There was a man standing there as there had been in the fattest policeman's story! The boy shrank back into the friendly shadow

shrank back into the friendly shadow near him, while his heart beat as if it would break.

But in spite of his excitement, he thought quickly and clearly. There was only one course of action to be followed under the circumstances—he must do exactly as the fat policeman had done. He remembered the details of the story perfectly. The policeman had taken off his clothes, swam out to the ship, climbed aboard by means of a hanging line, found his way to the bulkhead that was being removed, commanded the smugglers to give themselves up or be shot, and led them ashore in triumph, using his pocket knife in place of a revolver to terrify the desperate villains.

Dopey began resolutely to remove his

perate villains.

Dopey began resolutely to remove his clothes. He knew where a ladder led into the water in the next dock, and he started for it, carrying his pocket knife in his mouth. He could swim like a fish, and he let himself noiselessly into the black, chilly water and struck out for the ship, keeping well in the shadows. Twice he swam the

length of it, searching in vain for a rope by which he might pull himself up to the deck. On passing the stern the second time, however, he noticed that a small dark-colored launch was tied between the ship and the dock. A rope ladder led from the little boat to the deck of the steamer, and Dopey drew himself up noiselessly, and climbed to the deck of the big ship.

The customary lantern was not burning on the deck, and he stopped shivering in the shadow of the after companionway. All the boy in him rebelled at going forward into the black hole just before him. But he thought of the fattest policeman's daring, and as the man in the how began to walk slowly toward the stern, he set his teeth and felt his way down into the ship.

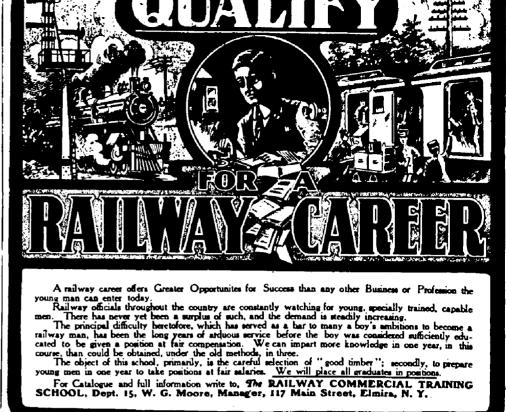
On the long, unlighted second deck, Dopey's experience at avoiding policemen and searching for sleeping accommodations on the wharf aided him not a little. He crept forward, half feeling, half gues-ing his way in the darkness, guided now and then by slight sounds which came from the black depths before him. Finally he noticed a subdued glow just around the corner of a pile of wine cases, and creeping up to this screen on his hands and knees, he had a good view of the smugglers—for smugglers they were. On the long, unlighted second deck, Do-

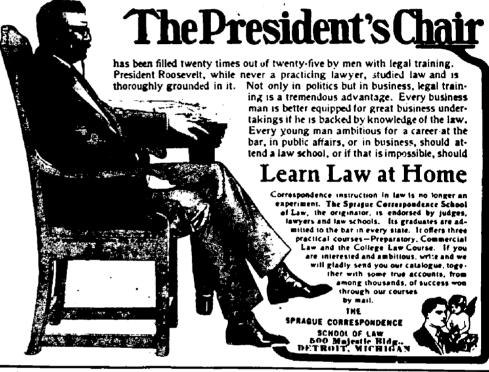
screen on his hands and knees, he had a good view of the smugglers—for smugglers they were.

There were two of them. They had taken away a part of the bulkhead and from the opening they were removing big rolls of many colored stuff that shimmered in the light of their dark lantern. There was white lacey stuff, too, and little statues, some of which glittered in the light as if set with tiny points af flame. One of the men was packing the plunder in a couple of steamer trunks, while the other was pulling it out from the opened bulkhead.

"Trow up yer hands, or ye're bot' dead men!" The boy's shrill treble pierced the stillness like a knife. The effect was startling. In place of the meek surrender which Dopey, holding his pocket knife straight in front of him, had expected, the light suddenly went out, there was a rushing sound on the other side of the pile of cases, a clatter of feet on the companionway, and Dopey was alone in the dark.

The unexpected outcome was too much for his strained nerves. With a cry of terror he dashed after the men, was knocked off his feet by the pile of cases, picked himself up and regained the deck just in time to hear the swish of the launch's propeller as it disappeared around the piles at the wharf's end. With teeth chattering from fright and cold, he dived straight from the high side of the steamer into the black water of the dock. He swam under water till he thought his lungs would burst





# Cabbage Worms

KILLED BY DUSTING WITH HAMMOND'S SLUG SHOT Sold by the Seed Dealer. For Pamphlet on Bugs and Blight, address B. Hammond, Fishkill-en-Hudsen, E. T.

BOAT DECK COMPANDE DECK www.d Chail Amidalispa and Head Chairbert Aft ല

A view of how the "Baltic," the largest vessel ever built, would look if cut in two, is given in the illustration which is taken from the American Machinist. The "Baltic" is 735 feet long, 75 feet wide, and is 35 feet longer and has 1,500 tons greater tonnage than the "Great Eastern." Her displacement is 40,000 tons; tonnage, 24,000 tons; can accommodate 3,000 passengers, and carries a crew of 350 persons. When at sea the vessel burns 235 tons of coal every 24 hours. When in the water the great depth of the ship is not apparent. The "Baltic" is expected to earn 25 per cent on her cost.

9

before he finally came to the surface and struck out for the ladder which led to the roadway. He stumbled blindly up it, and fairly tumbled into the arms of his friend, the fattest policeman.

"Dopey, me b'y," remarked the policeann, as they stood surveying the smuggled plunder a few minutes later, "I have a proposition to make you. I move that you lets me take the glory for findin' this swag, and in return I'll take you an' give you an eddication. I will, by Saint Patherick—any kid as can do what you've done is too good to black the boots of me or any other man. I'll 'dopt ye—see? What d'ye say?"

ye say?"
So then and there Dopey and the fattest policeman entered into a solemn compact which both have kept faithfully, and it was the fattest policeman himself—sergeant now, by the way—who finally let the cat out of the bag and told the story substantially as it is set down here.

### Did Hannah Think?

Did Hannah Think?

The theorists who claim that animals do not think have to account for the wisdom of Hannah, the pet of the O'Connell family in New York. Hannah is a buildog and she slept under the crib of the O'Connell infant of a few months. The mother of the family rescued five of her older children from a fire in the house early in the morning, and then thought of the youngest. She rushed back into the flames and smoke to the crib, but the babe was not there. Hannah had dragged the child from the crib and to the door of the room, and was trying to get by the door with her charge to escape from the confusion. The intensity of the heat and the blinding smoke was of the degree from which all animals shrink with horror, but the faithful little buildog had stayed with the helpless infant till she found no one was coming to rescue her charge, and then she thought it was time to take the child out of danger, and she carried out her thoughts to the best of her ability. The fire started in the room in which the dog was with the baby, and both of them were singed before they were taken out. The dog had abundance of opportunity dog was with the baby, and both of them were singed before they were taken out. The dog had abundance of opportunity to escape alone, but stayed by the infant, and the doctor who dresed the burns of the child also rubbed a salve on the nose of the dog, which was burned while the faithful creature had her grip on the clothing of the infant. That doctor thinks animals have some form of thought, though it may differ from the of thought, though it may differ from the human way.—Worcester Telegram.

### American Boy Days

Our September number will give an account of the celebrations of American Boy Day at Cairo, Ill., and Chautauqua, N. Y.

# The Real Dog and the Other One Otherside Old

By SARAH NOBLE IVES



THE CHINA BULLDOG SAT PLACIDLY AGAINST THE PRONT DOOR

THE CHINA BULLDOG, with one blue eye and one black one, sat placidly against the front door, as he had sat many summer morness before, and Van, the fox terrier, which pityingly at him.

"What's the matter, Fido? Why don't use the matter of placidly against the front door, as he had sat many summer mornings before, and Van, the fox terrier, looked pityingly at him.
"What's the matter, Fido? Why don't you get up and run around and stir yourself?"

self?"
"My name's not Fido; it is Muggle Brothers, Limited. It is printed on the bottom of my left fore foot. I don't get up and run around because that is not my business."
"Well, Muggle Brothers, Limited, I can't see that you do anything of importance. I don't see why such a homely dog has any business living."
"My business is to mind this front door

"My business is to mind this front door so it won't blow shut. If it tries to shut in spite of me, it will do so over my broken pieces." Here he looked grand and virtuous, and tried to thump the ground with his China Tail, but it wouldn't thump. "Best of all, I mind my business. What's yours?"

"I—oh wall I—book and the china time work faithfully, and he minds his own business."

Tommy

other dogs, and—oh, yes, cats—cats especially."

"Does it do any good?"
"M-m, yes—that is, it does ME good."
Muggle Brothers, Limited, looked severe.
Is the world any better because you are

"I-don't know-I-think so." Van was growing nervous under this steady questioning.

broken pieces." Here he looked grand and virtuous, and tried to thump the ground with his China Tail, but it wouldn't thump. "Best of all, I mind my business. What's yours?"

"I—oh, well, I—I—bark—and chew the fringe on the rugs—and—in—fact—er—I'm just alive and have fun. That is, I used

"Van! Van!"
"It was his little mistress, just come back from her drive in the park. Van jumped to his feet and flew on the wings of love to meet her. He forgot Muggle Brothers, Limited, as he frolicked at her heels and leaped to meet her loving embraces. In through the front door they went, he leaping, barking and nibbling at her fingers, while she laughed and danced beside him. beside him.

beside him.

They passed the China Buildog with the one blue and the one black eye. He sat there, doing his duty, but nobody noticed him, and nobody cared.

"She's pretty," said Muggle Brothers, Limited, slowly and softly to himself. "She likes that good-for-nothing fox terrier, and she never looks at me, except when she wants to shut the door, and then she just shoves me one side with her foot. It may be nobler to be useful, but it certainly looks pleasanter to be loved—I wonder."

A Legend of the Hoopa Indians, Written by Charles Huntley, a Hoopa Indian Boy in the Eighth Grade of the Indian School at Riverside, California : : : ; : :

LONG TIME ago there lived a man by the name of Otherside Old. One day he came along the road on a visit to his friends.
Otherside Old was a well-honored man. The people in those days thought that he could do anything. Some thought he could perform miracles, and so he could. Well, he kept walking along the road very slowly, as if he were not going anywhere at all. After a while he saw some squirrels.

When the squirrels saw him they ran up a tree. Otherside Old took out his bow and arrow and shot the squirrels and killed two of them. He took them along with him on his way up the road.

At last he came to a house. He walked right in without knocking at the door. There he saw a young lady making a basket. He talked to her and told her she could have the squirrels.

She said that her tribe forbade the young ladies eating squirrels, that being the old custom of the whole tribe.

"Oh," said Otherside Old, "that is all foolishness. In my tribe the young ladies love to eat squirrels, believing that eating squirrels will make them look pretty."

She thought to herself, "I will try

retty.
She thought to herself, "I will try that." So she took the squirrels and roasted them. When the meat was all cooked she put it into a basket to cool

off.

Otherside Old was all the time scheming to get a good chance to fool her, so when the squirrels were all cooled off and ready to be eaten, he told her to get some water. She said the water was some distance away, but Otherside Old told her to go and he would wait for her till she came back. So she started out. She was hardly out of the door when Otherside Old began helping himself to the nuts that were stored in many baskets.

kets.

In those days people depended upon nuts for their food, and the more baskets of nuts they had, the more they were honored all through the country.

Otherside Old kept eating the nuts till he had finished the last basket and left it empty. He then made up his mind to start on his journey once more.

To give himself time for his feast he had wished that when the girl reached the creek her head would itch, and so it did, until she did not know what to do, so at last she jumped into the creek till the itching had stopped. After that she got the water and went back to the house.

When she arrived there she called, but

When she arrived there she called, but no answer came. She was so angry she threw the water into the house. She went in and looked at the squirrels that she had left, and there they were, but they had turned to mud and were all

they had turned to mud and were all cracked up.

"Oh, me!" she cried to herself; "I knew in my heart he must be the man I have heard of who does all kinds of tricks."

Otherside Old had turned the squirrels to mud and left them lying there, and he had placed everything in the house upside down.

The young lady was so angry that she thought of all kinds of plans by which she could get even with him. At last she wished that all the water would dry up in front of him. She said, "I wish he would get very thirsty."

up in front of him. She said, "I wish he would get very thirsty."

Otherside Old went slowly along, and suddenly became very thirsty. He waiked faster, and as he went he heard the roaring of a stream, but when he reached the place the stream was not there.

The same thing was repeated many times, till he could stand it no longer. He said, "I must drink or die," so he tried to sneak in upon the stream, but just as he peeped his head out of the brush the water was dried up before his eyes.

eyes.

He ran as fast as his feet would carry him to a wet spot, and put the wet grass in his mouth, but it did no good at all.

After trying everything he could think of to get water, he decided to shoot the next water he should hear roaring, so he went trotting up the road.

Pretty soon he heard the sound he wished for and creeping up very carefully he took a shot at the water. This time he succeeded; there was the water. It was a pond, and was full of frogs and fishes and floating logs, and everything that is always lying in still water.

fishes and floating logs, and everything that is always lying in still water. He ran straight to the water and jumped in with his mouth wide open. While he was drinking he felt something going down his throat with the water. Still he kept drinking away, till he drank up the whole pond, and all he could do was to roll over, and there he lay with his body swelled up till he was larger than the largest tree.

He lay there about one day, and the next day while he was lying there he happened to look up into the sky. There he saw some birds flying around and around in a circle, appearing and disappearing.

he saw some birds flying around and around in a circle, appearing and disappearing.

In a little while he saw more and more, and then a whole flock of birds. They came closer and closer to him, finally alighting by his side.

Otherside Old did not move, but lay as if he were dead.

Each bird seemed to carry a basket with him in which was some instrument for cutting different parts of the body. They took the instruments out of the baskets and laid them aside till they took out the one to remove his eyes with. At first they were undecided as to which should do the work, but finally decided that it should be the largest bird in the flock, which was the condor.

The condor made a good swing in order to take the eye out at the first stroke. As he made his last swing, just as he dashed for the eye, Otherside Old grabbed the knife and quickly ripped fopen his own stomach. Out went the water, with the frogs and fishes, logs and everything that was in the pond, and there was the pond again, for he had swallowed everything that was in it without noticing it.

After that he went to his own home and was not molested again on his journey.

### Benham's Lesson By R. K. MUNKITTRICK

"I would ask the name of the State," replied Tommy.
"So, then you are heartly sick of school?" said Mr. Benham.
"I am," replied Tommy, frankly.
"Then how would you like to try business during your vacation?"
"First rate," replied Tommy.
"Have you thought of any particular pursuit that you would like to follow?"
"I have not. One thing will suit me as well as another," replied Tommy.
"That is the only way to get along if you want to win," said Mr. Benham, "and I will begin tomorrow to try to find something for you."
On the following day Tommy told all

On the following day Tommy told all his schoolmates of his good fortune, and that evening he asked his father if he had found anything for him.

"Yes," said his father. "It is a store kept by Henophen Koppel, the dealer in animals."

on the next day during luncheon hour Mr. Benham took Tommy to the store and he was never before so completely bewildered as when he entered this maste place and saw the gorgeous birds from all parts of the world. Then there were monkeys, some with smooth, cleancut faces, and others with white whiskers. Some were swinging by their tails from rings, others were sitting on perches serenely contemplating the fresh roasted peanut.

"So you are the little boy who wants to learn the wild animal business, eh?" inquired Mr. Koppel.

inquired Mr. Koppel.

"Yes," replied Tommy, meekly.

"All right, you may come around a week from Monday morning."

When Monday morning came, Tommy started for business. In his hand he carried a couple of sandwiches tied in a piece of newspaper. When he stepped into the store his employer said:

"To this business like any other, you

into the store his employer said:

"In this business, like any other, you must begin at the bottom of the ladder."

It then put a feather duster into Tommy's hand and commanded him to dust the cages. While he was doing this the birds made an awful clatter. An Australian emu reached into his pocket and took therefrom his luncheon with neatness and dispatch. The emu devoured newspaper, twine and all, and seemed to enjoy it hugely, although he was entirely ignorant of its contents.

Mr. Koppel then led Tommy to an upstairs room, where he had sick monkeys in various stages of convalescence. One old fellow, with an owl face, was barely able to sit up and eat a peanut. He was put in Tommy's charge and Tommy was commanded to give him his medicine every hour.

every hour.

In this hospital the ailing pets of Mr. Koppel's customers were cared for. The invalid monkey in Tommy's charge belonged to one of his best patrons, conse-

TOMMY BENHAM was a little boy, whose greatest aversion was study. One evening he said:

"Here I am trying to learn and remember the capitals of the United States. I suppose it is very necessary to know them to get along in life."

"If you should happen to be shipping to learn, and had to mark a box Ashtabula, where would you he if you should trust to your imagination and sent it to Oregon?"

"I would ask the name of the State," "I would ask the name of the State," "So, then you are heartily sick of school?" said Mr. Benham.

"So, then you are heartily sick of "Tam," replied Tommy.

"So, then you are heartily sick of "Tam," replied Tommy, frankly.

"Then how would you like to try business during your vacation?"

"First rate." replied Tommy.

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"First rate." replied Tommy.

"Have you thought of any particular pursuit that you would like to follow?"

"I have not. One thing will suit me

of the combination.

Mr. Koppel put the package in the safe and then sent Tommy to the hospital to give Jerry his hourly medicine. Jerry was at this time in a very uneasy frame of mind and had to be amused.

"How soon do you think the monkey will be well?" asked Tommy.

"In a few days," replied Mr. Koppel.

blew.
Tommy went downstairs to get his luncheon from the safe.
"How did your luncheon come to get in there?" asked a clerk.
"I asked Mr. Koppel to put it in there this morning." replied Tommy, very meckly, "that the emu couldn't steal it. You know, yesterday he took it out of my pocket while I was dusting the cages."

and all!"

"They are great eaters, I believe," replied Mr. Benham.

"This one." said Tommy. "will ent safety pins or cloth and get as much satisfaction out of such food as I could out of cocoanut pie. The other day they told me some one broke a pane of glass in the store and the emu ate the pieces like ginger snaps."

On the following morning Tommy entered the store and told his employer that he would like to put his luncheon in the safe if the emu had no knowledge of the combination.

Mr. Koppel put the package in the luncheon from the safe.

"How did your luncheon come to get in there?" asked a clerk.

"I asked Mr. Koppel to put it in there this morning." replied Tommy, very meekly, "that the emu couldn't steal it. You know, yesterday he took it out of my pocket while I was dusting the cages."

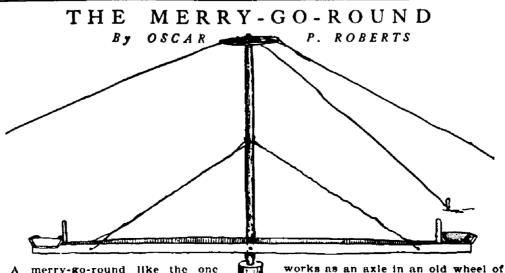
"Mr. Koppel will not be back until three o'clock." said the clerk. "and he is the only one who has the combination."

There was nothing to do except wait, hungry as he was. And there was little sympathy for his plight. He had scarcely finished devouring the belated meal when finished devouring the belated meal when he was called.

now. Tommy, be lively," said k. "Jerry has just been weep-"Come the clerk.

"What is the matter?" asked Tommy.
"Some one, for a joke, gave him a horse (Continued on page 314.)

any kind, which is anchored out by three or four guy wires. The other



A merry-go-round like the one pictured is easy of construction, and no explanations further than a few

hints need be given to the prospective builder.

The center post stands ten feet high, and rests in a shallow auger hole, bored in the top of an old stump the motorman in the middle, the swing or post set for the purpose. The top takes on quite a country fair aspect.



Cornwallis HEN surrendered, in 1781, the Revolu-1781, the Revolution was at its
height beyond
the Alleghenies.
Pioneers swarmed over the ridges into Pennsylvania and Kentucky, driving
ne from the for-

the game from the for-est. Indians, urged on by British officers, fought est. Indians, urged on by British officers, fought back the settlers with fire and tomahawk and British powder. Ohio was one dense wood, the home and fortress of a dozen tribes, all hostile to the colonists—all, save a few outcasts of one tribe. A part of the Delawares, the famous "Grandfathers of the tribes," taught by white missionaries, had become the "Moravian Indians." Their creed was peace, submission: and through the first five years of sion; and through the first five years of the war the little Moravian villages on

sion; and through the first five years of the war the little Moravian villages on the Tuscarawas, directly between the clashing foes, had been unharmed.

In the fall of 1781, however, before the corn harvest, the Moravians were exiled by the Wyandots to the bleak Sandusky plains. Early in '82 they were allowed to return through the snowdrifts, feeble from the bitter, famine-stricken winter, and seeking what corn the starving deer had left. Yet not all came humbly, thanking God for their speedy deliverance. In the impatience of boyhood, Gray Wolf, son of the chief, Fire Cloud, grew bitter at the injustice which peace had brought him. As spring broke early and the war-trail opened again, he felt the first longing of savage manhood for the tomahawk and the fight—the call of the great chiefs who had been his fathers. His whole nature rose, ready at a word to throw aside the new creed of peace and suffering for the old, revenge.

And then, in those mild days of Febru-And then, in those mild days of February, 1782, a war party, including a few renegade Delawares, fell upon a lonely cabin along the upper Ohio, and, to divert suspicion, returned through the Moravian village, torturing their captives. Ninety mounted settlers followed the band across the river and half deceived, half careless, attacked the guiltless Moravians. less Moravians.

Treacherously they invited men, wo-men and children to council; a merciless slaughter followed. There were no cap-tives and but two survivors, of whom one was shot soon after.

So the Moravians died, as they had lived. But Gray Wolf, staggering on through the snows of the forest, thought only of his dead mother and of revenge. The faith that called him back to the The faith that called him back to the desolate river was gone. One night he came upon the campfire of a Wyandot war party from the north. They went to gain scalps among the settlements of southern Virginia, where the snow, in which no track is hid, first gives way to spring; and Gray Wolf, Moravian, went with them.

Amid floating ice the canoes came down the Ohio, then pressed up the Big Sandy into Kentucky. Spring was hastening and speed became easier as they went. Now the band crossed the great

went. Now the band crossed the great war trace which led through Cumberland Gap into Virginia; but the pioneers, too, were early astir, and the painted warriors, stealthly gaining a scalp here and there, always kept within the shadow of the trees. Now a few braves turned aside, but the main party, includmain na rtv. includ-

shadow of the trees. Now a few braves turned aside, but the main party, including the Wyandots and the young Delaware, led by their war chief, Red Eagle, struck straight into the heart of the Great Valley of the Appalachians. One afternoon, as the shadows were lengthening fast and the air grew chilly, Red Eagle crept up a tangled hillside and stopped at its crest, gazing intently into the valley below.

On the slopes the first tender tints of spring shone among the somber evergreens. A brook swollen with snow from the heights hurried across the bottomlands, down to the winding Tennessee. But Red Eagle's eyes centered their flerce gaze upon a little stockade where four tiny cabins stood, facing inward and connected by a high fence of split logs. Soon his scouts were watching the fort from every side; silently they gathered closer with the shadows. A cold rain began at night-fall, and the chief. circling the palisades with noiseless steps, his ear against the wall of one doomed cabin after another, smiled at the black darkness—a smile it was not good to see.

That morning Joseph Kinnard had good to see.

That morning Joseph Kinnard had mounted his pony and set off up the valley to Harter's Mill, sixty miles away, for salt and powder. The winter had

for salt and powder. The winter had fallen early, and spring was sure to bring its Indian sieges, with destruction for the unprepared. Salt to cure deer meat, powder for deer and Indian, were necessities. Mr. Kinnard had left his wife with a laughing assurance:

"If the varmints were out already, we'd have heard of them farther up the trace." She had nodded with the quiet courage of those who grapple and conquer the Spirit of the Wilderness. Yet the rough settler held his little daughter, Rose, a moment longer than usual ter. Rose, a moment longer than usual and ran his fingers half-caressingly,

half-shudderingly through her hair, be-

fore he rode into the forest that yawned black about the palisades.

The garrison to which Kinnard had entrusted his family was composed mainly of women and "fort soldiers," too entrusted his family was composed mainly of women and "fort soldiers," too old or too young for the march. Yet, relying upon news from the outer settlements, all felt secure. At sunset Jacob Brown, an old Indian rhider and captain of the garrison, scanned the hills in confidence, ignorant that Red Eagle lay hidden in the forest. The chief scowled as he watched the weathered face of the hunter—the same hard face which long before had thrust itself into his unprotected wigwam beyond the Ohio. Red Eagle had come all the way from the Sandusky marshes seeking that face; and he had come early, swiftly, for the very purpose that no massacre in Kentucky might forewarn his enemy.

The wind sang dirges in the piney slopes of the valley. The rain fell rustling in the foliage and plashing on clearing and split-oak shingles. The wild world was awake and prowling in the

ling in the foliage and plashing on clearing and split-oak shingles. The wild world was awake and prowling in the darkness. The doe, hastening towards the salt-lick, quivered at the panther's voice—at Nature's universal cry for prey. Behind the darkness the stars measured the hours; and about the stockade Red Eagle, among his warriors, awaited the dead of night. At last the chief mounted the shoulders of two braves and dropped lightly over the palisades. The beat of the rain hiding the sound, he swung open the gate. The families in the cabins slept on, secure behind their oaken doors.

Red Eagle had planned a bold ruse,

families in the cabins slept on, secure behind their oaken doors.

Red Eagle had planned a bold ruse, depending for its success upon Gray Wolf. All things—the storm, the excitement, the carelessness which constant danger taught the settlers, the very boldness and originality of the plan—were in its favor. Yet if it failed, Red Eagle meant to have his foe's scalp, even though it required that stern fighting which only his tribe would endure. His warriors, crouching among the cabins, knew that this was no ordinary raid, where even the Wyandots, mindful of their small numbers, fought warily, Gray Wolf, too, knew this, as he waited eagerly for the signal to begin his revenge. He thanked the palefaces for one thing only—that through his boyhood among their soldiers, traders and missionaries, he could speak their tongue.

Suddenly a rifle shot sounded from the

missionaries, he could speak their as they clubbed the capitives and thrust tongue.

Suddenly a rifle shot sounded from the Suddenly a rifle shot sounded from the Cabin shadows. Then a Wyandot deathshick answered from beyond the page state of the Suddenly a rifle shot sounded from the shots, with the sades. Begered from beyond the page state of the shots and the state of the shots and the sades. The sattle state of the shots, with the threatening undertones of a log battering at the gate. A form darted from cabin to cabin, shouting:

"Help: Injuns: To the gate."

The settlers awoke at the first shot. On the frontier, however, the latchstring is in, and night visitors are unwelcome. Yet here the need seemed so urgent, the idea of the whole alarm beging a ruse, so absurd, that every cabin opened. In a second the innate seemed so urgent, the idea of the whole alarm better mistakes, but they make the state of whom the little girl pratited and he was a Moravian no longer.

One afternoon in the midst of these strange thoughts, Gray Wolf, glancing the strange thoughts, Gray Wolf, crying the alarm in boyish, frontier English, reached Joseph Kinnard's cabin last. The door opened an inch, and a rifle-barrel appeared, with a woman's resolute face behind it. Gray Wolf struck up the gun with the first blow of his hatchet. In his fury he forgot the chief's command to replensish with captives the Wyandot tepees made desolate by Jucob Brown. As the first blow of his hatchet. In his fury he forgot the chief's command to replensish with captives the Wyandot tepees made desolate by Jucob Brown. As the first blow of his hatchet. In his fury he forgot the chief's command to replensish with captives the Wyandot tepees made desolate by Jucob Brown. As the first blow of his hatchet. In his fury he forgot the chief's command to replensish with captives the Wyandot tepees made desolate by Jucob Brown. As the firs

It was a faith child-like and undoubting, like that of the Moravians. The English words brought memories of Gray Wolf's boyhood surging back to him. The child's trust (a faith that had been his also), the inborn awe of the savage before the dim might of the Great Spirit, took the strength from the young brave's arm and recalled the chief's command. His hatchet sank, unstained. The next instant, as he disarmed the woman, a Wyandot burst past him, struck down a boy who was trying to reach the falling gun, and seizing Rose in his arms, strode away into the night. The mother snatched a heavy cloak and darted after her child, while Gray Wolf, angry at his soft heart, ran to the next cabin.

Brown alone had detected Red Eagle's trick in time. He had blown off one Indian's head shut the door in the same of cloth, to use them in leading the pursuers along a false trail southward into the Great Cherokee Trace. Red Eagle quickly gave his commands. The party hurried on, and Gray Wolf, turning about, took the back trail, alone.

Two evenings later Joseph Kinnard rode into his home valley and found his cabin in ashes. Near-by lay a torn Wy-andot moccasin, but days had passed (Continued on page 522.)

trick in time. He had blown off one Indian's head, shut the door in the chief's face, and was fighting for his life, in his strong and well-garrisoned

cabin. But the east was growing lighter. The Wyandots had pierced the border! Ine too far; they must be gone. The chief commanded an assault. With a pine trunk four braves broke in the cabin door, and Gray Wolf followed the chief through the breach. The defenders had run out of powder. First of all Brown fell, before Red Eagle's rifle. Then the chief, eagerly stooping to scalp his foe, sank, stunned by a clubbed gun. It was Gray Wolf who warded off the death-blow and brought away two scalps—his first war trophies.

Red Eagle was avenged. Yet four of his braves were missing that March morning from the band which hurried through the dripping undergrowth, over the western heights, and safety lay only beyond the Ohlo.

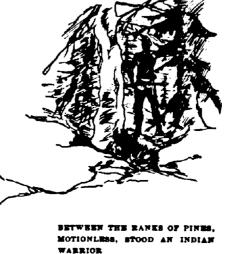
The captives—three women, little Rose and two smaller children—were urged to the limit of their strength, but their suffering never softened one harsh line of their captors' faces. The first day a child, too tired to endure being carried, farther, began to cry noisily; its mother strove in vain to comfort it. Instantly a warrior snatched it and dashed its head against a tree. Little Rose grew pale at the death of her playmate. She hesitated a moment, not daring to call to her mother, who was separated from her by three warriors; then, with the sure instinct of a child, she leaped into Gray Wolf's arms and hid her face in his blanket.

The act touched the young brave. It roused in him a fierce struggle in the days that followed. All the Indian within him, the memory of wrongs endured, and the call for revenge, flamed out. But beneath this was the voice of the old life of kindness and the memory of the palefaces' regard for their women. He imitated his brother warfiors and cursed the years which had made him different from them; yet there was one picture which haunted his brain during every monotonous hour of the march. It was of the gauntlet and the stake, the red of blood and fire. The

made him different from them; yet there was one picture which haunted his brain during every monotonous hour of the march. It was of the gauntlet and the stake, the red of blood and fire. The Wyandot squaws snarled with delight as they clubbed the captives and thrust burning pine-splinters into their blistered flesh. And behind one of those squaws stood, shadow-like, a goldenhaired child. Into this horror little Rose, was going, to become the brutal squaw of some savage brave, unless— To betray Red Eagle's destination now could do no harm. Well, the palefaces knew of King Dunquat's town on the Sandusky, sheltered by its strong position from surprise and assault. Yet if the father of whom the little giri prattled came with rich presents for the chiefs, and if Gray Wolf spoke for a ransom with the voice to which his prowess gave him right, even Red Eagle might yield. Now, however, he told himself, it was too late. The trail was lost—and he was a Moravian no longer.

One afternoon in the midst of these strange thoughts, Gray Wolf, glancing backward, saw Mrs. Kinnard drop a bit of colored cloth. Instantly alive to the danger, he told the chief of the trick. Day after day Rose's mother had marked every turn in the trail with pieces of quilting cloth from the great pocket of her cloak. Over all the trackless miles those bits of color would wait, a message and a guide to her husband. Perhaps the frontiersmen were at their it very heels and revenge hovered over the little party, encumbered as it was.

There was but one thing to do. While the perty nessed on skillfully hiding the perty nessed on skillfully hiding the perty nessed on skillfully hiding the perty nessed on skillfully hiding



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Mention The American Boy When Writing Advertisers

### TOMMY BENHAM'S Tommy, "In some way. Oh, how I wish i could run half a dozen of Mr. Koppel's LESSON

(Continued from page 312.)

chestnut, and after he had eaten about half of it he went almost crazy."

So Tommy climbed upstairs and played on the music box and fanned the perturbed Simian until the latter began to act like his old self.

"You must now take him out on the walk for an hour or two and give him a breath of fresh air." said Mr. Koppel.

"What! before all the crowd?" asked Tommy.

Tommy.

Tommy.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Koppel, "that is one thing you must be willing to do if you want to succeed in this business."

Tommy carried Jerry forth, because he refused to walk, and proceeded down a quiet street, where he thought that he would not be molested. But, strange as it may seem, he not only met some boys on this street, but boys from the very suburban village in which he him. very suburban village in which he him-

"Hello! Tommy." shouted one of them.
"Hello!" replied Tommy, blushing at
being caught in such a position.
"What are you, anyhow?" inquired one
of them, with a smile, "a monkey nurse?"
"No, not exactly," replied Tommy; "I
am just airing this fellow a bit."
"Well, how do you like business, anyhow?" they asked.
"First rate," he replied. "When you've
got to begin some time what difference

got to begin some time what difference does it make how soon you start?"
"Don't suppose it makes any, but do you ever have to put camphor on the monkey to keep the moths out of his

"I suppose you think that's smart, don't you?" said Tommy.

"Well, it may not be very smart, but it is about as smart as giving up a nice summer vacation to go to work in a monkey store. Now we are going uptown to a champlonship baseball match. Don't you want to come along?"

Tommy turned a corner, burning with mortification when he thought of the way in which all the boys of his native town would tease and torment him as soon as these wicked companions from whom he had just parted should tell of what they had seen.

"I must get out of this scrape," mused

AIROUSIED.

I could run half a dozen of Mr. Koppel's imported snakes through a clothes wringer, one after the other, and get myself discharged; but there is no clothes wringer in the place."

While Tommy mused he wandered on in an almless sort of way until he reached the river. It struck him that the cooling breezes from the water might uo Jerry good. So he lost no time in taking a seat upon the string plece of the wharf. No sooner had he done so than an organ grinder happened along and filled the air with music.

The monkey frisked and danced at a great rate, jumping from Tommy's lap to his head and down again, as if working on springs. This did not please Tommy half as much as it did some small boys who were looking on. They laughed until one of them asked sarcastically:

"What is the matter with your little

"What is the matter with your little brother, anyway?"

"What is the matter with your little brother, anyway?"

"He is glad at seeing you, for he never dreamed of meeting any one more homely than himself."

This didn't please the little strangers as much as it did the people who had just been laughing at Tommy's expense.

As the organ grinder continued to grind, the monkey continued to frisk. Suddenly Jerry's collar slipped over his head and he jumped upon a barrel. The boy who had pretended to discover a fraternal relationship between Jerry and his chaperon dealt the former a light blow with a stick. In an instant the frightened monkey was flying up the rigging of a ship, with Tommy following as well as he could.

As the boys on the pier began to chaff Tommy their cries frightened the poor fugitive, who jumped to the rigging of another ship and then to the roof of the next wharf, where he disappeared entirely from view.

Tommy was quite beside himself with chagrin. He would never dare to return to Mr. Koppel's store without Jerry, for he well knew that that fastidious person would not accept any explanation he could offer. With Mr. Koppel it must be monkey or nothing.

"Now what will your boss say when you go back without the monkey?" asked the boy who had previously chaffed Tommy.

There was something so exasperating in the hove to the tother that Tommy and the hould be the how that the town and the hour that the hour that the town and the hour that the hour that the town and the hour that the hour that Tommy and the hour that the hour that Tommy and the hour that Tommy and the hour that Tommy and the hour that the hour that Tommy and the hour that the that Tommy and the hour that Tommy

There was something so exasperating in the boy's tone that Tommy could not

fallen air.

"That isn't the way to get along in business," replied Mr. Benham, with a serious look. "You should have gone back and told Mr. Koppel all about it. What do you think?"

"What do I think?" repeated Tommy, with a great effort at being brave and making an honest confession without sacrificing his pride. "I think I have had enough of the monkey business."

"What, in two days?" his father asked, in surprise.

"Yes, and if you will only go and

"Yes, and if you will only go and explain the monkey's escape to Mr. Koppel I will wait until you can get me employed in some other place where the

employed in some other place where the goods are not alive."
"It will not be necessary for me to see Mr. Koppel. I can simply write him a note, for he has the monkey back. There is a long comic account of his escape in the evening paper, which also tells how the monkey was returned to his owner."

Tommy played ball all through that vacation, and when the days of school again returned he said nothing about going into business, but went at his lessons with heroic vigor.

It was very evident to his parents, especially his father, that Tommy didn't care how long they kept him at school and that calculus was far more picturesque, profitable and entertaining to him than the business of attending and reciting upon a convalence monkey. waiting upon a convalescent monkey.
And never after did his father hear him complain of school, for he had learned a wholesome lesson during his experience of two days in the great School of Business.

for every down-beat. Sometimes a note would have to be prolonged, sometimes it was shortened, but work and song went on together. Adam husked up till his horses were even with the rear of his father's wagon. Then the singing

"Hello, there, Adam," called Adam, Sr., looking back, "Oughtn't to crowd yer pap this way."

But never an ear missed the elder Adam's wagon. The one-time champion of Otoe county had thrown off the weight

of fifty years and was swooping along the rows in a whirlwind of husks. Bent stalk or standing, it was all one. There

"He will say nothing if you will let me take you back to the store, because he could never see any difference."

The boy then retired for good, and Tommy concluded that as it would be impossible for him to capture the monkey, he would go home and escape the fury of his employer.

That night when they had congregated about the dinner table, Mr. Benham asked Tommy:

"How are you getting along at the store?"

"I had bad luck today; a valuable monkey escaped from me."

"And how did Mr. Koppel take it?"

"I was afraid to go back to the store to tell him," said Tommy, with a crestfallen air.

"The will say nothing if you will let me take you because he away to the wagon.

Adam, Jr. soon proved himself no deseave the wagon.

Adam, Jr. soon proved himself no deseave the massage. He recovered from his flurry and settled down to grim, determined corn-husking, with the result the horses were once more browsing at the elder Adam's heels. Adam, Sr. wasted no time in loking around; neither did he expend breath in useless remarks. The thump of ears and the snap and rustle of dry blades, with the occasional sputtering blow of a feeding horse, were the only sounds that arose from the contest.

At the end of the first elghty rods alone in loking around; neither did he expend breath in useless remarks. The thump of ears and the snap and rustle of dry blades, with the occasional sputtering blow of a feeding horse, were the only sounds that arose from the contest.

At the end of the first elghty rods and mopped his face. Adam, Jr. was also perspiring, but happy. He had his place in spite of his father's

was also perspiring, but happy. He had held his place in spite of his father's efforts to draw away from him. "Want to call it quits, dad?" he called.

Adam, Sr. shook a lean forefinger at his son. "This here race hain't over ylt, Adam," he called back, "an' lemme tell ye that."

Adam," he called back, "an' lemme tell ye that."

When he turned his team in on the return rows the elder Adam let down the suspender from his right shoulder. Adam, Jr. noted this with a sigh. "When pa lets his 'spender down, look out," he said. The sweat was dripping from Adam's face, and the November sun felt like August, but he tossed his cap into the wagon and started in for the finish. For a while the position of the two wagons remained unchanged. But if Adam hoped his father would set a slower pace on the return he was doomed to disappointment. The prophetic suspender seemed to mark the release of a fresh store of energy. The old grays moved steadily forward, and the regular beat of ears was unbroken. Such uncompromising, relentless power was incomprehensible to a boy of sixteen. Besides, Adam was getting tired. It was forty rods to the end and the bombardment at the front wagon gave no sign of abating. Once, turning and loking ment at the front wagon gave no sign of abating. Once, turning and loking back, Adam saw dancing in the sunlight thirty yards up the hill, a big ear on an unusually tall stalk. There was but one thing to do; Adam stopped and bolted for the ear. the ear.

Adam, Sr. was nearly through unloading when his son drove up to the crib.
"Hello, young feller," he called, "where you been all this time?"
"You knowed mighty well where I was

part o' the time," said Adam. "I don't call that no race, though. The corn was too tough."

was too tough."

"I don't call that no race, either," quoth Adam, Sr. "You wasn't racin', was ye, Adam?"

Adam turned his back and bent lustily to the shoveling.

The next day Adam, Sr. made a trip to town. Before going he went the length of the field and back that had been husked over in the free-for-all of the day before. Adam, Jr. watched this operation from afar with darkening brow. "He thinks I'd leave corn," he muttered, shaking his fist in the direction of Adam, Sr. Huh!" of Adam, Sr. Huh!" Mrs. Garth followed her husband to

the gate as he was leaving. "Do you really think you can afford it?" she

"Afford it!" Adam, Sr. stopped with one foot on the wagon-hub. "I tell ye, ma, he didn't leave an ear in the hull half mile, an the corn was shucked, too."

When Adam came in that evening with when Adam came in that evening with his load, he saw the road-cart standing out with the shafts thrown carelessly up on the fence. Under the shed was a shining new buggy. "Whoa!" shouted Adam and leaped from the wagon. He ran to the buggy and rubbed his hands over the glistening how and natted the over the glistening box and patted the polished wheels. He got into the scat and leaned luxuriously back against the soft cushions. "Dad, dad, I knowed you'd git it!" he exulted. "Good old dad."

'Eh, what's that?" asked that gentleman, looking in at the door. "That buggy hain't yourn, no such stuff. I brought it out fer—a feller."

"Seems to me ye're mighty keerful of it," said Adam, Jr. "Better take it out and put the cart back in. Might rain to-night."

"You go 'long 'bout yer chores an' leave things alone," retorted Adam, Sr., in high dudgeon.

pap this way."

His long, bony arms began to swing around like flails and the ears seemed to take wings and fly into the wagon. Bumpity, thump, bump, they rattled against the "knock-board," and an answering thump, bump, came from Adam's wagon. Slowly the red end-gate on the front wagon drew clear of the horses behind it, and space began to creep between the teams. Adam, Sr. was gaining. Adam, Jr. grew excited and yelled at his horses, and made wild grabs for the corn. He raced back and forth, in and out, ran panting back after ears that "Yep, chores all done." Adam was sales him water in the washin high dudgeon.

Adam flew about his work that evenfront wagon drew clear of the horses behind it, and space began to creep between the teams. Adam, Sr. was gaining. Adam, Jr. grew excited and yelled at his horses, and made wild grabs for the corn. He raced back and forth, in and out, ran panting back after ears that had been overlooked, and chased around the wagon for vile ears that bounced wildly over. For Adam had been well brought up and knew that leaving corn in the fields was one of the sins he must not commit.

rushed around the room with tower and comb, and while he stood before the glass vainly endeavoring to part his wet hair in a straight line. "Where are you going, Addle?" she asked.
"Party at Lawson's." Adam dropped

(Continued on page 317.)



IN THE DUSK of an autumn day a tall, strongly built youth of about sixteen was unloading corn from a wagon drawn up corn from a wagon drawn up to a long crib. The shovel moved with a regular stroke that showed both vigor and skill in the wielder, dashing beneath the corn with a sharp whish! and giving out a trem ulous tinkle of joy as the corn shot upward into the already overflowing crib. For fifty feet on either side the crib extended, and all along it was heaped to the last ear; for this was the season of plenty in Nebraska, and Egypt might have been repaid from a thousand of such cribs without material loss to the owners. The supper-bell quickened the ers. The supper-bell quickened the movements of the laborer toward the end movements of the laborer toward the end of his task, and with a sigh of relief he raised the last of the corn and tossed the shovel up after it. Then he started to the house on the run, making the walks clatter under his cowhide boots. A woman was standing in the kitchen door, peering out into the twilight.

"Hain't pa come in yet, Adam?" she asked when the boy came up.

"Yes. He was in 'fore me to-day. Don't know what he's doin' now."

A delicious odor of cooking came through the open door, and within the table was spread, and white dishes steamed from the back of the stove. A gate clicked in the rear of the house and

gate clicked in the rear of the house and a man came into the kitchen. Adam Garth, Sr., was a tall, gray-haired man, with the stoop in his shoulders that farmers get from long service behind the plow.

"Well, Adam, Joonyer," he said, "how-dy feel tonight? Tired?"

fall."

"Well, now, what'll ye bet?"

"Now, pa," interposed Mrs. Garth.

Adam, Jr., backed out of the engagement at this point and disappeared in the wash-room. Presently he came out, making random passes at the back of his neck with the towel. "Will ye bet me that new buggy ye're goin' to git me that I can't beat ye?" he asked.

"Buggy!" sniffed the old Adam. "I'll be mighty likely to buy buggies when ye're gallivantin' round haif the nights now."

Adam, Jr., smiled complacently. "Well, ye're so mighty sure ye can beat me."

"I reckon that road-cart hain't good enuf fer ye to sky-lark round in?"

Adam, Jr., sat down, and proceeded to mash a big potato with his knife.
"Well," he argued, "ye said ye could beat me.

"Beat ye? Course I cud beat ye. But She was as gaint as a board fence Monday mornin' when I went out to feed."

Adam, Jr., stubbornly continued the attack. "Will ye buy me that buggy if I foller ye round the field tomorrer mornin'?"

mornin'?"

Adam, Sr., pointed his fork menacingly at his son. "If I pull off an' leave ye will ye shut up 'bout that buggy, now an' f'r evermore?" he asked.

"Yes, I will."

There was a flash in young Adam's eyes that stirred the elder man's blood.

"Shake, young feller." he said, holding out his hand. "That's a go."

"Now na" said Mrs. Garth. "you know

out his hand. "That's a go."
"Now, pa," said Mrs. Garth, "you know you've had a crick in yer back all week."
"Crick in my back!" snorted Adam the elder. "I cud shuck more corn than that young feller without no back."

dy feel tonight? Tired?"

The boy was examining his hands by the lamp. "I got a mighty sore thumb, he said. "Glad we're so near done."

"Next week'll finish it, I reckon," said his father, settling down at the table.

Mrs. Garth was heaping a pyramid of smoking biscuits on a plate in the center of the table. "Them look good enough to eat, ma," said Adam, Sr., thrusting his fork into the apex.

"How big a load did you have tonight, Addie?" asked Mrs. Garth.

"Thirty-six bushels," replied the boy triumphantly, "lackin' ten pounds. I cud a made that easy if I had a knowed. I tell you what, dad, by another fall you won't be able to hold a candle to me when it comes to slingin' nubbins."

"Huh!" grunted Adam, Sr., winking slyly at his wife. "When ye git to shuckin' corn with yer pap ye'll be ready to quit the business."

"Pooh!" the vounger Adam scoffed.

ter of a mile.

Adam balanced reflectively on the edge of the wagon-box and began to draw on "finger-stalls." The teams could be heard rattling to the field all about, and through the frosty air came the bump, thump, of ears of corn falling into some distant husker's wagon, this father drove up just as the last finshuckin' corn with yer pap ye'll be ready to quit the business."

"Pooh!" the younger Adam scoffed, "bet I cud beat ye now."
"Beat me!" Adam, Sr., took a mighty into some distant husker's wagon, hitch at his chair, as if stirred with old memories. "Well, ye better git ready for supper 'fore it's all et up."

"Bet I cud beat ye." persisted young Madam. "You hain't seen me shuck this fall."

"The teams on "Inger-stalis." The teams could be heard rattling to the field all about, and through the frosty air came the bump, thump, of ears of corn fall-into some distant husker's wagon, life father drove up just as the last finger was arrayed in armor.

"Well, young feller, want to try yer muscle this mornin'?" questioned that worthy.

"Yep," said Adam, Jr.

worthy.
"Yep," said Adam, Jr.

"Yep," said Adam, Jr.

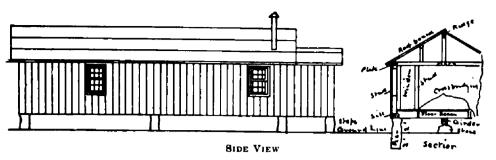
Adam, Sr., blew a trumpet blast on his lean nose, and began to shift his sideboards to make a high "knockboard," chuckling all the while in high glee. "When shall I tell yer ma to look fer ye, Adam?" he asked.

Adam, stripped to the shirt sleeves, was dangling nervously over the edge of the box. "Ye might tell her to look out to the crib to see if I was unloaded, when you git in," he retorted.

Adam, Sr. hung his coat and vest on the dashboard and began to tear open a husk. His team glided slowly into the sea of cracking, crunching, yellow stalks,

"IP I PULL OFF AR' LEAVE YE, WILL YE SHUT UP?"

### HOW THE CLUB-HOUSE WAS BUILT By WILLIAM 300 EARLE CASS



a lot of boys with dirty shoes coming into their houses, and I for one feel determined to make a grand push for K., K. and K. K. (Cheers.) Now all those in favor of building a club-house will answer Aye, the contrary, No." One yell declared the universal desire to have a house of their own.

Wait continued his remarks: "Two ways I think of for us to raise what is needed for our club-house; and the first way, which I hope you will agree is the best way, is this: During the coming week let every fellow scour the country, scour his friends, scour his father, and scour himself, to see just how much material or money he can collect together, or have the promise of; boards, timber, sash, window frames, hardware, paint, anything that is needed for the house. Let each one report on paper, next meeting night; then we will look it all over, and see how much more is needed, if anything; then after that scheme to get the balance. There is a way to get money for the whole amount, but then we would be in debt; that is not a good

were placed on top of the foundation posts, after the posts had been leveled and spiked fast; the outside of these two sills being exactly thirten feet apart. Then a girder, 6x8 in., was laid halfway between the side sills, just high enough above the ground for the floor beams to rest on it; under this girder four or five large stones were set. The floor beams were then set on top of the side sills; they were 2x8 in. and thirteen feet long, placed sixten inches from center to center; the ends of these beams had been to the posts and the president's chair, and knocking with his they were 2x8 in. and thirteen feet long, placed sixten inches from center to center; the ends of these beams had been to the posts and the president's chair, and knocking with his they were 2x8 in. and thirteen feet long, placed sixten inches from center to center to center the posts and the president's chair, and knocking with his they were 2x8 in. and there apart.

About 7 o'clock Walt stood up at the president's chair, and knocking with his title speech:

"Ladies. Gentlemen and Fellows." It they were 2x8 in. and thirteen rections, placed sixten inches from center to center; the ends of these beams had been made exactly one size. The beams were well spiked to the sills, and two rows of cross bridging nailed in between each pair of beams, to make all firm and secure. (See drawing.) When the beams had been spiked it was time to stop work for the day, and Walt said:

"It is now time to knock off; I don't believe in working at anything so long at a time that I am disgusted. It will be best to leave a little vim for next Saturday."

When they had all got to work again the following Saturday, Walt said:

"There has been no place in Komo for the boys to spend their evenings, except at home. Home is the best of places, and I am the last boy to say a word derogatory of that holly shrine, but as the doctors will tell you, human beings need change for their welfare, so it is that altho' home is such a hallowed spot, the ordinary mortal wanders occasion-

all the lights, and causing the greatest consternation.

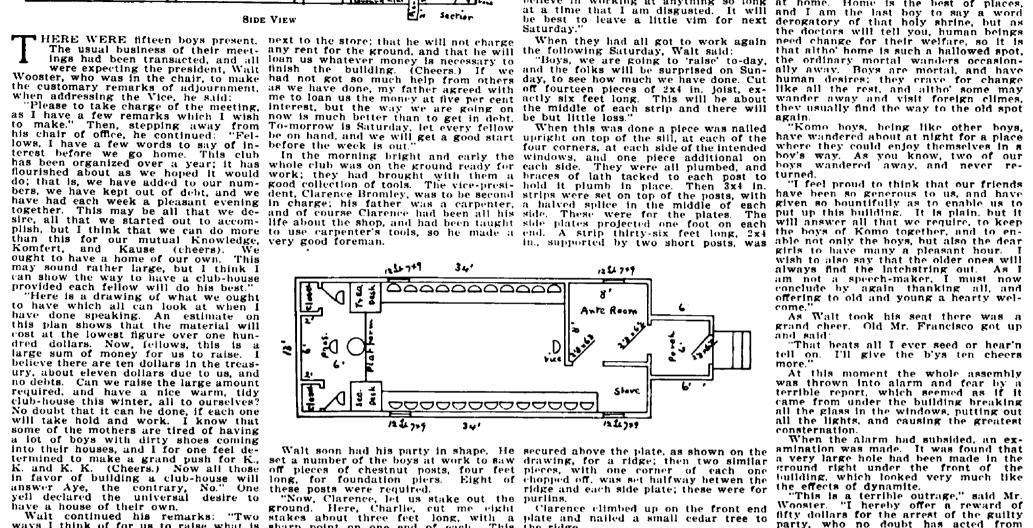
When the alarm had subsided, an examination was made. It was found that a very large hole had been made in the ground right under the front of the building, which looked very much like the effects of dynamite.

"This is a terrible outrage," said Mr. Wooster. "I hereby offer a reward of fifty dollars for the arrest of the guilty party, who no doubt has acted from feelings of envy. I will put this matter in the hands of the county police to ferret out." ret out."
The constable soon found that the

plosion had been caused by a foolish idiot, named Barnes Looking. When Barnes was brought into court he was simply remanded to the county insane asylum.

asylum.

"To make up for all this terrible alarm, etc., I will give one hundred dollars to build a wing to the club-house, for the young ladies," said Mr. Watson, at which the boys cheered, and cheered, and cheered Koffee Klub. again, Komo Kake and



purlins.
Clarence climbed up on the front end plate and nailed a small cedar tree to the ridge.
"Now, boys, three cheers, for the frame of our club-house is up." The boys gave about a dozen cheers before they stopped, the excitement was so great. Little Willie Jones wanted to know why they nailed that old cedar in know why they nailed that old cedar up there.

said Clarence, "that is a sign to everybody that the frame is up, and the first payment on the building is due, and that the owner is expected to treat; and there the treat comes." Sure enough, a lot of pretty girls were seen approaching with baskets, that afterwards turned out lots of grub. All hands took a rest for an hour, eating the lunch, and explaining to the visitors all about the new building. building.

Four old window frames and sash had been given them; these were fastened at the right height between the wall strips, previously set. Then boys were put at work to creet the corner posts, etc., for the porch, while others sawed off the dressed boards for the sides, into six feet six inch lengths. These lengths were then nailed to the sills and to the plates, on each side, commencing with a corner; and inside of two hours the whole was enclosed. This ended the second day's work. When old Mr. Francisco saw the new building next day, he exclaimed: Four old window frames and sash had

Them b've is agoin' to do it. Wall, I

"Them bys is agoin' to do it. Wall, I allus thout we hed sum smart uns here in Komo, but I didn't calkerlate thet they'd do as good as thet. I'll give em some cheers to set on."

It is unnecessary to follow the boys, day by day, in their work. The roof boards, eight feet long, were nailed on; the flooring was put down; tar paper the flooring was put down; tar paper belied on the roofs; strips fastened over the side joints; the partitions put up; the doors made and hung; the outside painted with two coats of paint; and then came the furnishing. The girls helped to do this, shades for the windows, a few turns made out of carnet a little stand. then we must move one of the lines until to do this, shades for the windows, a few we get our five-foot measure exact."

They then measured off the other corners, and for the porch.

"Now, boys, we have our building staked out, get your picks and shovels, and dig eight holes, two feet deep, at these for the second to do this, shades for the windows, a few rugs made out of carpet, a little stand out of pine for the secretary and the treasurer. A few pictures were hung up. When all this had been accomplished the Komo club-house was ready

STAKING OUT

way. Let us keep out of debt by all a pencil exactly the right place; measmeans. Don't forget, every boy do his ure on the side line four feet from wherebest; get a plank from this friend, a pound of nails from that one, whatever they will give, but every boy in earnest, and then we shall. I know, make a big report next week. We will now adjourn with the other, but if there is the least works of the proposition of one sixteenth of an inch-

to K. and K.

On the following meeting night every member of the K. K. and K. K. was on hand, eager to know all about the clubhouse. The meeting was called to order, and after the usual business was done,

and after the usual business was done, the president asked:

"Is there any new business to come before this meeting, or reports to be made? It is unnecessary for me to remark that we are all full of business, and that it is expected each fellow will make a report on the club-house. The secretary will please to read off the roll, and as each one's name is called that fellow will rise, and make the best, very best report that he can."

With lots of fun and enthusiasm, each boy answered as his name was called, and made a report. Not one member was missing; not one boy had failed to make a raise of something, either prom-

make a raise of something, either promise of money or material, for the club-house. From what was said it seemed as

tho' the whole town was in earnest to help the K. K. and K. K. get a building.
Walt Wooster, who was studying to be an architect, looked over the reports, which had all of them been put down in writing, and in a short time declared that nearly all the necessary stuff was donated, or money was promised to pur-

chase it with.

"Now, fellows," said Walt, "we shall have a good time putting up the building. Each one must bring along with him all the carpenter tools he has. I will get our horse and wagon to collect all these things and when they are on will get our norse and wagon to collect all these things, and when they are on the ground we will all go to work. By the by, I almost forgot, my father says we can put up our building on the lot

then the lines are at right angles one with the other, but if there is the least variation of one-sixteenth of an inch.

ney then measured off the other corners, and for the porch.
"Now, boys, we have our building treasurer. A staked out, get your picks and shovels, and dig eight holes, two feet deep, at these stakes, for those foundation posts to go into."

It was det

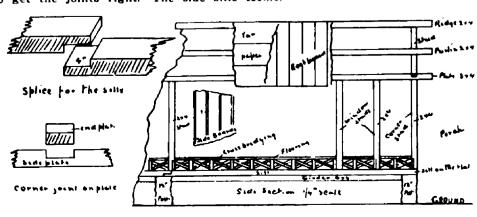
these stakes, for those foundation posts to go into."

It was determined to have a public reception at the opening, and the whole holes dug, and the posts set in place. In the meantime Walt was busy, marking out the sills, studding, etc. As the huilding was to be longer than any timber on hand, two pieces of 4x6 in. hemilock had to be spliced for each side sill. Walt and Clarence having marked out the cuts, the boys all worked with a will to get the joints right. The side sills for business.

It was determined to have a public reception at the opening, and the whole dent to many of the older heads that the hoys had built much more than they had thought to do, for now this building could be used for many public purposes, well as for the club, and as an old gentleman said:

"It is the opening and the whole town was invited. It was quite evitable to many of the older heads that the hoys had built much more than they had thought to do, for now this building to could be used for many public purposes.

It was determined to have a public reception at the opening, and the whole dent to many of the older heads that the hoys had built much more than they had thought to do, for now this building could be used for many public purposes. get the joints right. The side sills Komo.







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the flesh his food and the skin his clothing. A robe or mantle of skin is his only

You may think that the Ona boy must be cold in this chilly, bleak climate, so scantily clothed, but he soon becomes toughened and used to it.

cording to the location of the hunting

made of bits of odd-shaped birds' bones. Such queer ornaments are to the little Ona girl what a string of pearls or a gold chain might be to our American

ing. A reclothing.

CHILDREN FARTHE 5 SOUTH:

WHILE OUR American boys and girls are getting pleasures from the seasons as they come, the children of the farthest South, little native Indians of Tierra del Fuego, away at the very end of South America, are finding pleasures in their own odd ways. I think our very young ladies and gentlemen here in North America would like to know of these young, faraway savages and how they live, for it is not likely that all of us will visit them in their home country. Some of us may, by and by, for nowadays it is part of our education to see the world and its people, but, while we are at home, we can read of interesting, distant lands, and this is next best to going there.

lands, and this is next best to going there.

There are about fifteen hundred Fucgian Indians, divided into three different tribes—the Alaculoofs, the Yahgans and the Onas. These tribes inhabit different parts of the country, each having their own characteristic customs and homes, but we are going to speak mostly about the tribe called Onas (oo-naz), who are the least civilized and the most interesting tribe of the three. The Ona Indians are known as a giant race, the fathers measuring six feet and over, in height, with broad shoulders, strong limbs and good health.

This tribe lives on the main island of This tribe lives on the main island of This tribe lives on the main island of The tribe could be more cheerless or less homelike, lonely, uncomfortable and desolate than an Ona home, if we may called than an Ona home, it we may called than an Ona home, it we may called than an



Tierra del Fuego, a spread of barren, Tierra del Fuego, a spread of barren, wind-swept country, cold and desolate, where it rains most of the time. Here it is that the Ona boys and girls find their school and pleasures, not with books and slates and pencils and maps, but with studies of the fish and birds, and the animals of the forest, their habits, their peculiarities, and their places of abode. The Fuegian children soon become acquainted with all wild life of abode. The Fuegian children soon become acquainted with all wild life— so well acquainted that the wild creat-ures fill a large place in their care-free lives. It is something of what we should lives. It is something of what we should seek for ourselves in our own country—to know some of the wonderful secrets of God's glorious out-of-doors. This eager country-learning comes early to the Indian children, because they are a part of it, because they live in the very heart of nature all the time; but their horizon of learning is not very broad, outside of what they know of the fields and animals, for there are no schools for them and they have not the keen intelligence or the thirst for knowledge like their North American brothers and sisters.

These lonely children do not even know that there are boys and girls such

These lonely children do not even know that there are boys and girls such as we. They think that their mountains and plains are the center of the world, and when they leave them to journey away, they believe that they are going out of the world, toward the end of it; that if they go far enough, they can step off. They believe other foolish things, too—that the snow and the rain, the wind and the sun are spirits of departed Indians. When the sun is bright, everything is well and the spirits are pleased with them; but when it storms, the spirits are angry and something is sure to happen. All bad luck is said to be directed by evil spirits and not by their own mistakes. Poor, silly Indian people, with so many nonsensical superstitions!

Like their fathers, the young Ona boys are great cross-country runners, with

are great cross-country runners, with strong legs. They have no gymnasiums as we have to develop strength and mus-cle. Their strength and muscular de-velopment comes from healthy, vigorous

velopment comes from healthy, vigorous exercise in the open air.

The boys are early taught to follow their fathers' pursuits, soon becoming skillful with the bow and arrow and the sling-shot. The main hunt is for a kind of small mountain camel, called the guanaco (gu-knock-o), which furnishes the Ona Indian with about all his needs;

BY, ADELAIDE 600K

pany the men on the hunt. Then they go to assist in dragging home the game, which is afterwards roasted over a fire, for a feast. The Ona is a glutton. He eats and then lies down to sleep until he is hungry again.

### HOW GORDON LOST HIS POPULARITY

ORDON HAD not been in college a month when it became mysteriously noised about that it was Gordon's father who kept the leading clothing store in the city most convenient to the college, and that a note from the freshman would insure its bearer unlimited credit till the end of the year at the store.

When the rumor reached their ears, two or three of the more reckless spirits among the spendthrifts of the college straightway sought Gordon to find out whether the good news was true. They put the question to the little fellow. He rubbed his hands unctuously together. He grinned. He endeavored to look the innocent.

BULLY FOR YOU GOMEN OLD BOY'S SHOUTED THE SPENOTHRUTS.

Such queer ornaments are to the little Ona girl what a string of pearls or a gold chain might be to our American girls.

The Ona seems to make no distinction between right and wrong. He does not think it wrong to sweep down upon a dick of sheep and steal great numbers of them belonging to neighboring farmers, who have come from Europe and other countries, and who own miles and miles of pasture lands and thousands of grazing sheep. The Indians call the thouse they think they have as much right to these sheep as they have to their own wild mountain camel, the guanaco.

Fungus, a hard, tree growth, and ground rats, form a part of the Ona's food. These are not so fine as chocollates and other things we think are good to eat, still they are good to the Indian.

There is not much to be said about the little Ona Indian girl. She imitates her mother in building the brush house, and helps to care for her brothers and sisters, making funny noises to quiet them when they cry. The girl children is lend an idle camp life like their mothers, and when they grow up they accom-

But these were the words of collegians who had not profited by his notes, and, naturally, would be expected to be filled with rancor and envy.

For three years it had been the habit of the patrons of the Gordon clothing emporium to settle with its accommodating proprietor some time during the last week of each college year. From the time they bought their apparel until settlement day never a word was said about paying up by the father—he was as popular, in his way, as his son was in his.

The fourth year of his sojourn within the classic halls Gordon smillingly distributed his notes with even more than his customary liberality, the recipients

tributed his notes with even more than his customary liberality, the recipients taking them to the father and entering into the usual tacit arrangement with the accommodating clothier. And it appeared to close observers of other people's garb that Gordon the younger and Gordon the elder waxed more popular day by day.

Such was the status of affairs to within a month of the younger's graduation. Then one morning he knocked at the door of the room sheltering two of his particular friends—two of the boys who had gone to him four years before to find out whether the good news was true. Bade to come in, he seated himself near the door upon the couch. He rubbed his hands together, grinned, and began:

began: "I got a letter from my father this morning."

"I got a letter from my father this morning."

"Three cheers and a tiger for the governor," shouted the spendthrift," "Here's hoping he's well!"

"Yes," went on the son. "I got a letter from my father this morning, and he has asked me to do something for him. It's just a little matter, and I've come to you to help me do what my father wants."

"Sure we'll help you, old man!" cried the room mates, in hearty unison. "We'll do anything for such popular fellows as you and your governor. Hurrah for the Gordons, father and son!"

"Thank you," said Gordon, with snug delight. "Now, I'll tell you what my father would like me to do. He says that as this is my last year in college, and as I'll have a lot of graduation expenses, and as money is pretty tight just now, did I think the boys would mind calling in to see him this week instead of waiting until the last week of college?"

Gordon arose to take his leave. "That was all—just a little matter." he said:

lege?"
Gordon arose to take his leave. "That was all—just a little matter," he said; "and I thought you would help me out if I told you. We've been chums so long, you know." And, grinning and rubbing his hands softly together, he was gone.

That day there was a mighty stirring shout of the spendthrifts among their

"Why, fellows," he said, "how did such a rumor ever get abroad? I am astonished."
"But is it true?" persisted the advance guard of the spendthrifts. "Say, Gordon, old boy, tell us, tell us, is it true?" Gordon continued rubbing his hands together.
"Fellows," he said, "on my honor I don't know how such a rumor could have got about. But I will not disappoint you. I will give each of you a note to my father, if you want it, and you can see what he will do about it. Will that do?"
"Bully for you, Gordie, old boy!" shouted the spendthrifts; and Gordon then and there wrote a note for each of them to his parent, and the purport of each note was that the hearer was a particular friend of the son's, and if the firther could do the friend of the firther around the purport of the store could do the firther around do the firther around do the firther around the purport of the firther around the purport of the spendthrifts; and if the firther around the purport of the spendthrifts among their about of the spendthrifts among their about of the spendthrifts among their more conservative fellows, and the next morning there was an exodus of them, to a man, from the college in the direction of the city in which the Gordon clothing emporium lifted up its golden-lettered signs.

On the evening of the third day following his calls on his friends Gordon was lost in perplexity—no one had sapped him on the back or called him a jolly good fellow the whole day long. The rest of the year he walked, won-dering, about the campus—alone; and, for aught I know, he is still trying to ferret out between sales in his father's store how it happened that his popularity at college unexpectedly vanished in the twinkling of an eye on the evening of the third day following his calls on his friends Gordon them, to wis a man, from the college in the direction of the city in which the gondon them, to a man, from the college in the direction of the evening of the evening of the third day following his calls on his friends of the spend him on the back or c

### The Pea Trick

The following is one of the best tricks that the writer has ever met with, and at the same time one that is easily per-

formed.
Select five peas (or beans) as nearly Select five peas (or beans) as nearly alike in size and shape as possible. Secretly slip one of these into your mouth and work it to one side so that it lies snugly between the cheek and upper gums. Be sure that it is firm and comfortable before you allow anyone to know that you intend to do a trick at all. Now show your four peas and tell your audience that you intend to eat them, and a little later on to bring them back again. Eat them, one at a time, in full view of your friends, masticating the peas thoroughly and finally "swilling" them down with a drink of water.

water. water.

Now, pressing both hands against the lower chest, close your mouth and pretend to be working the peas back again; at the same time lower the head and,

tend to be working the peas back again; at the same time lower the head and, with your tongue, release the pea from its snug position and press it forward between the teeth.

Show it thus, then pretend to remove it with the thumb and first finger of the right hand, and further pretend to place it in the left hand, which must be kept tightly closed. But instead, press the pea back into the mouth again, and slip it to one side, then if necessary you can chatter and show your mouth is empty. Proceed in like manner with the second, third and fourth pea, finally slipping the all important pea back to its original position.

Your audience believe that you hold all four in your left hand, and it makes an excellent finish to the trick to get some one to blow upon that hand, and then to open it and show it empty. Should they give you four more peas and ask you to do it again, it is as easy the second time as the first, since the fifth pea is still tucked away in your mouth.

The writer has done this trick scores of times before scores of different people and never failed to create the greatest curiosity as to how the trick was done.



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### THE O P O S S U M

By SILAS A. LOTTRIDGE



THE OPOSSUM is certainly the most distinctive of the North American mammals, inasmuch as it is a marsupial. It seems rather strange that among so many mammals, the opossum has neither kith nor kin. There was a time when the whole world was inhabited by marsupials, so those living today are the separated remnants of that once universal race.

The range of the Virginia opossum is

a very stupid animal, has one very clever habit; when it is attacked it simulates death most successfully. At such times the eyes are closed, the muscles are limp, and no amount of rough handling limp, and no amount of rough handling will cause it to show any signs of life until an opportunity for escaping presents itself, when it will make all the haste of which a slow moving opossum is capable. The most effectual method of reviving the seemingly lifeless animal is to drop it into a pool of water. This is apparently too much for it, and the speedily seeks the shore. The immer-This is apparently too much for it, and it speedily seeks the shore. The immersion usually ends the "playing possum," for it will not readily try the stratagem again. This art has probably saved many opossums from destruction by other animals, but the "coon" is fully up to the trick and few escape him. I have found the ruse of "playing possum" to be specific, rather than general among the species. Those that are partly tamed seem never to practice it.

cific, rather than general among the species. Those that are partly tamed seem never to practice it.

The home of the opossum may be in a hollow tree, a crevice in the rocks, or under a building. The hollow tree seems to be preferred, when convenient. The nest itself is composed of dried grass and leaves. The opossum usually comes forth from his retreat at the close of day, and wanders about in search of food; he is not strictly nocturnal, however, for cloudy days will often find him abroad, and I have seen him in the bright sunshine.

His menu is varied, but you may be sure it is a full one when it can be obtained. It consists chiefly of insects, small reptiles, young birds, and birds' eggs. Occasionally he dines from the poultry yard, and here he shows a decided preference for young chickens. Vegetable food enters but little into his

The range of the Virginia opossum is from the latitude of the southern part of New York State and Michigan, southward to Central America. It is very common in the South, and probably there is an great diversity among the individuals.

The opossum is about the size of a fur. Sometimes the mother arches her tail over her back, very much after the fashion of a squirrel, and the little ones cling to it by their prehensile tails, heads down and feet just touching her back, presenting a curious sight indeed. For a few weeks after they climb out of the pouch the young do not venture upon the ground, but return to the pouch for food and protection.

I have not been able to photograph any of these young opossums, but a far-

Individuals.

The opossum is about the size of a large cat; its legs are short and its tail is long, scaly, and prehensile; its snout is long and somewhat pig-like, which accounts for the tremendous width it can open its jaws. The fur is of a general yellowish color, but on the back and sildes most of the hairs are tipped with brown or black; intermingled is a liberal amount of pure white hairs. The opossum, all hough upon the whole and silght and smell are well developed.

The opossum all but the senses of sight and smell are well developed.

The opossum allowed the wholes dath most successfully. At such times the eyes are closed, the muscless are limp, and no amount of rough handling will cause it to show any signs of ilfe



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by the farmer and this time I photographed an opossum while he was feasting upon a nest of hens' eggs.

The opossums in the South are much larger than are those Northern ones. This is probably due to the food which nature has so bountifully supplied them—persimmons. The November frosts develop a most delicious flavor in the persimmons, and the opossums feed upon them from early evening till the gray in the east warns them of approaching day.

A few weeks of feasting and the opossums have grown wonderfully plump

sums have grown wonderfully plump and fat. Tis persimmon time and opos-sum time! From many cabins the merry song is heard:

"Coon he up a gumo-tree, Possum in de holla; Coon he roll hi'self in ha'r Possum roll in talla."

The hunting of the opossum in the South is usually done at night. The one important feature of the hunt is a good opossum dog. The opossum will take to a tree at the approach of the dog, and the dog should remain barking until the arrival of the hunting party. If the tree is not difficult to climb the opossum is soon captured, otherwise the tree must be felled or the game shot. The colored people enter into the sport with the greatest zest and these hunting parties have merry times.

people enter into the sport with the greatest zest and these hunting parties have merry times.

The hunting of the opossum in the North is more frequently done in the day time. The hunt is usually confined to the edge of a forest, or large timber along streams, and the more numerous the hollow trees the better. I remember a hunt of this kind; I had been tramping with my camera, and as I was passing through some large timber near a clearing on the Orange mountains, I came upon an old colored man and a boy. They were carefully examining the bole of a tree. I asked them what they were hunting for.

"Possum," was the short answer.

"Possum," was the short answer.

The colored man, who, I learned, was familiarly known as "Uncle Robert," when he found that I was out after animal photographs, granted me the privilege of joining the party.

Uncle Robert's method of hunting the opossum was very simple; he knew of several trees that were hollow, and from time to time visited them, and occasionally found an opossum. He was not very talkative at first, but gradually warmed up to the subject of opossum hunting, and told me that when he was a hoy and lived in "Ole Virginia," they hunted "de possum and de coon, for dey bofe is good to eat."

While we were talking we were gradually making our way through the tim-







### WHEN THE OLD ADAM WAS AROUSED

(Continued from page 314.)

the comb and went upstairs two steps at

a time.

Out of the bureau drawer were drag-Out of the bureau drawer were dragged his Sunday clothes. Then he must make a choice of necktles. He had two, a pink one and a green with black dots. The pink to-night. His feet commenced a double-shuffle while he labored to tie a becoming how under his chin, and his mother called up the stairs that he was shaking off the plaster. He came down to supper singing "Beulah Land' in a voice hoarse with the dust of the cornfields, not because it was appropriate, but because it was the only song he had ever tried to sing, and he had learned it when a little boy in school from a teacher he was in love with.

Adam, Sr. was just cooling his first saucer of coffee when his son pushed back from the table and reached for his hat.

"Better greese that huggy fore ye use

"Better grease that buggy 'fore ye use it," said the sire without looking up. Adam was standing in the doorway, buttoning his coat. "Kin I drive Ribbon?" he asked.
"I don't heer," said Adam, Sr.

## The New Boy

By Sarah Noble Ives

There's a new boy on our block," said Teddy.
"Huh! I seen him," sald Dick. "He wears

curls."
"What's he living over at Mrs. Connor's for, I wonder?"
"Mebbe he's Milly's cousin or some-

belonging to Mrs. Connor.
"Ht. there, Bubby, what's your name?"
called Teddy from his safe perch.
The New Boy did not look up Hedropped his hoe and took up a trowel and began d'aging a hole.
"Where's Milly, I wonder?" said Dick.
"Say, little boy, what you doin' in that garden?"
The New Boy three up a trownight.

The New Boy threw up a trowelful of earth, and some of it just missed Dick.

who was nearest.

"Say, there. Don't you be sassy or I'll come over and pull your nice, pretty curls."

The New Boy set a bulb in the hole he had made and began shoveling in the earth

around it.

"You think you know how to garden, don't you? Well, you can't do it for a cent. You're nothing but a girl-boy. Tell us your name, Girl-boy, or I'll come over and lick you."

The New Boy finished a nice little mound over the bulb and poured some water on it from a watering put.

"Hey! Girl-boy! Girl-boy! We're comin' to lick you, and you dassent touch us!" Both the boys dropped to the ground and started toward the flower bed.

The New Boy picked up his hoe, stood up and turned to face the two other boys. And those two boys just grinned and looked silly—for it was Milly, in her new play-overalls.

# **NEXT MONTH**

Two splendid articles in the line of athletics: One on Swimming, the other, on the Quarter-Mile Run



### Local Stamps

No local stamp can be used for the payment of postage on a letter or package going between countries, but only franks a letter between a certain area. The government local stamps are very limited in number but private companies, such as express, etc., have issued a number of different kinds.

### Reprints

Re-impressions taken from the original lates of stamps which are obsolete are plates of stamps whusually called reprints.

### Forgeries .

There are two causes for the existence of forgeries. One of them being to deceive and cheat the government, the other to deceive and cheat the stamp collector.

Some of the important ways the governments of all nations use to prevent the making of forgeries are as follows: The using of paper with silk threads, as used in our paper money, the use of grills on the stamps. Watermarked paper is another method used. There are a number of countries that do not denote by means of inscriptions on the stamps, the name of the country from which they were issued. Greece is one of these countries. It has the design of Mercury, and Austria newspaper stamps are another set belonging to this class which are sometimes confused with the stamps of Greece owing to the head design on them. The Austria unpaid letter stamps contain the value only and have caused a good deal of trouble for the heginner.

### A Few Aids in Classification of Stamps

Anatoaikh Pomayia—Eastern Roumelia. The design being similar to the stamps of Tur-Chiffre Taxe-On the French postage due

stamps. Cross—On most all Swiss stamps. Eagle—Bosnia stamps bear a design with an

Eagle—Bosnia stamps bear a design with an Eagle.
A and T—Surcharged on French Colonial stamps signifies that they belong to Annam and Tonquin.
Greek Inscriptions—The stamps of Greece and Crete bear Greek letters.
Kais. Koenigl. Post—On some of the Austrian stamps.
Losen—On stamps of Sweden.
Mejico—On some of the stamps of Mexico.
Rayon—Switzerland.
Recargo—On some Spanish stamps.
Sachsen—Saxony.
Uitamar—On stamps of Cuba issued by the Spanish.

### The Prices a Few Great Collections Have Brought

The Ayer collection, sold in 1897, brought the moderate sum of about \$200,000. Another collection belonging to Castle was sold for about \$137,500. One of the first large collections sold was the one belonging to Ehrenbach containing stamps of the German Empire. In 1876 this collection was sold for \$30,000. In 1897 the Legrand collection sold for \$60,000.00.

### A Few New Issues

Surcharged "19, Rios" in black.

Surcharged "19, Rios" in black.

2c green and black.

20c gray and black.

Surcharged star in red.

2c green and black.

10c duil blue and black.

Surcharged "Jul. 29, 1902" in black.

2c green and black

Surcharged "Jul. 29, 1902" in black.

2c green and black

Falkland Islands.—Watermarked Multiple

Crown and C. A.:

2p reddish-purple.

6p orange.

1s olive-bistre.

5s rose-lilac.

German East Africa.—The design of these stamps is unchanged but the values are now in hellers instead of penas:

2½h bistre-brown.

4h green.

7½h carmine.

15h ultramarine.

30h orange and black on yellow.

30h lake and black.

### Inquiries

W. S. The stamped envelope you mentioned in worth about 5 or 10c. E. E. A good book on stamps is the book entitled the A. B. C. of Stamp Collecting, which retails for \$.50. This book can be gotten from most any large stamp dealer. Direct all inquiries to The Stamp Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY.

J. R. H. Your stamps are catalogued at the following prices—No. 1, 1c; No. 2, 10c; No. 3, 1c; No. 4, 1c; No. 5, 1c; No. 6, 2c; No. 7, 2c. Approval sheets are pieces of paper ruled so as to contain a number of squares a little larger than the size of a common two-cent stamp. These sheets usually contain 25 such squares, the stamps are mounted in the squares and the prices marked underneath each. T. S. The first stamp you mentioned in your letter catalogues 4c, the second 2c. C. B. P. Send your stamp to any dealer that advertises in THE AMERICAN BOY.

### A Numismatic Curiosity

The Museum of Medals in Athens has received from an Italian antiquary in Cairo an interesting and important con-tribution to its treasures in the shape of one hundred tetradrachms, together with a bronze die, such as was used for coin-ing money at Athens in the third cen-

M. Svoronos, director of the museum, is of opinion that the die was stolen by a Greek, and used in Egypt for coining tetradrachms with false metal. As the tetradrachm was worth about 3s 3d, a

tetradrachm was worth about 3s 3d, a handsome income might be earned in this way. In Greece the punishment for false coining was death, but bad money seems to have been by no means rare.

Very few of these ancient Greek dies are in existence, as it seems to have been the practice to break them up when a series of coins had been minted. The tetradrachms sent with the die are all marked with the stamp by which the bankers in Egypt checked all pieces of silver passing through their hands.—Hobbies.

Varieties Foreign Stamps FREE for names and addresses of two collectors and 2c return postage. Only one lot to a customer. 1.000 Hinges 8c; 10 var. U. S. Rev., long. 10c; 40 var. U. H. stamps 10c; 10 var. Japan 8c. MIAMI STAMP COMPANY.

TOLEDO. OHIO

# Stamps, Coins and Curios Old Coins of the same Maxican Cent, in the same of th



### Some "Inverts" From French Somaliland

Most of the stamps of the French Somali torial series (September, 1903) have made their appearance in the stamp market with the central portion of their design printed up-side down. The event has caused no small commotion in the philatelic world.

commotion in the philatelic world.

There are two distinct sets of the French Somaliliand "pictorials" of 1902-1903. The same designs were used for the two issues, but in the second series—that of September, 1903—the center portion of the design was printed in black in all cases, while in the earlier issue (1902) the central, as well as the outer, portion of the design was printed in color.



of "inverts" refers.

It may be added that nearly the whole of the 1903 series of French Somaliland—the stamps with black centers—are now known with centers inverted. The only exceptions are the 1, 2, 4 and 10 centimes, and possibly these also may make their appearance before one is able to write "Finis" to this chapter of philatelic history. Of the earlier series, 1902 (colored centers) the values known to exist with centers inverted are the 4, 5, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40 and 50 centimes, and the 1, 2 and 5 francs. The 2 centimes and 75 centimes have also been chronicled in this condition, but we think on inadequate informa-Belgium.—A new set of two designs with the portrait of King Leopoid has appeared, the values being the 20c olive, 25c blue and 35c purple-brown.

Ecuador.—Surcharged on the stamps of diton, but we think on inadequate informa-

### The Issues of 1904

The Issues of 1904

How rapidly the world's postal issues grow in volume is best seen by adding up the new emissions of a single year. We do not propose to do the counting ourselves, for Mons. Rene Adam, a contributor to the Revue Philistelique Francaise, has saved us all this mental labor by preparing a complete and most interesting statistical statement of the issues of 1804. The figures Mons. Adam quotes are the total issues, during the year 1904, of postage and telegraph stamps, for in France the collector of postage stamps also collects telegraph stamps as a matter of course. In our own country the two things do not always go together. To get at the "true inwardness" of the figures quoted below from a postage stamp collector's point of view, it should suffice, we think, to set down about four-fifths of the totals as postage stamps and the remaining one-fifth as stamps should for telegraphic use.

The total issues for 1904, not counting postal stationery or minor varieties, were as follows:

ticular country, then probably the head of George Washington may come near the top of the list. Since the first issue of federal postage stamps for the United States in 1847 there has been no American issue in which the familiar head of the "Father of his Country" has not figured on one or another of the denominations most in demand. It is doubtful whether America could pay greater homage to the memory of its foremost patriot than this. During recent years the 2-cent stamp, the value in most constant use, has been chosen for the portrayal of George Washington's head, with its powdered wig of the days of the Declaration of Independence but in earlier issues the portrait has appeared on the 10 cents (1847), the 3 cents (1851 to



1868), the 6 cents (1869), and again on the 3 cents (1870). From the issue of 1875 onwards Washington and the 2-cent stamp have been in separatile, as have Benjamin Franklin and the 1-cent stamp. We get more heads of George Washington on the picturesque "Departmental" issues of 1873-79, while the American envelopes and post-cards—a wonderfully interesting series—also present their quota of portraits of the American patriot.

What a collection could be made of George Washington issues slone! Taking into account all varieties of die, shade, perforation grille, paper, and so on, such a collection would embrace a very large number of varieties of adhesive stamps and "entires."

Possibly a good third to Queen Victoria and George Washington as a subject of postagestamp portraiture would be the aged Emperor of Austria, but if we are to take the issues of a whole empire into account, there is only one possible successor to our late lamented Queen, and that is her son, King Edward VII., whose head now appears on Colonial postal issues in all quarters of the globe.—

### The Numismatic Sphinx

pose to do the counting ourselves, for Monstein August 2015 of the globe.

Item Adam a contributor to the Rever Philismental labor by preparing a complete and most interesting statistical statement of the issues of 1804. The figures Mons Adam 1904, or postage and telegraph attamps for in France the collector of postage stamps also collects telegraph attamps for in France the collector of postage stamps and the "true on the state of collect telegraph attamps as a matter of control of the first of the flater of the f

32 E. 23d Street, New York City.

# THE NUMISMATIST

VOL. XIII

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

The only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to coin and their collecting published on the American continent. Official journal of The American Numismatist Association.

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FREE (all different) 3 MALTA, 3 COREA, 3 TUNIS, 3 CHINA, 3 REUNION, 6 M. Any one of above eight (8) offers free (your choice) if you send for a trial one of my big 50 pc. app. books (not sheets) and promise to buy or sell from same. No trash, reprints or such stuff. Largest, finest and feat selections to either buy or sell from. Please give age, size of collection and something to convince me you are nonestand reliable. These sets 10s each, 17 ver. Japan, 30 ver. France, 2 ver. Zanzibar, 12 ver. Pern. Big 88-pp. list, directions, etc., free. W. C. PMILLIPS, Glastonbury. Conn. W. C. PHILLIPS, Glastenbury, Conn.

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50 Cuban Revenues, unused.
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A set of 10 all different Canada
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FREE 100 var. Foreign Stamps for names and 2c. addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c. return postage. Only 1 pkt. to a customer. 35 var. U. S. stamps, 10 cts. 10 U. S. Revenues, long, 15 cts. 1000 Hinges, 8 cts. Duplicate Album, board cover, space for 600 stamps, 10 cts. READ STAMP COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO.



500 finely mixed only 10c; 50 all diff fine 5c; 100 diff. Cores, fistice, etc., 10c; 1000 hinges 8c; 40 diff. U.S. and Canada, 10c; 300 all diff. 30c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free, old Stamps bought UNION STAMP CO., 8t. Louis, Mo.

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Stamps Free at set of Venezuela 1896 Map stamps, Cat. 42c, for the names of two collectors and 2c postage. 17 Civil War Rev., 10c; 40 U.S. postage and Rev. 10c. Packet No 96,30 King's Heads, Hong Kong. Grenada. at only 25c C. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

STAMPS 100 China Java, etc., unusual val sillustrated list of 1000 bargains. All the above postpaid for Sc. Stamps in album free to agents. 50 pct com. 1005 illus, priced cat. of etamps of all nations 10c. Globe Album, holds over 1,200 stamps, good paper, 16s. World album, Inc. Better ones. 25c. A. Reilard & Co., 446 Trement Rt., Resign

Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

# The Boy Photographer with a brush to the bad places. It is hardly necessary to say that, whilst the treatment is being carried out, no metol hydrodyulnone or metol developer of any kind must be used. Up, and then add an equal weight of alcohol. Apply this with a brush to the bad places. It is hardly necessary to say that, whilst the treatment is being carried out, no metol hydrodyulnone or metol developer of any kind must be used. COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY The Solgram Color Photo Co. of Downington, Pa... Solgram Sensitized Paper and Chemicals

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and fifty cents will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

### The Brownie Contest

We are pleased to say that a great deal or interest is being manifested in our Brownie contest, which was announced in our June issue. The entries close September 1.

### The Roll of Honor

This month, the distinction of honorable mention is conferred upon Allan Hovey, H. E. Fry, Perry N. Trask, Walter R. Hoe, H. R. Goodwin, Tom S. Schilbert, Charles W. Bartlett, H. L. Goodson, Felix Stachowske, William V. Hill, T. Rose, Floyd Tiemann, L. Culver, Vincent Ivey, Howard Carty, James I. Finnie, Clinton S. Bailey, J. H. Paine and M. A. Gorton.

### Stained Negatives

According to the Junior Photographer the yellow stain resulting from insufficient fixing may be removed by the following method:

### Landscapes With Clouds

When one has a negative with a good cloudy sky it is frequently found that much of the value of the print upon velox or other gaslight paper is lost on account of the under development of the clouds. To avoid this the hest plan is to apply the solution to the upper part of the print till the sky begins to appear and then immerse the print as usual. No fear need be held of any line of junction showing in the finished print, for the paper soaks up in the finished print, for the paper soaks up the solution slowly and thus prevents an fixed limit being marked.



"THE YOUNG CHEMIST Photo by Carl C. Roper, Pawtucket, R. 1.

mitted lacks density and was probably taken out of the developer too soon. Brownie cameras are not only esteemed by novices; a great many adults use them. Developing papers are mostly bromide papers, and have to be developed after being exposed under the negative. I have entered your photographs in our Brownie contest.

### Removing Yellow Stains

The removal of the color from negatives which were developed with pyrogallic acid, and may have obtained a yellow coloration by too long development in consequence of under-exposure, should be done before fixing. But as this coloration can not be seen in red light, and the negative has to be excluded from daylight, it is, after development and washing, put for a few minutes into the following solution:

Chrome alum 8 grams.
Citric acid 5 grams.
Water 500 ccm

After this the negative is washed again and treated with the ordinary fixing bath. Any druggist can prepare the above solution.—Ex.

### Indelible Black Ink

A good black ink which cannot be readily removed, and which is not soluble in water, is useful for writing the names of solutions on bottles, and for blackening the interior of



"A LITTLE QUAKER"

### First Prize Photo, by R. D. Von Nieda, Ephrata, Pa.

### Portraiture 1 4 1

When photographing stout people, it is always well to take them in profile, employing a fairly strong light, so that the shadows are well marked. On the other hand, people whose faces are long and thin are best taken nearly or quite full face. For such studies the light should be soft and well diffused, taking care to have no strong shadows, which would only accentuate the sharpness of the features. When photographing people in a sitting position, any position of folling back or leaning forward should be avoided, as it will tend to cause a very false appearance of size in the portions of the sitter's body which are nearer to the camera.

### Our Prize Pictures

R. D. Von Nieda's "A Little Quaker" is excellent, both from a pictorial as well as photographic standpoint and richly deserves the first prize herewith awarded to it. It was taken on a Standard plate, exposure one-half second, stop F. 16, developed with Pyro. and printed on Rotox paper. Chas. F. Soehner, of Armel, Colo., the winner of the second prize, makes his first how to us with a photograph taken on a Sears-Roebuck plate, stop 16, 1-5 second exposure, hydro-metol developer, Seroco paper print. The picture represents a Western school-house, made of sods, with the level prairie for a background. Another picture of the same group submitted was also decidedly above the average.

### Current Comments

Geo. Ringrose: Your "First Snow-fail" is praiseworthy and does not require the criticism you ask for. R. Ashley, Pitkin: Your photograph of a burro would have been perfect, if you had taken the animal on a plane. As it is, the forepart is larger than the hindpart. A L. Mayhorn: Your photographs are quite creditable to a beginner. The film sub-

cameras. This may be made by dissolving 60 parts of shellac in a solution of 30 parts of borax to 360 parts of water. Filter the solution and add enough gas-black to make an opaque ink. The best way is to pour a little of the solution into the black, making it first into a paste and afterwards thinning it out gradually with the remainder of the liquid. Once the ink is dried it is practically insoluble. If enough lamp black is added the ink will dry with a dull surface, and in that state is suitable for painting the insides of cameras and other photographic apparatus.—Bazaar. and other photographic apparatus.-Bazaar

### Safe Light for Ortho Films

Glass coated with the following mixture will give a perfectly safe light for the devel-opment of crtho films. The best way is to obtain two sheets of glass and coat them with an emulsion consisting of one ounce of emulsion gelatine in five of water. One ounce of this solution is sufficient to coat 48 square inches of glass. Having coated the glasses soak the first in:

### Metol Poisoning

Those who suffer at all from the bad effects which metol, hydroquinone with potassium hydroxide, etc., produce upon the skin, will be interested to hear of the recommendation of Dr. Krugener in the Photografia Practica. He states there that naphthaline gives the heat and most soothing results, as it does also with burns; but the following is of more general use for metol poisoning (eczema): Take equal weights of laboratory tar, oil of wild myrtle and oil of juniper. Mix the bulk well

### Pen and Ink Pictures

Pen and Ink Pictures

The following is a good way to utilize spoiled films. After soaking the film in a hot solution of sal soda, the emulsion is easily removed by a scraper or the back of a knife, and, if wrinkled, is easily made smooth by a warm, not hot, iron. The cleaned and smooth film I lay over a photograph and with a fine pen and black ink, preferably an ink made for drawing purposes, go over as much of the outline and shading as I want. After a little practice, aithough I know nothing about drawing. I find it quite easy to make copies that are really for many purposes much better than the photographs from which they were made. The drawings, of course, print white on a lantern slide plate, if small, or a slow, ordinary plate if large, and get black prints on a white ground.—Georgiana Miller in Am. Amateur Photographer.

### The Letter-Box

The Letter-Box

C. H. Moore: The Rochester Optical Co., of Rochester, N. Y., manufactures a 3½x4½ Premo camera that may be used in connection with a film-pack or plates. Geo. Kump and Walter L. Prehn: For further details concerning the enlarging camera mentioned in our March issue, you are respectfully referred to the Photo-Era (Boston), from the columns of which the article was taken. Allan Hovey: Enlargements are made on bromide paper. W. W. Kimmell: Yes, your trouble is undoubtedly due to under-exposure. I should have taken the snap-shot, to which you refer, with a full opening. Falls are very unsatisfactory subjects, from a photographic point of view; if you get the details of the rocks, you are sure to lose those of the water and vice-versa. The plates you mention proved very satisfactory in my hands; I use them continually.

### Hot Weather Troubles

Good ventilation is absolutely necessary if the dark-room is to be kept cool. Heduce the temperature of your developing-bath with ice, if you want good negatives. It may retard development somewhat, but don't be in a hurry; unnecessary haste spoils many a wood plate.

a good plate.

Frilling can be prevented by rubbing the edges of the plate with a small piece of wax candle. The wax forms a waterproof coating to the edges of the plate, which prevents the developer from working its way under the the garden are the edges of the plate of the garden are the edges of the plate of the garden are the edges of the plate of the garden are the edges of the plate of the garden are the edges of the plate of the garden are the edges of the plate of the garden are the edges of the plate of the garden are the garden ar

To avoid air-bells, use pienty of preserva-tive in the developer and pour the mixed de-veloper over the plate at once.

Don't make your hypo bath for fixing quite so strong in the summer, a more diluted solu-tion will yield better results.—The Editor.

### Titling Negatives

La Nature says the following method answers the purpose admirably:

	110. 1.	
Sugar		parts.
Glycerine .		parts.
Water	60	parts.
	No. 2.	
Bichloride	of mercury 5	parts.
Nitrate of	mercury10	parts.
Machal	60	Darty

Equal parts of each solution are taken and Equal parts of each solution are taken and mixed together, and used as an ink on ordinary writing paper. The writing is then transferred to the gelatine surface by simple pressure of the paper by means of the fingers. Upon removing the paper, the writing will appear on the negative in the reverse direction and, consequently, in the correct manner on the print. the print.

### Photographing on Apples

A firm of fruit auctioneers at Covent Garden recently received from France a remarkable consignment of apples. On each apple was a portrait of King Edward VII. of England. The fruit created a great sensation in the market and brought big prices. The apples were of the Peabody Nonesuch variety.



"A WESTERN SCHOOL Second Prize, by Chas. F. Soehner, Armel, Colo.

### Solgram Sensitized Paper and Chemicals

Are Now on the Market No process has ever been devised that so clearly and permanently reproduces the colors and shades of the object photographed. The directions are simple and the results most pleasing. Any one with a slight idea of ordinary photography can do it readily. Either plate or film can be used.

Solgram Paper and Chemicals will be sold by supply dealers generally, or will be mailed postpaid on receipt of price.

Each package of one dozen sheets of paper will contain the two powders for developing same with-out additional cost. This makes The Solgram the most economical, as it is the most beautiful and most economical, as it is the most beautiful mind-fascinating process in photography. Equally good for Portrait, Landscape or Still Life. Every pack-age of paper and chemicals has signature of W. C. South. Orders will be filled in the order they are received. Price List Mailed on Request. SOLGRAM CCLOR PHCTO CO., 10 Joseph's Alley, Downington, Pa.

### A Plate Camera for 50c

Takes a picture 2\sum x2\sigma inches, will do as good work as the more expensive ones. By mail 50c, postpaid. Sample print sent upon application. Send money by P. O. Order. Address II. H. Snell, Fort Plain, N. Y.

The process of printing the photo on the apples was very simple. While the fruit was green the film with the photo of King Edward was attached, and as the apples ripened the effect was much the same as a solio print. The foliage having been fastened to one side to allow of the full exposure to the apple and film. The reason that King Edward VII's photo appeared on these first fruits was because the French peasants consider the entente cordiale greatly due to the king. Doubtless in future years many will emulate the example of the ingenious French cultivator and produce portrait fruits as advertisements. They would be a very valuable feature.—London Tidbits.

### Removing Fixing Soda

Removing Fixing Soda

It is a well-known fact, that the complete removal of fixing soda from the gelatine films of dry plates by water is very difficult, and the natural consequence thereof is that many negatives will become spotty or be spoiled entirely. It will, therefore, be interesting to many beginners in the photographic art, to hear of the process by which the fixing soda can be almost entirely removed and completely faultiess plates be obtained.

Prepare a solution of permanganate of potassium, about 1:100. This, well corked, will keep for an unlimited time in a dark place Wash the fixed plates for 20 minutes in running water. Now fill a tray with water, and add a few drops of the permanganate solution, just about enough until a faint red coloration shows itself. This solution has to serve two purposes: First, as indicator for the fixing soda that is present, and then as destroyer and remover of the same. Into this solution put the washed negative, and you will find that the red coloration of the same will soon change to a yellow wine color or light yellow. If this has taken place, pour out the solution, and repeat the manipulation until no more discoloration takes place Wash now for about 10 minutes in running water.

The above method is particularly of service when large quantities of negatives have to be finished in a short time.—W. Reche in German Ex.

### Groups

Most amateurs attempt group photography at a very early stage in their photographic career—usually with disastrous results. This is not to be wondered at, for this branch of photography is one of the most difficult. Those who are a little experienced know the difficulty of obtaining a good portrait of a single person. In a group this difficulty is increased many times, first on account of the number of tigures, and secondly because of the need for a general balance in the composition.

position.

It is necessary to recognize, moreover, that the average lens has not by any means a flat field at full aperture, and that it is therefore necessary for the people on the sides of the group to approach nearer to the camera than trose in the centre. Then there is the necessity of avoiding straight lines and awkward paps. The heads of the sitters must not be too close towether or too for susert. Care too close together or too far apart. Care again must be taken not to get anyone's limbs too close to the camera, with consequent evaggeration of their size. Finally, it is absolutely necessary to make the people compoint the groups appear as far os possible at their ease—avoiding all stiffness and arti-ficiality. Bearing in mind even these few of the many points which have to be considered in taking a group, it becomes clearly apparent that it is unwise for any who are not fairly experienced to attempt such work.

### Enlarging at Home

Enlarging at Home

The amateur using a small camera for his photography accumulates a number of good pictures, which, to do them justice, require enlarging and, although the photographer may be desirous of seeing his work enlarged, he may not feel justified in expending the necessary amount of cash to get the enlarging done for him, being unaware, perhaps, that he can carry out with his small camera tif it be not box-form; enlarging by daylight, with very little trouble. Having chosen a room with few windows, proceed to cover the panes with brown paper. Now cut away a portion of the paper, in size and shape of the focusing screen, back the camera up close against the cut-away portion of the window, so that the light coming in will pass through the negative and out of the lens. Having placed a sheet of white paper up in front of lens, proceed to focus in the ordinary way, racking the bellows out until the image appears sharp. Now cap the lens, and having substituted the sheet of paper with a piece of bromide paper, the exposure is made. A trial strip should be used to first gauge the exposure. Cover the strip with a piece of cardboard, open the lens and draw cardboard down, so that about one-sixth of the paper is exposed for ten seconds; then move the card down a little lower for ten seconds, and so on, until each of the six divisions has been exposed. The top part will have received 60 seconds, the bottom 10. When developed, the slip should show what exposure to give. Outside the window should be placed at an angle of 45 degrees, a piece of white card or looking-glass, to reflect the light into the camera.—Photographic Times.

By means of the Amateur Photographers' Correspondence Club, beginners can receive information of greatest value from their fellow-amateurs. Only 50 cents to join. Write Correspondence Clubs, care The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boys, be answered in these columns.

### Query Box

Please tell me what to do when a "dead center" occurs in the armature of my motor? center" occurs in the armature of my motor?

Ans. It is difficult to understand just what causes this "dead center," since you have given no details as to the design of the motor. In the absence of such details I should advise you to look over the connections thoroughly and see that there has been no short circuit at any place. Then see if all connections with the commutator bars are in good condition and that the commutator is a true cylinder. It might be possible that one or two of the bars are low and thus short circuit the armature at this parshort circuit the armature at this par-ticular point.

I have constructed the hectograph described in the May issue of "THE AMERICAN BOY," but I find that after having made an original on the pad the ink will not wash off. I used "hectograph ink." The paper will often pull up pieces of the pad, making it rough. Can you suggest any remedies for these defects?

C. A. B., St. Louis, Mo.

Ans. It is not possible to wash off the ink immediately after the impression has been made. It is necessary to allow time enough for it to sink into the composition. Then it will not appear on subsequent copies. The cause of the composition sticking to the paper may be that it is too soft. You might try a greater proportion of glue.

In regard to the wireless telegraph instruments recently described can different sizes of wire be used for the coherer, sounder and relay? I have No. 24 for the sounder, No. 31 for the coherer and No. 27 for the relay. E. V. H., Topeka, Kansas.

E. V. H., Topeka, Kansas.

Ans. These different sizes may be used, but it would be better to use No. 31 on the relay magnets and the No. 24 for the sounder. It is advisable, however, to use the same size wire for both the sounder and coherer magnets in order that their resistance may be practically the same, but should you use wires of the above sizes it will be necessary for the magnets to be so wound that their resistance will be practically equal.

Will you please answer the following questions in the "Query Column"? How far will the telephone described in the May issue operate? Could not a receiver be made like the transmitter and connected to the hemp shoestring? What is the gage of the wire enclosed and is it all right for telephone line wire? Can tin cans be melted? If so, how? Could the hearings for the motor described in the March issue be made out of a brass cartridge shell?

Ans. The telephone described is not in-

Ans. The telephone described is not intended for operation over long distances, but if well put up would perhaps work well for several hundred feet. Your second question is rather ambiguous. If you mean to simply connect a receiver to the hemp shoe-string by another which would not be taut, it would not work. This telephone depends upon the tension of the string for its operation, and were you to place two instruments side by side, one to act as receiver, and one as transmitter you might find some difficulty in preventing the first acting upon the other as a damper. The gage of the wire enclosed is No. 27. If your question refers to the use of this wire for an electrical telephone, it would hardly be large enough, but it would do very nicely for the telephone described in the May issue. A cartridge shell would make a very good bearing. Ans. The telephone described is not in-

What is a wheatstone bridge? Could a current from an ordinary dry battery or a Grenet cell decompose water? Will heating a magnet destroy its magnetic properties?

G. A. B., Toledo, Ohio.

Ans. A wheatstone bridge is an instrument used for determining comparative resistances in electrical work. The current from a dry battery is hardly sufficient to decompose water, but that from a Grenet cell might do so slightly, provided the water was strongly acidulated. Heating a magnet will destroy the magnetic properties.

Why could not the receiving apparatus for the wireless telegram consist of the coherer and tapper alone if the connections were like those shown in my sketch?

M. F., Suffern, N. Y.

It is doubtful if this scheme Ans. would work owing to the very high resistance of the filings in the tube, which would not carry sufficient current to operate the tapper magnets.

I have had difficulty in connecting several instruments, as shown in the enclosed diagram, to a single key so that any one may be operated by turning this key. Will you please answer it in the next issue of THE AMERICAN BOY?

P. C., Birmingham.

Ans. Below is given a sketch showing the proper method of connecting the several instruments which you have shown, to one key.

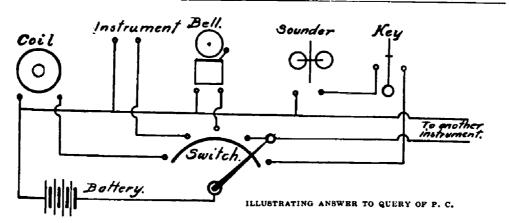
Will the telephone described in the May issue operate on a line one-half a mile in length? If not, could it be made, by further improvement, to work over the required distance, and what would such improvement be? What size line wire should be used?

W. K. K., Butler, Ind.

W. K. K., Butler, Ind.

Ans. It is doubtful if this instrument would work well over a line of the length you mention as the vibrations imported by the diaphragm would be very feeble by the time they had reached the other end. We can suggest no improvement that could make this line successful. In using it for a short line we would suggest the use of No. 20 iron wire.

Can a regular telegraph relay be used in the Can a regular telegraph relay be used in the wireless telegraph outfit described in the January and February issues? What resistance in ohms should its magnets have? Could I use the magnets and tapper of an electric bell for the tapper of the coherer? Can the magnets of a bell be used as a sounder if they were made to click? In large apparatus used in practical installations, does not a telephone receiver take the place of the sounder? What



number wire is used on an ordinary bell magnet?

A. S. T., E. Orange, N. J.

A. S. T., E. Orange, N. J.

Ans. A telegraph relay may be used, and its magnets should be wound for a resistance of two or three hundred ohms. The electric bell magnets may be used for the coherer tapper, and they can also be used for a sounder. The telephone receiver is often used in place of a sounder in large installations, and also in smaller ones, as it is far more sensitive than any telegraph sounder can be. Bell magnets may be wound with number twenty or twenty-two wire.

1. Please tell me through your columns if a 220 or 230 volt motor will run satisfactorily on a 250 volt current? 2. Does resistance wire get hot when 140 volts are passing through it? 3. Would a series or shunt wound motor that consumed 6 volts, be required on a 250 volt circuit with a 244 volt lamp connected in series with the motor? 4. How is an instrument for telling the positive and negative poles made? 5. How much No. 25 German silver wire is necessary to reduce a 250 volt circuit down to 110 volts, so that I may run a motor with it? 6. How much stove-pipe wire would be required to accomplish the same result?

S. M. L., Midland, Mich.

### How to Plant Forest Seeds and Trees

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

Sounder

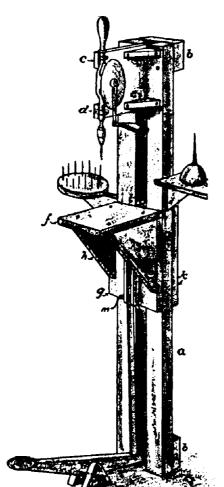
Rey

Good Judgment is neded in the planting of the forest seeds as regards the distance they should be place right to the forest seeds as regards the distance they should be place right to the distance they should be place right to the distance they should be place right to surface, as too shallow covering will result in the drying up of the seeds, and too deep covering may endanger their seeds a medium depth is a safe rule deep for large seeds, thin for small ones. The following the place of the seeds as medium depth is a safe rule deep for large seeds, thin for small ones. The following the seeds as a medium depth is a safe rule deep for large seeds, thin for small ones. The following the planting the seeds as a medium depth is a safe rule deep for large seeds, thin for small ones. The following the seeds is the safe the soil is or may be oxeded to the standard the safe of the seeds may be covered more deeply.

The manner of planting trees varies to some extent in fifteent states, but the same of the safe o

### Small Drill Press How to Build a

EVERY amateur's workshop a small drill press is almost an absolute necessity, and the cost of many of those on the market is beyond the pocket of the average boy. But this fact need not prevent his owning one, and a very serviceable one at that. The drill pictured below can be readily built in a few hours and will be found to give satis-



faction: it might also be called a "power feed" drill, since the work is fed to the drill by pressure of the foot on the lever below.

The drill proper is a small hand or breast drill, such as may be purchased at any tool dealers for about one dollar. This embodies the driving gear spindle and drill chuck, the most difficult parts to make and beyond the ability of the average amateur. Those of you who have used a small hand drill with very small drills can fully appreciate the advantage of having the stock rigidly held. There is an annoying tendency for the pressure of the hand on the crank to cause the drill to bend from side to side, often breaking it off short in the chuck jaws.

Then again it is very difficult to make a small drill follow or cut in a particular place unless the stock is firmly held, a feat very trying by hand alone. This is due mainly to the fact that the drill must necessarily be driven very slowly by hand, since, if a high speed is attempted a small drill will be either bent or broken at the start, and small drills require a high speed to make them cut properly.

The post of the drill, marked a, is

The post of the drill, marked

inches in section, and 4 to 5 feet long. Plane them perfectly smooth and straight and secure to the battens bb by gluing and two long screws in each end. The space between them should be 1 inch, and exactly parallel so that the table may slide up and down between

table may slide up and down between them.

The drill is securely fastened to a bracket c by means of small clips d. The wood is carefully cut out so that the stock fits it perfectly, allowing of no side-play or looseness. This bracket is fastened between the strips a by glue and long screws. The axis of the drill must be exactly parallel with these strips. Four small brackets e, two on each side of c, are glued in place which serve to make c rigid.

The table f upon which the work is placed, is also made of hardwood, such as maple or walnut, planed perfectly flat and true. It is mounted on the slide g by means of the two brackets h, glued and screwed into place. The table f must be perfectly square with the drills. On the back of the post is another slide k, also of maple, which is fastened to the front slide g by means of three ½-inch carriage bolts passing through the slot in the post. These pieces are held apart by the strip l, which is an exact fit in the slot and slides up and down free-ity. When the table is assembled it should so fit the post that it will slide freely but still allow of no shake.

To the front of slide g, and beneath the table f, two 1½-inch by ¾-inch strips of maple are secured, each being provided with a row of ¾-inch holes two inches apart, through which a steel pin is passed.

Directly beneath the table and secured to the floor is a feet lever by means of

is passed.
Directly beneath the table and secured on the floor, is a foot lever by means of which the table may be raised to the drill. This lever need not be over 15 inches in length, as no great pressure should be used with small drills. A connecting rod 1½-inch by ½-inch is

fitted into a slot in one end, the upper end being free to allow placing the pin in any of the holes. By this means a ready adjustment is provided for work of different thicknesses.

A small bracket with a circular shelf turning about a screw in the middle may he provided into which the drills can be placed, thus keeping them at hand for immediate use, while on the opposite side another shelf may be provided for the piece to be drilled is placed on

The piece to be drilled is placed on the table and with a slight pressure of the foot, fed to the drill. Small pieces can easily be held in the hand to prevent their turning and if larger drills are to be used, clamps may be easily screwed to the table to prevent their turning. If the sliding surfaces are rubbed with a wax candle or graphite, they will work very smoothly and without sticking. Should the weight of the table be insufficient to make it fall after the pressure of the foot has been released, one or two bricks may be fastened to the rear slide.

The writer used a small drill-press of this kind in his first shop many years ago, and has done some very accurate work on it. The foot soon becomes very sensitive in responding to the advance of the drill and follows it quite smoothly.

### The Flamingo's Plumage

There are about seven species of flamingoes, three of which are in America, frequenting the Bahamas, Florida and Cuba. In height the flamingo averages about five feet. If its curved neck were stretched to its full length the bird moved toward about the hord of an

stretched to its full length the bird would tower above the head of an ordinary man.

During May and June, the breeding time, the bird's bright colored plumage is faded, but reassumes its most radiant hues in winter. When first hatched the young have straight bills, which, after a time, develop into a bent shape.

The first plumage is grayish white, and passes through various tints of pink, rose, carmine or vermilion to the full scarlet of the adult, which reaches its deepest shade on the wings. Several years are necessary to perfect the final gaudy plumage.—Scientific American.

# NEXT MONTH

Our September number will tell you how to make a pair of Dumb Bells



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### CLEVER WORK WITH THE POCKET KNIFE JOHN L. DOUCHENY

FOR LAST PRECEDING ARTICLE, SEE FEBRUARY (1905) NUMBER

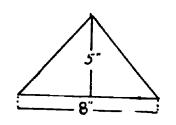
carefully worked out and accurate in every detail.

Have the clock you intend to enclose at hand, so you will be sure and get the circular opening in front exactly the same size as its dial. Place the clock, face down, on a piece of card board and draw a circle around the edge. Make another concentric circle a half inch outside the first and cut on the lines with a scissors. This constitutes a pattern for the round wooden frame. The latter is made of three thicknesses of cigar box wood. Cut a box into strips and lay them over the paper ring covering every portion of it. In putting on the other two layers be careful to break joints. Place the pattern over this rough frame, outline it and shave off even with the two layers be careful to break joints. Place the pattern over this rough frame, outline it and shave off even with the knife. Nail two twelve-inch strips as in Fig. 1 to the back of the ring, and one more of the same size to the narrow outside edge of each of those already on. The lower extremity of the ring should be six inches from the lower end of the strips. Next we make a simple box-like frame. The upright are twelve inches long. The crosspices for the top and bottom are six inches long. The manner of joining is shown in Fig. 2. Since it is a common alarm clock we are going to enclose we will have to put in a shelf to bring it to the proper height. This is best done by tacking small triangular blocks on the inside of each upright and then laying o'er them a snugly fitting (one-half inch) board that can be easily removed. Be sure and have the shelf at a height that will per-

can be easily removed. Be sure and have the shelf at a height that will permit the clock face to fit closely into the

mit the clock face to fit closely into the circular opening.

The roof frame is our next consideration. The one described here is the best for a first attempt. It is made of four pieces of one-half inch material. The front and back are triangles of equal size, twelve inches wide at base, vertical height five inches. The two sloping pieces are cut to join vertically at the top and extend one and one-half inches over the frame upon which they rest. This will make their length fifteen inches. You can fasten them together rest. This will make their length fifteen inches. You can fasten them together with small nails, or if you wish to do extra good work, with wooden pegs. The roof structure is shown in Fig. 3. You may put on a chimney or small pieces to imitate shingles. If you prefer a snow-covered roof a little cotton, fastened with glue and sprinkled with fine glossy particles will answer. For the old-fashioned thatch use excelsior in-



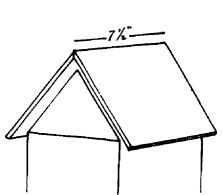


Fig. 8

stead of cotton. The front finishing is a matter in which you had better exercise your own judgment.

your own judgment.

The circular opening must be made a little smaller by tacking around it pieces that will extend over the brassy rim of the clock when it is in position. You can get a pretty effect by tacking around the circumference a piece of velvet and pinning on it buttons, representing the flags of all nations. The pieces of wood, if you use them, should be about the size of postage stamps. Two sharply contrasted colors arranged; alternately looks pretty. The whole is now enclosed in plain lumber. A quarter-inch piece of basswood or maple is good material. This completes the job. The beauty of the finished article depends altogether on the amount of pains you bestow upon it. Fig. 4 is a miniature wooden church.



### HOME-MADE MOUSE TRAPS

M ANY of the traps designed for catching mice are curious and interesting. Everyone is familiar with certain kinds.

ing. Everyone is familiar with certain kinds.

In the following article, we will show how you may make a few of these traps at home. No special apparatus is required—only such things as are found in or around every household.

A trap suitable for catching garden or field mice is shown in Fig. 1.

To construct it, first drive a stake firmly into the ground, near the spot infested with these creatures. Then take a piece of string and fasten a small peg to one end and drive it well into the earth. Thread two or three peas upon this string near to the ground and, tilting a brick upon one corner, bring the string over it and fasten securely to

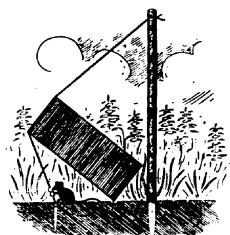


Fig. 1

the top of your stake. The illustration will make clear our meaning. The field mice will gnaw through the peas and string, and, much to their surprise, down

string, and, much to their surprise, down will come the brick.

In Fig. 2 we have a contrivance better suited for the pantry shelf. For its construction we need a large tumbler, a hook, a piece of thread and two pins. First, fasten your hook into the shelf above. Then stick one pin through a piece of toasted cheese and bend the other pin to form a hook—now tie both, near their heads, one at either end of your thread.

of your thread.

Fix the pin, holding the bait, into the shelf—above it tilt your tumbler—carry your thread up over the hook at the top

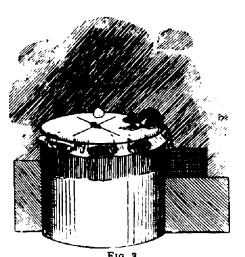
your thread up over the hook at the top and down again to the glass, allowing the bent pin to hook over the rim of the glass and hold it in position.

The illustration gives an excellent idea as to how this should be done.

Now the straight pin must be weakened until it will only just support the tumbler at the proper angle. When a



Fig. 2



mouse nibbles at the dainty morsel prepared for it, out comes the pin and down falls the glass, and Mr. Mouse becomes a prisoner.

Perhaps the best trap for all purposes is that shown in Fig. 3. It is made from a large jar, over the mouth of which has been tightly stretched and fastened a piece of paper.

Two cross cuts are made in the center of this paper, so that it forms a kind

ter of this paper, so that it forms a kind

of pitfall.

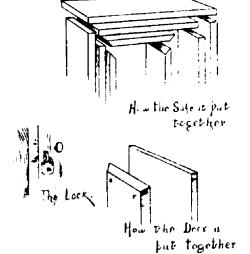
The bait is fastened above the center by means of a thread as shown in the illustration.

As soon as a mouse approaches the bait, it drops through the pitfall into the jar; the paper flying back prevents all possibility of escape. It is then ready for number two. Boxes of different sizes should be placed close to the jar to enable the mice to reach that elevation. The advantage of this trap over the others, is that any number of mice may be caught with but one setting.

### MAKING A "SAFE" FOR **MONEY**

By DWIGHT WOODBRIDGE

VERY common possession among boys who take care to save their spare pennies is a bank, usually a small metallic affair that answers its purpose very well while one is very young. But when we are older we like

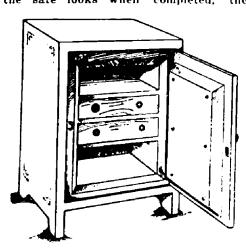


to do things in a businesslike way! Well, here is a "safe" that a boy can make, and when it is completed it will not only look like any "grown-up" safe, but will be commodious enough to hold other possessions besides money that a boy may wish to keep "safe."

wish to keep "safe."

It must be made of wood, of course, but we will make it so thick and so strong that it will be pretty nearly bur-

roor. largest illustration shows how afe looks when completed, the safe looks when



door being opened to show the construction of the latter, and how the interior may be arranged. Another illustration shows how the safe is put together. The



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top, sides and bottom, it will be seen, are composed of three pieces of board each. These boards may be three-quarters of an inch thick. The outside pieces are put together like an ordinary box, which is then lined with the next layer, three-quarters of an inch narrower than the outside, so that the rim of the door may fit into the depression and be "flush" on the outside with the edges of the outer set of boards. The third set of boards is just as wide as the second set, only the front edges are beveled, as shown in the cuts. Into these beveled edges fits the beveled-edged lining to the door when this is closed. Another cut shows the door with this beveled-edge lining screwed to it. If the boy-carpenter is equal to the task, a lock can be "let in" to the door, but otherwise it will be wiser to use a padlock fitted in the manner shown—a staple passing through a slot in the door. When the carpenter work has been finished and the outside surface made as smooth top, sides and bottom, it will be seen, passing through a slot in the door. When the carpenter work has been finished and the outside surface made assmooth as possible with sand-paper, paint the whole with two coats of black paint, mixing a little varnish with the last coat. A bit of "striping" about the corners with red paint will help out the effect, and make it look more like a real safe. Fit the interior in any way desired, or in the manner shown, which gives, two shelves and two small drawers. A good size for the safe would be a foot square, outside measurement, by nineteen inches in height.

### Boy's Hand-Power Auto

The picture shows what a nine-year-old boy at Oakland, Cal., constructed. His name is Earl Clifford. He took a coaster wagon and by means of a bam-boo lever placed vertically and operat-ing a short horizontally working wooden "driving rod," connected to an iron crank



fastened to one rear wheel, succeeded in producing a machine that makes quite good speed. The illustration shows the arrangement, which any bright hoy can make with a few tools. Earl made this wagon motor without any suggestions or assistance from any one .- Popular Me-

NEXT MONTH I How to Make the Real Indian Bow and Arrow. 9 How to Whittle Out a Padlock.

# The Order of The American Boy

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.

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## The American Boy

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE. J. COTNER, Ja.,

President and Editor. Vice-President and Ass't Editor. Secretary and Treasurer.

Carclough calls fishing an idle and un-social amusement which interferes with the games and encourages loafing. Of course it is only right and proper for him as captain to take that view, but nevertheless I maintain there is nothing like it for bringing fellows together and attaching them to each other. I don't mean in the literal sense; though I have known cases.

Once Fanshawe was fly-fishing on the Ripple just below Welford Aqueduct, where the canal is carried across the river, when a high and incautious cast caught the left ear of an inquisitive old caught the left ear of an inquisitive old gentleman who was leaning over the parapet of the aqueduct and watching the sport. As Fanshawe was well under the arch he could not see at first what had happened, and though the old gentleman talked pretty fast he didn't explain very clearly. They say Fanshawe played him for several minutes before a hencyclent harges came to the rescue a benevolent bargee came to the rescue and cut the line. It was rather awful, for he turned out to be a director of the Bank of England; a gold fish, as Crikey remarked; and he seemed to think that Fanshawo had done it on purpose, which was impossible. Several fellows experimented there afterwards, and al-

ways missed.
Still, as I was saying, a common taste for fishing does attach fellows to each other, and as soon as I found out that Briant was an enthusiastic angler there seemed to be a fresh bond between us, and an expedition was arranged for the

and an expedition was arranged for the next half holiday.

Thursday afternoon was warm and cloudy with a soft breeze from the south the kind of day when a young trout's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of grub. We did not linger long over the boiled beef at dinner, and were fairly quick in getting our tackle ready afterwards, but it seems that others were quicker for when we came in sight of the Aqueduct there were already several anglers established in good positions on the river bank. To reach it it is necessary to to the surface he began flopping about in cross the Aqueduct, which is in fact a the water in a way that showed that he viaduct as well, carrying both canal and pathway over the Ripple in a single span. However, and would be totally unable to For ours is but a narrow river, though For ours is but a narrow river, though crystal clear and full of fish; with deep

For ours is but a narrow river, though crystal clear and full of fish; with deep dark pools where the trout hide and the otter comes like a tax gatherer and feels his way in with his whiskers.

As we trotted across the aqueduct, Briant leading, for we had tossed which of us should carry the baskets and I had lost, we heard a hail which seemed to come from some place close at hand, though at first we could not imagine where. Then looking over the parapet we saw just below us young Washington Pickens, who had established himself on a bossy projection just over the keystone of the arch and was quietly preparing his line. The place itself looked perilous enough, and to reach it he must have walked along a ledge only a few inches wide and here and there much crumbled away. However the advantages of the post were undeniable, and we were immediately consumed with envy of the enterprising Yankee.

"Safe as the U-nited States," he called out, replying to an observation of mine on the risk he was running. "Just keep your eyes skinned and your ears cocked and you'll see me pull out a ten-pounder before you've got your rods fixed."

your eyes skinned and your ears cocked and you'll see me pull out a ten-pounder before you've got your rods fixed."

"How did you dodge the tollkeeper?" was my next inquiry, for old Crabbe was a character and no friend to Crosscombe "Dodged him with a shilling!" said Pickens coolly. "Now run along like good boys and go and catch minnows! No, I haven't got leave from cricket, if you want to know." This in answer to another question. "But I guess I know better than to spend the afternoon chasanother question. "But I guess I know better than to spend the afternoon chasing a fool of a ball. I bet I do, and if Carclough wants me he will have to come and fetch me." He settled himself comfortably on his dangerous perch, and ilropped his line just in the centre of the deepest pool, where you could generally

count on finding one or two big fellows

at home.
Briant and I went on across the Aque-Briant and I went on across the Aqueduct and descending to the river on the other side, found to our disgust that the best station near the arch was already occupied by Crickhowell and Postlethwaite, though the latter only was now fishing. As for Crikey, as usual, he had tired of the occupation in ten minutes and was lying on his back under the shade of a willow tree, with one of his lean legs cocked over the other, writing poetry. Crikey always wrote verses in poetry. Crikey always wrote verses in his spare moments, and some of them used to be printed in the poet's corner of the Westshire Mercury. Baines de-clared that Crikey paid for their insertion at advertisement rates; but that was his rotten envy. I read some of them myself, and they were ripping; miles better than Tennyson.

We had very fair sport, though noth-

We had very fair sport, though nothing to compare with that which young Washington had in his crow's nest. Whenever we looked up there seemed to be a streak of silver glittering and dancing at the end of his line, and though he disdainfully tossed two-thirds of his captures back into the stream, he soon had a round dozen of real beauties on the ledge beside him. Every time he caught a fish worth keeping he put his hand into his pocket and rewarded himself with an American caramel. Beastly dangerous sweets, I call them! Get one of them into your mouth in class and then let McCloskie, with his usual malignant cunning, ask you a question out of nant cunning, ask you a question out of your turn. You can neither bolt it not chew it, and have to sit there with the lockjaw while Sandy indulges in what he calls "wut" at your personal expense.

The afternoon was wearing towards evening and Briant and myself were just taking our rods to pieces and preparing to start homewards, when an exclama-tion from Rene made me look up and we A FRENCH FROG AND AN EAGLE (Continued from page 500.)

It was some time before Postlethwaite recovered from the shock occasioned by the Yankee's perfidy, and though their friendship was eventually renewed it was never quite so cordial and intimate as before.

CHAPTER X.

AT WELFORD AQUEDUCT.

It of the river appeared Carclough and Mr. Villiers Brown, on the lookout for defaulters at cricket. For ourselves, there was nothing to fear, as our permits were in our pockets, but Postlethwaite and Crickhowell were at that very moment crossing the Aqueduct and would certainly get bagged. In fact we saw Villiers Brown stop them on the other side while Carclough came on alone reconnoitering. It was evident that as yet he did not see Pickens, and the latter might easily have escaped, but the latter might easily have escaped, for his reluctance to abandon his catch As it was, he wasted valuable time in gathering the trout together and cram-

him over!"

As we ran up the path to the Aqueduct the slope of the embankment hid Pickens from us, but we guessed that he would keep under the shelter of the parapet as long as possible. He did so, and with disastrous results. The narrow ledge which he had to traverse was here and there almost compiled away. Border which he had to traverse was here and there almost crumbled away. Besides Pizarro was encumbered with his rod and creel now so well filled. He could never afterwards clearly describe how it happened, but just as we reached the top of the slope we heard a shout and s splash, and looking over the wall saw Pickens struggling in the water.

He could swim a little, but I suppose the depth of his fall had half-stunned him, for the force of the current seemed

the depth of his fall had half-stunned him, for the force of the current seemed to twirl him like a top, and he was swept helplessly down stream, till he caught a projecting willow branch and clung desperately to it, while his cries for help rent the air.

"Hold yourself tranquil, Mordaunt!" said Briant as I threw off my jacket. "See the captain goes to plunge!"

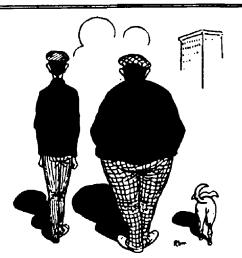
Carclough had rushed to the edge of the aqueduct at the first cry that Pickens uttered, and as soon as he had taken

ens uttered, and as soon as he had taken in the situation he sprang upon the parapet, doffed his cricket blazer and dived in without the slightest hesitation, though the drop was a most formidable one. To me, who knew very little about it, he seemed to go down straight enough; but Briant made a kind of hissing noise between his teeth, and called out:
"Fichu!"

help Pickens.

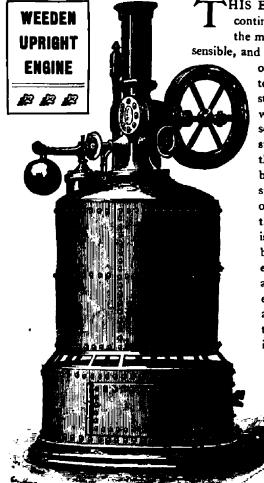
Then, as Postlethwalte and Crikey came hurrying up, with Mr. Villiers Brown a little behind them, we all saw the finest sight in the world: a difficult feat easily and perfectly performed Briant's movements had seemed to me alarmingly deliberate, but when at last he had cast aside his jacket and kicked off his shees and stood up on the paraoff his shoes and stood up on the para-pet ready for the plunge it was evident that here, at any rate, there would be no blundering, and that the unfortunate Pickens would be saved if he could hold on to his willow branches for a few sec-

onds longer.
"Down to the bank, and help them in!"



RUDE BOYS SAY THIS TRIO LOOKS LIKE 100

# AN ENGINE EASILY EARNED



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other dollar engines it has no steam pipes to get filled with rust and dirt. The steam chest, steam and exhaust ports, whistle, whistle valve and throttle valve seats are all cast in one piece, and locked steam tight to top of boiler. It is made throughout of well tempered polished sheet brass. It exhausts steam through the smoke stack as shown in cut; which no other engine does. ¶ The safety valve is the lever and ball pattern. The valve seat is made large in order that the boiler may be easily filled through it. ¶ Every engine is thoroughly tested before packing, and fully warranted. ¶ All parts of the engine are interchangeable and we have always on hand duplicate parts with which to supply our customers. 

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO. DETROIT, MICH.

went curving down, down, close to the surface of the river with a scarcely persurface of the river with a scarcely per-ceptible splash, then reappeared swim-ming swiftly and strongly towards the American, who had ceased his yells for succor and seemed about to be swept away. Then for half a minute the wall hid them both from us; and when we reached the willows the rescue was al-ready effected, though Pizarro lay on his back nale and senseless supported by back pale and senseless supported by René, while Carclough, who had now re-covered his scattered breath and wits.

covered his scattered breath and wits, was doing what he could to assist him. We joined hands and drew them one by one up the steep bank, Pickens first white as a sheet and completely unconscious, then Carclough, a fearful weight and lastly Briant, who came out laughing, as if at a very good joke, and began shaking the water from his clothes over us, like a Newfoundland dog. He turned serious enough, however, when he saw how bad Pickens looked, and set about helping Villiers Brown to restore him It was lucky that we had the master there, for all that I myself could remember of the rules for resuscitating the apparently drowned was that you must not parently drowned was that you must not roll the person on a barrel; a useful thing to know so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. However there was no fear of our trying such a monkey

rick as that, for there was not a bar-rel within a mile of us.

Under Villiers Brown's direction we first of all removed the clothes from Pizarro's neck and chest, and then wiped away the ooze and scum of the river from his lips, afterwards turning him a little on one side so that he might get rid of the water he had swallowed. Then we drew his arms up and down to simulate the motions of breathing, two of us rubbing hard all the while, till Pickens sighed, and a faint color came back into his face. We rubbed harder than ever then, and Carclough, who had charge of the arms, worked them for all he was worth. Then Postlethwaite, who had been sent off to the Seven Stars, on the other side of the bridge, for brandy, came running back with a bottle, and Briant managed to get a little between the patient's teeth. After that it was easy, and in a few minutes Pizarro was able to sit up and speak. He said we were a set of Rotters. late the motions of breathing.

(To be continued.)

### Boys

When my dad talks to me 'n Gus,
'Bout when he was smail, like us,
He was the best boy ever yet;
'N never got his shoes all wet
A-walking through 'most ev'ry pool,
When, rainy days, he went to school.
He never was as bad as us,—
When daddy talks to me 'n Gus When daddy talks to me'n Gus

Ile never scrapped with Uncle Jack,
'N never, never put a tack
In people's chairs; 'n, not like me,
Was prompt at dinner, breakfast, tea.
He never swiped a jar of jelly;
'r never called his stummick "belly."
He never tried to smoke and cuss,—
When daddy talks to me 'n Gus.

He never pinched his sister's cat, 'N put black beetles in her hat.
He never broke the baby's toys: 'N when he played, he made no noise. But sometimes, Uncle Jack 'n he Smoke 'n rec'lect things, after tea, 'N what they say, don't sound to us, Like when dad talks to me 'n Gus.

—Eunset Magazine.

# was already on the aqueduct. "Come along!" I shouted to Briant, "we'll meet him at the end and help him over!" As we're up to path to the Aqueduct. Straight as a dart Briant's slight figure MORAVIAN INDIANS ounds. Straight as a dart Briant's slight figure MORAVIAN INDIANS

(Continued from page 313.)

since the raid, and for hours he could find no other clew. Then he came upon the first bits of cloth which marked the At once he remounted his horse. trail. trail. At once he remounted his horse, clinging to this last hope, ignorant that that trail led not north, but far to the southwest. He rode all night and next evening came again to the home-spot, bringing with him six companions. They camped in a rocky fort near the fragments of the burnt stockade, and broiled their venison. The sun was still bright beyond the western ridge, but the shadows were gathering close about bright beyond the western ridge, but the shadows were gathering close about the fire. The frontiersmen ate in silence; it was the habit of the woods; about them the forest was still as death. Kinnard sat apart, smoking, his facopale and stern, his eyes upon a gap among the pine trees, lit by the western glow. Suddenly his gaze became fixed; then he rose, his eyes still on the height, and stretched his arm towards the sunset. Startled by his manner, his com-

set. Startled by his manner, his com-rades followed the gesture. Between the ranks of pines, motionless, stood an Indian warrior, a single feather in his scalp-lock, his left hand holding a rifle, his right extended as if pointing into the shadows. For a minute he was thus, a clear-cut silhouette against the sky. then was gone from the niche among the pines.

then was gone from the niche among the pines.

Kinnard, too, had vanished when his comrades turned to speak with him. He had gone alone, reckless of an ambush, in his fury. They cautiously circled the vailey and crept up the western hill. They found him standing by a great pine, and on its trunk, shining white in the evening, was fastened a piece of birch bark, carved with rude picture-writing. At the base of the tree lay a few bits of colored cloth.

Those bits of cloth meant that the marked trail was false; there was nothing left but to test the truth of the Indian's message. Next morning Kinnard set off for Pittsburg, to send an offer of ransom to Dunquat, the great half-king of the Wyandots, in his village at Upper Sandusky.

Years after Ohio became a state a piece of birch bark, rudely carved, hung on the wall of a small cabin on the Muskingum, not far from the place of the little Moravian village. There, at evening, the children used to gather about their mother, asking for a story.

"What story?" she would say.

"About the bark!" came the chorus.

So she would tell them how God softened the hearts of the great Wyandot chiefs, Dunquat, Red Eagle and Gray Wolf, so that a little girl was restored to her father's arms.

"And I was the little girl, Rose," said

"And I was the little girl, Rose," said

ACATIONS have come to be a necessity, but they cost money. A replenished pocket book is extremely desirable. Canvassers for The American Boy always have money because of the popularity of the best boys' paper in the world and the liberal terms we give.

¶ Write for particulars to Subscription Department, The American Boy, Detroit, Michigan.

### AMERICAN BOY DAY AT PORT-LAND. OREGON

(Continued from page 299.)

twelve boys from the Portland Y. M. C. A., who were down for a "stunt" on the vaulting horse. Led by Prof. Myers, physical director of the association, the boys, ranging in age from twenty to ten, gave a unique athletic exhibition, every turn being greeted by great applause, especially the performance of Prof. Myers himself and the funny antics of the youngest of the boys, who, half clown and half athlete, showed himself a real entertainer.

Then came the salute to the flag, which capped the climax to the fine program. The athletes had left the stage. By Mr. Sprague's side stood Chas. M. Taylor, a young bugler from Hill's Military Academy, of Portland. Far down the center aisle, at the back of the auditorium, stood Angus M. Berry, holding aloft

a fine American flag.
"To the Colors!" announced Mr. Sprague. The bugler put his bugle to his lips and there sounded out the bugle honors to the flag. Then the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner; the audience came at once to its feet and, as Berry came forward up the aisle bearing Old Glory, applause arose on every hand. Straight up the aisle marched the colorbearer, till mounting the steps to the platform he stood beside the bugler, facing the audience, the flag floating gracefully from its staff in full view. It was an inspiring moment when the band, having ceased playing, Mr. Sprague extended his right hand to the flag and repeated the following, each sentence being repeated in unison by the entire company with uplifted hand: "I pledge alleglance to my flag, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, pur-



CHAS. WM. BOBISON

ity, truth and union. I pledge my life, my heart, and my sacred honor to love and protect it. I pledge allegiance to my country—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Then came the words of the Star Spangled Banner from every throat, accompanied by the big band with its blaring trumpets and resounding drums, the flag waving with the measure of the song.

The program was now over. Mr. Sprague stepped down from the platform. Fathers, mothers, sisters and the boys themselves pressed forward to grasp his hand and thank him and THE AMERICAN BOY for making possible so splendidly inspiring an occasion.

'Great, truly, is the American Boy," was the verdict of many a heart and lip, while, as at St. Louis so at Portland, and as voiced by President Goode in his welcoming address, everyone felt there should be one day of every year in every community devoted to the boys-bringing out the boy talent to lead and inspire other boys and give American boyhood to understand and appreciate its solemn responsibilities as the coming manhood of America.

# An Explanation

Owing to circumstances beyond our control we were unable to report the exercises of American Boy Day at Portland, Ore., and Bedford, Pa., as fully as the importance of the events demanded. Some of the addresses, the prize song, the letters from famous men, many photographs could not be used this month. Our September number will present further matter of interest in this connection. - W. C. Sprague, Editor.



ters. Melville Glassco, Charleston, Ill., wins the prize for the best list of answers to June Tangles.

Dudley B. Kimball, Parsippany, N. J., wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles. The June Tangles were many in number and required much research. So much the more credit to those who mastered them.

Honorable mention is accorded the following 2. for excellence: J. Horace Trumbull, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Walter G. Benton, Wm. G. Nyce, Rudolph Jahn, Lee Gardner, George Edward Daniel, Nora B. V. Wallace, Samuel Menlendyke, S. Ward Seeley, Benjamin L. Miller, Herman Voelker, G. H. Stanbery (May, de-

layed).

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best lot of original puzzles suitable for October Tangles, received by August 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best list of answers to August Tangles received by August 20.

### Answers to July Tangles

Answers to July Tangles

1. The pictures in the upright triangle, reading from the top around to the left, are: Purse, Earth, Neagh, Nahum, Hosea, Olive, Perch, Korea, Irons, Names, Satan, Loris, Eland, Ether, Hinge, Acorn, Lasso, LVIII. Their initials spell: Penn, Hopkins, Lee, Hall. Their central letters, commencing with Nahum and reading in the opposite direction, spell: Harrison, Hart, Morris, The pictures in the inverted triangle, reading from the bottom up to the left, are: Sisal, Masts, Irons, Three, Hosea, Femur, Roach, Adder, Neagh, Kahau, Lasso, Isuah, North, Chest, Hinge, Abode, Satan, Easel. Their initials spell: Smith, Franklin, Chase, Their central letters, commencing with North and reading in the opposite direction, spell: Rush, Adams, Ross, Stone.

1. Thistl E 2. Hanove R 3. Ryegat E 4. Elmwool 4. Elm wool)
5. EyebroW
6. Corint H
7. Haggerl
8. EveresT
9. Eclips E
10. Roraim A
11. SolomoN
12. Finlan D
13. OakknoB
14. Russel L
15. Tuamot U
16. Holyok

Initials and finals, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

5. Begin with the D nearest the center. Declaration of Independence, July four, seventeen seventy-six, Philadelphia.

teen seventy-six, Philadelphia.

6. 1. Apalachicola. 2. Saint Augustine. 3. Chillicothe. 4. Chancelloraville. 5. Darlington. 6. Elizabethtown. 7. Providence. 8. Washington. 9. Indianapolis. 10. Norristown. 11. Springfield. 12. Jacksonville. 13. Davenport. 14 Lewistown. 15. Youngstown. Rearrange in the following order: 9, 14, 13, 12, 7, 2, 10, 11, 6, 8, 4, 3, 5, 1, 15. The alternate initials and finals will spell Independence Day.

7. 1 to 22. Nathaniel Hawthorne born. 23

7. 1 to 22, Nathaniel Hawthorne born. 23 to 39, Vicksburg captured. 40 to 58, Thomas Jefferson died. Key words, in order: John Adams; Nathan Hale; Jefferson; Thomas; Butler; Edward; Victoria; Penn: Bruce; King.

### New Tangles

AUGUST ACROSTICS.

Interpret the sixteen pictures and definitions by words of uniform length. The initials in order, from the top down the right, up the left and down the center, spell the name of a president born in August. The fourth letters, in the same order, spell the state of his birth, the month of his death and the state in which he resided and died.

3. EwinGrubb river. 8. An Arizona county seat. 9. A manger of a NTExas seating fish. 10. A plant louse.

Scottroup StonEmoRy GerryounGland StonEmoRy G The initials spell the surname of a President born in August; the star path, his Christian name.

1. Custom. 2. To degrade. 3. A lake on the Canadian boundary.

4. A native prince of India. 5. Faultless. 6. Diminutive. 7. The path described by a heavenly body. 8. A city east of Paris.

—S. Ward Seeley.

### STATE SEALS.

4. The flags, in order, are those of 8. - - 1 Honduras, Switzerland, Ecuador, Bulgaria, Chili, Morocco, France, Hayti.
The required letters spell Old Glory.

The outer state seals, was greated. The outer circles are parts only of certain state seals, rather freely drawn and somewhat exaggerated. The initials of these states, commencing at a certain one and proceeding continuously in a certain direction, spell the state from whose seal the objects in the central circle are taken.



-Otis Merlin Sisson.

12.

LXXX

NOTA BENE

· AN ARIZONA CITY

AUGUST POETS. 1 1 to 7, a famous Japanese admiral. 8 to 1, an American car6 - 7 8 - 2 toonist. 8 to 2, an Aiaskan cape and city 9 to 2, an English historian. 3 to 9, a county of North Carolina.
5 - 11 10 - 2 peror. 10 to 4, A Norse god, the patron of heroes, 11 to 4, an Adirandack take. 5 to 11, a county of Arkansas.

12 to 5, the most revered female name. 6 to 12, a son of Noah. 6 to 7, a city, bay and river of Maine. 12 to 9, net-work. The numbered letters, in numerical order, spell the surnames of two great poets, born in August of

names of two great poets, born in August of the same year. —Dudley B. Kimball.

### ACROSTIC ZIG-ZAG.

ACROSTIC ZIG-ZAG.

All words of uniform length. The initials spell an American holiday. The xig-zag formed by the fourth letters of the odd numbered words and the fifth letters of the even numbered, read downward in order, spells the surnames of three signers of the Declaration of Independence.

1. A county of Washington.
2. A certain feline quadruped.
3. Pertaining to the inner side of the forearm.
4. A city and creek of the Black Hills.
5. A French city.
6. A Texas county seat.
7. Corpulent.
8. A county of Texas.
9. An Illinois town, on the Ohio.
10. A male relative.
11. A mountain peak in number twelve.
12. The westernmost Canadian district.

—Dudley B. Kimball.

### SIGNERS CHESS.

Find the names of 26 or more signers of the Declaration of Independence on the following chess board, by the king's move, which is one square only in either direction, using every letter once and as often as needed, but repeating no letter till after moving from its square.

L	D	D	I	E	R	N	C
E	С	R	М	A	L	Y	H
K	Т	0	N	H	L	I	R
8	L	C	R	E	w	8	R
G	L	A	R	F	8	0	E
I	N	ĸ	w	1	N	G	E
v	L	E	0	к	R	8	L
N	N	н	P	R	A	Н	C

-W. H. Ruffner Campbell.

# How to Play the Mandolin TAUGHT IN EIGHT LESSONS > By LILLIAN STANDIFORD

SEVENTH LESSON.

CONTINUATION OF HOW TO PLAY IN DIFFERENT KEYS.

You can now play in the key of C, which is the natural key; the key of G, which has one sharp, and the key of D, which has f and c sharped. We will now look into the scale of one flat, which is the key of F. The note to be flatted is b. To make a note sharp you put your finger one fret higher; when you make a note flat you put your finger one fret lower. Trill each note in the following scale:

In "Yankee Doodle" you have the dotted eighth note; a dot after an eighth note is equal to a sixteenth. The sixteenth note is a note with two hooks. A sixteenth note is one-fourth of a quarter note; so when the time is four-four, count one to every four-sixteenths.

every four-sixteenths.



"Home, Sweet Home," here has two flats—b and e. There are two e flats on the mandolin; one, the first finger on the D string—to make it put your finger one fret lower; the other, e flat, is made on the A string, with the fourth finger—place your fourth finger between the fifth and sixth frets on the A string.



RULER TEXAS RIVER OF & CO. JA PAN Dudley B. Kimball.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

All words of uniform length. The central letters, read downwards, spell a valley devastated by General Sheridan in 1864.

1. Hurry. 2. Christian name of our President's youngest child. 3. A lake near the source of the Mississippi. 4. A fool. 5. A fruit.

6. A town on the Illinois river. 7. An Iowa



HAD always been very desirous of making a balloon trip, but it was not until the summer of 1897 that I was able to make arrangements whereby I could enjoy the delightful sensation of a voyage through the air. This one (my first) was made from the County Fair at Kirkwood Park, and while being a very good trip (we making about twelve miles to the southcast after a mishap in starting that brought us into a tree). miles to the southeast after a misnap in starting that brought us into a tree), did not just seem to satisfy me, but made me perhaps more anxious than ever to make a balloon voyage that would be of longer duration and take us over towns, lakes, woods and, in fact, all the things that I had pictured to myself as grand to behold from a balloon.

So, when I received an invitation from Mrs. Myers (no doubt the best air navigator in this country) to accompany her gator in this country) to accompany her on a voyage to be made from the Sandy Creek Fair grounds on August 24th, 1900, I was not slow in telegraphing my acceptance. When I arrived on the grounds at noon of the day of "sailing," it was raining and did not look as if we would make an ascension at all; but after an hour or so the storm passed and we decided to make the ascent at four o'clock. The sky had cleared a good deal and there were just enough snowy clouds to make it interesting when we reached a point of about twenty-five hundred point of about twenty-five hundred

feet.

After the usual precaution in arranging the halloon and its trappings, also balancing the huge gas bag so that it would not rush up into the upper regions, but take a slow motion, which would allow us to take a good amount of ballast (sand), the word was given and we were tossed clear of the heads of the crowd, and were on our way to "cloudland." To the cheering of the people below we waved our handkerchiefs and hastily took a few pictures of the gradually disappearing multitude below.

Our first point was to make certain

below.

Our first point was to make certain that we were not going in the direction of the lake, as the air was so still when we started that it was guess-work to know which way the upper current was moving; and as Lake Ontario was but three miles from the fair grounds, due west, we were well satisfied to find that our course was to the east, or nearly so. Placing our instruments in a position at the side of the car, or basket, so that we could readily see them, and opening our map, we prepared to look at the surrounding country, of which about 150 square miles was visible at a time as we sailed along. I could still hear very plain the band that was playing at the fair grounds, although fully three-fourths of a mile below us and a couple of miles to the west. At three thousand feet we passed through a cloud and it was promptly photographed just as a little of the earth below could be seen through of steam, only it was cold and through it. It seemed just like a vast cloud of steam, only it was cold and damp, and so chilled the balloon that it was necessary to throw out some ballast to check our descent caused by the chillwas necessary to throw out some ballast to check our descent caused by the chilled gas condensing and losing some of its lifting power. It was on emerging from this cloud that we beheld one of the prettiest sights that can be seen from a balloon. The sun had cleared to the west and a little above us, to the east, and just below was a cloud with our complete shadow upon it and a rainbow around it. This I tried to photograph, but it was gone before I could arrange my camera. I was informed by Mrs. Myers that it is seldom this beautiful sight is met with and probably was never photographed, so I was all the more sorry that a good picture could not be taken.

more sorry that a good picture could not be taken.

We were by this time clear and free from all clouds that could obstruct our view of the earth and at a height of forty-five hundred feet. Here I took a picture and then put away the camera to study the map and surrounding country. And what a grand sight! We were looking at what seemed to be a large and soft carpet with fields of corn, wheat, and other vegetation to make the figure of our beautiful "Wilton velvet." In the north just under us, was a small town which we took to be Hooker (we were following our course with the map), and in the distance to the east and just out of our line of travel were small towns not on our map. We could still see Lake Ontario in the far west and a large piece of wood loomed up in the east about six Ontario miles shead of us. The voices of the people calling to one another to "see the balloon" could be heard, and the barking of dogs and such like which was all that broke the death-like silence which is met at this height. We were now over one mile from the earth and Mrs. Meyers thinking that we

like silence which is met at this height.

We were now over one mile from the earth and Mrs. Meyers thinking that we were not in as good a current for our purpose as at about forty-five hundred feet, the valve cord was pulled and the barometer watched very closely to note our descent so as to check it before our desired point was reached. It was now five o'clock, we had been up one hour and had traveled about fourteen miles. The sun, which had been out for a little while, was gradually sending us up again by it's warming the gas, and it was now a question whether we could cross the big piece of wood that we were nearing and which extended from north to south about ten miles and fully as far to south about ten miles and fully as far

across, or whether we should make the descent right away. As we had come at least fourteen miles in one hour, and would find no railroad handy if we landed, we decided that we could easily cross the big wood before dark, although I shuddered at the thought of a possible forced landing in a piece of wood at least ten miles square and that had not even a clearing as big as the balloon.
We busied ourselves with watching a lumber camp, which we had discovered by hearing the noise of the saw, and noting the barometer and compass; with noting the barometer and compass; with the latter, should we by accident get stalled in the woods we would at least know the way to the nearest opening. Here another cloud was met which so chilled the gas that we fell through it and "off for the earth" at so rapid a pace, that small pieces of paper seemed to shoot up into the air when released at the side of the car. Thinking that the sun would counteract our fall in a short time, the balloon was allowed to go until sun would counteract our fall in a short time, the balloon was allowed to go until it was apparent that ballast would have to go overboard if we did not want to get into the trees, and so sand was thrown out and our descent stopped at a height of eight hundred feet, which seemed very low after our long stay at about one mile high. I could hear the sand as it fell into the trees, a thing that could not be heard from any very high point as the sand does not reach the earth at all except as fine dust. We soon discovered that we had been too hasty with the sand, at least with some of it, as we "passed right up" and were soon at the height of sixty-eight hundred feet, the highest point reached on the trip. the trip.

At this height a very good current was met with and we sailed along at a good pace soon clearing the woods, and had plenty of open farm land for a landing, when we decided to make it. We could now see Lowville loom up a little to the northeast and almost in our

As there were several small towns be-As there were several small towns below I thought that it was about time that a couple of letters that were promised to friends were written, and so two were dropped with a penny in each to help them to the earth without too much drifting. These were seven minutes in reaching the ground. One of these has since been delivered having been found the next night by John Lawler, of Martinsburg, New York, who signed and mailed it as per instructions on same.

mailed it as per instructions on same. It was now time we were thinking of landing as it was 6:25 and good places almost anywhere under us. Discovering that some one was talking to us we looked carefully along the road that we were hanging directly dver, and saw a team and party of men, and on questioning them found that it was Lowville and that they would help us if we brought her down. This conversation was held at a height of sixty-five hundred feet, at a height of sixty-five hundred feet, and was not difficult to maintain. Every-thing was now to business and the anand was not difficult to maintain. Everything was now to business and the anchor rope had to be untangled and made ready to throw, while Mrs. Myers gave the valve a good pull (about four seconds), and then hoth watched the barometer for further developments. Gradually the needle swung off the six-thousand mark, past the five-thousand, past the four-thousand, and now the balloon and earth had a race towards each other which we did not attempt to stop, and soon had the pleasure of a good bump as the basket struck the ground in a marshy pasture, only to bound high in the air again, dragging the anchor, which one of the men who had followed us into the field was running after and which kept just out of his reach. We noticed now that we had fallen into a very different air current than the one we had left. As we were moving to the north, and as there was a small wood in that direction, and very near, it was necessary for our man to get hold of that anchor and that very quick, or we must pull it in and throw out some sand and "step over the woods," for a wreck might follow any idea of approaching nearer. Our "sprinter" /at this point, nerved on by our cries to hurry, managed to get hold of the anchor and with mearer. Our "sprinter" lat this point, nerved on by our cries to hurry, managed to get hold of the anchor and with the aid of others soon had us fast. It now remained for us to cling to the basket so that no bump (we were swinging around a good deal) would cause us to fall out, which would mean that the balloon would make such a wild rush skyward with the remaining one that a bursting balloon would likely be the result, as the gas, expanding as it ascended, could not escape from the neck fast enough. Good precaution prevented this, however, and a few moments' pulling on the valve cord so weakened the gas bag that we could get out and attend to the deflating of the balloon. This is gas bag that we could get out and attend to the deflating of the balloon. This is done by allowing enough gas to escape so that the top can be reached, and then tying a rope to the bar at the valve and "let go," every one except those at the rope, the balloon will turn upside down and allow the gas to escape at the neck.

It was not a long matter to do this, and, folding things carefully into the basket, we were driven to Lowville with our airship tied on behind.

On reaching Lowville telegrams were sent to anxious families and friends and a late supper partaken of, after which the first train to Utica was none too early to take us to our homes.

Thus ended my second trib—thirty-five

Thus ended my second trip...thirty-five miles in a balloon.

[Editor's Note.-The writer of the forcgoing account informs us that on August 27th, 1904, at the St. Louis Fair, he broke the American record by making a flight of three hundred and twenty miles, remaining in the air twenty-three and a half hours. A medal was given him by the Exposition management for the achievement.]



# You Can Help

You want to see The American Boy succeed. Many thousands of you have said so, and many thousands of you have given evidence that you are in earnest by promptly paying your subscriptions year after year. Letters of encouragement and dollars for subscriptions mean much; but there is one other thing you can do, and it is a very important thing. It may not be known to you, but it is nevertheless a fact, that no publication can live and prosper on its subscriptions alone. The boy who pays One Dollar for twelve numbers of The American Boy gets in the course of the twelve months what costs us nearly if not quite that dollar.

Our profit must come largely from advertisements. Now, we cannot expect boys to advertise, so we cannot depend upon them for advertisements. We must go to the general field-that is, the business houses that are advertising in publications generally. Many advertisers, however, take the position that boys are not buyers, and that therefore such papers as THE AMERICAN Boy cannot sell their goods. It is harder therefore for us to obtain general advertising than it is for magazines intended for

How, then, can you help us to secure and keep the advertisements without which THE AMERICAN Boy cannot continue to be a success? Here is one way. See to it that your father and mother and your big brother and sister buy from advertisers who patronize THE AMERICAN Boy. What shoes do they wear? What soap do they use? What proprietary food do they have on the table? You propose to them that they help your paper—the only paper in America that is really looking after your best interests-by buying that soap, those shoes, that food you find advertised in The American Boy.

Many times people buy things without any particular preference or without having a reason for a preference, so that it will be easy in many cases for you to direct the purchases in your home in such a way that THE AMERICAN BOY will be the gainer. This applies to all things that you see advertised in The American Boy, as foods, clothing, firearms, toilet powders, shoes, schools, domestic animals, watches, soaps, cameras, boats, lawn mowers, matches, etc.

We believe we are not asking anything but what is fair. Six years ago when we started THE AMERICAN BOY, we were told that no such publication could succeed, and our friends pointed to scores of publications in the field that had died for lack of patronage. We have proved that a high toned boys' publication can be successful. THE AMERICAN BOY has been successful, but we have not yet made the money that begins to pay for the risk we took and the money and energy we have expended in making it successful. We are giving to the boys a big dollar's worth. We are giving to every family where there is a boy something that is worth more in shaping the boy's life and character than anything else probably that comes into the home from the outside. Are we asking anything unreasonable then when we ask that the boys see to it that everybody in the home patronizes those who patronize THE AMERICAN BOY?

Do this, and do it right away. The more successful becomes THE AMERICAN Boy, the better paper we can give you, so that if you do not want to do it for our sake, do it for your own.

Yours for our mutual benefit,

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FOR THE MIKADO, (Continued) Kirk Munroe THE DRY LAND JIG Will Lisenbee THE RUNAWAY CATBOAT AN ENCOUNTER WITH WOLVES AND A BEAR

John J. Douglas THE ORGAN BOY Mildred Norman How BILLY GOT HIS BICYCLE George Crosby A SLUMP IN FUR Mrs. F. M. Howard

AND OTHERS

# American Boy

September 1905



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DETROIT, MICH:

# 4600 Years Ago

is as far back as history traces the use of wheat for food—

And in all this time nothing has been found that so fully and satisfactorily supplies the physical wants of man-

And in all this time no other article of food has so perfectly developed in exact proportion the life-giving elements of wheat as the soda cracker—

And in all this time no soda cracker has ever been made so carefully, so accurately, so uniformly good as—



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(BEGUN IN DECEMBER) CHAPTER XXIV.

TAKAHAKI DEFENDS HIS PRIZE.

O THE GREAT relief of all on board the Honan, the onrushing mystery, from which they had expected nothing short of sudden death, slackened its speed until it lay motionless not more than fifty yards from them. The person who, with head above the conning tower, had directed its movements, now appeared on the tiny deck of his strange craft and disclosed himself to be a Japanese naval officer in full

Lifting his cap politely to the bridge, and indicating by a glance the flags at the steamer's masthead, he remarked in English:

'I am see that you are surrender.'

"Yes, and glad of the opportunity," replied Captain Crosscut. "We've already been partially blown up by one submarine; there's another somewhere under us trying to finish the job, and you are the third to have a finger in the pie. Also you are the first that has given us a chance to communicate our readiness to surrender.

"What ship is it? Where from? Where to? What cargo?" demanded Takahaki.

"Honan, from Cardiff, with coal for Vladivostok," was the answer.

"And you surrender to this ship of his Imperial Majesty, the Mikado of Japan?'

'I do, without reserve."

"Then if you will lower side-ladder and send boat, I will come on board for take possession. Same time I come alone, and if you do something not right, my boat will very quick diss-troy your ship. If I also am diss-troy it will not any matter. I am glad to be diss-troy for my Mikado.'

"He means it, too," remarked the Honan's engineer ir a low tone to his captain. "I know these Japs. They'd rather die for their Mikado, as they call him, than do anything else you can name."

So Takahaki went on board the big, coal-laden, freighter, where he assumed command without opposition, and when those who received him, next looked over the side the craft from which he had come was

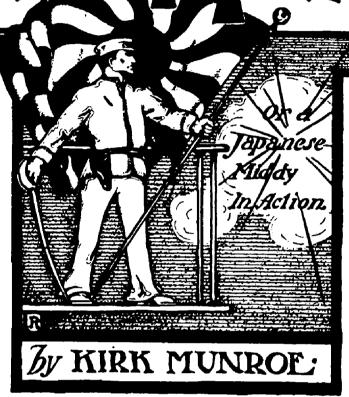
nowhere to be seen.
"Yes," he said in reply to their inquiring glances. "I send him down for tell other submarine not now to blow up this ship."
"Thanks, awfully!" said Captain Crosscut.

"A most thoughtful thing to do," added Engineer Bunker.

Then Takahaki began to issue orders which were promptly obeyed. Thus the anchor was weighed and the ship was got under way, sternforemost, before he had been on board fifteen minutes. As soon as she was fairly in motion, steaming slowly back over the course she had come the night before, the repair gang was again set to work, patching the hole in her bow, under the supervision of Captain Crosscut, who, at request of the new commander, had willingly agreed to aid in saving his own ship.

Upon taking possession, Takahaki's first move had been to disarm the captain and engineer. Then he ordered them to their respective staterooms where he proposed to lock them in. Against this they had protested; offering, in exchange for their liberty, to aid him in navigating his prize to the nearest Japanese port. This offer had been accepted; and so it happened that, as the ill-used Honan began her backward movement, Captain Crosscut superintended the repairs to her bow and Mr. Bunker occupied his usual position in the engine-room, while Takahaki Matsu gravely paced the bridge with four loaded revolvers depending from his belt and a pair of marine glasses in his hand.

Although the new commander strove to maintain a modest demeanor, he was intensely proud of his captures, which, if he only could get them to a Japanese port, would prove of such inestimable value to his country. He was quite certain that he could at least take them as far as Wonsan; for, as soon as the Honan's bow repairs were completed so that she could be turned around and driven head on, he proposed that she should tow the Naisha, thus relieving the latter's overworked crew of two from their perilous position. At present he knew the submarine was obeying his parting instructions to keep pace with the Honan but out of sight from her deck, and ready to close in at signal; for, through his glasses, he could plainly distinguish the black spot representing her conning tower some three cable lengths away.



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For some time he watched her, thinking gratefully of his friend, Dun Brown, without whose aid his present success could not have been gained. Then he slowly swept the horizon, first taking a long view ahead, and last of all looking astern. To his consternation, in that direction, he saw not only a trail of dense smoke moving swiftly towards the Honan, but the low-lying huli from which it streamed.
In another minute Takahaki was in the pilot house

rummaging its signal locker, from which he extracted three small flags that he bade a quartermaster to display aloft. This signal was an order for the Naisha to close in. Next he called down the engine-room tube for Mr. Bunker to stop his engines and report immediately, in person, on deck. When that gentleman appeared, the young commander said:

'The engineer of my submarine is in great trouble;

will you go with me to help him?

"Well, I don't know-" began Mr. Bunker. "If you do that thing you shall not any more be prisoner when we reach Japan port."

Still the other hesitated. "That engineer is American man," added Takahaki. "What! An American! Why didn't you say so at first? Of course I'll go with you."

By the time the Honan had again been anchored, and Captain Crosscut had been ordered to continue his repairs with all speed during the temporary absence of the new commander, the Naisha was close at hand, and Dunster Brownleigh, looking from her conning tower, was awaiting with some anxiety, and much curiosity the coming of a small boat containing his friend and a stranger.

What's up, Taki?" he asked as the former gained the submarine's narrow deck, "anything gone wrong?

"Yes, Dun Brown," replied the young Japanese in a tone too low to be overheard by Mr. Bunker. "A Rus-si-an diss-troyer is after us. I tell this engineer of steamer that you are American and in much trouble. So he come for help you. He does not yet know of that diss-trover."

With an instant comprehension of the situation Dunster dropped below and stood ready to receive his guest. In the handling room the two gazed curiously at one another for a moment.

"Looks rather queer to find an American serving on a Japanese fighting craft in time of war," remarked Mr. Bunker after they had shaken hands.

"Any queerer than for another American to be helping the Russians by trying to run a cargo of contraband?

"Oh! I was doing that for the big money there is in it."

"While I am doing this because the Russians have just murdered my grandfather, have sentenced me to be shot, and will kill me on sight if they catch me." "Whew! And yet you say that you are an Ameri-

can?" "Yes, born in Chicago."

"Same here. Good old town!"

"And now I want you to help me out. There's a Russian destroyer after us. Of course she will put us out of business if she can. Even if she only recaptures that steamer we will be left in a peck of trouble, for our supply of gasoline is too low to run us to a friendly port, and we are too short-handed

to get to one anyhow. Will you stay with us?" 'Sure I will, partner! When Chicago finds Chicago in a hole out here among the dagoes, Chicago helps Chicago every time. Just make me wise as to what you want done, and I'll do it till all's blue," was the hearty answer of American to American.

The distress signals sent up by the Honan, a few hours before, had been noted in Vladivostok: and, with earliest dawn a torpedo boat destroyer had been despatched to discover their meaning. This low-lying craft had sighted the big ship long before she herself was seen, and she stood towards the latter under full head of steam. As she approached close enough to distinguish the hated flag of Japan flying above the almost equally hated ensign of Great Britain at the Honan's masthead her engines were stopped and a solid shot was sent hurtling angrily over the anchored steamer. Although it had been aimed high and evidently without intention of hitting the ship, it cut the signal halliards bringing the Japanese and British flags fluttering downwards, and crashed through the pilot house into which Captain Crosscut had just entered.

At sight of the ominous craft, that looked as venomous as an angry cobra, the captain and his gang of workers had hastily regained the deck from which, as the shot was fired, they were anxiously regarding this new menace to their safety. As the proud emblems of two great nations disappeared from view, the Russians, believing the flags they hated had been lowered at their command, and not realizing that their own shot had cut the halliards, prepared to take possession of the ship.

By this time they were lying, without steerage way, about a quarter of a mile from the Honan. They had but one small boat, and as it was stowed amidships on deck, several minutes were required to get it over the side and into the water. While this was being done the lieutenant commanding the destroyer was giving final instructions to the junior officer detailed to board.

The audacity of those pig-headed islanders!" he exclaimed. "For daring to fly a flag of the Makaki in Russian waters, you will, immediately upon taking possession, clap that captain in irons and confine him in the depths of his own hold. We will teach him that that flag may not be shown with impunity off Vladivostok.

Very good, sir," answered the junior, saluting and turning to depart. As he faced about he uttered a cry of amazement. From a direction opposite to that in which lay the steamer, one of the very objects they had been discussing, a sun-rayed flag of Japan, was skimming the sea less than a thousand yards distant, and advancing towards them, apparently upborne on a swirl of white waters. A few feet ahead of it rushed a round bit of blackness.

"Holy St. Michael!" cried the lieutenant; "a Japanese submarine directly upon us, and I didn't know the beggars owned such a craft. Dose her with the maxim! Cut that boat adrift! Full speed ahead! Quick, for your lives!'

So suddenly overwhelming was the surprise, and so unnerving was the terror inspired by this dreadful form of enemy, that for a minute these orders only produced a scene of the wildest confusion. Then a midship rapid-fire was trained, and with tigerish snarl, it began to spit out a torrent of bullets that tore the sea into foam about the approaching craft without in the least affecting its steady onrush. The hissing balls stung harmlessly at the thick steel of the Naisha's conning tower and one rent her defiant flag, but that was all. They could no more check her relentless advance than if they had been so many dried peas shot from a pop-gun.

Peering from a slit directly under the cap of her conning tower stood Takahaki Matsu, steadfast of purpose, clear-eyed, and with every muscle rigid. A few feet beneath him, intent only upon the duties he had so recently assumed, an American engineer calmly watched his bearings and his oil cups. In the handling room, two tense figures, representing the most western nation of the world and its most eastern, here united in bonds of closest sympathy, sternly awaited the word from above that should rouse them to fateful action.

A range finder showed the Russian to be but five hundred yards distant, then four hundred, three hundred, and finally but two hundred yards away. At this Takahaki gave the command to fire.

Instantly the motionless figures at the breech of the torpedo tube sprang into active life. As one

flung open the bow port and admitted water, Dunster Brownleigh turned on the sudden blast of compressed air that cleared the tube of its deadly missile and started it in arrow fight towards the destroyer. Almost at the same moment the Naisha's young commander staggered backward, and his body, slipping from the conning-tower platform, fell heavily to the floor of the handling room. As Dunster sprang to his friend's assistance, he was conscious of a heavy explosion, close at hand.

### CHAPTER XXV.

### MUTINY ON BOARD.

Anxious to witness the effect of his torpedo, Takabaki, peering through a narrow slit, had pressed his face against the steel side of the conning tower at the very moment that it was struck by the last shot fired by the doomed destroyer. The impact stunned him and he fell apparently lifeless. For a few minutes the diminished crew of the submarine were so busy attending to him and with their engines that they failed to note what was taking place outside. When Dunster Brownleigh, who believed that his friend was dead, finally took station in the conning tower and lifted its cap for a clear view abroad, no trace of their recent enemy was to be seen, save only an empty and idly drifting yawl boat. The torpedo had thoroughly accomplished its fatal mission, and with a heavy heart the young American directed the course of his little craft towards the still anchored steamer.

There he was met by news that her captain had been killed in the pilot house, and found himself confronted by the sole responsibility of navigating the great ship across the stormy Japan sea to a place of safety. For a moment his heart sank like lead, and he shrank from the perilous undertaking. But it was only for a moment, and then he was roused from his despondency by the voice of his fellow American:
"Well, sir," remarked Mr. Bunker, "it's up to you

to say what we shall do next. Kinder looks to me as if we should have to try for Vladivostok after all."

"I'm sorry if it looks that way to you," replied Dunster briskly, "for it docsn't to me. I had just about concluded to run for Tsushima."

"But that's nearly eight hundred miles away," objected the other.

"I know it."

"And we haven't a navigator on board."

"I think you are mistaken there, sir."

"What! Are you a navigator as well as an engineer?"

"I believe I may lay claim to such knowledge of navigation as is taught to officers of the American

"You don't mean that you are an Annapolis man?"

"I am, sir, or rather I was."

"Then all I can say is that the mystery of how you happen to be where you are, get's thicker and thicker the more one looks into it. But it's all right, far as I'm concerned; and as I said awhile back, Chicago'll stand by Chicago as long as there's a pound of steam in the boiler."

"Thank you," replied Dunster. "When I planned to try for Tsushima I was counting pretty largely on your help, without which I doubt if the stunt could be done. We did think of Wonsan, but without a pilot I am afraid of the coast, and anyway I'd rather deliver this ship directly to the Japanese Admiral commanding in these waters."

"I know. Kamimura. Nice old chap! Took me prisoner once before, when he was captain of a gunboat and I was 'listed on a Chinese battleship. Treated me white, too. I'll be proud to meet up with him again.'

"Then you, too, are a navy man?"

"Oh, not to brag of. Same time I've seen some service."

'Good!" exclaimed Dunster. "That makes me feel all the more certain that we can do the trick."

An hour later the Honan was again under way and steaming southward, this time head on, for the repairs to her bow had been completed as thoroughly as circumstances would permit. Takahaki, cared for by his faithful countryman, lay still unconscious, in the bunk that Captain Crosscut would never more need, while the Naisha was towed behind the steamer at the end of a long hawser. In the chart room sat Dunster Brownleigh studying a chart of the Japan sea, and at the same time sipping, with intense satisfaction, a cup of very black coffee, the first he had tasted since leaving the Cochise, and which seemed to him just about the finest beverage that ever had passed his lips. He had found no difficulty in assuming command, or in having his orders obeyed, for the villainous-looking crew not only were cowed by the pistols conspicuously worn by him, by Mr. Bunker, and by the Japanese, but apparently they still were awed by the proximity of the Naisha and the memory of what had happened to the Russian destroyer that had dared defy her. So they jumped to obey orders, and never before had the discipline of the ship been better.

At sunset of that same evening the body of the steamer's late, unfortunate captain was consigned to the sca, while above it the solemn service of committal was read, in choking voice, by the young man who had so strangely succeeded to his command.

When the sad ceremony was ended, Dunster hastened to the bedside of his friend who, for a few minutes had been left alone, and to his joy, found the latter lying with wide open eyes.

Thank God, Taki, that you are alive!" cried the

newcomer. "Do you know me, old man?"
"Yes, Dun Brown, I am know you," replied the other weakly. "But I am not know this place. Is it hospitle?"

"Hospital! No, of course not. It is your own room, on board the ship that you captured, and which we are taking to Japan. But this is your watch below and mine on deck. So go to sleep and I will call you at the right time."

"Was there not a diss-troyer?"

"Yes, but she disappeared long ago and now there's nothing to bother. So go to sleep, like a good chap,

or else I won't promise to wake you for your watch." Without further remonstrance Takahaki closed his eyes, and a little later was wrapped in the sleep that more surely than any other known remedy would restore his exhausted energies. After that, for nearly two hours, Dunster alternately watched the ship's course from the pilot house, and his sleeping friend in the adjoining room. Then he touched a bell and ordered the Chinese steward who answered it to bring him a cup of hot coffee. Giving this order in the captain's room, Dunster failed to notice that the steward passed out through the pilot house, where he exchanged a whisper with the man at the wheel. When the coffee came, Dunster drank it eagerly, though wondering somewhat at its extra bitterness. Five minutes later he sat in an armchair before the captain's desk, to which his head had sunk, buried in profound slumber. Eight bells came and went without his knowledge. The Chinese quartermaster at the wheel was relieved by another, and as the relieved man passed from the pilot house he glanced into the captain's room. There a lamp burned dimly, and for a moment the sailor hesitated, apparently fascinated by wnat he saw. Then he passed on and

A few minutes afterwards he returned, and with his heavy sea boots exchanged for felt-soled slippers, crept noiselessly along the deserted deck until he reached a side door to the captain's room. Opening this the fraction of an inch he peered within. All was as before. One motionless form occupied the captain's bed, and another, with loud breathings, slept heavily in a chair beside the desk. Thus reassured the intruder slipped into the room, carefully closing the door behind him. It had made no noise, but with its opening, a draught of damp air had rushed through the pilot house where, beside the man at the wheel, another, who had just entered, watched intently the trembling compass-card of the binnacle.

was lost in the outer darkness.

That draught of air from the captain's room blew cold on this man's face, and he stepped to the communicating door to learn its cause. What he saw was a crouching figure creeping up behind the sleeper in the chair, who so recently had proved himself a friend of Japan. Even as he looked this figure rose to its full height and uplifted something that shone dully in the dim light. In another moment Dunster Brownleigh's slumber would have been merged in the dreamless sleep of death; but his hour was not yet come. With a spring as noiseless and agile as that of a cat, the man who served Japan's Mikado, landed on the back of the would-be assassin, and a few seconds later laid him gently on the floor, dead, with a broken neck. Then the Japanese closed the door connecting with the pilot house, turned the key in its lock, and opened that leading on deck. Through this he dragged the still quivering body of the Chinese who, but a moment before, had believed himself to be owner of the ship, and bundled it over the rail into the oblivion of a night-shrouded sea. The Mikado's man had not been three minutes gone from the pilot house, before he again stood beside the binnacle peering at its wavering compass-card, and he who steered knew naught of what had happened during the short interval of the other's absence.

### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 13 From Ex-Governor Bliss of Michigan



EX-GOVERNOR A. T. BLISS OF MICHIGAN

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

June 6, 1904.

TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA:

I feel honored in addressing representatives of American boyhood Young men, be manly, do right. Remember that you are building a foundation for the future, and that the world often judges the man by his record as a boy.

With the next striking of eight bells Dunster was awakened by the Japanese now acting as first officer, and invited to a midnight lunch in the mess room, where he found Mr. Bunker already at the table. The latter reported an incipient mutiny in his department, early in the evening, that he had promptly quelled by knocking out two of the engine-room crew who had attempted to surprise him when they thought him asleep in his chair, and scattering the others by a show of leveled pistols.

"I don't know what the beggars were up to," concluded Mr. Bunker, "but I'm ready for 'em every time; for whenever I find it necessary to take a nap in my chair it's always with one eye and both ears wide open."

"Well, I'm glad there wasn't any trouble on deck," replied Dunster. 'For I am ashamed to say that I've been sound asleep with both ears and both eyes, ever since before eight bells. But I'm good now for another spell of duty and first I'll relieve the mate while he eats his supper. Then he'll have to stand another watch on deck while I relieve you in the engine room. That is if you are willing to trust me with your en-

"Well, I guess yes. The man who can handle the insides of a submarine surely can be trusted with the simple machinery of an old, Clyde-built hooker like this. Besides, there'll be nothing to do unless something goes smash, for I've got a well-drilled crew below. Only you want to watch 'em every minute, for the devil himself seems to be with them this night."

"All right," answered Dunster, "I'll watch 'em, for I'm wide awake now and intend to keep so.'

Shortly afterwards, when the young commander again turned over the deck to his first officer, and started below to relieve his weary engineer, the former said to him in Japanese: "Abunai! Ki wo suke nasai!" (There is danger! Look out for yourself!) and Dunster, thinking he referred to Mr. Bunker's recent experience, laughed as he answered: "Arigato. Sukoshi monai osoreru." (Thanks. I am not at all afraid.)

An hour later the self-confident lad from Annapolis found himself backed into a corner of the Honan's engine-room and fighting for his life against a dozen or more slippery, dirt-begrimed firemen, oilers, and coal-passers. Some were yellow and wore pigtails coiled about their heads; while others were swarthy, lean and with fierce, snake-like eyes. He had been able to fire but a single shot before they had rushed him into the corner where, with naked hands, he struggled hopelessly against their overwhelming numbers.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

"TASUKETE!"

According to previous statement, the Honan was manned by a scrub crew hastily gathered at Shanghai. Even they had shipped only upon promise of unusually high wages; for the navigating of those seas in war-time, even by neutrals, was an extra hazardous undertaking. Still, as the ship was cleared for Cheefoo, a short and comparatively safe run, they were tempted by the inducement and performed their duties faithfully until, to their dismay, they found themselves off the eastern coast of Korea, exposed to the fire of Japanese cruisers, and so evidently bound for Vladivostok that the nature of the venture on which they were embarked could no longer be concealed from them. Three of their number were killed by a chance shot fired in a fog, and shortly afterwards the ship narrowly escaped total wreckage on the Liancourt Rocks. Then the panic-stricken crew mutinied and demanded to be taken back to Shanghai.

After quelling this outbreak, Captain Crosscut acknowledged the true objective point of his voyage and promised to double his crew's already high rate of wage upon safe arrival at the Russian port.

With the subsequent career of the unfortunate ship to the time when, almost within sight of Vladivostok, she was compelled to begin retracing her weary way, we already are familiar; also we can fully appreciate the satisfaction with which her new commander headed her to the southward. Her crew, however, were by no means as satisfied as he with the changed condition of affairs. They realized that they were being carried back to probable captivity, possible death, and a certain loss of the golden reward promised them upon arrival at Vladivostok. And all this at the command of but three men, one of whom was believed to be for the present at least, helpless, while they numbered thirty. Also they fancied Mr. Bunker to be in similar position with themselves as to probable loss of pay and freedom under existing conditions, and imagined that if they could gain possession of the ship by overcoming the others he would be willing to aid them in carrying her to Vladivostok. Therefore, in forming their plans, while they were determined to kin the three who had come from the submarine, they only proposed to make him a prisoner, and thus hold him until he should accede to their terms. In pursuance of this design they had, earlier in the night, made simultaneous attacks upon him and upon the steamer's new commander, to whom had been given a cup of drugged coffee, both of which were defeated, as we know.

These failures instead of discouraging the mutineers only rendered them desperate and more than ever determined to effect their purpose. They knew that every mile of added distance on their present course increased the difficulties of a return to Vladivostok, and that it was vital to the success of their plans to gain possession of the ship that very night. Therefore when Mr. Bunker retired to his room for the rest he so greatly needed, and Dunster Brownleigh assumed his duties, the leaders of the mutiny believed that the most favorable opportunity for carrying out their design had arrived. But they waited until Mr. Bunker slept and Dunster had become sumciently familiar with his new surroundings to be less keenly observant of what was taking place than at

first. At length the young engineer, sitting with a loaded revolver lying across his knees, was meditatively regarding the speed indicator and calculating the number of hours that must elapse before Tsushima could be reached. Everything about him was quiet, save for the steady throb of machinery, and no other person occupied the room, though the forms of oilers on duty could dimly be seen now and then as they moved about the mighty machine for which they cared.

Suddenly there came a fierce rush of escaping steam from a cock purposely opened close at hand, and instinctively Dunster sprang to the throttle lever. The pistol that had rested on his knees fell to the floor and as he turned to recover it, after shutting off steam, the room swarmed with menacing figures coming from both directions at once. He barely had time to leap into a corner where the walls of the room protected him on two sides, and to fire a single shot from a second revolver that had hung from his belt, before the mutineers were upon him and he was using his otherwise ineffective weapon as a club to beat them back. Behind him was an electric switchboard. A knife, flung with uncertain aim at his head, struck this, and instantly the scene of conflict was shrouded in darkness. In a moment the excaptain of the Annapolis team had adopted football tactics, and with lowered head was furiously "bucking" the scrimmage in which nearly every man held another by the throat, while such as had knives were using them furiously and at random.

How Dunster gained the doorway he never knew; but gain it he did and he staggered out on the lower deck just in time to catch a sound of swiftly approaching footsteps. Panting and trembling from his recent exertions, he was bracing himself to meet a further attack, when on his ears fell the welcome sound of an exclamation uttered in Japanese.

"Tasukete!" (help) he cried, and to his amazement, he was answered in the well-known voice of the dear friend whom he had left an hour earlier, as he supposed, helpless in the captain's room.

"Dun Brown!" cried Takahaki. "Is it you? Are vou still live?'

"I believe so," was the reply; "but that I am alive isn't the fault of those black pirates inside. They have been trying hard enough to kill me.'

From the engine room came sounds of a fierce struggle, for the mutineers had not yet discovered the escape of the!r intended victim, and were fight-

ing each other in the dark.
Without another word Takahaki stepped to the doorway and emptied his revolver into the yawning blackness. The first shot was followed by yells of terror; but the last was echoed only by whimpering moans. A man in pajamas and bringing a lighted lantern appeared.

"What's the row?" he asked, sleepily. "Want any help?"

"I don't believe so, Mr. Bunker," replied Dunster, striving to speak cheerfully. "It was a row, but I guess it's all over now."

"Sounded like it. I thought you'd have one, but I knew you'd come out topside somehow, for Chicago always does. But who is this? Not the captain? Why, sir, I thought you were laid up for repairs."

"Yes, but I now am very ready for fight again. I become awake very well and was drink some tea, when through that telephone I hear trouble in engine

room and so come for see it." "Engine room telephone was the very thing that brought me here," said Mr. Bunker. "I always leave it open and sleep with the receiver close by my

head. But let's look inside."

The floor of that engine room resembled a shambles. In pools of their own blood lay four dead Lascars, and two Chinese desperately wounded. The remainder of the mutineers had disappeared. Dunster was bleeding from a couple of knife cuts, but neither of them was serious and he declared that the affair left him in better shape for duty than had any one of a dozen football games that he could recall.

After a brief inspection of the scene of battle, Takahaki, whom the urgent necessity for action seemed to have restored to his normal strength, ordered every light throughout the ship to be turned on. Then in the general illumination he and Dunster made a thorough search of both upper and lower decks, driving forward, at the point of their revolvers, to a place guarded by the Japanese and Mr. Bunker, every member of the crew they could discover. There the mutineers were searched for knives that were flung overboard as fast as found. One brutal looking coal passer, whose bloodstained headcloth proclaimed him to have been a participant in the recent attack on Dunsier, pretended to give up his knife; but in the act of handing it over, he made a vicious lunge at the heart of the Japanese who was holding out his hand to receive it.

Like a flash the latter knocked the Lascar's hand to one side, and in another instant a bullet from Takahaki's ready pistol had pierced the would be

murderer's brain.

"It is not nice for do such thing," remarked the young commander to his friend, as he carefully inserted another cartridge in the chamber of his revolver; "but it is the war for which we study at Annapolis, and so we must always be ready for do

"Yes, and do him before he gets the chance to do you," remarked Mr. Bunker. "That's my motto every time. 'Tisn't exactly the golden rule, but it's the iron rule of war, and the only one by which the game can be successfully played."

After this lesson the crew submitted without further struggle, the dead were flung overboard, and the wounded were roughly cared for by their shipmates, who, with the exception of half a dozen chosen by Mr. Bunker for immediate duty, were locked into the forecastle.

Although thus crippled almost to helplessness the Honan still was forced southward by the indomitable wills of a Japanese middy and his devoted American friend. The former took turns with his countryman at standing armed watch on deck, while Dunster and Mr. Bunker relieved each other in the engine room. In this condition it took them four days to reach



To the Readers of The American Boy:

'HE editor of THE AMERICAN BOY asks for an article on the subject "Why young Americans of today should interest themselves in politics. The reasons are so numerous that it would be difficult to furnish a complete

The young Americans of today will be the acting, governing force of tomorrow, and only by interesting themselves in politics-not only before maturity, but all their lives—can American citizens hope to do their full duty to their country; Free government is a responsibilitv as well as a privilege—a grave responsibility—for when one has the privilege of participating in the government he must share in the responsibility for bad government as well as in the credit for good government.

Whether one ever becomes a candidate for office may depend upon circumstances, but everyone—regardless of his occupation—should study the science of government, acquaint himself with public questions and give to his country his conscience and his best judgment on every question that arises.

In the study of public questions the most important thing is to get hold of the controlling principle. Only when one understands the principles which govern a subject does he understand the subject, and the fundamental principles applicable to politics are really everyday principles with which all are familiar. Thou shalt not bear false witness,'

"Thou shalt not steal" and "Thou shalt not kill "-these will be found to cover most of the questions, and of the three the second, "Thou shalt not steal," is probably the broadest in its application, for every pecuniary injustice done by one man to another-whether directly or indirectly, whether in violation of law or in the absence of law-partakes of that character of larceny.

One is never too young to begin to interest himself in the principles of government, and there is no age however advanced at which one can afford to be indifferent.

the latitude of Tsushima, and the islands barely had been sighted before a Japanese torpedo boat, on patrol duty in the Korean Straits, dashed alongside. Her commander could hardly believe the evidence of his senses when he found but two of his own countrymen on board and was told that they, aided only by a young American, had captured a submarine from the Russians, with it had compelled the surrender of this ship, incidentally sinking a Russian destroyer with all on board, and then, after quelling two mutinies, had brought their prizes safely across the Japan sea.

"It cannot be," he said. "Excuse me if I doubt your story, but it is too improbable. I will send you

to the admiral and we will see if before him you will dare repeat such a fairy tale."

So a prize crew was placed on board the Honan, her captors were relieved from duty, and she was ordered into Idzu Harra, the landlocked harbor of the Tsushimas that served as a base for Admiral Kamimura's blockading squadron.

"It is outrageous!" declared Dunster, indignantly, as, with his three companions he stood on the afterdeck watching the torpedo boat that was speeding away in pursuit of another smoke trail. "Taki, I wouldn't have believed that an own countryman would so doubt your word."

"It is great compliment," smiled the deposed commander. "I think so, My countryman"—here the speaker indicated the Japanese who had been with them from the first-"him think so too."

"In a way you are right," agreed Mr. Bunker. "At the same time it is pretty rough on you fellows after all your good work to go in as prisoners, or a least as suspects, instead of with the flying colors you deserve. As for me it makes no difference, seeing that I am a prisoner of war anyway. But say! Why don't you three desert this ship? There isn't a soul looking. Go aboard your own boat—we can haul her up short enough for you to slip down the hawserrun into Idzu ahead of us-you easily can outfoot this old cripple—and get your report in first."

"Great scheme!" shouted Dunster, his eyes glistening with excitement. "Will you do it Taki?"

"Hei. It is fine scheme! Yes, I will do." Thus it happened that half an hour later, when the young fellow from the torpedo boat now commanding the Honan, sat down to a dinner brought to the captain's room, his appetite was suddenly destroyed by a report that the queer thing, said to be a submarine, that had dragged behind them was no longer to be seen at the end of the towline.

At this the officer, who was very inexperienced, and who knew little or nothing of submarines, rushed aft to verify the report. Then he ordered the ship stopped, and instituted a search for the missing craft that revealed nothing more tangible than the frayed end of the hawser by which she had towed. Thus it became evident to the dismayed young man that the submarine had parted her towline and gone adrift.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

### TAKING FRENCH LEAVE.

First Takahaki, then Dunster, and last of all, their Japanese companion, slid down the taut hawser and gained the wet deck of the Naisha in safety. Of course they were thoroughly drenched, for the boat had been left with deck nearly awash, and the speed at which she now was dragged through the water drove a bow wave completely over it. Thus for a minute or until Mr. Bunker on the deck of the Honan could cut the hawser, the three adventurers were compelled to hang on for dear life, and with difficulty kept their heads above water. Then came a sudden release, and almost instantly, as the Naisha dropped astern, her deck was freed from its over-rushing wave, and her half strangled crew were enabled once more to breathe with comfort,

At once they got to work, and while Takahaki and Dunster, lifting the conning-tower hatch, hastened below to start the engine, their Japanese comrade hacked away at the trailing end of the hawser until he had cut it loose. The others found the interior perfectly dry, with everything as they had left it five days before. Thus in a few minutes the gasoline motor was "chugging" away merrily, and the Naisha was again in motion under her own power.

For a time they followed at full speed the ship from which they had taken French leave, gradually overhauling her, though not so rapidly as they had hoped, while the green heights of the Tsu islands were fast rising dead ahead. They were beginning to fear that she would reach port first, when suddenly she stopped, and then began to circle slowly as though in search of something.

"Just discovered that we are missing!" shouted Dunster gleefully. "Now if that chap will only hunt for us long enough we'll do the trick nicely.

And hunt, the Honan did, clumsily but perseveringly for the next hour, while the Naisha, with only alliscope and air-pipe above the surface, slipped past her undetected, and ran for the hidden harbor, with every foot of which Takahaki was perfectly familiar.

A mile off the entrance a torpedo boat on guard, cruised slowly back and forth; but the submarine, diving, evaded her without being noticed and rising boldly to the surface, ran through a narrow entrance into the smooth waters of a landlocked basin. Several transports and one lead-colored cruiser lay at anchor inside. The latter looked very business-like in her warpaint, stripped of every superfluous article, and with polished gun muzzles grinning from turret and shield. From her masthead floated the broad pennant of a rear-admiral, and towards this ship Takahaki directed the Naisha's course.

Suddenly there came a peremptory hail, through a megaphone, from the cruiser.

"Stop instantly where you are! If you advance fifty feet farther you will be fired upon."

With all haste the engine was reversed and an

anchor was got overboard. Again came the megaphone hail: "What craft is

that? Who are you, and what are you doing here? It is submarine Naisha, belonging to his Imperial Majesty the Mikado," replied Takahaki. "I am Midshipman Matsu in command, and have here come to

report to his excellency Admiral Kamimura. Directly afterwards came the order: "Compliments of the admiral and you will be received on board at

once.'

"But I have no boat." "Then will we send one."

A few minutes later the Naisha's entire crew stood on the deck of the flagship. An officer stepping forward to greet them hesitated, stared, and then hastily retreated. A moment later he returned and bowing low, not before Takahaki nor before Dunster Brown-

(Continued on next page.)

### OUR COUNTRY'S BOYS

Prize American Boy Day Song by Edward L. Viets, Age 17, Arlington, Massachusetts

Our country's boys are we,
The sons of Liberty,
Sweet Freedom's band.
We are no tyrant's tool,
We bear no scourge of rule
We fear no power save God's
Almighty Hand.

Our fathers by their blood Have saved this land from flood Of deadly foe. But when our sires are gone, Then must we boys be strong To guard our land from wrong, Suffering and woe.

What though our task shall be To light conspiracy,
Corruption's wrong;
What though the enemy
Be greed and treachery,
We'll live or die for thee;
Be this our song.

### THE IDEAL AMERICAN

Oration by Chas. W. Robison at the Portland Exposition American Boy Day

In the city of Washington stands a monument of

In the city of Washington stands a monument of great stature and of huge proportions; in its right hand is the torch of freedom; in its left, the scale of justice. It indeed symbolizes the "Ideal American."

As early civilization traveled westward, first Greece, then Rome, finally western Europe, rose to the supremacy. But what of these nations now? We look toward Greece and Rome, and see nothing of their ancient glory, only ruins; we turn toward the greater powers of western Europe and see that they, too, are fast losing their supremacy. Why is this? Is it the ravage of time? Is it destiny? The answer is No, emphatically no! for gazing east of Europe we see a great nation still struggling, which has stood for more years than we can number, and again looking westward, see a young nation rising to a world supremacy, with the motto: liberty, justice, and equality.

Many nations of Europe have been conquered; but very few laws for the benefit of the conqueror. Russia has held Poland for more than seventy-five years; not one effort has she made to uplift that poor, ignorant people. In 1898 we took the Philippines. Witain six years we clasped the little brown men by the hand and called them brothers. This is our first step to demonstrate to the world the true meaning of the talismanic words on which our government is based.

After the battle of Trafalgar, despite the carnage

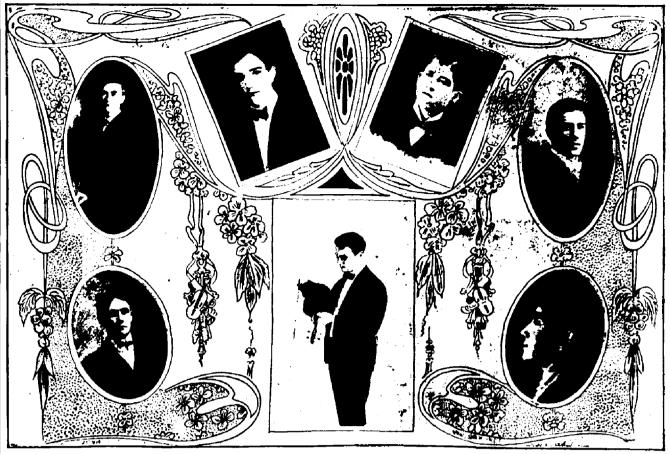
hased.

After the battle of Trafalgar, despite the carnage and the suffering, great was the rejoicing on the ships of the English; after the battle of Santiago, Captain Philip of the Texas turned to his men and said, "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying." This, my friends, shows to the world the true manhood of an "Ideal American." 'Ideal American.

"Ideal American."

We read in the history of the old world of the ambitious Napoleon's treatment of Josephine; but think of the martyred McKinley staying by the side of his invalid wife through poverty and riches, obscurity and honor. We think of Nero's cowardly and inhuman treatment of his mother, and then remember that beautiful picture of filial reverence, Garfield stooping to kiss his mother after his inauguration. Then thank Him who is on high for instilling into the heart of every true American boy the commandment above all others, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

We read of Caesar with his triumphs, followed through the streets of Rome by thousands of captives; Alexander feasting with his nobles after that memor-



HANS NICLAR
JAMES WOODCOCK

MILTON MARK

CHAS. DUERKOOP

BOYS WHO TOOK PART IN THE VIOLIN CHORUS ON AMERICAN BOY DAY AT THE PORTLAND EXPOSITION, JULY 5TH

able campaign in Egypt; and then, turning our eyes, see the picture of that "Ideal American," Abraham Lincoln, after having completed a civil war which has no parallel in history, walking alone and unattended through the streets of Richmond. We think of the French nobles riding to the guillotine with a smile of derision on their lips, and then see that grand old man who, though walking to his grave, did not hesitate to stop and kiss the child of a slave—a man who though he knew he was doomed to death fought for what he thought right. And now, from north to south, from east to west, hundreds of thousands of heads bend and pay homage to the iron will, the noble principles of that "Ideal American," old John Brown.

My friends, Boys of America, as sure as the clock

My friends, Boys of America, as sure as the clock ticks the hours of the day, minute after minute, just so sure is the time drawing near when either we must be "Ideal Americans," or the rising star of our nation, like that of many another, will set in obscurity.

I have named to you but a few men who have come to my mind as exponents of true Americanism, but if we, by emulation, enlarge the heritage of this noble ancestry, then shall it be with us as God said to Israel, "Blest be thy days in the land of thy fathers."

"Blest be thy days in the land of thy fathers."
In the city of Philadelphia there rests an old bell. Though cracked and marred by time it is still kept as a patriotic shrine for all liberty loving Americans, for once it rang out loud and clear the notes of Freedom, and its echoes still seem to say to the downtrodden of every nation, "Come unto me all ye who are oppressed, and I will give you liberty."

### MESSAGE FROM ADMIRAL DEWEY

Sent to the Editor of The American Boy to be Read on American Boy Day at Portland, and Other Places

Navy Department. Office of The Admiral of the Navy, Mills Building, Washington.

May 19, 1905.

To the Boys of America:—I have learned with much interest of the proposed celebration of American Boy Day this year at the Portland Exposition and elsewhere. I am glad the boys are to have a day,—it is right that they should have a part in every celebration. The boys of today are to be the men of tomorrow, upon whom is to depend very much of the future of this great country of ours, a country whose rapid yet stable growth has made it a marvel to the older nations. I hope that many of the boys, as they grow up, will develop a fondness for the Navy, and that all of them will realize the importance of maintaining a Navy commensurate with our standing as a nation, for this will surely be a great factor in preserving the peace of the world,

Very truly yours.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

## FOR THE MIKADO

(Continued from preceding page.)

leigh, but before their humble Japanese companion, begged the honor of conducting him to the Admiral's

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Dunster. "Who is he Taki? Do you suppose these duffers take him for the boss of our outfit?"

"I am not know who he is," replied the other, "only that he is Nippon man. Also I cannot tell why he is go for see admiral, for it is certainly known that I am commander."

"You say that you know nothing about the man and yet you have trusted him all this time? Why, Taki, he might have been a traitor in Russian em-

"Dun Brown," answered Takahaki vehemently, "of all millions of Nippon man not one could be a traitor to his Mikado. Such thing is impos-sib-le. No, my friend, he is Nippon man and so cannot be traitor. Why that admiral wish to see him instead of see me I may not ask; for on this ship the admiral stand in place of the Mikado, and so what thing he do is

Further conversation was interrupted by the return of the officer who had received them, and who now courteously invited them to accept the hospitalities of the wardroom while awaiting the admiral's pleasure.

Every man of the wardroom mess, trim, alert, and showing faces alive with intelligence, rose upon their entrance and gave them greeting at once polite and cordial. Refreshments were placed before them, and in the general conversation that ensued innumerable questions were asked concerning the handling and efficiency of subriarines. At the same time there was no trace of curiosity as to the personal affairs of the guests. Ordinary Japanese politeness forbids the asking of such questions, while according to navy etiquette, to seek information from officers who had not yet reported to the admiral, would constitute an unpardonable offense.

At the end of haif an hour spent thus pleasantly an orderly appeared and saluting, announced that the admiral would receive Lieutenant Matsu and his

As they entered the simply furnished after cabin, a kindly appearing man in undress uniform who was pacing the floor and dictating to a stenographer, courteously returned their salutes and said:

'Lieutenant Matsu I congratulate you upon your successful accomplishment of the mission upon which you were sent to Vladivostok. You were ordered to render a certain submarine torpedo boat unserviceable to the Russians and you have done this by carry-

ing her off under their very noses. Also you have sunk one of their destroyers and have captured one of their coal ships which I understand is momentarily expected to reach this port. Is all this true?

"Yes, honorable sir; it is very true; but also none of it could have been done without the wonderful aid of this my friend Brownleigh San of America and of one other Nippon man who I perceive has already made report to your excellency most flattering to me though I no longer see him.'

'No, Lieutenant, as he was in haste to reach Nagasaki I already have sent him in a swift boat. He left regards for you and doubtless you will hear from him presently. As to your friend, I am well informed of his valuable service to our cause, and I proffer him my profoundest gratitude. Also I am going to ask him to place us under still further obligation. Is your boat in condition for immediate service?

"With a very little of repairs and some fresh supplies she is ready, sir."

"Then Lieutenant, though you well have earned a rest, I cannot give it to you. Port Arthur is not yet fallen. The Russian ships sheltered in its harbor are not yet destroyed. The Baltic fleet is on its way to form a junction, which thing may not be permitted. The Admiral (Togo) wishes more than anything, for a submarine. You will take him one, going from here under convoy of a despatch boat which I am to send at once. If possible you will start within two hours. Of the great kindness of your friend, who is more familiar with the submarine than any of our officers, I will ask that he go with you for the giving of instruction to the engineers of the Admiral. Will you speak to him and ask if he will consent to do this one more great thing for the Mikado, in whose cause he has already rendered such honorable service?'

'Dun Brown," said Takahaki, "the admiral order me to take that Naisha quick to Port Arthur. He say it will please him for you also to go to Port Arthur if you are willing for do such great thing for the Mikado. Are you willing for go?

'Am I willing? Taki; I am afraid you are getting dotty! The idea of asking me such a question, when Port Arthur is the one place in all the world that I am most anxious to visit just now. Tell him that I not only accept his kind invitation with joy and gratitude, but that if he had sent you off without me, I should have taken possession of one of his ships, perhaps this very one, and followed you. If I couldn't have done it alone I'd have got Bunker to help me. Then how would your admiral have felt?

Takahaki noted with dismay a twinkle in the admiral's eye that seemed to indicate a certain knowledge of the English language, and he hastened to make formal announcement that his friend Brownleigh San had kindly consented to carry out his (the admiral's) wishes.

At this the latter expressed his gratitude to Brownleigh San by making that young gentleman a profound bow; a courtesy that "Dun Brown" returned in his very best Annapolis dancing class manner.

Then the admiral, turning to Takahaki said: "Mr. Matsu you will oblige me by at once filling out your requisition for such men and supplies as are necessary, and by making all speed with your preparations

for departure."
"Very good, sir," replied Takahaki, saluting, and turning to leave. Then he remembered a certain omission that he hastened to rectify by saying:

"Excuse me, honorable sir, but there is one more word to be said. It is of another American, engineer of that Honan, shortly to arrive, who aided us so greatly in bringing her that he has been promised his freedom and a reward.'

"I already know of him, and all promises made shall

"Also one question, honorable sir. May I ask why you call me by that honorable title of Lieutenant? "For the reason that you were commissioned

Lieutenant more than two months ago. Did you not know of it? It was for service at Port Arthur," was the smiling reply.

"Taki, I do congratulate you!" cried Dunster. seizing his friend's hand when the two were safely beyond the sacred precincts of the admiral's cabin. 'To think that you've been a Luff all this time, and we never suspected it! I say old man, see if you can't scare up a new uniform before we leave for the seat of war, bearing the insignia of your exalted rank and all that sort of thing, you know. If you do make the raise I wish you'd give me a hand-out of your old clothes, for I begin to feel very disreputable by contrast with my present surroundings.'

So Takahaki requisitioned not only a new uniform for himself, but one for his friend as well, and got them both; only his bore certain bullion embroidered bars and chrysanthemums, that were lacking on that issued to the young American. Still, as the latter said, it was navy cut, of navy cloth, and it made him feel good to get into navy blue once more.

In less than the allotted time, the Naisha having on board a crew of six, carefully selected men from the flagship, and escorted by a trim looking despatch boat, left the haven she had so recently entered, and started to round the southern extremity of Korea, preparatory to crossing the Yellow Sea. As she went out of Idzu Harra she met the Honan, which had wasted much time searching for her, coming in. The young officer in command of the freighter glared at the submarine in speechless indignation not unmixed with amazement; while Mr. Bunker, being notified of their passing, rushed up on deck to wave his late companions a combined greeting and farewell.

(Concluded next month.)



## American Boy Day at Cairo, Ill., July 20th, 1905

THE celebration of American Boy Day at Cairo. Illinois, took place on July 20th, under the leadership of I. A. Humberd, of Cairo. The exercises consisted of music, orations, etc., in the pavilion of the city park, a picnic dinner under the trees, and a street car parade. Owing to the illness of the editor of The American Boy, following his return from the celebration of American Boy Day at the Portland Exposition, he was unable to be present and take the part assigned to him on the program. A reading of the numbers of the program will indicate something of the good time the Cairo boys had on the occasion. The following is the program:

Piano solo Malvin Franklin
Welcome addressJudge W. S. Dewey
Welcome to boysGlen Butler, Cairo
Response
Violin solo
RecitationJim Kimmel, Carbondale
Oration, "Americanism"Jay F. Vickers, Vienna, Ill.
Piano solo
Letters read from eminent men.
Egg race

Rabbit race.

Piano solo......John Beck, Cairo Salute to the flag and the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America," led by the boys

of the Episcopal choir. Recitation ...... Earl Spence, Mound City, Ill. Vocal solo......C. J. McNulty, Cairo Violin solo.....David Rosenburg, Vienna, Ill. Song, "Our Country's Boys," to the tune of America, sung by the audience. Benediction.

The prize poem and the prize song were the poem and the song used at other American Boy Day exercises held throughout the country this year.

Great credit is due to Mr. Humberd for the energy he displayed in arranging for and managing the day, and for his enthusiastic interest in boys.



CHARLES TAYLOR AMERICAN BOY DAY BUGLER AT THE FORTLAND EXPOSITION

### LETTERS TO AMERICAN BOYS BY PROMINENT AMERICANS READ ON AMERICAN BOY DAY

FROM THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Office of the Secretary, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.,

Washington, D. C.,

June 3, 1905.

Replying to your letter of May 12, asking for an expression directed to the boys of America, to be read at celebrations on American Boy Day, I have to say:

The late Senator Hawley of Connecticut, in speaking to me one day about the requirements for students at West Point and Annapolis, remarked: "The young man must have a good constitution, sufficient preparatory training, and be a boy who won't lie." I would add that a boy should be taught industry and economy; he should know the value of an hour and a dollar. Parents and guardians should see to their boys' physical development, their mental training, and their spiritual growth; if any of these three elements are lacking, you do not have the material for first-class Americans.

Very truly yours,

JAMES WILSON,

Secretary.



I. A. HUMBERD WHO SUCCESSFULLY CONDUCTED AMERICAN BOY DAY AT CAIRO, ILL., ON JULY 20TH

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF WYOMING.

The State of Wyoming, Executive Department, Cheyenne.

Cheyenne.

May 17th, 1905.

Yes, gladly, a sentiment to the American boy, God bless him! Outgrowth of Cavalier and Puritan, composite of the choicest and boldest blood of all nations of the earth. Reared in a land of Christianity and equality, freedom and enlightenment. The restless energy properly directed makes him a sure winner in the great world race which beneath the Stars and Stripes is a free-for-all, with no favorites. Perseverance and honesty make up the winning team.

Yours very truly,

BRYANT B. BROOKS,

Governor.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

State of New Hampshire.

Executive Department.

Concord, N. H., May 17, 1905.

To keep the moral fibre of the American people as strong as it has been through our national history the American boys of today must be imbued with the spirit of true manliness. All that tends to that result will have my cordial approval and support.

Yours very truly,

JOHN McLANE,

Governor.

### FROM THE GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

Executive Office, Lansing, Michigan.

Greetings to the Boys of America:—
May their tribe increase. I have no sympathy with those who say the boy of today has not the opportunity the boys of the past had. We have now great opportunities and men great enough to improve them. We always will have, and that makes a combination that can't be heat. That is the reason why our country is and will continue to be the best on earth.

Cordially yours,

FRED M. WARNER,

May 31, 1905.

FRED M. WARNER, Governor of Michigan.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF IOWA. Executive Office, Des Moines, Iowa.

Des Moines, Iowa.

To the Boys of America:

The thought uppermost in my mind when I think of the boys of this country is one of hearty congratulation. You will play your part in the great drama of life during the most important period the world has ever seen. There is more work to be done than ever before. If you want wealth, there is more of it, actual and potential, than in any past time. If you want fame, the gates of opportunity opening into the fields of honor are wider than when your forefathers fought their way toward and through them. If you want to serve humanity, it never needed strong arms, high minds, brave hearts and pure souls more than now.

As you go forward to win the victories of life, I lay upon you one injunction: Say what you believe to be true, and do what you believe to be right.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

### FROM THE GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.

Executive Office, State of Texas. Austin.

Austin.

May 25, 190b.

Sooner than you can realize, you will be men. If you are good boys, as a rule, you will make good men. You are now laying the foundation for the future. The stronger, the deeper, the broader it is, the greater will be the support for the superstructure you are to rear. Build the house of your character upon a rock, to the end that it may withstand any storm that may come. Do not be in a hurry to stop the preparatory work. May the boys of America spring from the best achievements of their fathers to heights beyond ancestral attainment.

S. W. T. LANHAM,

Governor of Texas.



J. LAWRENCE WHITE BAKER CITY, ORE. WHO ST HIS SINGING CREATED A SENSATION ON AMERICAN BOY DAY AT PORTLAND, ORE.

# My Four Years at West Point (BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER, 1994) XXI. "A HUNDRED DAYS TO JUNE." "A HUNDRED DAYS TO JUNE." "I tied it up cold." "I fessed frigid." "Oh, about so-so," was the stereotyped question and the examination in English was fairly under way. This was conducted by the Communities of contraband anticles mittee that sat in No. 1, Academic Building, and was not so full of terror to the pleb immortal. My turn came all in due time, and I had to submit to the mental agony of hearing a to submit to the mental agony of hearing a to submit to the mental agony of hearing a to submit to the mental agony of hearing a to member of nny section tell what he difference in general standing, and we celebrated to submit to the mental agony of hearing a to submit to the mental agony of hearing

My turn came all in due time, and I had to submit to the mental agony of hearing a member of my section tell what he didn't know about "Campbell's Essay on Style." I had some sentences to parse, and among other things explained to the Academic Board "how to make the stick straight."

As a result of the examination four of

my classmates were turned out for a written." Two of this number had previously been turned out in math, and they were doomed beyond the shadow of a

doubt.
There were several days of suspense after the examinations were over, during which every one was on the qui vive for orders about the result of their work.
One cold, dreary morning, as the battalion was drawn up in line after returning from breakfast, the adjutant was seen hurrying to the front of the center of the battalion carrying some papers in his nurrying to the front of the center of the battallon carrying some papers in his hand. We all knew what that meant, and it was a moment of fearful anxiety to more than one cadet in that long line of

The adjutant proceeded to publish his

ders at once:
"The following-named cadets of the baying been found

Later in the day came the order turning back two of the six yearlings to our class. Their advent there was received with joy, not on account of their intrinsic worth, but because we could drop the "mister" in addressing them, and dared even to call them by the same nicknames as their yearling cronies used to do. Moreover, it was quite a delightful sensation to be called plain S—by men who had once made your life miserable. And the most wonderful thing about it all was that not one of us cherished any ill-feeling on account of the past.

Recitations, meanwhile, had been re-

meanwhile, had been re-Recitations. Hecitations, meanwhile, had been resumed as soon as the examinations were completed. Not a moment was lost. While the "found" cadets were busy disposing of their cadet caulipments and packing-up of their cadet caulipments. of their cadet entirements an partial of for their departure, we were attending recitations. At dinner many of the unfortunates appeared in their "cits," and looked so odd that I could scarcely recognize them. After the meal, I said farewell of my classmates that I could find. to all of my classmates that I could find.

There seemed to be real sorrow among

the second classmen over the loss of their

the second classmen over the loss of their fellow. They accompanied him in a body to the extreme bound of cadet limits, and the final parting was touching.

With the beginning of the term we took up a new course of study. We were marched to the commissary and furnished among other works with two French books, Keetels' Analytical French Reader and Keetels' Analytical and Practical French Common besides two new B. S's—a drab Keetels' Analytical and Practical French Grammar, besides two new B. S.'s.,—a drab one and a red one. The drab "B. S." was Abbott's "How to Write Clearly," and the ted one was Abbott and Sceley's "English Lessons for English People." The math, books were Davies' Legendre's Geometry, Davies' Surveying, and Church's Trigo-

There were many interpolations to be made in the math, books, particularly in the trigonometry, where every trigonometric function had to be divided by an interpolated Radius or "R." Geometry was the polated Radius or polated Radius or "R." Geometry was the first of these studies to be taken up, and plain and solid geometry were finished almost before I knew it. Then came the "trig." and finally the surveying, with a day or two of practical work in the field.

In the English Department, we had recitations in French on Mondays, Wednestern

in the English Department, we had reci-tations in French on Mondays, Wednes-days and Fridays of each alternate week, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays of the other weeks. The other days were devoted

to English.

The "English Lessons" were first taken up. My recollections of this book are rather meagre. I remember, however, that the principles of logic were taught by a

the principles of logic were taught by a system of spoons and bowls.

The French course was a "stickler" for many of us, especially those who had never boned French before. There were some men in our class who had talked French in Paris, and consequently they had things very easy for a while. Slowly and surely the hard workers and the men with marked talent for the analytical study of languages formed to the front. These men could not forged to the front. These men could not talk French with their traveled class-mates, but they formed the majority of the first section. Numbers one, two and three in our class had never seen a French book before coming to the Point and albook before coming to the Point, and al-though (as I once heard an instructor remark) their accent was Hibernian rather

remark) their accent was Hibernian rather than French, they had no difficulty in holding their places.

Somewhere about the middle of January the order was published giving the standings in the different studies. The fourth class in addition received a general standing compiled by combining math

Fortunately for me, demerits did not count in making out the January standing. I came out much higher than I had anticipated in both studies. In fact, Silkins, Fletcher, and myself were all in the first ten in general standing, and we celebrated it one Saturday night by devouring great quantities of contraband articles surreptitiously "dragged" by a "cit" friend. Henson, my roommate, managed to pull through in B. S., and did gloriously in math.

The same routine of drill for all the classes remained in force until March 15. Parade had never been suspended, and, on clear days, when the ground was free

from snow and the weather not too cold, we had parade in overcoats at 4:10 p. m. The Regulations provided that, weather permitting, there should be infantry drill by companies from March 15 till April 1 of each year. The authorities evidently considered these drills of great importance in limbering up the cadets in the manual of arms after their winter hibernatum. The word talking the matter over at dinsidered these drills of great importance in ner, and were curious to know whether we would attend. "Chub" settled the question for us, by remarking to his classarms after their winter hibernation. The drill was a bore to us, and if that was the case what must it have been to the upper classmen! The manual by the numbers—"Present arms, one, two," etc., were all so familiar that it was a great relief to get out on the plain and have the privilege of executing "fours right" or "platoons right wheel."

Would attend. "Chub" settled the question for us, by remarking to his classmates:
"General — is to be buried on Friday, isn't he?"
"Yes," his neighbor replied.
"Well, I'll bet ten to one that it rains on that day. I've been in this institution four years and have attended a dozen funerals, and at every one of them it has been frightfully cold. with a foot of spow of the statement of the classmates.

But we did not have much cause to com-

orders at once:

"The following-named cadets of the Military Academy, having been found deficient by the Academic Board, will proceed to their respective homes and there await the action of the War Department."

The list of names then followed. The deficient cadets were ordered to report to the Treasurer to settle their accounts.

The list included one second classman, six yearlings, and fifteen fourth classmen. After ranks had been broken, the plebs who had pulled through were rather free in offering their condolence to their less fortunate classmates. The upper classmen were more reserved, but it was apparent that the blow had struck deeper with them.

What poor deluded plebs we were! We really believed we were already bound by strong class ties when, at the very bottom of our hearts, we did not regret to see more than one of the fifteen depart from among us.

Later in the day came the order turning back two of the six yearlings to our class. Their advent there was received with joy, not on account of their intrinsic worth, but because we could drop the "mister" in addressing them, and dared even to call them by the same nicknames as their the plain along the railroad practice on the plain along the railroad guns or mortars, or else to rife target practice on the plain along the attention of the faritice.

and we went either to drill at the slegguns or mortars, or else to rifle target practice on the plain along the railroad north of the Point. These were all interesting drills, and we took a great deal of pride in our marksmanship.

Each day the sun set later and the weather slowly grew milder and balmier, as it brought us nearer the long-anticipated Yearling June. Every man in the corps kept a tally of the number of days ahead, and in truth the record was halked and penciled nearly everywhere.

One Hundred Days to June is the occasion of a grand celebration in the corps.

one Hundred Days to June is the occasion of a grand celebration in the corps. The nearest Saturday is a gala day. A german was given in the afternoon by the upper classmen, and exercises were held in the messhall in the evening. The entertainment consisted of two or three speeches by members of the first class, and the reading of the Howitzer. West Point has no college periodical other than the Howitzer, which appears annually.

Every one in the corps was invited to contribute, and the whole conglomeration was read by a first-classman elected for that purpose. The Howlizer was made the organ for perpetuating all grinds of the

The plebs took advantage of the opportunity to get in some effective thrusts at the upper classmen, and nearly all the contributors gave the officers over them some indirect but nevertheless effective digs. The authors of the articles were anonyment and the conformal of the chagging different properties. ous, and if any one felt chagrined, there was no help for it.

was no help for it.

Among all the upper classmen I think the "Colonel" received the heaviest bombardment from the Howitzer. Many of the officers and the ladies on the post attended, and the latter were given an excellent opportunity to gain a good insight into cadet life and the peculiarities of their friends.

Washington's Birthday was not observed as a holiday except in one respect. The band started out at reveille, and marched around the post playing "Army Blue," "Bad White and Blue" "Hail Columbia."

band started out at reveille, and marched around the post playing "Army Blue," "Red, White, and Blue," "Hall Columbia," and "My Country." The playing was hardly up to the standard, and as far as I was concerned, only served to interrupt my stolen nap between reveille and police call. The ground was covered with slush and the country of the standard full of mud-holes. Every now and then, one of the men who wielded a hig trom-

one of the men who willing a lik from-bone stepped into a hole and blurted out a note away above the proper one.

Decoration Day was not observed at the post except by the advent of hundreds of excursionists from the neighboring towns and from New York City.

These picnickers (as the cadets call them indiscriminately) stood and walked all around barracks and the Academic buildstared when there was anything to stare at, and when nothing was going on stared on general principles. There were on general principles. a great many heads peering out from the windows on the qui vive for pretty

Sight-seers who come to the Point to spend the day are called "picnickers" by the cadets. This term is not very sugges-tive of a swell class of people, and is properly applied only to those who bring their lunches with them and are willing to share it with cadets to whom they have not been

A great many excellent people visit the Point on the morning day-boat, returning in the afternoon. In cases where the friends of cadets have come up in that way, I

In looking through the N. Y. Herald for the army news one morning about the mid-dle of May, I saw the obituary of an officer of the retired list whose name became famous during the war for the Union as one of the most dashing cavalry leaders of the Northern army. The notice stated that the deceased officer was to be buried at West Point.

We were talking the matter over at din-

frightfully cold, with a foot of snow on the ground, or it has rained torrents. General—was a grand soldier, but never having seen him, I don't think I'll shed many tears over his grave. There is one thing I'm not going to do, that is to have a corps of cadets, yet to be born, turn out and tramp behind me to the cemetery."

The following Thursday at parade, the Superintendent's order was published giving a short sketch of the career of General—, and stating that he would be buried on the following day, and that the corps of cadets would attend the funeral.

Friday morning I went down to reveille

Friday morning I went down to reveille in a pouring rain, and as the day advanced in a pouring rain, and as the day advanced it came harder and harder until the area and the roads were seas of mud. At breakfast, the commandant's order was published. "D" Company was to escort the body, and the rest of the corps were to attend in white gloves and side-arms. Immediately after dinner, we were formed in the area. The escort were drilled a while in the manual of arms, particularly in firing.

We were marched out and formed on

We were marched out and formed on right into line, facing the chapel. The services were nearly concluded by this time. The hearse, which was waiting in front of the chapel, was an ordinary caisson, covered with black cloth, and draped with the stars and stripes, and was drawn by four horses. A cavalry soldler in full dress was mounted on the "off" horse of each team.

mounted on the "off" horse of each team. The steeds were prancing about, as was also the led horse supposed to be the dead officer's charger. The animal was black, and covered with a heavy black blanket. On one side of the saddle a cavalry boot was suspended with the toes reversed. We had a short "place rest" while waiting for the conclusion of the services, and I was thinking what a beautiful charger that was, and how thrilling his war experience had been, when I heard my front

perlence had been, when I heard my front

rank file say:
"There's old Greene. Couldn't have funeral here without him. He is a mighty mean horse in the hall, though."

mean horse in the hall, though."
Finally the chaplain appeared from the chapel, and the body was placed on the caisson and covered with the flag. The funeral procession was quickly formed. The band led, playing the standard army funeral march. Then came the escort followed by the clergyman. Next were the remains and pall-bearers and two or three carriages containing the chief mourners. The officers of the post marched immediately after, followed by the corps of cadets.

The rain fell ceaselessly, and the sky was of a dull leaden hue, but the procession moved forward with slow and stately tread. following the winding road to the ceme-tery about half a mile north of the post. The West Point cemetery is a beautiful spot, and the ideal place for a soldier's last sleep. It is on a plateau that overlooks the Hudson, and commands a lovely view to the north. Cro' Nest stands as an eternal sentinel over the heroes that rest below and sends back the subdued echoes of the cannon's hoom at reveille and retreat.
The old flag can be seen in the distance floating from the top of the flagstaff on

Trophy Point. When we had entered the little cemetery the corps was drawn up in front of the grave, the center of the escort directly opposite, the rest of the corps on the right of the escort. The remains were brought forward and placed over the grave, after which arms were presented, and the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." When the music had ceased, arms were carried by direction of the commander of the escort, and the body was lowered into the The escort was then brought to a " arms, and all stood with bowed rest on" heads while the chaplain performed the last rites of the Episcopal church.

This, my first military funeral, made a deep impression upon me. I can see it all now as vividly as I did in those old pleb days. There stood the chaplain in his long black gown hareheaded by the grave, with his eyes turned upward in prayer towards the dull gloomy skies. The wife and the dull gloomy skies. The wire and children sorrowfully took a last look at the beloved dead. The long line of gray the beloved dead. The long line of gray stood reverently by, all class distinctions, jealousies, ambitions stilled in the pres-ence of death. It was then there stole in-to my thoughts those impressive lines from Gray's Elegy:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, All that beauty all that wealth e'er gave. Await alike the inevitable hour,

The path of glory leads but to the grave."

June means a great deal to every cadet. For the last month of so "— days to June" had been an occasion for celebration, according to the number of fives contained in the

tained in the – days. No time in the cadet's calendar is so dear to him as the month of roses. Then not only sisters, sweethearts, and parents come in full force, but it brings freedom to the

graduating and to the furlough class. The plebs find the "Mr." dropped from their names forever, except when addressed by the new plebs. The second class assume the sceptre and the chevrons abandoned by the graduating class. June indeed is a memorable month for West Point. Ten days to June was made the occasion

for a special celebration by the first class-men and the yearlings. It would have been too "b. j." for us plebs to celebrate in any organized manner, so I had to con-

in any organized manner, so I had to content myself with a walk around Flirtation in Silkins' company.

The yearlings were gathered around one of the fifteen-inch guns at Battery Knox. down on the edge of the cliff, overlooking the Hudson. This gun frowns over the river in all months except June, when nothing frowns at the Point. One of the yearlings had a guitar and accompanied the rest of the crowd in the oft-repeated songs of 'My Darling Clementine,' "Army Blue," "Son of a Gambolier," and "Benny Havens, Oh!"

The pauses for rest were utilized in giv-

The pauses for rest were utilized in giving the class yell and bumping some yearlings who had been guilty of undue levity against the monster cannon. Just as Silkins and I passed, one of the Albany day-boats swung to view on our right. At sight of the steamer the yearlings let themselves loose, for was not that the boat that was to bear them homeward in the course of three weeks? They waved their handkerchiefs, turned handsprings, stood on their heads, and shouted until hoarse. on their heads, and shouted until hoarse. The pilot of the steamer was evidently used to such exhibitions, for he replied with three hoarse salutes from the whistle, and was obliged to repeat them at intervals, as long as the boat remained in sight. Silkins and I wandered down Fiirtation paying little attention to the third class circus. It was natural, perhaps, that we grew confidential, and confessed to each other that we expected some young lady

grew confidential, and confessed to each other that we expected some young lady friends during the summer. And so we strayed from the path, and reaching a secluded nook, sat down for a few minutes in the twilight and surveyed our surroundings. Just why we did so, it is hardly fair to say; but that reconnoissance must have proved quite useful to both of us, for, almost two years after, I was sauntering down to one of these little retreats—not alone, and there I found Silkins, and he was not alone.

When we arrived at Gee's Point, where the lighthouse stands, we seated ourselves

the lighthouse stands, we seated ourselves on the old bench between the cedars and carved our initials in the seat. We could hear the first classmen singing up at Kosclusko's monument, on the parapet of Fort Clinton,—"Benny Havens, Oh!" "Here's to 8—, drink her down," and "Army Blue." The principal refrain in the last song was:

"We'll bid farewell to cadet gray, And don the army blue.

Ten days to June,-the man who didn't appreciate that was-well, he wasn't a

As far as studies are concerned, these last few days were, for the diligent men what the cadets call a "picnic." We were in general review in all our studies, which meant that we were going over the same ground for the third time.

Finally the first of June arrived, and in unnumbered places the chalkers had recorded the fact that it was O days to June,
the cipher being conspicuously large. The
day was marked by the arrival of the
Board of Visitors and lots of pretty girls,
the initiation of the series of exhibition
drills and exercises, the beginning of the final examination, and the donning of white trousers by the battalion.

The examinations were well attended by the Board of Visitors, not to mention others who did not belong to any board. Our examination in math. was written. French it was both written and oral. reading and translation being oral. English was oral.

Ilsh was oral.

There was another feature of these days in early June that I have not yet mentioned—viz., the New York newspaper reporter. This was the only season of the year that the metropolitan journals seemed to remember the existence of West Point at all, except in the rare inervals when some cadet fight took place. These were always described in true prize-ring style, and were generally accurate only in the and were generally accurate only in the names of the participants, which were gen-

erally spelled incorrectly.

Their accounts of the June exercises Their accounts of the June exercises were often amusing. A column and a half contained nothing more than, "cadets—white trousers—old Sol—lovely girls in pink, lovely girls in white, lovely girls in blue, old girls, young girls, pretty girls, and charming girls—orioles darting through the thickets like balls of golden fire—Filtration Walk." etc., etc. .

On the first of June we had a review in honor of some Brigadier-General, who was

honor of some Brigadier-General, who was visiting the post, and for whom a salute was also fired. Just as it is not good was also fired. Just as it is not good etiquette for a pleb to stand at attention to a new-comer, when he is already in the presence of an upper classman who ranks the new-comer, so it is bad form to give a review and fire a salute for a high military

(Continued on page 354.)

# THE DRY LAND JIG

By WILL LISENBEE

EAVEN only knows what will become of us now, Frank," said Mrs. Harland. "We have only a few dollars left. When that is gone, I can't see where the next is to come from.

But I shall find something to do, moth-

"But I shall find something to do, mother," responded Frank. "There is always work for willing hands. I shall find some way to earn a little money."

"I hope so, Frank; but it will be hard for you to get work where so many strong men are idle." She glanced out of the cabin window to the cluster of cheerless cabins that composed the Blue Rock mining camp. ing camp.

Six months had gone by since James Har-Six months had gone by since James Harland had moved with his wife and only son from Galena, Kansas, to this little mining camp in eastern Wyoming, where he was employed by the Cheyenne Mining Co. He had been killed by a premature explosion in the mines a week before the conversation with which this true story begins. After the funeral expenses had been paid the widow found herself almost penniless, with none to look to for support but Frank, her sixteen-year-old son.

Day after day, Frank went to the differout of employment. So Frank could find

out of employment. So Frank could find the mines had shut down for the winter, thus throwing a large number of miners out of employment. So Frank could find no job where so many men were willing to do anything to keep themselves and fam-

illes from starvation.

The boy never ceased his exertions, but

The boy never ceased his exertions, but continued to explore every avenue to labor. He had even failed after trying hard to get a place as dishwasher in the little hotel. Still he did not give up.

The weeks went by. A month passed, and he had succeeded in earning only fifty cents by chopping wood for a neighbor He next earned a quarter by shoveling snow from the dump at the shaft where his father had been employed.

snow from the dump at the shaft where his father had been employed.

While engaged in this work he happened to pick up some small pieces of quartz, which he showed to one of the miners, "Isn't there silver in that?" Frank asked. "Yes," answered the miner, "there is some silver and a little gold."

"Why do they throw it away?" queried Frank.

Frank.

There's too much dirt mixed with it. You see, when the ore is being mined there is considerable of it that gets mixed with the dirt and rocks and is thrown in

the waste-dump."
"But couldn't it be sluiced out?" "But couldn't it be sinced out:

"Yes, by carrying it on a burro to a
stream thirty miles away," the miner answered derisively. "But that wouldn't
pay. If it would, the dirt wouldn't be
light here." pay. If lyin' here.

"If a fellow could clean it up without moving it away, would it pay him? asked

Frank.
"I'd say it would. W'y, there's more 'an five hundred dollars lyin' in that dump, but it'll never be got out."

That night Frank scarcely slept an hour. Tossing upon his pillow, he was trying to devise some means of separating the ore from the dirt in the old waste dump.
"I believe it can be done," he said to

himself, over and over.
But how? That was the question. Many

But how? That was the question. Many experienced miners were in the camp out of employment. Surely, if they could do nothing with the dump, a boy could have little hope of turning it to good account. Could he be wiser than they?

Though these reflections discouraged him, he could not get that waste dump out of his mind. His thoughts wandered back to the time when he worked with his father in the lead mines, in Galena, Kansas, and he studied over the different methods they employed to separate the mineral from the rocks and dirt.

Persistence is the winner in most af-

Persistence is the winner in most affairs. After many hours a thought came to Frank like a revelation. Why not try the "dry land jig box," such as they used in Galena?

So excited did he become as the thought So excited did he become as the thought occurred to him that, though it was only three o'clock in the morning, he jumped from the bed, and dressing, told his mother of the plan he had in view.

"It will work, I know it will!" he said.

"God grant it may," responded his mother. "But how can you get the money to buy the outfit to work with? We haven't ten dollars in the house."

"I shall find some way to obtain the money," replied Frank, confidently. "I must first see the superintendent of the mine and find out if they will let me work

mine and find out if they will let me work the dump.

About nine o'clock Frank went to the superintendent of the mine and told him he wanted to clean up the waste dump on

he wanted to clean up the waste dump on shares. The superintendent smiled.
"I am afraid you are undertaking a difficult job," he said. "Where do you propose to get your water?"

'I shall not require much." Frank re-

"That is where you are mistaken. It will take more water than you will ever get without moving the dirt, and that won't pay."

But I have no intention of moving it. Frank replied, where it lies." "I mean to wash it up just

passing through the sleve causes the rocks and other lighter substances to be forced to the top of the sleve, while the heavy mineral is left at the bottom.

In the lead mines it was customary to sluice the dirt before passing it through the mining company and endeavored to induce him to go into partnership with him and furnish the necessary funds. But the carpenter, thinking the boy's scheme would fail, refused. Frank then tried another in the same way, but with the same result.

At first the plan was a failure but they

But he would not give up. Disappointment served only to strengthen his resolu-tion. One morning his mother saw that

asked.

"Show it to the superintendent of the

ing it.
"I know it will work," he said.

worked in Galena, and why not here?"
Then he boldly asked the superintendent if he would not advance money enough to

build the jig.

The superintendent was impressed favorably with the boy's plan as well as his business-like manner.

an earnest manner that the superintendent laughed outright.

"Very well, my boy." he replied, "Come around tomorrow morning and we will see what can be done.

The next morning when Frank called at



the office, the superintendent handed him a paper saying: "Give this to our car-penters at the shaft and show them what you want done and you'll soon have your outfit ready to go to work."

outfit ready to go to work."

With deep gratitude Frank hurried away to see the carpenters. By the aid of the little model he had made he soon explained to them what he wanted, and they promised to have the work done by the next evening. Frank then hurried home to tell his mother of his good fortune.

Two days later the jig box had been completed and placed in position at the waste dump.

completed and placed in position at the waste dump.

For the benefit of the readers who are unfamiliar with the workings of a jig box. I will give a brief explanation.

The jig consists of a water-tight tank, a sleve and a jig-pole, or lever. The sleve is simply a small wooden box, the ordinary dimensions being about thirty-six inches in length, eighteen inches wide and a foot dimb amount of \$1.648.25 the speaker in dumb amount of \$1.6488 the speaker in dumb amount of \$1.6488 the speaker in dumb amount of \$1.6488 the spe Frank replied. "I mean to wash it up just where it lies."

"That will be impossible." said the superintendent in surprise.

"It may be, sir. Still, I'm willing to give it a trial. If you will give me the privise is simply a small wooden box, the ordinary legg. I will work the dump up on shares."

"Of course we could have no objection to your trying the experiment," returned the superintendent, "and if you can really do what you think you can we can well afford to give you seventy-five per cent. of all the ore you clean up."

"Thank you," exclaimed Frank hearily. "Now if I can do the work in three weeks do you think it would pay me?"

"The substitute of the readers who are unfamiliar with the workings of a jig consists of a water-tight tank."

Frank replied. "Mell, yon haven't been working for mothing." the superintendent replied. "After working for a water-tight tank.

The jig consists of a water-tight tank of the workings of a water-light tank.

The jig consists of a water-tight tank of a water-tight tank of wordinary in the sleve is simply a small wooden box, the ordinary is simply a small wooden box, the ordinary.

Frank treel, will, you can do it in the speck of a water-tight tank as food and a jig-pole or lever. The sleve is simply a small wooden box, the ordinary.

Frank will be well, yon haven'te been working for mothing." the superintendent replied. "After deducting the moth is simply a small wooden box, the ordinary is simply a small wooden box, the ordinary.

Frank treel, you havenous of small wooden box, the ordinary

the sieve, which is then lowered into the water and churned up and down vigorously with the jig pole. The action of the water passing through the sieve causes the rocks

At first the plan was a failure, but they soon discovered that by placing the rods in the bottom of the sleve wider apart it would work. Before a year had passed tion. One morning his mother saw that he was busy at work making a miniature jig box.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked.

"What are you going to do with that?" favor till the modern steam crusher made them observed. them obsolete.

"Show it to the superintendent of the mine," he answered, "and see if he won't advance me the money to go on with the work. I believe he will do it after he understands my plan."

That evening he carried his little model of the "dry land jig" to the superintendent, and explained the manner of working it.

The mobsolete. The mossilete. The first thing for Frank to do was to fill the tank with water. This he had to carry from the reservoir at the pump. "It will take me a half a day to carry the water and fill it," he said to his mothers, and explained the manner of working it.

That night a heavy snow storm set in which lasted for three days. When it ceased Frank found that ten feet of snow had drifted into the narrow valley where the jig had been placed.
"It is too bad," said his mother, "for

ably with the boy's plan as well as his business-like manner.

"But if I should advance you the money, and the plan should fail, how would I get my pay?" he asked.

"But it will not fail," said Frank in such an earnest manner that the superintender.

"It is too bad," said his mother, "for it will not melt away till spring, and that ends your work for the winter."

But Frank cheerfully replied: "I shall go in the plant of the plant

Half an hour later he was scooping out a hole in the snow directly over the jig. He worked all day faithfully, and by night had hollowed out a large room around the jig.

When the work was completed he found that the high walls of snow on every side afforded excellent protection from the wind and gave him a comfortable place to work in. That night he told his mother of what he had done. in. That night he had done.

he had done.
"My dear boy," she said affectionately,
"it does seem as if you allow nothing to stand in your way.
"I'll tell you what, mother, this business

has kept me thinking," replied Frank, "but if nothing happens now, I'll get to work as soon as I can fill the tank."

"Ah, that will be a hard task, indeed, to carry water so far through the deep snow!"

"Why, mother, the snow has saved me that trouble," laughed Frank, "for I'm going to build a fire and melt it in your wash boiler and fill up the tank."
"Well. I declare!" she exclaimed. "You

"You are actually pressing obstacles into your service. It beats all!"

The next morning Frank carried wood and built a big fire in his snow room at the jig. By noon he had melted sufficient snow to fill the tank.

Then he began work, and by night he was overjoyed to find that the jig was separating the ore just as he had calculated it would.

The superintendent of the mine came

The superintendent of the mine came down to see how he was progressing, and when he saw the little pile of clean ore by the tank, he expressed his surprise.

"By George! you are doing it!" he exclaimed, casting a look of admiration on the plucky boy. "Why, there isn't a man in Wyoming who would have hit upon your plan. How did you come to think of it?"

"We used the ligs in Galena" enemored

"We used the jigs in Galena," answered

"We used the jigs in Galena," answered Frank. "I used to help my father in the lead mines there, and I learned to operate a jig as well as any one."
"Well, you deserve to succeed, and I am glad your plan has worked. Here, take this. I will advance this on your ore, and if you need any more, let me know."

He pressed a twenty dollar bill into Frank's hand. Then before the boy could utter a word of gratitude the superintendent hurried away.

For three days Frank continued to work without interruption. Then the weather grew colder and the water in the jig tank froze, causing him to suspend labor.

grew coller and the water in the jig tank froze, causing him to suspend labor. But he was only ide a half day when he hit on a plan for removing this obstacle. He built a roaring fire by the jig, and by heating rocks and placing them in the tank, soon succeeded in thawing the ice, and was able to go on with his work.

sign. Sign.

tendent of the mine assured him that he had made a "good thing."

The ore was then weighed. As soon as the roads were passable it was sent to the mills across the mountains, where it was subjected to the "sampling" process and an assay made.

It was three weeks before the assayer's

report was three weeks before the assayer's report was returned to the superintendent. When at last it came he sent for Frank. "Well, my boy," he said, as Frank came into the office, 'I have got the assayer's report. How much do you think is coming to you?"

'I-don't know," hesitated Frank, "Not



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Look out for "The Tripod Fox", soon to begin in these columns.

## BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS

### Climbing the Ladder

Roy B. Cook entered the office of the Weston (W. Va.) Independent as "printer's devil" at the age of twelve. He er's devil" at the age of tweive. He soon rose from his position of "devil" and became, considering his years and his opportunities, a pretty fair compositor. Later he accepted a position with a druggist, working in the drug store when not in school, and graduating from the public schools with the class of 1904 at the age of 18 years. A few weeks age at the age of 18 years. A few weeks ago he went before the state board of phar-



macy at Martinsburg to try an examination for registration. He has received from one of the examiners a personal letter congratulating him on his success and complimenting him on the accuracy and excellence of his work before the board. He is perhaps the youngest druggist in West Virginia, holding a state certificate, and so far as is known, the only one who has so successfully passed the usually rigid examination before the state board without the benefit of a college education.

### It is the Man Who Knows How

Ignorance breeds failure and all failure is ignorance. The successful man is the man who knows how. Wisdom is simply the best way of doing the thing in hand. the best way of doing the thing in hand. The educated man knows the shortest way to the goal. Whoever comes to the front is the man that arrives because he knows the one last fact in the case. Robert Burns never went to college, but the one thing he did know he knew thoroughly, and he was the best equipped scholar of his generation—in his own field, which was singing the epic of the plowman's cottage. Contrariwise, it is ignorance that brings all the wastes. Ignorance has wasted our forests; ignorignorance that brings all the wastes. Ignorance has wasted our forests; ignorance ruined the rich soil of New England by washing away the nitrates; ignorance wasted half of the gold in the mines of California; ignorance and folly and vice destroyed the old nations and cities on the banks of the Mediterranean. Wisdom and knowledge and obedience alone can recover these wastes. Some men are college trained, most men are self-trained, but every man who succeeds represents the power of knowledge and wisdom in his own work. —N. D. Hillis.

# or Use Tobacco

An organization that has attracted great attention all over the country is the Chicago American Union Newsboys' Association of Fort Wayne, Ind., which is composed of 150 hustling newsboys ranging in age from five to eighteen years and with many well known newspaper and other prominent men as honorary members. orary members.

orary members.

The organization was formed February 15, 1896, by Charles A. Phelps, then a newsboy of Fort Wayne, Ind. It had originally sixteen members and has gradually grown to be a factor in Fort Wayne newspaper circles. Mr. Phelps has been the president since it was first organized. It has a full set of officers and holds monthly meetings and has a dancing school and drum corps.

Organized for the purpose of making all newsboys of the city first-class, clean and honest newspaper hustlers, its most rigid rule is that any newsboy

all newsboys of the city first-class, clean and honest newspaper hustlers, its most rigid rule is that any newsboy found smoking or chewing tobacco or using bad language is suspended and cut off from selling papers. A second offense is expulsion from the association. The results have been that Fort Wayne has become the best newsboy community and has the largest sale of newspapers—daily and Sunday—of any city of its size in the United States.

The newsboys have two excursions every year, one of which Mr. Phelps stands the entire expense. On every Thanksgiving Day Albert C. Alter, a prominent local cigar merchant, gives the newsboys a dinner at one of the leading hotels of the city, while the news firm of Phelps & Hadden do likewise on New Year's Day. The boys do not go go inside of saloons except to deliver papers, but catch all sales on the outside. Politeness and cleanliness are features among the Fort Wayne newsboys.

Charles A. Phelps, president of the organization, sold papers from the age of five years. At twelve he opened a small news stand and his business by honesty and pluck gradually became so large that he took as a partner Mr. Alfred L. Hadden, a well-known newspaper man.

### Cured the Habit Suddenly

Ikey, the new office boy, was smoking a cigarette and puffing violently, issuing large clouds of smoke, when the manager stopped his work, turned to him and said:

"Do you smoke many cigarettes?"
"Yes, sir."

"Does your father know it?"
"Oh, yes."

"Why don't he stop you?"
"He can't. I've got the habit."
"Well, I'll break your neck if you smoke any around here." The boy never smoked another cigarette while employed by that manager.

### Results That Flow From Correspondence

Soldier, Kansas, Camden, N. J.,

Mr. W. C. Sprague, Editor, Detroit,

Mich.:

Dear Editor—We thought it might be a pleasure for you to know that we became acquainted with each other through the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY. We both take THE AMERICAN BOY and like it very, very much—in fact, we don't see how a boy can go without it. We are especially interested in the editor talk each month. It contains a great deal of useful advice.

We have corresponded with each other for nearly two years, although we have never met.

Another thing we are interested in and that is the annual "American Boy Day." The boys, we are sure, would attend.

We have both chosen a profession, one music, the other law, and will strive to succeed in our chosen professions.

Remaining loyal American Boys, we are yours for M. M. M. M.

Remaining loyal American Boys, we are, yours for M. M. M. M.,

FRANK F. MESSER,
Soldier, Kans.
ALBERT I. BIERFREUND,
Camden, N. J., Box 126.

### Coming Fast

Ward Hale Mavis of Waterloo, Indiana, aged twelve, on last May was grad-six years at school he missed but three days and was not tardy once. He enters



3860 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

### Mother

the high school this month.

When I bin swimmin' all day long,
An' had a fight or two.
An' come home in the ev'nin' time
A feelin' mad and blue;
There's just one thing that always seems
My angry thoughts to smother;
An' I fergit 'em when I see
The smilin' face of mother.

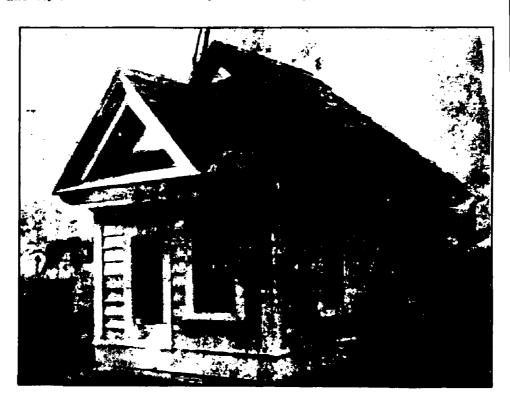
An' father sez when he comes home
From troubles on the street;
He sez that gentle smile, it makes
The whole blame world look sweet.
An' Carlo's dog talk sez so too
An' so does sis and brother;
I tell you they ain't nothin' like
The smilin' face of mother.

It kinder brightens every place,
An' I know what I know,
That when I die and go away—
Coz we all have to go—
I'll need one proof to show me where
I'm at, don't need no other,
I'll know it's Heaven when I see
The smilin' face of mother.
—Sunset Magazine.

college trained, most men are self-trained, but every man who succeeds represents the power of knowledge and wisdom in his own work.—N. D. Hillis.

Hustlers Who Do Not Swear or Use Tobacco

Courage is imperatively essential to successful work and living, courage mental and spiritual as well as of the purely physical variety. Every boy who having completed eight years' work in six years. On commencement day he rendered in fine style a violin solo as his part of seeming defeat is the best of all.



This house was made and painted by the boys of the sixth grades of the Mankato (Minn.) State Normal School. The window frames (the sashes move up ond down) and the doors were made by the boys of the seventh grades. This represents community work and has covered a period of two years, as the boys have worked upon it for a few days or weeks and then left it for a period for other interests, to return in due time to it. A foreman, chosen from the boys, has directed much of the work.

from the boys, has directed much of the work.

The girls of the fifth, sixth and seventh grades of this year have made the curtains during their sewing periods.

The house is a summer cottage with one large room. The furniture is already partly constructed, made also by the boys. The rugs will be woven by the children. Draperies, screens, etc., will be made by them also.

Every boy will tell you that all this has been fun as well as hard work.

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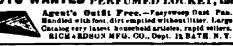


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Mention This Paper When Answering Ads.

# BOWS AND ARROWS right angles to the notch. This is known as the cock feather and should always point away from the bow when the arrow is shot.

By A. NEELY HALI-With Illustrations by the Author

HE origin of the bow is not definitely known, but we find it em-ployed by almost ev-ery nation from the earliest

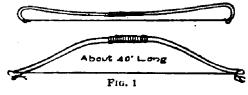
The English bowmen of the middle ages were far su-perior to those of any other nation in the use of this weapon, due probably to the length of their bows—five and six feet—and to their continual practice. It is said that twelve arrows could be discharged from the English longbow while the French crossbowman was discharg-ing one from his cumbrous crossbow.

The American Indian's bow was different from that of the English. It was of dif-ferent wood and was shorter.

ferent wood and was shorter. Fig. 1 shows two Indian bows, which are about forty inches long. The Indian's bow for shooting fish was shorter, generally one and one-half to two feet long. The bowstring, consisting of a strand of deerskin twisted or rolled, was strung very tightly from notch to notch, and required in drawing, more strength than the average white man posseses. Arrowshafts were frequently made from reeds, but the greater number were of twood. The length depended upon that of the bow.

the bow.

Arrowheads were generally made of hornstone, quartz, flint, obsidian, horn of deer, claws of eagles, and the spurs of wild turkey cocks. Thousands of these are to be found in the mountains, upon old battlefields, and in excavations for building purposes, where they were dropped by the red men when they were the monarchs of this country. In Fig. 2 we have a few specimens of stone heads, showing the variety of shapes and sizes showing the variety of shapes and sizes



The small heads are examples of

used. The small heads are examples of the young Indians' arrowheads, none of which exceeded one inch in length.

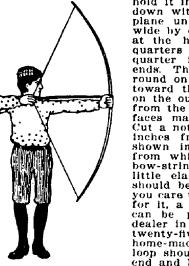
In making the filmt head, the Indian made a loop in a piece of buckskin which had been thoroughly wet in cold water; then, taking a piece of flint, he heated it very hot and chipped off what was not wanted with the wet strip of buckskin, until the required shape and size were obtained. obtained.

obtained.

The hornstone being much softer than quartz, was broken and shaped by striking it against the latter. The heads made of deerhorn were bored out to fit over the arrow shafts, and had grooves cut in them to make their victims bleed freely. Wooden arrowheads, used for hunting small game, were hardened by fire. The heads were attached to the shafts of the arrows with shews, generally of deer.

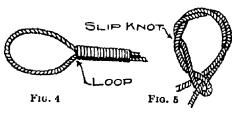
Today all arrowheads are made of iron, but the Indian had no knowledge in the working of metals, until the coming of the white man, when he took his firstlesses in tipping his arrowheads with brass.

greater part of his weapons, there was always a warrior in the tribe who was skilled in the art of arrow-making and did this work for his tribe. The shaping of the arrowheads was also done by



hold it in position, shape it down with a draw-knife or plane until it is one inch wide by one-half inch thick at the handle, and three-quarters inch wide by one-quarter inch thick at the ends. The bow can be made round on the inside or face toward the archer, and flat toward the archer, and flat on the outside or face away on the outside or face away from the archer, or the two faces may be made round. Cut a notch in the bow two inches from each end, as shown in the illustration, from which to attach the bow-string. A cord with as little elasticity as possible should be used for this. If you care to spend the money for it, a good cotton string you care to spend the money for it, a good cotton string can be purchased from a dealer in archery goods for twenty-five cents. With a home-made bow-string, a loop should be made in one end and bound with thread, as shown in Fig. 4. Singths

as shown in Fig. 4. Slip the loop over the upper notch, bend the bow until the center of the string is about five inches away from the handle, and attach the loose end to the lower

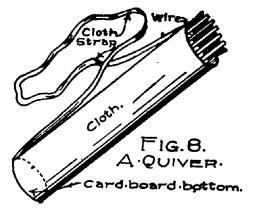


notch by means of a slip-knot similar to that shown in Fig. 5. The bow should then be sandpapered until smooth, and thoroughly offed with linseed-oil. Glue a piece of velvet about three inches wide around the center for a handle.

It is a mistaken idea to think any sticks pointed at one end and notched at the other will do for arrows. They may for some boys, but, as accuracy depends largely upon well-made arrows, care should be taken in making every detail. Arrows are divided into three parts; the head, sometimes called the pile, the shaft and the feathers.

The shaft is generally made of hickory, ash, elm or pine, and its length is dependent upon that of the bow. For a

A quiver of some sort should be provided large enough to carry a dozen or more arrows. This should be three inches shorter than the arrows, so that their



ends will project above the top. It may be made out of any thick cloth, as shown in Fig. 8. A circular piece of cardboard is placed in the bottom, to which the cloth is sewed, and a piece of heavy wire, bent into a circle, fits in the top to keep the bag open. The quiver should hang on your right side.

A simple target which is very quickly made is shown in Fig. 9. A circular piece of cardboard, with rings painted upon it, is mounted upon a broomstick, the latter being stuck in the ground

the latter being stuck in the ground wherever desired.

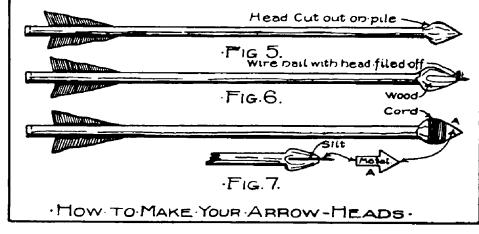
### Willie and the Impecunious Boss

Willie was a sweet boy, with a cherubic face, and he was temporarily in the employ of a hustling but impecunious attorney who was busy dodging collectors. One morning the Impecunious Attorney chided Willie ungently. A short time afterward the form of an Insistent Collector with a bill for \$46 appeared, and the Impecunious Attorney hastily clambered into the microscopic closet which contained the washstand, clambered on top of the wash bowl, and pulled the door shut, motioning frantically to Willie to tell the ubiquitous collector that he was out.

"I want to see Blank!" snarled the collector.

lector.

"He's out, sir," said Willie, smiling sweetly, "but I expect him in a short time. Won't you please take a chair and wait?"



Turkey feathers were considered best for arrow feathers, and were fastened to the shaft with deer sinews.

Although every Indian made the greater part of his weapons, there was reader part of his weapons are reader part of his weapons, there was reader part of his weapons are re

It is not supposed that boys would care to follow the Indian methods of preparing arrowheads of stone or bone, for they can be made much easier. They may be cut out on the end of the shaft

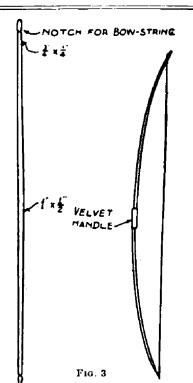
Thanks. Yes. I'll wait."

'He's just been gone a minute and I expect him back in a few minutes. Won't you look over the paper while you're walting?"

The collector accepted both the chair and the paper and reposed himself to wait comfortably. And Willie resigned hurriedly without waiting to tell any one about it and never returned for his

A deaconess had just finished telling the story of Peter's release from prison to a class of interested boys, when one of the number, a newsboy, exclaimed, ex-citedly, "Gee! wouldn't that make a jim-dandy extra?"

Briton got "rattled" A small Briton got "rattled" during a lecitation in English grammar when the question was put to him, "What part of speech is the word 'am?" The little fellow stammered out, "Which, ma'am, the ' that you eat or the 'am' that you





[The editor of this department still has a large number of typical amateur papers, which he will be glad to send to our readers, interested in amateur journalism, who send a stamped (2c) addressed wrapper to this office.]

### The N. A. P. A. Convention

The IN. A. P. A. Convention

The thirtieth annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association, in many respects the star convention of its history, was held at the Colonial Hotel, Cleveland, July 17-19. Large attendance, efficiency of work, enthusiasm, fair politics, a good time generally, characterized the convention. Among the delegates were some whose interest in amateur journalism was first aroused by their reading THE AMERICAN BOY. "Old-timers" and "fossils" fraternized with present-day active amateurs. Those present were the following: E. M. Lind (The Pagan), San Francisco, Cal.; Paul J. Campbell (The Scotchman), Georgetown, Ill.; W. E. Mellinger (Commentator), Frank Honeywell (Chain Lightning), C. F. W. Hegert (Clarus-Opinions), Linden D. Dey (Villa de Laura Times), Walter C. Chiles (Rising Age), Amanda E. Frees (The Owl), J. Irene Maloney, Malsie McLoughlin, Vida R. B. Combs, Chicago; John T. Nixon (Leaves), Crowley, La.; Sam'l De Hayn, Boston, Mass; Walter S. Goof (The Review), Blisstield, Mich.; W. B. Stoddard, St. Louis, Mo.; Ira Eugene Seymour (Venture), T. Harry The thirtieth annual convention of the



Walker, Kansas City, Mo.; Mabel Alberta Klump (Caprice), Newark, N. J.; Edwin Hadley Smith (Boys' Heraid), New York, N. Y.; Chas, A. Watkyns, Rochester, N. Y.; Harry R. Marlow (Searchlight), Warren, Ohio; Charies R. Hayek, Max S. Laird, Salem, Ohio; Nelson W. McCormick, A. B. Knapp, Ambler Heights, Ohio; Chas. E. Wing (Dewey), Twinsburg, Ohio; Russell Hertzog (La Critique), Hiram, Ohio; Warren J. Brodie (Random Amateur and Troglodyte), Timothy Burr Thrift (The Lucky Dog and Black Book), Alfred V. Fingulin (Waste-Basket), John S. Ziegler (Synthetique), Mary Morton Ziegler (Synthetique), Richard Kevern (The Mite), Samuel Loveman (The Wild Rose), Carl B. Harris (The Ambassador), W. J. Kostir (The Spectator), Jeannette Lansdowne (Oyster Shell), S. Marie Nye (Nye & Riley), Fred Metcalf, S. Hollingsworth, Dwight Anderson, Clyde Criswell, Cleveland; G. S. Connell (Antecedent), Connellsville, Pa.; Harold C. Whiteside (Philadelphia Amateur), J. Ray Spink (Pioneer), W. R. Murphy (Pioneer), Philadelphia, Pa.

(Pioneer), W. R. Murphy (Pioneer), Philadelphia, Pa.

The convention floor was the scene of much able discussion and forceful oratory. As in all amateur press conventions the membership was easily distinguished as divided into two parties—the literary and the political. It was expected that the opposition among some of the members to the Interstate Amateur Press Association would prove the bitter issue of the convention, but this did not materialize, to everybody's satisfaction.

The first session was devoted to organization for work and receiving the reports of officers. Secretary of Credentials Morris reported the acceptance of ninety new members, which number, together with applications acted upon at the convention, brought the year's additions to the membership to nearly one hundred. Secretary of Publicity Murphy showed that the cause had received a great deal of advertisement and publicity during the year and reported that nearly one thousand inquirers had received copies of typical amateur papers. He gave great credit to THE AMERICAN BOY for havthousand inquirers had received copies of typical amateur papers. He gave great credit to THE AMERICAN BOY for having interested many young persons in amateur journalism. Treasurer Ziegler reported a balance of nearly \$150.00 in the treasury. A satchel full of proxy votes was brought in by Commodore Brodie, the "daddy" of the Cleveland Club, who has been interested in amateur journalism for twenty years.

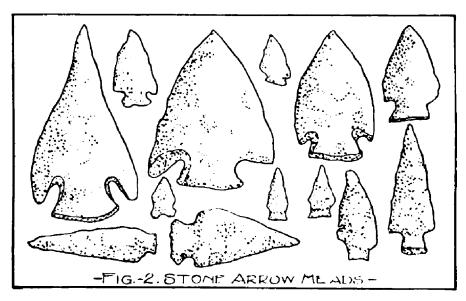
Club, who has been interested in amateur journalism for twenty years.

A trolley tour of Cleveland's sights and scenes was the first afternoon's social diversion. The question of pound rates for amateur papers received the attention of President Lind in his annual address. He reported that a bill would soon be presented to Congress urging the extension of pound rates to smaller.

soon be presented to Congress urging the extension of pound rates to amateur journals which were published by young people under twenty-one years of age, and which contained no advertising.

The work of the second morning was the election of officers, the storm center and climax of the convention. The two offices most vigorously contested were the first vice-presidency and the official (Continued on page 354.)

(Continued on page 354.)



certain persons, generally by the old men, who were unfit for other work. Like

men, who were unfit for other work. Like all Indian weapons and implements, the hows and arrows were richly painted. The quiver was made of skins of animals or bark, and was ornamented with beads and stained feathers.

It does not require much time to make a how and quiver of arrows, but as good archery depends largely upon the workmanship and material used, it pays to be very careful in making them. Authorities agree that the best woods for hows are the mulherry, sassafras, southern cedar, black locust, black walnut, apple and slippery elm, in the order named, but if a boy selects what appears to be a good, sound piece of wood, with straight grain, he has something which will suit his purpose.

The length of the bow should be about the height of the boy using it

will suit his purpose.

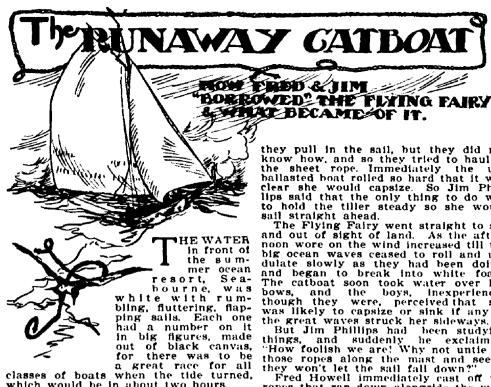
The length of the bow should be about the height of the boy using it.

Fig. 3 shows a five-foot bow, with the other proportions such as are commonly found upon the regular makes of bows. Cut your piece of wood five feet long, and, after placing it in a bench vise to

itself (Fig. 5), and will answer ordinary purposes if the wood is hard. For target practice a wire nail driven into the end of the pile, as shown in Fig. 6, with the head of the nail filed off and pointed, makes an excellent head. In Fig. 7, a thick piece of tin, copper, lead or other metal is cut out the shape of A and set into a slot cut in the end of the wooden arrowhead, after which cord is bound around the head to hold it in place.

Feathering is the next operation. Turkey and goose feathers are generally used, the former being

goose feathers are generally used, the former being considered the better of the two. Strip off the broader side of the vane of three feathers and glue them to the shaft one and one-quarter inch from the notch, spacing them equally from each other. One feather should be placed at



rew to return from luncheon and adjust it.

Fred Howell and Jim Phillips came along just then. Fred was from New York and therefore he had adopted a knowing nautical air when he became acquainted with Jim Phillips, who was from the interior. Fred didn't exactly lie; but somehow what he said, gave Jim the idea that he was intimately acquainted with every style of craft that enters the great harbor.

As a matter of fact, he had never heen on board of anything except a ferry boat, and all that he knew about other shipping was from seeing it as it passed up and down the big river and the bay.

So when the two boys saw the Flying Fairy and Jim Phillips, staring at the enormous sail, said, "My, but it looks to them, and puffed so terribly that is both Fred and Jim thought a vast sea ferry boat, and all that he knew about other shipping was from seeing it as it passed up and down the big river and the bay.

So when the two boys saw the Flying Fairy and Jim Phillips, staring at the enormous sail, said, "My, but it looks to them, and puffed so terribly that is both Fred and Jim thought a vast sea ferry boat, and all that he knew about other shipping was from seeing it as it passed up and down the big river and the bay.

So when the two boys saw the Flying Fairy and Jim Phillips, staring at the enormous sail, said, "My, but it looks the five fair the proposes. Year to the market of account to the proposes, when the two big eyes, one red and it was a steamship. They should with all their might, but though it swept so close to them that its rollers dashed over the catboat, nobody aboard it was market them.

Shouted with all their might, but though it swept so close to them that its rollers dashed over the cathoat, nobody aboard heard them.

as if that boat would fall right over when she gets away from the float," of course Fred had to show his superior wisdom. So he said, patronizingly:

"Oh, she's stiff enough. Prety good lines on her. I'd like to hold her tiller fairly in tow.

In the race and see what she's got in the race and see w

"Could you sail a boat with such a big sail as that?" asked Jim in admiring wonder.

"Certainly," said Fred. Sceing signs of disbellef in Jim's face, he stepped into the boat and took hold of the tiller, shoving it to and fro as he had seen men

do.
"She minds her helm, eautifully,"
mind her

"She minds her helm, eautifully," said he. Now she couldn't mind her helm because she was tied fast bow and stern. But Jim Phillips did not know what "minding her helm" meant, and neither, to tell the truth, did Fred Howell.

Liowever, it sounded so nautical that Jim, with new respect for his friend, also climbed into the catboat. And then the spirit of vanity impelled Fred to do just the foolish thing that might be expected of a boy foolish enough to be such a boaster.

pected of a boy foolish enough to be such a boaster.

He cast off the lines that held the boat. The next moment he would have given a great deal to undo the deed; for the stiff breeze blew the catboat away from the float instantly, and before he could collect his frightened senses the craft was a hundred feet off shore.

If the boys had shouted for help, all would have been well, for the boat was only drifting sternforemost, and it would have been easy to row out to her and sail her back. But Fred was too vain, to acknowledge to Jim that

ner and sail ner back. But fred was too vain, to acknowledge to Jim that he could not sail a boat, after all, so he wasted precious time trying to study out how to steer the boat.

Nobody on shore noticed anything wrong, for there were so many sails that one more or less did not atract attention. So the Flying Fairy drifted well past the anchored fleet before her owner, looking out of the hotel window, saw her.

Just as he ran shouting down to the beach, Fred Howell, still intent on deceiving his friend, pushed the long tiller away over to one side. Instantly the huge sail filled and the boat keeled over with a rush, throwing the boys into a heap under the gunwale, while the water

Luckily Fred had let go of the tiller in his terror when the great sail filled with a roar. This saved their lives, for it gave the boat a chance to come up in the wind a little.

But the big boom, in swinging, shipped

But the big boom, in swinging, shipped the tangled sheet rope around the tiller and again the boat heeled; then in the mysterious manner in which sailboats act, she headed around, the rope slipped clear, the bellying sail swung out until the boom was at right angles with the hull, and the Flying Fairy, light as a feather without her ballast, dashed headlong out into the one accent.

headlong out into the open ocean!

By this time, you may be sure, there were plenty of boats in pursuit. But the Fairy was so much faster than any other craft in the fleet that she soon other craft in the fleet that she soon left them hopelessly behind. There was no vessel propelled by anything except suils in the harbor, and the tugboat for which the owner of the Flying Fairy telegraphed had to steam thirty miles from the city. So the catboat was out of sight in the Atlantic ocean long before the tug arrived.

You may be sure that Fred Howell had lost all his vanity by that time. You may be confessed his ignorance of boats, and asked Jim Phillips what they would better do. Jim suggested that

Price of the cathoat was out of sight in the Atlantic ocean long before the tug arrived.

You may be sure that Fred Howell had lost all his vanity by that time, this is what we get for wearing each other's clothes indiscriminately through four years of college. Have we a pair boats, and asked Jim Phillips what they would better do. Jim suggested that

Price of the tug arrived.

You may be sure that Fred Howell had lost all his vanity by that time, this is what we get for wearing each other's clothes indiscriminately through four years of college. Have we a pair of hlack shoes anywhere about?

On Main Line of Routher B. R., in mountains of East Tennesce, the Government. From the Government of the Government of the Sector.

Thorough college preparation for a limited number of well brie.

Thorough college preparation for a limited number of well bries. The Government of well bries. The Government of well bries.

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Thorough college preparation for a limited number of well be for wearing each of the Sector.

The Government of Atlantic Ocean long of well and "College College" of well be for well and remove a pair of well be for well and number of well be for well and numb

they pull in the sail, but they did not know how, and so they tried to haul in the sheet rope. Immediately the un-ballasted boat rolled so hard that it was clear she would capsize. So Jim Phil-lips said that the only thing to do was to hold the tiller steady so she would sail straight aboad

classes of boats when the tide turned, which would be in about two hours.

The biggest and swiftest catboat of the fleet, the Flying Fairy, lay alongside the boat float with a huge racing sail drumming in the wind. Her crew had just finished bending it on, and they had raised it full and taut to stretch it and discover any ill-fitting places.

The Flying Fairy was bobbing like a cork, and the thundering of the big sail shook her from bow to stern, for all her lead ballast had been removed, and was lying on the little pier waiting for her crew to return from luncheon and just it.

Fred Howell immediately forest that ran down alongside the mast transition of the sail came down with a roar, but it evans of distended with wind that it stuck to was so distended with wind that it stuck to was so distended with wind that it stuck to was so distended with wind that it stuck to was so distended with wind that it stuck to sereamed Jim Phillips. Fred Howell to be big, hissing, green, rushing seas.

"Cut everything you can reach!" recreamed Jim Phillips. Fred Howell to be beyed humbly, and the canvas fell in the boys jumped on it and tied it up, is so that the wind would not catch it. Then they could do nothing more. But the Flying Fairy, being so light, rode the seas buoyantly, now that she was relieved.

Night came, but the boys did not sleep.

went to Seabourne, with the Flying Fairy in tow.

Fred Howell was cured of boasting from that day on. The owner of the Flying Fairy forgave him and took both boys out many times after that. And while the adventure was enough to teach Fred a lesson, he learned still another one in humility, for Jim Phillips, the boy from inland, learned to sail a catboat long before Fred Howell, the New York boy, did. New York boy, did.

### The Room Mate and The Patent Leathers

HE AFTERNOON of the college reception, "Dumpy" Chandler and "Squat" Elliott made the startling discovery that they had only one pair of patent leather shoes between them. The room mates looked ruefully at the two shiny toes sticking mockingly out at them from under the edge bed.

"And there isn't time to go to the city for another pair," commented "Dumpy." "And we haven't any money, if there was time," added "Squat."



"I wouldn't care," said "Dumpy," after a pause, "if I hadn't a date with Amelia Perkins for the whole evening."

"And I persuaded May Walker to let me rush ice cream and lemonade for her," confided "Squat."

"Whose shoes are they, anyway?" asked "Dumpy," suddenly, after another period given over to deep thought.

"Squat" shook his head. "It's beyond me" he said simply

one thing for us to do. We'll both have to wear the patent leathers to-night."

"A heaven-full of angels may be able to dance on the point of a needle," philosophized the other, "but two men can't occupy the same pair of shoes at one and the same time."

"Drop your psychology," warned "Dumpy," "and listen to me. It won't do for the young ladies to be deprived of our companionship for the whole evening, when they have been looking forward to it with many pleasant anticipations, no doubt. So here's our only salvation. You say you don't know who paid for the patent leathers. Neither do I. Well, we'll divide the evening in them. Now, let's toss up a peny to see who will wear them the first half of the evening."

It was two best out of three. "Squat"

clear she would capsize. So Jim Phillips said that the only thing to do was to hold the tiller steady so she would sail straight ahead.

The Flying Fairy went straight to sea and out of sight of land. As the afternoon wore on the wind increased till the big ocean waves ceased to roll and unable and began to break into white foam. The catboat soon took water over her bows, and the boys, inexperienced though they were, perceived that she was likely to capsize or sink if any of the great waves struck her sideways.

But Jim Phillips had been studying things, and suddenly he exclaimed: "How foolish we are! Why not unite all those ropes along the mast and see if they won't let the sail fall down?"

Fred Howell immediately cast off the ropes that ran down alongside the mast and were fast to cleats at the foot of it, The sail came down with a roar, but it was so distended with wind that it stuck conversa. "In the face of numerous protests that the hoat jumped wildly into the big, hissing, green, rushing seas.

"Cut everything you can reach!" screamed Jim Phillips. Fred Howell obeyed humbly, and the canvas fell in a great heap to the deck.

"It was two best out of three. "Squat" won; and half an hour later "Dumpy" was busily engaged explaining to the was busily engaged explaining to the fair "co-ed," Miss Amelia Perkins, why he would have to put a few last touches on his thesis that very evening, in order on his thesis that very evening, in order on his thesis that very evening, in order of the excelling to be able to be with her the first part of the exception, but at nine he could, and it was after nine that the fun be-gan, anyway, and he hoped that, under the rider part of the evening for him, anyway, and he hoped that, under the circumstances, which were beyond his control, as she could see, she would not think him rude, but would reserve the latter part of the evening for him, arrayed in the circumstances, which were beyond his control, as she could see, she would not think him rude, but would reserve the latter pa

that he had been unexpectedly called to the city to meet an old friend just arthe city to meet an old friend just arrived from home, and that he would have to leave on the 9:15; at 8:40 they were enfolded by the deep shadow of the great cherry tree on the campus; at nine they had not emerged into the outer world therefrom, and at 9:30 "Dumpy" Chandler was cursing the moment that he proposed the plan which would permit both of them to attend the reception. He was in the midst of vowing vengeance on his room mate's head for the hundredth time, or thereabouts, when, suddenly, two shiny objects came crashing through the transom. "Dumpy" let his eyes follow where they fell—they were the communal patent leathers! leathers!

In three minutes by the clock Dumpy was making profuse apologies to Miss Amelia Bingham at the foot of the grand stairway, where she had impatiently awaited him since the hour: patiently awaited him since the hour; and, nothing daunted by her rather cold demeanor, in ten minutes after he had arrayed his extremities according to sartorial etiquette he was leading her in the direction of the great cherry tree.

The town clock had scarcely finished striking 2 when the last door on the third floor of the west wing was cautiously pushed open. Only the dim moonlight was struggling with the darkness in the room, and there was a mound in the center of the bed nearest the window.

"'Dumpy,'" whispered the voice at the door crack, "oh, 'Dumpy.",

No answer. "Squat" went stealthily over to the water pitcher. He picked it up. Swish!—and "Dumpy," wringing wet, was aroused at last.

Over him stood "Squat," brandishing the empty pitcher.

empty pitcher.
"'Dumpy,'" he shouted, gleefully,
"congratulate me! I got her—I got

For answer "Dumpy" suddenly reached under the bed, grabbed two black, shiny objects therefrom, let fly at the outline of "Squat," and as one took him in the small of the back, cried "Dumpy"

out:
"Drat you, 'Squat,' take the shoes! I
won't want 'em again till Amelia and I
are married!"

are married!"

That happy event took place in the national capital two years ago, and one of the things remarked of the bridegroom by observing persons was that while he was immaculately arrayed at all other points, he had evidently become so flustered at the last while dressing that he had neglected to change his old shoes for a pair in keeping with the rest of his outfit and the occasion.

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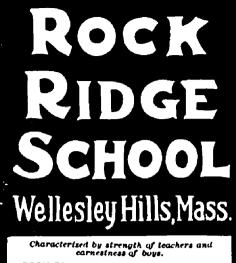
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American boy, is can office to whole boy. See that and come and see us.

NOBLE HILL, Prin., WOODSTOCK, ILL.

# FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MOR

### New Companies Organized

Lebanon Valley Co., No. 57, Division of Pennsylvania, Annville, Pa.; Gaiveston Hoosier Co., No. 34, Division of Indiana, Galveston, Ind.; James G. Blaine Military Co., No. 53, Division of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.; Geo, Washington Co., No. 13, Division of New Jersey, Lambertville, N. J.

Company News ABRAIM LINGOIN COMPANY, NO. 41, Ferru III., has now 14 members and has pursue setting informers and has pursue setting informers and has pursue setting informers and flag. This company is setting informers and flag. This company is setting informers and flag. GRANT COMPANY, NO. 17, St. Louis. Mo. celebrated its first anniversary by having a picnic to which it invited the Olympia and Treatment of the provided the refresh methers and application of the event. Altogether as provided the refresh methers and and members provided the refresh methers and and and the containing notice of the event. Altogether ETTE COMPANY, NO. 3, Washinton, D. C., held its last meeting on June 13. It recently elected officers as follows: R. H. Alleman, Capit. E. W. Hodgkins, St. 19. March 15, 19. March 16, 19. March 17, 19. March 18, 19. March 18, 19. March 1



## 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.



WHITE LILY COMPANY No. 27, 80. MILWAUKEE, WIS. J. G. Hulbert, Counsel, in Buck Row to Left; Earl Whitman, Captain, Holding Charter; John Lacy, Vice Captain, Holding Pennant; Ely McClellan, Treasurer, Back of Vice Captain; Rob Grace, Secretary, to Left of Captain.

### How the Writer of The American Boy Day Prize Poem Enjoyed Himself in Portland

Logan, Ia., July 19, 1905. Dear Mr. Sprague

I want to heartly thank you again for the fine time I had at Portland and for the prize that was there awarded me. As this is the second time I have won Boy day means more to us now than it did last year, for we see that it will most probably become a permanent and time-honored anniversary. And why not? Let it be celebrated year by year, even it there is a World's Fair where. even if there isn't a World's Fair where-

at to hold it.

The Portland press and people treated me very nicely indeed during my short stay there. Western hospitality showed its kindly side to me, and I was the guest at a number of beautiful and happy homes. From the actors who stepped py homes. From the actors who stepped across the footlights to talk to me in my box at the theater and newsboys who recognized me from my pictures in the papers they were selling, to refined ladies and gentlemen who stopped me on the street and on the fair grounds to shake hands and congratulate me, everyone treated me royally and I want to thank them for their kind offices in my behalf. Henry Masten, who delivered the address of welcome, and his mother were especially kind in their efforts to entertain me.

Yours very truly,
ANGUS M. BERRY. entertain me.

### Individual Members

Any subscriber sending in one new annual subscription to THE AMERICAN HOY becomes an individual member of the O. A. B., but not

### August Company Letter Letter From Headquarters of the Order of The American Boy, Read Before Each Company at its Aug. Meeting

American Boy, Read Before Each
Company at its Aug. Meeting
Detroit, August 15th, 1905.

My Dear Captains and Brothers of Our Order:
The secretary of the treasury of the United States, speaking recently at a large meeting of workers and friends of the Y. M. C. A., said: "I am often asked what a boy should do, and my answer is to do anything, but be sure and do that thing better than it is now being done." He went on to say that that was the one great secret of success in life. I quote these words of Mr. Shaw as an answer to the question I have been sometimes asked by hoys who say, "I want to go to work, but I do not know what I am fitted for." If you I do not know what I am fitted for." If you I do not know what I am fitted for." If you I do not know just where your particular bent lies I would advise you to strike out and do something—anything that is clean and honorable. Time will bring knowledge and experience, and sooner or later you will find the niche for which you are fitted. The something that you do, however, must be done well. Doing things in a half-hearted, slipshod manner has never yet brought success, on the contrary, it has not only brought trouble in the doing, but has bred habits which have blocked the onward and upward path of many an otherwise brilliant career. The only way to success is by doing things and doing them well. It brings satisfaction and produces self-confidence, and the boy who has confidence in himself and does things well accomplishes what he sets out to do. Such a boy will also command the respect and influence of those with whom he comes in contact. Doing things well involves hard work, of course, but surely the boys who read and admire such men as Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and the many others whose deeds are deathless in the history of our country can think it no disgrace to follow in their A. Garfield and the many others whose deeds are deathless in the history of our country can think it no disgrace to follow in their footsteps. It was the wisest of men who wrote, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and the wisdom

of the injunction is as applicable to-day as it was when the words were penned.

### AMERICAN BOY DAY AT PORTLAND.

AMERICAN BOY DAY AT PORTLAND.

While the American Boy Day celebration at the Lewis and Clark Exposition was, in point of numbers, somewhat below that of the one held at St. Louis last year, yet in excellence of the performers and enthusiasm of the audience it was fully up to the high standard of 1904. Among the large number of boys whom I had the pleasure of meeting after the celebration there were very few members of our Order, but owing to the length of the journey which the majority of our members would have had to take their absence was easily explained.

It took hard, persistent work to bring about such a celebration, but the success which resulted has amply compensated me. I feel in every way confident that American Boy Day has now been firmly established and that each succeeding annual gathering will appeal more strongly to the minds not only of the boys themselves, but also to all right thinking men and women who are desirous that the boys of America should grow to true American manhood.

The splendid celebration also held at Bedford, Pa., on July 4, just goes to show what

manhood.

The splendid celebration also held at Bedford, Pa., on July 4, just goes to show what can be accomplished even in a small town where every one is striving for the best re-

I trust that I shall have reports of a great many other enthusiastic meetings from all over our land.

### LEGION OF HONOR.

LEGION OF HONOR.

For a long time I have been trying to formulate some plan whereby a boy who has won honorable estesm in any laudable effort might receive some distinction that should be prized by such a boy and be looked upon by others with respect. The result has been that I have had made a badge consisting of a medalion suitably engraved to which is attached, by a chain, a bar having stamped upon it the particular thing for which it is awarded, as for instance, heroism.

This badge, together with special mention in the Legion of Honor Roll of THE AMERICAN BOY, will be given to the boy, not necessarily a member of our Order or a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY, who has performed some specially brave or meritorious work which shall be properly vouched for. The badge is not a cheaply gotten up or tawdry toy, but a handsome and expensive work of art in durable metal, and any boy who receives it will feel honored in wearing it. A similar badge will be given for scholarship to the boy who at the end of any school term stands highest in the school.

RENEWING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

### RENEWING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

As the fall months are approaching when schools once more open and the boys come home from their vacations I trust that you will take up your meetings and your work feeling greatly invigorated by your summer outings.

Let me again remind you, captains, of the importance of having the subscriptions of the members of your companies renewed as soon as they expire to keep up your company strength.

O. A. B. PENNANTS, ETC.

### O. A. B. PENNANTS, ETC.

O. A. B. PENNANTS, ETC.

No company club room or individual den should be without one of our O. A. B. pennants. They are exceedingly handsome, made of the best materials and the price—50 cents—is very little over cost.

Companies can obtain these pennants as well as many other articles which boys need by getting new members, and the beginning of the school session is a good time to commence the work. Yours for M. M. M. M.

WM. C. SPRAGUE,

President General.

Our August Feld Day contests will consist of three events, viz: For boys under fifteen years of age (1) 120 yards Hurdle Race; (2) Three standing jumps; (3) Tug of War for teams of five boys. For boys above fifteen years of age: (1) Team Race, I mile; Teams of four, each to run 440 yards; (2) Three Standing Broad Jumps; (3) Tug of War by teams of five boys.

Each company's contest will take place on a day selected by it as near Saturday, August 26th, as possible, and at a convenient place previously agreed upon.

The starter and judge of the events shall be adult persons, men or women.

The judge shall keep the records, including the time and distance of each event, and also decide all questions arising during the contests, seeing that they are conducted in a fair and impartial manner.

At the close of the contests the judge shall forward to me, over his signature, the name, age and address the time taken and distance in each event of the boy or team under fifteen years of age, and the same particulars of the boy or team over fifteen years of age who defeats all other competitors in the different contests.

When the records of all the companies have been received at headquarters we will com-

When the records of all the companies have When the records of all the companies have been received at headquarters we will compare the records of each company and confer upon the boy under fifteen years of age who has made the best record in each of the contests of any boy under that age in the Order, the title of "American Boy Junior Champion, 1905." To the boy over fifteen the title of "American Boy Senior Champion, 1905." The names and records of the winners of the various championships will appear in "The American Boy."

### RENEWING SUBSCRIPTIONS

I again wish to draw the attention of captains to a matter of importance; and that is, that in order to keep up the membership in their companies, they should carefully watch for the expiration of their members' subscriptions and see that renewals are sent in before such subscriptions run out.

WM. C. SPRAGUE,

President-General.

Do you want

117 Main St., ELMIRA, N. Y.

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CAN MUSIC BE TAUGH

# QUARTER-MILE RUN

By H. L. Hillman, Jr., American and Metropolitan and Military Champion, 1905 - Holder of World's Indoor Record



H. L. HILLMAN, JR.

H. L. HILLMAN, JR.

THE MOST interesting of all races to the spectators is without doubt the quarter mile.

It possesses the good features of both the sprint and the longer distances, inasmuch as it is fast enough to be exciting, while not permitting of any laying back for the finish, as is so often seen in the latter events.

Being the happy medium, the 440-yard run is an event in which two classes of runners have equally good chances.

The first and perhaps the most often successful is the sprinter who has stamina enough to keep up a good pace over the distance with a strong start and finish, while the other class of runner who can hope for success in the quarter mile is the strong man, who can go the distance with a long, even stride right up to the finish.

The training for this event must receive the closest attention, and I have found the method here given the best means of getting into shape.

To improve the wind and limber up the muscles, a slow mile twice a week for a couple of weeks will have the desired effect.

A little cross-country running will be

couple of weeks will have the desired erfect.

A little cross-country running will be found to be very beneficial to a beginner. In fact, all the boys of a school would find such exercise a good way to start their training. After these runs a rubdown will be found to be helpful and exhilarating. For stiffness in the muscles at the start a combination of witch hazel and alcohol well rubbed in will be found a good preventative.

After the first two weeks of preliminary work a regular schedule should be begun.

Commencing the third week, start in by running about a quarter mile at a slow pace to warm up. Then make six or seven brisk starts from the mark. running forty or fifty yards each time at

running torty or fifty yards each time at a good pace.

This will make you quick in leaving the mark, a very important factor to a quarter-mile runner.

Take a brief rest and then finish your day's work by going three hundred yards, not too fast, but at a fairly good pace

On the second day follow up the same course of work, only finishing with a six hundred yard run in place of the three hundred yards run the previous day.

Follow out this system of training to the end of the week, alternating the dis-tances run at the conclusion of each day. By this time the runner should be in fairly good shape, and two days' training will be found sufficient the next week.

On the first day practice the starts finishing with a 220-yard run, and about the middle of the week run a half mile. At the conclusion of this schedule any boy should be in good shape for competi-

tion and by running once or twice a week should be able to keep in good

week should be able to keep in good form.

Now that we know how to get into shape for this event, the next thing is to acquire the correct form and judgment of pace. These are two of the most important things to learn. Let the arms swing naturally at the sides, keep the head rather inclined forward and the body erect. These are the principal points to remember, and should be often practiced. At the beginning of a race run hard for about fifty yards, then settle down to a good, fast clip, keeping enough strength in reserve to be able to make a strong finish. About a hundred yards from the tape start to make the sprint for home. The runner will no doubt tire a little at this stage of the the sprint for nome. The fullies will he doubt tire a little at this stage of the game, but by plugging it out and remembering that the other fellows are as tired as he is he will be pretty sure to finish somewhere near the front.

to its habits.

Smoking is a very injurious habit to an athlete, especially cigarettes, and to become a good performer it must be ab-stained from entirely, as must indulging in alcoholic liquor, another enemy to an

in alcoholic liquor, another enemy to an athlete.
Eat good, wholesome food, barring pastry and candy. Always retire and arise early. A boy in training must have from ten to eleven hours sleep. Gymnasium exercise, such as basket ball, bag punching and pulley machine, helps greatly to strengthen the abdominal muscles, which play an important part in all athletics.

The system of training here advocated

In all athletics.

The system of training here advocated for the quarter-mile run is one which can easily be followed by any schoolboy without in any way interfering with his studies, and is so simple that he can practice on any open space.

The boy who adheres to these rules strictly should be found among the prizes at the conclusion of the race.

### The Boy That Blows the Bugle

Joseph R. Gilder in August St. Nicholas

I hardly know, exactly, just what I'd

like to be— A soldier in the army, or a sailor-boy at sea.

at sea.

I love the noise the drum makes, the horse the colonel rides,
The flag the sergeant carries and the soldiers' jerky strides.
But when the tide turns seaward, and up the anchors come.
I forget the flying banners and the bugle and the drum.
O then I'd be a sailor, with rough and tarry hands,
Bound out for Yokohama, or "India's coral strands."

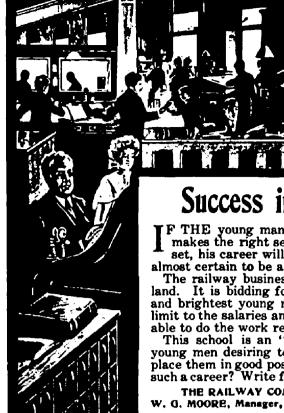
Bound out for Yokohama, or "India's coral strands."
And yet, although I'm fairly brave, and not afraid to roam,
I shouldn't like to find myself too far away from home.
So, if I get the chance, some day, I'll give the folks the slip,
And get to be the bugler on a trans-Atlantic ship.

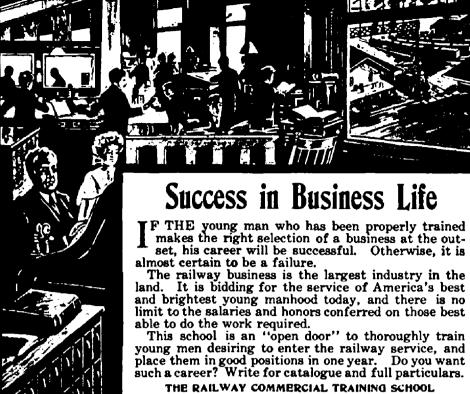
An Explanation

### Swift Revenge

I was taking luncheon with a friend who has a little boy about 3 years old. As a very special favor, and to please me, his mother allowed him to come to the table, telling me that she could not promise that he would behave in the proper manner, as she had never tried him before.

The bright little fellow behaved very well through the first part of the lunch, and his mother was feeling quite proud of him. When the dessert came on the





### An Explanation

Teacher-"Anything is called transpar leacher—Anything is carried transpar-ite, can you give me an example?" Willie—"Yes, ma'am. A hole in the fence around the ball park."

### He Brought the Canary

Lady—"What is it, little boy?"
Boy—"I come to claim de reward you offered for de return of your canary."
Lady—"But that is a cat."
Boy—"Yes, but the canary is inside de cat."—Chicago News.

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# Mr. Gladstone, When a Boy

It is not always safe to follow the example of good and great men, even when advised to do so. The following personal incident once related by the famous English statesman, Gladstone, to a small vis-itor, is a case in point. He said: "When I was a little chap, just leav-

ing off my kilts, my father sent me to dine with Beaconsfield, who, having taken a fancy to me while visiting in Norfolkshire, wanted to have me as his

"My good father, as he parted with me on my way to his Lordship's, said, "Now, William, when at his Lordship's board be sure you do exactly as he roes. Well, I went to the good man's house, and gut down at the table and anxiously watched my host while he served the guests, bent my host while he served the guests, bent of course on following my father's orders to do exactly as his Lordship. When the guests had been served, his Lordship looked up from his plate and soon sneezed several times. I watched him, and soon I sneezed the same number of times I had noted he had done. Nothing was said, the meal continued without interpretary.

was said, the meal continued without in-terruption for a few more minutes, then his Lordship exclaimed:

"A beastly draught, and, wheeling around in his chair, called to his valet to close a door that had been left open near

close a door that had been left open near his Lordship's seat.

"Again I watched him; then, repeating the exclamation he had uttered, I wheeled around in my chair and gave a similar command to the valet.

"There was a silence; his Lordship's brow knitted, his lips closed, and he gave me such a hard and inquiring look that I trembled from head to foot.

"At last he spoke; his voice not harsh.

At last he spoke; his voice not harsh,

but determined. See here, William, are you imitating he asked.

'Oh, no, your Lordship,' I stammered out. "Well, what does this mean?

"Well, what does this mean:
"Only, your Lordship, that I am doing what father told me. He said I was to watch you at the table and do exactly as you did.
"His Lordship laughed merrily, then

turning to his guests, said:
"'I am taught a lesson. I must not do
that which I would not have others do."

Then, closing the story with his little visitor, Mr. Gladstone said:
"Little man, always be careful; never do anything because other people do it unless you are certain it is good and pleasing unto God."—Exchange.

## THE WOOD RAT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



The wood rat of Southern California is one of the most interesting little

The wood rat of Southern California is one of the most interesting little creatures of the lesser animal world. He seems to be endowed with a deal more intelligence than other members of the rodent family.

His chief characteristic is the carrying off of all manner of things to his nest. He takes great delight in entering houses and selecting all manner of things to his taste, from jewels to cigars.

A wood rat was captured in a harmless trap, that he might be more closely studied by a certain naturalist. He appeared at close range to be a very handsome little creature, his eyes wonderfully bright and bead-like, and his coat a close, fine drab, well cared for.

He seemed to have little fear, but looked at those who came near with a sort of curiosity and astonishment. He sat on the naturalist's desk and finally, becoming better acquainted with his new surroundings, ran nimbly about the room, examining everything. After assuring himself that no harm could come to him, he commenced to search about for something to carry away. He sprang upon a small stand and looked its contents over. A small ivory paper cutter in the shape of a sword seemed to please his fancy, and he seized it in the center and, holding it firmly in his mouth, he sprang down and scampered to the sofa, which was piled with cushions, behind which he carefully hid his plunder, and then went eagerly back for more. On the second trip he took a small ink wiper in the shape of a doll with very full skirts.

After the cushions were removed behind which he had hidden these things, he did not seem at all alarmed, but took them and carried them carefully to another bidge place helpind a little desk and then started out for more to add to his hoard.

After the cushions were removed behind which he had hidden these things, he did not seem at all alarmed, but took them and carried them carefully to another hiding place behind a little desk, and then started out for more to add to his hoard. After this he was put back in his cage and later carried back to his nest in the woods, which, by the way, was filled with all manner of things, including cigars, envelopes, a shaving brush, a pocket knife and some visiting cards. All of these had been purloined from a gunning club situated not far distant from the home of the wood rat.

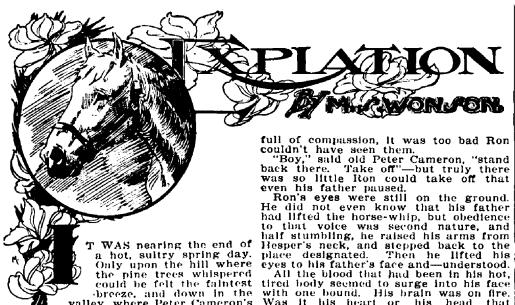
It was found that the gunners had constantly missed articles and fancied that a dishonest servant must have been guilty of the thefts. The strange habits of this little animal have caused it to be named in Southern California the "robber rat."

The nest of the wood rat is heautifully made, being in the form of a ball, and sometimes measures three or four feet in diameter. It is made of leaves, grasses and twigs, and is sometimes placed high in trees, or again low down, close to the ground. It is perfectly smooth and finely finished inside with the floss of weeds and plants, a lining making it the softest, cosiest of places.

These little creatures live on nuts and large seeds. They have a good-sized storehouse under ground, approached by a tunnel near their nests. They also have extra storehouses for their stolen goods, of which they make no use whatever, but steal with the mania of the kleptomaniac.

They are very gentle little animals and may be handled with ease. They may be made into charming, contented pets, their one disadvantage being that they will steal and carry off all manner of small things.

The scientific name of the wood rat is Neotoma, and it is a native of California. Naturalists have of late been deeply interested in it, and have paid close attention to its habits. The nest of the wood rat is beautifully made, being in the form of a ball, and



to go.
Why had his father given him Hesper when Jake said she was the slowest horse on the place? To be sure she was his father's favorite, and as trustworthy as she was slow. But Ronald's brain was too hot and excited to remember

What was holding Bill Dyton back? Oh, stupid Hesper! Had a horse no am-

Oh, stupid Hesper! Had a horse no ambition?

"Come along there, Bill," called Jake, from the other end of the field. "Why, even Ron's beating ye."

He had not meant to insinuate that Ronald was the poorer plower of the two. Indeed, he was full of encouragement for the ttred, impatient boy, and wanted him to think he was doing better than Bill, even if he wasn't. But neither of the rivals understood.

With an angry motion, Bill Dyton jerked out the long, pointed stone that had impeded the plow, and started forward, while Ronald, stung to the quick by the realization that Jake's words had taken away his last chance of redeeming himself, sprang toward the horsewhip Bill had dropped behind him in the furrow.

It was not quite against the rule, this horse-whip, though all the men knew how old man Cameron felt about it— he who loved his horses next to his children, and gave stern justice to each. Bill had been brought up to use a whip, so had Jake, too, and the other men; but when use meant at most a gentle reminder, and each horse on the place was minder, and each horse on the place was minder, and each horse on the place was examined nightly for any mark of viol-It was not quite against the rule, this dren, and gave stern justice to each. Bill had been brought up to use a whip, so had Jake, too, and the other men; but when use meant at most a gentle reminder, and each horse on the place was examined nightly for any mark of violence, even Bill was beginning to learn wisdom by experience.

wisdom by experience.

Across from the pasture came Peter Cameron; but Jake, who was nearest, did not see him, and Ronald, panting, so furiously angry with himself that he was ready to ascribe his anger to any other cause, vented his rage on the object nearest, patient, plodding liesper, who had loved him from babyhood.

One—two—three blows had fallen before Ronald heard his father's voice, hefore Jake had had a chance to perceive

fore Jake had had a chance to perceive what was going on, before even Bill had recovered from his astonishment.

Peter Cameron was running, running as he had not run for years, with a loud, imperative voice ringing over the field. "Ronald Cameron, for the love of Heav-

Ron dropped the whip, scarce knowing he did so. Then a bitter, burning shame surged over him from head to foot. He had struck Hesper, dear old Hesper, who had carried him on her back almost before he could walk, who had loved him best of all the children, who had even saved his life once, when a bridge was gone and only Hesper knew; how could he have done it? And his father—
When Peter Cameron reached his son, with Jake just behind, Ronald's arms were around the horse's neck. Perhaps he was hiding the quick tears that had sprung to his eyes, perhaps he was afraid to meet his father's stern gaze.

But the voice was sternest after all. There was unrelenting retribution in the face bent on boy and horse alike, and yet the eyes that meant most, were so had carried him on her back almost be-

Monjon



"BOY," SAID PETER CAMEBON, "STAND BACK THERE"

There was a rustle of hay underfoot that escaped the notice of neither boy nor horse. Ronald was on his feet in an instant, ready to give an alarm; but it was no stranger who spoke in the

darkness.

"Son," he said, "the sleep had failed me, too, and I heard you come out. Shake hands, hoy. It's a bitter thing to me the night that I can't ask your forom papynood.

ws had fallen befather's voice, bechance to perceive
before even Bill

where the mgnt that I can't ask your forgiveness as you're asking the mare's;
but I did it for the best, lad, and not in
anger, as I'd do it again this minute,
sore as it grieves me still."

Over the two clasped hands, bent the cold, damp nose of the loving creature who had indirectly been the cause of it all, and father and son reached up together to pat it gently.

### WATERMELON THE TRAP

OR TWO YEARS the doctor had been

"No difference," replied Tom, and so the two boys argued the question until finally Tom fell, and promised to accom-pany his cousin on a raid that night, "just this once."

When it came to the actual creeping into the doctor's garden in the dark and taking the melons, Archie, who had been so keen for the project in the broad light of day, weakened perceptibly, and just as the two boys began to crawl through the fence he had a sudden attack of fear, which he tried to convince himself was conscience.
"I don't know but it is wrong to steal

"I don't know but it is wrong to steal watermelons, after all," he whispered to Tom. "In fact, I am SURE it is. Let's go home."

"Pshaw!" said Tom. "You're afraid. That's what the matter with you."

Tom had been ready to back out at any time before this, but now that he saw

time before this, but now that he saw his cousin showing the white feather he was determined to carry it through. So he went forward, followed by the trembling city boy, who was ready to run at any sound.

disappointed in his intention of enjoying the fruits of his water-melon patch. Just as soon as the melons ripened some boys of the neighborhood stole them at night. That was why the aged physician now stood grimly in the midst of the bearing vines with his medicine case in his hand. He stooped down and thumped two melons. "These will be about right to pick by to-morrow," he said to himself; "but I suppose some of those pesky hoys will 'hook' them before morning. Well, if I melon patch, sciected the two ripest any sound.

Suddenly a blind on the doctor's house was blown to with a bang. Archie was off like a shot, but Tom stood still with his heart beating violently, till, seeing that it was only a loose blind, he went on with his looting. Had he come on the expedition alone he would have run home as fast as he could, but he "wanted to show Archie," and so, recovering himself; but I suppose some of those pesky hoys will 'hook' them before morning. Well, if I melon patch, sciected the two ripest to tory for the Grammar School.

AVAGE "Target Model"
22-Gallbor
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can't eat them myself, at least I'll try and find out what boys are stealing them."

With this he "plugged" the two melons, and, taking a little vial from his medicine case, inserted a little white powder into each of the reddening hearts of the luscious fruit.

The vial was labeled "Ipec.," which was the doctor's abbreviation for ipecacus and proceeded to eat the rich, juley hearts of them. The doctor had put in only a small dose of ipecacuanha, and the boys did not notice anything suspicious in the flavor. picious in the flavor.



"O, DOCTOR, WILL I DIE?"

At 2 o'clock that morning the doctor's door bell rang violently and the old man poked his head out of the window.

Farmer Browning stood below and called: "Come over to my house as quick as you can, doctor! My boy and my nephew, who is visiting us, are both dying, I think. Oh, dear, hurry, hurry up!"

dying, I think. Oh, dear, hurry, hurry up!"

To the surprise of farmer Browning the doctor laughed.

"Oh, they won't die," said he. "They are all right. I know what is the matter with them. I'll be right down."

Farmer Browning had driven over in his buckboard wagon, and soon, with the doctor seated beside him, he was driving home again as fast as his old mare could get over the road. There was confusion and distress in the Browning homestead when the two men arrived, but the boys were reported to be comfortable, though badly scared.

"Oh, doctor, will I die?" cried Archie.

"Not for about seventy years yet," answered the man of medicine. "And it will take you about seventy-five years, continued he, turning to Tom.

Then the doctor turned everybody except his patients out of the room and proceeded to tell the boys what was the matter with them.

"It was a mild dose of harmless."

proceeded to tell the boys what was the matter with them.

"It was a mild dose of harmless emetic," he said in closing, "and will do you no harm. But I want you both to promise me, right here and now, that you never will steal watermelons or anything else again as long as you live."

The boys promised and kept their promise. As for the doctor, he never "gave them away," as the boys put it, though he did charge Mr. Browning two dollars for the visit, considering that little enough return for his watermelons and his midnight ride. and his midnight ride.

### Cat That Nursed Coons

Nestled in a soap box in the kitchen of the farm house of John Pooler, near Neury, is a family of six raccoons being nursed by the family cat, after the little animals had barely escaped death at the animals had barely escaped death at the teeth of a cross-cut saw which Mr. Pooler was working. The mother of the raccons was killed by the saw, being unable to escape from the log through the same hole that she had entered late last

If the orphans thrive in the future as they have in the past few days they will live to maturity, much to the delight of the Pooler children, who have already named them after the children of President Roosevelt's family. Mr. Pooler's cat immediately took a liking to the coons when they were brought to the house, and since then has nursed them affectionately.—Lewiston Journal.

encounter



There was a tense note of appeal in the cry—clearly the call of a creature in distress.

Suddenly an answering bellow startled Suddenly an answering bellow startled the woods. Turning sharply in his saddle, Jim caught a hurried glimpse of a big, brindled bull dashing madly toward the spot where the cow was lowing. A moment later a cow went running in the same direction. She, too, was lowing frantically. Then above the other sounds rose one that made the boy shiver. It was the barking of timber wolves—a flerce, ever-famished breed, ready to at-

tack anything that came before them.

The boy thought of the danger that even a swift horse would incur in the presence of those furious dog-fiends.

Also he thought of his father's favorite cow, helpless, hamstrung, amid that snarling, snapping circle. Must he flee, or go to the rescue? He was tossed between two impulses. He was by no means sure that his father's cow was in danger. But on the other hand, he had been sent out to search for her, and search he would, wolves or no wolves. So urging his horse swiftly forward, he followed in the wake of the fleeing cow.

The course led toward a small pine-

fringed ravine, several hundred yards distant. Before he approached near enough to witness the savage scene, Jim knew from the confused murmur that a flerce fight was in progress.

His horse, however, became frightened and it was with difficulty that he succeeded in urging him near the ravine. Finally it became necessary to dismount and tie the horse. This being accom-

plished, Jim unstrapped his rifle and crept cautiously forward among a sparse growth of young pines. His plan was to shoot some of the wolves, then dash for

Suddenly he caught sight of a score of big, gray timber wolves, viciously essaying to hamstring an active young cow. She was using her sharp hoofs and horns with deadly effect; the bull and the cow which had recently rushed to and the cow which had recently rushed to her rescue were valiantly assisting in the repulse of her tormentors. Yet the boy realized, as he watched the gaunt, active wolves, that the young cow, which was already wounded, must soon succumb to her assailants. But as he raised his rifle to fire at the leading wolf he perceived some distance in the rear a big black bear. Having a special score to settle with bruin, Jim sent a well-aimed shot in his direction, but by some chance missed the vital spot, inflicting a fiesh wound which so infuriated the bear that, unable to discover other cause for his wound which so infuriated the bear that, unable to discover other cause for his pain, he instantly fell upon the nearest wolf, stretching it out lifeless at a single blow. Advancing with rapid strides into the midst of the pack, the bear created a momentary consternation, during which the cattle, quick to take advantage of the opening, rushed rapidly off toward the settlement. As they swept past Jim saw that the one which had been first attacked was the stray cow he was seeking.

cialties.

Finally he was within a few the cramped figure. The slen the cramped figure. The slender pine was swaying perilously, threatening to dip earthward beneath the heavy burden. But the bear climbed on unheeding, his cunning little eyes fixed upon his prey. Suddenly he snapped at the boy's feet, but ere he reached them Jim had drawn them closer up to his body. Then hap-The slender pine

hut ere he reached them Jim had drawn them closer up to his body. Then happened what seemed an earthquake, during which the bear lost his balance and pitched headlong to the ground, and every wolf disappeared as if swept from the face of the earth by a mighty hand. When Jim recovered his equilibrium he was clinging tenaciously to the tree. Underneath a number of big wolf-hounds were tearing at the fur of the bear and several wolves which had fallen. Five mounted backwoodsmen were soon on the scene. At their head rode old Si Martin.

soon on the scene. At their head rode old Si Martin.
"Hullo, Jim," he called, cheerily; "cum down an git yo' b'ar skin. Dog my buttons ef he didn't like ter git you."
"Quarest thing I've ever seed." he run on; "er b'ar hunting' with wolves; but ef hit ain't so you kin shoot me."

"Write on your doors this saying, wise and old, "Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold."



### Because He Wore Pretty Clothes

Jealousy engendered in the hearts of his little boy friends by the pretty clothes his father had given him for being promoted in school led to the death recently of 10-year-old Charles Feingold, of New York city, and the arrest of 8-year-old John Quirk on suspicion of being one of a group of boys who threw

Charles into the river.

The boys with whom Charles usually played took exception to his appearance in his new clothes. They lured him to the dock at the foot of West Nineteenth street, and there, according to stories



wolves stood off watching eagerly, their cruel eyes agleam.

Jim had failed to bring his hunting-knife. So he was helpless before the approaching brute.

Nearer, nearer climbed the bear, avoiding carefully the dead limbs in his way. Evidently climbing was one of his specialities.

The little fellow revolted, and as he reliable to fight the hove began to

and spend the money.

The little fellow revolted, and as he raised his fists to fight the boys began to crowd around him and shove him toward the end of the dock. Suddenly, with a cry of fright, he was pushed from the dock and landed head first in the river. The how was unable to swim and dispendent. The boy was unable to swim and disappeared. As his body rose none of the other lads who could swim made any effort to save him. Quirk vigorously denies that he had anything to do with Feingold's death.

A rather intimate confession appears in note received by a Philadelphia teacher a note it....that reads:

that reads:
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—takes after his father.

Mrs. P.

# BOYS!

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ABDUL AZIZ, MOROCCO'S YOUNG SULTAN

LORD CURZON OF KEDELSTON

ALPONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN

### A Focus of European Diplomacy

His name is Mulai-Abd-el-Azi, though the world at large calls him just Abdul Aziz. As Sultan of Morocco he rules 6,000,000 black people, dwelling in a territory something larger than the combined areas of Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri and Arkansas. And he stands to-day in the political game which European diplomats are constantly playing as one of the most important pieces on the board. France wants to control his country; England, Italy and Spain are willing she should, but Germany is to be reckoned with on the other side of the question—and it is a contest for so great a stake that the world looks on with keenest interest. keenest interest.
Abdul Aziz is the most entertaining of

Abdul Aziz is the most entertaining of royal figures. Only twenty-seven years old, he has for eleven years governed an empire where still exist conditions like those pictured in the "Arabian Nights." The ways of his land are those of the fifteenth century, while the monarch himself is as progressive as a modern Parisian or New Yorker. This may be due to the fact that his grandmother was a clever Irishwoman, or, perhaps, to the young man's fondness for European advicers. His favorite councillor is a Scottish soldier, Harry Mac Lean, who not only has trained the Moroccan troops into a creditable body of men, but has encouraged Abdul Aziz in his liking for present-day scientific amusements.

The hoy emperor is an expert swordsman, as expert a billiard player, a pho tographer as clever as a professional, while the royal "stable" includes an automobile coupe, two petroleum bicycles, a captive balloon, a naphtha launch and a miniature railroad train. The grounds of the imperial palace at Fez are never so joily as when the country's ruler is playing engineer on his twelve-horse power locomotive, which puffs

ruler is playing engineer on his twelve-horse power locomotive, which puffs along three miles of private track, the laughing members of the royal house-hold packed close into the diminutive

### The "Strong Man" of Old Asia

World-students now believe that 'the most important developments of the immediate future—commerciai, economic and political—are to take place in Asia, that ancient "Cradle of the World," and it is this probability which gives added interest to the personality of Lord Curzon, to whom the statesmen of to-day of the East" refer as "the strong man of the East." name

His name is George Nathaniel Curzon, his title is Baron Kedelston, his age is forty-six "and a half" (as a child would put it), and he lives in the Vice-regal lodge at Simla, or the palace at Calcutta, as Governor-General of British India. Think of a man not yet fifty directing the movements of a land 150,000 square them. is George Nathaniel Curzon miles larger than all the states east of the Mississippi, inhabited by nearly four times as many people as dwell in those same states—Asiatics, at that; far more ignorant and far less capable of taking care of themselves than is the ten-year old American boy!

But Curzon trained himself for the work. First he sought a political education in the London offices of his govcation in the London offices of his government, a training in diplomatic ways and means that brings out all there is of the executive and "leader" in a man. Then for years he traveled slowly through Asia, keeping his eyes open, learning the ways of the people, as well as their languages. Persia, Slam, Indo-China, Korea, Afghanistan—he knows them all nearly as well as he knows the great Indian peninsula which he has wisely ruled for six years. In England he is no more than any other subject of Edward VII; in India he is "the strong Edward VII; in India he is "the strong man," holding her very destiny in his

Americans may be the more interested in him, not only because he is so excel-lent an example of how young men with the proper h art in their work may climb, but also because he has married Mary Victoria Leiter, daughter of the late Levi Z. Leiter, Chicago's millionaire

### The Youngest of the Kings

Alfonso XIII. of Spain has been lately much in the public eye. He has been paying royal visits to France and Eng-

land, while, of more interest to the world than this, he is said to be planning to marry—and the wedding of a nineteen-year-old sovereign of so famous a land as Spain is a matter of importance. Various European princesses have been picked out by gossip as his future queen, but Alfonso himself has yet betrayed no definite idea as to where his choice will fall; when approached on the subject he usually jokes it out of debate, as when, the other day, he remarked to some Privy Councillors: "Gentlemen, I warn you; when I marry I shail choose an American girl. The daughter of Uncle Sam is always rich—that will please you. She is, of course, a republican—that will charm my people. And then she will be beautiful—which will just suit me."

Alfonso muy lay claim to being the best educated of all crowned heads. He

which will just suit me."

Alfonso may lay claim to being the best educated of all crowned heads. He is quite at home whether speaking or writing in English, French, German and Italian, as well as Spanish. He never travels without certain volumes of poetry—the German Goethe, the English Byron, our own Longfellow, and the old Latin Horace, many of whose odes, by the by, he has translated into his native tongue. Moreover, he is especially fond of mathematics, is well up on history, and draws cleverly. Perhaps it is even more interesting to add to this list of accomplishments that he is an ardent motorist, has tried ballooning and likes in all Spain. ali Spain.

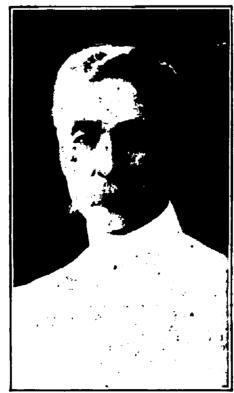
### "Ran to Fires" all His Life

"The municipal fire department of Manila I believe to be as efficient as any in the United States, saving only those of the largest cities."

of the largest cities."

This statement comes from Secretary Taft's report of present conditions in the Philippine Islands, where he has done so much good work, but its surprising truth is due less to the executive head of the War Department, than to Hugh Bonner. Who is he—this man who could set himself down among a lot of brown Indians to whom discipline was unknown and where proper firewas unknown and where proper fire-fighting apparatus were undreamed of, creating out of such material a body of firemen worthy of such praises as

It is a simple story. Hugh Bonner has always been a fireman. Whatever else



HUGH BONNER

he may know, there is no question but that he knows all there is to know about this hazardous calling. He began his "studies" before the Civil War, as a mere lad pulling on the ropes of New York's ancient hand-engine, "The Lady Washington." Eventually he became foreman of that squad, and from that on climbed and climbed till, at the end of thirty-ning years, sorvice he found thirty-nine years' service, he found

himself chief of the department in America's largest city. Not only had he grown up in the service; he was him-self a vastly important part of that serseif a vastly important part of that service, for it was due to him that chemical engines were introduced, and that self-propelling steamers became practical facts. It was Bonner who drove the first chemical that ever answered an alarm.

This was the man Taft, as Governor of the islands, called to Manila three years ago. It took him twelve months to get

ago. It took him twelve months to get out proper machines; when they arrived a good water supply was ready, and another two years had finished the work.

# WIMMI

By JOSEPH W. SPENCER Holder of Taventy-three American Records, 1,000-Yard Metropolitan Championship, 1902

HE HUMAN body is not very well designed for natatorial feats. Since we are not equipped with fins, it is rather difficult to force the body

is rather difficult to force the body forward in the water with any speed, but with instruction and practice it is possible to increase the ability of the average swimmer two or three times.

Regarding swimming as a sport, our English cousins are far in advance of us, as is shown by a comparison of English and American swimming records. The reason for this difference is that the English show much more interest in the pastime than we do, and, in additon, swimming pools are numerous and well patronized in that country. There are indications that the interest throughout the United States is increasing. New swimming tanks are being built every year, and records at all distances are being cut down.

Considered as an exercise, swimming has two points which in particular company.

Considered as an exercise, swimming has two points which in particular commend it. The muscles of the chest and back are greatly developed and the lung capacity is increased. As distinguished from many other sports, swimming has a practical application, particularly for those who live near the water or take an interest in boats or yachting. It gives not only an ability to save one's self in cases of emergency, but in many instances to save others. Granting that the water is not too rough, or so cold as to benumb, a good swimmer should be able to cover five miles, or to keep afloat as many hours. This would not be a remarkable performance when one considers that there are men who have gone twenty miles or more without rest or let up.

let up.
The specific gravity of the body is such that water will nearly support it with-out effort on the part of the swimmer. With the lungs well inflated, the average person can, with a little practice float motionless in salt water. To do so in motionless in salt water. To do so in fresh water requires considerable practice and development of the lung capacity. Because of the greater sustaining power of salt water, those who are unable to swim will find it a little easier to learn the art in the sea. After some degree of ability has been acquired the difference in fresh water will not be noticed except in the attempt at motionless ticed except in the attempt at motionless

Those who are entirely unable to swim Those who are entirely unable to swim will find that it is practically impossible to teach swimming by any sort of a written article. The knowledge can only come by actual work and practice in the water. Children, as a rule, under favorable conditions, work out the ability to keep afloat by their almost undirected efforts, but the best way to learn is to have the help of a friend who understands the art, or the assistance of a competent instructor, where possible.

The intention is to present in this article a description of what are known as "racing strokes." These can be easily learned by people who have had enough experience in the water to be classed as those who are "at home" in that element. However, there are certain points relating to elementary swimming which it is well to touch upon for it kept in mind.

However, there are certain points relating to elementary swimming which it is well to touch upon, for, if kept in mind, they will aid in overcoming the most serious difficulties. There are three things which will help the beginner if dependent upon the instruction of a friend. The first is that an inflated belt or other device for keeping the body afloat will make it easier to learn the stroke. The attention is not distracted from the propattention is not distracted from the prop-er performance of the necessary motions by the danger of sinking. With the help of the belt each stroke may be taken slowly and executed according to instruction. In this way much useless

floundering and waste of strength is avoided. As soon as the idea of the way of using the limbs is acquired, the belt should be discarded and the attention directed to be a strength of the s

should be discarded and the attention directed to keeping the body afloat by means of the stroke.

The next important thing is to avoid the natural tendency to keep as much out of the water as possible. Most beginners try to keep the head, neck and even part of the shoulders above the surface. This cannot be done easily, even by a good swimmer. Every portion of the body which is kept above the water is a dead weight upon the effort to keep afloat, and soon produces exhaustion. Swim as low in the water as possible, so long as the breathing is not insible, so long as the breathing is not in-terfered with. If the water is not rough let the body drop till the chin is just im-

let the body drop till the chin is just immersed.

The third thing to remember is that the leg stroke is not understood by most of the people who swim. Beginners are often told to draw the legs up and then kick them back, the idea being that propulsion is attained by kicking at the water. This principle is wrong, and those who swim that way have difficulty in making progress. The proper way is to draw the legs up; then extend them, but at the same time separating them till they form an angle of about forty-five degrees to each other. Then, with the legs straight and "toes pointed," swing them together forcibly, as if they were the blades of a pair of scissors. It is this last part, or the swinging together of the legs, which gives the propelling force. The principle of the legs forms a wedge on which the legs act in closing, and the resultant force moves the body forward. legs forms a wedge on which the legs act in closing, and the resultant force moves the body forward. It would be well for the beginner to practice this leg stroke while holding by the hands to some convenient pole or other stationary object at the surface of the water. At first work on the three parts of the leg motion, with a slight pause between each, until with practice the whole stroke may be made continuous.

Of the racing strokes for fast swimming, there are only two which are in general use. These are the over-arm side stroke and the trudgeon, or double over-

general use. These are the over-arm side stroke and the trudgeon, or double over-arm. It is inadvisable for one to try to learn either of these strokes unless one has gained considerable proficiency in the ordinary method of swimming, or, as it is called, the "breast stroke." For racing the general sentiment in this country is that the trudgeon is the best, but there are many advocates of the side

racing the general sentiment in this country is that the trudgeon is the best, but there are many advocates of the side stroke. The majority of the latter men are those who do long-distance work, so it may be said that the side stroke is better suited for events which pass the quarter-mile mark. The trudge is undoubtedly superior for short races, but as it is more difficult to master than the other, it is best to begin fast work by learning the side stroke.

The characteristics of this method are that the body is kept on the side, and that the upper arm is brought clear of the water and swung forward through the air for each stroke, while the under arm performs its entire motion under water. There are many who swim in a manner which closely resembles the side stroke, and for such it is generally easy to acquire good form. The most important point in this style of swimming is to keep the body on the side. It will be noticed that when one swims the ordinary breast stroke the upper part of the chest is forced directly against the water. The result is that progress is greatly retarded, but in the side stroke the top of the shoulder is presented so that it to a certain degree cuts the water. Therefore the hody should be kept on the side and the tendency to roll on to the chest when the upper arm is thrown forward should be avoided.

The novice should first determine on avoided.

avoided.

The novice should first determine on which side he will swim. In this respect individuals differ. The question can be determined by trying both sides. The one which seems to afford the most natural position should be selected as the best for the individual, and all subsequent work should be undertaken in accordance with that decision.

The upper arm stroke is made by swinging the arm forward above the water until fully extended, straight to the front. The arm is then dropped into the water and swept downward and back, through almost a full half circle. When near the surface and parallel

When near the surface and parallel with the body, the elbow is bent and the arm lifted quickly from the water, elbow first. It is then ready for the swing forward for the next stroke. The lower arm stroke is made by thrusting the hand out from the shoulder (all the time under water), and when extended to the front is swept through the water—not straight down and back, as in the case of the upper arm but it is straight down and back, as in the case of the upper arm—but a little to the front of the body. This movement is complete when the arm lies almost against the body. The arm is then bent and the hand brought up close along the body till in front of the shoulder, from which point the next stroke begins. Care should be taken to make the sweep of both the arms as long as possible. There is a natural tendency to cut short that part of the stroke which forces the body ahead. This must be avoided, and a good, full sweep of the arms acquired. The principle of the leg movement is the same as previously explained, in connection with elementary swimming, but there is the difference that, in the side stroke the legs must be separated in the

there is the difference that, in the side stroke the less must be separated in the way that one would separate them to take a step in walking—that is, one in front of the other. In the former ex-planation it is understood that the legs are to be separated sideways of the body, or as they are when one stands with the feet apart.

As to the order in which the motions of the different limbs are made, it is necessary to regard the propelling part of the respective strokes and to execute them in the following order: Lower arm,

them in the following order: Lower arm, upper arm, leg, lower arm, etc. These should follow each other continuously. As soon as one ends the other should commence, so that the body is kept moving forward continuously.

Probably the most difficult part of the side stroke is the breathing. The body being on the side and carried very low in the water, the face is nearly covered. In fact, many swimmers have their heads almost under the water at one part of almost under the water at one part of the stroke. It will be found that there

(Continued on page 343.)

### ALLIGATOR ON THE BOARD OF TRADE LUCY S. ORRICK



MARC STUDYING THE QUOTATIONS

THE CHICAGO BOARD of trade may have its bulls, it may also have its bears, as does every other board of trade, but it was left to the City of New Orleans to introduce a novelty on 'change in the way of animals which rivals even the bulls and bears of financial fame. This honorary member of the stirring institution is Marc Antony, an alligator of much local renown. He was brought to the building in a box when he was no larger than a lizard and was immediately given quarters in the rear of the offices where, a.. mascot of the institution, he has ever since been cared for by members of the Board.

Ment tank as chipper and light-hearted as if about to luxuriate once again in his own, his native mud on the banks of the lovely Teche.

SWIMMING

(Continued from page \$12.)

is naturally a slight lift of the body on the end of the sweep of the upper arm stroke. This lift will bring the face partially clear of the water, and the breath must then be taken in through the mouth—never through the nose. The object of this is that any little splash of water drawn in with the breath will stop

Whenever the door of his tank is left open he takes advantage of the opportunity to inquire into the state of the market. He waddles directly to the seat of warfare on the floor of the great room and appears to study the blackboard quotations with all the earnestness exhibited by the other members of the Board, indeed he has devoted so much time to the mastery of the subject that

room and appears to study the blackhoard quotations with all the earnesthoard quotations with all the earnesthoard quotations with all the earnestines exhibited by the other members of
the Board, indeed he has devoted so much
time to the mastery of the subject that
his countenance has acquired an inscrutable expression altogether in keeping with the operations of a long time
plunger on 'change. Having gathered all
the information he desires, he waddles
back to his cement tank and meditates
on the market probabilities of the future. While his mind is thus engaged
his body is equally busy. Often dissatisfied with the amount of water in his
tank, he has learned that by turning a
faucet he can increase the supply, also,
after years of close figuring, he has discovered that unless the drain hole in
the basin is closed the water runs off
as rapidly as it comes in. So he climbs
up, turns the faucet with his snout and
flups his great tail over the hole below.
There he rests in the water till moved
to visit the floor again.

Marc is greeted warmily by his friends,
but his bulky hideousness is a grewsome
sight to strangers and inebriates. It is
said in New Orleans that Marc has so
far distanced the Keeley Institute in the
matter of destroying the taste for liquor
that the "gold cure" will never be able
to catch up, and he does it, too, in the
most philanthropical of manners, for he
never charges a cent.

Marc's sense of humor is intensely
keen for a saurian, at least so his friends
assert, and on occasions when his appearance has brought about a particularly disastrous result, a smile has been
known to waver around his thick brown
lips and he has been even accused of
winking. The other day a man well
sonked in Scotch high-balls entered the
Hoard of Trade making noble and ostententive to the business in hand. In his
tortuous course across the floor he ran
athwart Marc in all his unsullied loveliness, mouth open, teeth gleaming, and
eyes plercing. The man's hair stood on
end. He gave a gaps of hor

so proudly exhibits Marc to the Northern visitors—or it may go even a step further, and reach out for some toothsome Board of Trade man leaving no other trace of the missing man than an uneasy feeling in Marc's interior known to mortals as dyspepsia.

As it is, Marc is happy as an alligator should be. He secludes himself under the building during the chilly season.

the building during the chilly season without food or drink, and at the first breath of spring crawls out to his ce-

financial fame. This honorary member of the stirring institution is Marc Antony, an alligator of much local renown. He was brought to the building in a box when he was no larger than a stroke. This lift will bring the face partially and was immediately given quarters in the rear of the offices where, and mascot of the institution, he has ever since been cared for by members of the Board.

Marc is now six feet in length and fourteen years of age, and while a hale and well-preserved bachelor, has known few of the joys that make alligator life sweet. The lady of his dreams, Cleopatra by name, occupied apartments in another portion of the city and was ruthlessly shipped to Canada without a word of farewell to the prisoner at the Board. It is safe to assume that Marc indulged in the usual crocodillan regrets, idle and insincere tears. As a philosophical alligator, however, he promptly forgot Cleopatra, and with almost human intelligence devoted himself to various clever performances for his own divertagement.

Whenever the door of his tank is left open he takes advantage of the oppor- tunity to inquire into the state of the stroke to be made with the body in nearin the mouth and will not choke the swimmer by being drawn into the throat. After one has acquired proficiency in the side stroke, the trudge may be attempted. The point which characterizes this method is that both arms are brought forward above the surface of the water. In this way one avoids the resistance which is encountered in forcing the under arm forward in the side stroke. It is evident that the body cannot be kept on one side. There must be a decided roll, which will bring the shoulders alternately near the surface. That shoulder which is naturally carried uppermost in the side stroke must be brought up farther than the other, to allow of breathing on that side and to allow the propelling part of the leg stroke to be made with the body in nearly the same position as in the side stroke. The alternate rolling of the body is accomplished by allowing the sweep of each arm to raise each shoulder, so that the arm can be lifted out and swung forward straight to the front, as is done with the upper arm in the side stroke. forward straight to the front, as is done

with the upper arm in the side stroke.

The order or succession of the movements of the limbs is the same as previously described.

The fact that the trudge keeps the face

The fact that the trudge keeps the face under water most of the time will necessitate considerable ability in catching the breath, for the mouth can only be above the surface for a fraction of a second each time. To make it possible to inhale in this short period, the breath must be exhaled while the face is still under water. When this is done there is enough time to fill the lungs if the air is drawn in quickly.

There are certain rules which apply to both the trudge and side stroke, which,

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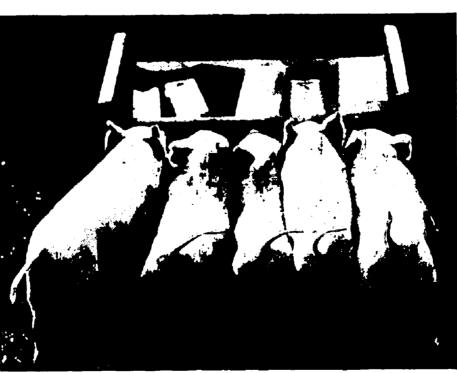
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limbs so that one stroke follows the othlimbs so that one stroke follows the other in regular and even succession. This keeps the body moving steadily forward and prevents the loss of power which will result from a "sag" in the stroke. Second, remember that the head is only to be carried just high enough to bring the mouth clear of the water at the time when the breath should be taken. Third, reach well forward with the arms and make the propelling sweep as long as possible.

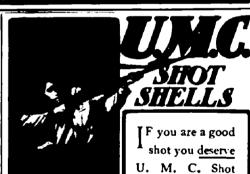
If one can master either or both of the under water. When this is done there is enough time to fill the lungs if the air is drawn in quickly.

There are certain rules which apply to both the trudge and side stroke, which, if kept in mind, will aid in developing water too long, if you wish to derive speed. First, time the movement of the



PROFESSOR PUPIN'S PIGS.

These are not the five little pigs who went to market, but they are the property of Professor M. I. Pupin, and to him they owe their young lives, for the eminent professor was summoned hastily from his duties at Columbia College to his farm at Norwich, Conn., when it was discovered that the mother pig would not own her little ones. Professor Pupin is of course known the world over as the inventor of the marvelous new system of long distance transmission of telegraph and telephone power. But Professor Pupin's ingenuity is equal to the emergency, whether he is dealing with a problem of world-wide importance to mankind, or a litter of new-born pigs on his Connecticut farm. The mother of these little pigs refused to own them, and Professor Pupin was summoned to the rescue, and he proved himself equal to the problem by having a small trough made, in one side of which were bored five holes for the necks of five hottles, each with a nipple on the end. These hottles were filled with warm milk, and the hungry pigs ate their first dinner ravenously, and as if they had never been accustomed to any other method.



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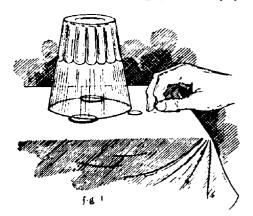
### Tricks With a Tumbler

Many are the tricks to be performed with the commonest of household articles, and much amusement may be derived from some of them. We will describe a few which need little apparatus other than an ordinary tumbler. Select two half dollars and a dime; place them in a row, with the dime in the center, upon a table covered with a cloth; let a tumbler rest mouth downwards upon the two larger coins. Now ask anyone present to remove the dime

ask anyone present to remove the dime without touching either the tumbler or the coins. They will probably laugh and say that it cannot be done—that it is impossible! impossible!
But it can be done, and it is easy—

But it can be done, and it is easy—very easy—when you know the way.
Resting the right hand on the table-cloth, scratch gently near the tumbler with the second finger nail, as shown in Fig. 1, and the dime will slowly but surely move towards it. Keep this up for a minute or so, gradually withdrawing your finger, and the dime will very soon come clear out from under the glass.

Now take a small metal tray, and see that both it and your tumbler are perfectly dry. Turn the glass upside down and rest the tray upon it as in Fig. 2. Select a piece of rough, brown paper,



about the size of your tray, and after warming it, rub it briskly with a brush or upon your trouser leg and then place it upon the tray. The tray immediately becomes charged with electricity.

Now extinguish the gas and get someone to touch the tray with their finger—

there is, at once, a sharp click and a bright electric spark. This trick, which is really an experiment, may be repeated as often as you wish by rubbing the paper afresh and laying it again on the

This finished, light your gas, and fill your tumbler nearly full of water, then tell your audience that you intend to turn this same glass upside down without spilling any of its contents. They will suspect some catch but there is none

none.
Take a sheet of writing paper rather larger than the mouth of the glass, lay the paper upon it and press it firmly down. Now with the hands thus, turn it over until it is bottom upwards and then carefully remove the hand from contact with the paper. Much to the astonishment of everybody the paper remains upon the mouth of the tumbler not a drop of water can escape.

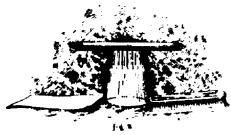
To restore the glass to its original position, press the hand against the paper and turn it upwards with a quick movement.

movement.

movement.

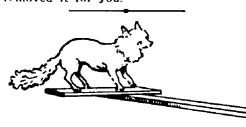
After the foregoing tricks, your friends will not suspect a catch, and you may successfully bring your entertainment to a close, with the following:

Place the glass of water in the center of the table, then borrow a hard hat, and with it cover the glass so that it is hidden from view. Now you can further astonish your friends by informing them that you intend to drink the water from the glass without removing the hat. Crawl under the table and when immediately beneath the spot where the glass stands, turn the lips upwards—



make a sucking noise as though drinking and smack the lips as though you had enjoyed the refreshment. After a few moments, rise from under the table, and with a smile of confidence tell someone to remove the hat and see for themselves that you have kept your promise!

promise?
Unthinkingly they will raise the hat, only to find the tumbler of water unchanged. Now pick up the glass and, drinking the water, tell those present that you have drunk from the glass without removing the hat, even as you said you would—someone clse having removed it for you. removed it for you.



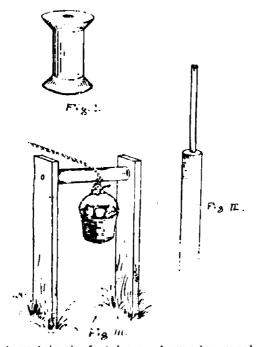
### A Revolving Target

By Dwight Weedbridge

No matter whether it be an air-gun, a gun with ammunition of rubber balls, a how-gun, or bow and arrows, the boy who possesses it is pretty sure to have made a target with a multitude of circles, one about another, each one grow-ing smaller until the black dot in the center is reached. It is always one's that the slope of a sharpened pencil. made a target with a multitude of circles, one about another, each one growing smaller until the black dot in the center is reached. It is always one's ambition to hit this dot, or "buil's-eye"—which shows that there is the most pleasure in trying to do that which is against the sandmost difficult. After a time one gets tired of firing at a fixed target, and moved back and

than a bull's-eye.

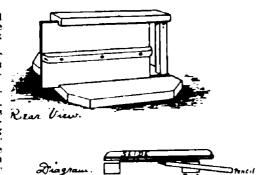
The cuts show how to make a revolv-



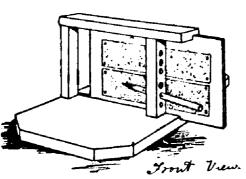
target is six feet long. A wooden spool (Fig. 1.), about six inches in length, is firmly screwed to the under side of this firmly screwed to the under side of this at one end, and a hole an inch in diameter is bored up through the center of the spool and through the revolving arm. A post is now to be provided, the lower end of which is inserted in the ground firmly. In the upper end is inserted an iron rod, to pass up through the spool and revolving arm. On the outer end of the arm is placed the target—a figure of some wild animal cut out of pasteboard. Now if a cord is wound about the spool beneath the arm and carried over a roller set between two boards (Fig. III.), and a weight is tied to the end of the cord, the target will begin to revolve, slowly or rapidly, according to the amount of weight placed at the end of the cord. One can then take his stand at whatever distance he at the end of the cord. One can then take his stand at whatever distance he pleases, and attempt to hit the figure as it passes around in a circle. When he becomes expert in hitting it moving slowly, he can put more stones into the pail and thus increase the speed.

### Making a Pencil Sharpener By Dieight Woodbridge

It is quite an art to sharpen a pencil to a nice point with a jackknife and very few there are who can do it web. There are little pencil-sharpening machines on the market, but they are out of the reach of most people because of their cost. A little home-made machine is shown herewith—one that a boy can very readily make. A front and a rear view are given



in the accompanying cuts, which tell their in the accompanying cuts, which tell their own story of construction. A stout piecof board about fifteen inches long and seven inches wide forms the base. At the middle point of each side a square post, six and a half inches high, is secured by screws passed up through the baseboard. Across the top is secured a crosspiece, wider than the posts; in the under side of which a groove is cut to correspond with a similar groove cut across the baseboard at one side and almost up to the perpendicular posts. In these grooves a thin



piece of board is fitted to slide easily, but not loosely. At the back of this sliding piece of board is fitted a handle so that the slide can be worked back and forth easily. On the slide of the slide next to the posts are stretched two strips of sand paper, or emery paper, one much "finer"

wants something even more difficult forth. The diagram that is given shows than a bull's-eye. made.

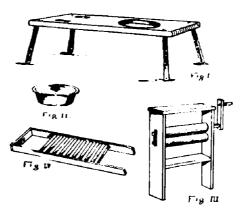
Now, to sharpen a pencil, pass it through one of the holes opposite the coarser sandpaper, holding the pencil in one hand and moving the slide back and forth with the other. The hand holding the pencil should keep the latter slowly revolving, that the end may be evenly planed off by the sandpaper all around. When nearly sharp enough remove the pencil and place it in a hole opposite the fine sand, or emery paper and finish the work. Hold the point steady so that the tip of the point may not be broken off.

If a mistake is made at first in boring the holes in the post (not getting them at the right angle) the holes can be plugged up with wood and new holes bored. Now, to sharpen a pencil, pass it through

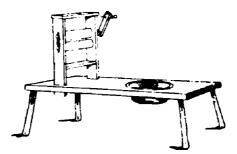
### For Your Sister

By Dwight Woodbridge

Here is something a boy can make for a small sister that will be sure to appeal to her heart. Fig. I. shows the bench, which is plain and easily made. It should be thirty inches long and thirteen inches wide. The legs should be about fifteen inches in length. The top



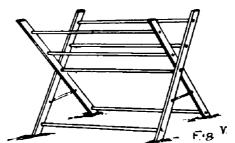
can be of three-quarter inch board. Now can be of three-quarter inch board. Now buy at the grocery or hardware store a tin dish like that shown in Fig. II. Get one that has a flat, projecting edge at the top. The cost will be only tencents. Now lay the dish, upside-down, upon one end of the table and mark about it with a pencil. A quarter of an inch inside this circle draw another, and cut this circle out of the board. When this has been removed, cut around on the outer been removed, cut around on the outer circle with the point of a jack-knife,



cutting only as deep as the thickness of the projecting edge of the tin dish. Now cut away the surface of the wood inside the circle and the tin dish will fit into the opening, its top being "flush" with the top of the bench. No better nor more convenient wash-tub could be found-easy to take out and not able to

found—easy to take out and not able to be upset.

Fig. III. shows the wringer, the rollers of which are sawed from some broken shovel, or other handle. A wire nail is driven into each end of these, and they pass through a slot in either side of the frame, a rubber band passing over the two nails to hold the rollers closely together when in use, and yet allow them to separate when a thick piece of cloth is being passed between them. In-

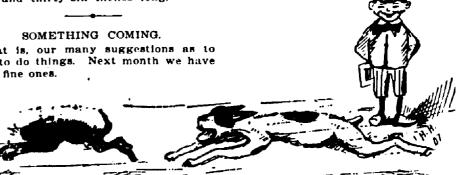


stead of a nail in one end of one of the rollers, insert a round bit of wood, at the outer end of which attach such a handle as is shown. The rubber band on this side of the wringer will pass over the handle shaft of one roller and the nail in the other. The frame of the wringer will present no difficulties. Two slots are cut'in the bench for the insertion of the lower ends of the side pieces. The wringer should stand about twelve inches above the top of the bench, so make the side pieces fifteen inches long. The wash-board is twelve by eight inches, and is made by cutting creases in the side of a piece of board and nailing this between two side pieces. A top piece is then nailed on. The tin dish that serves as a wash-tub should be stead of a nail in one end of one of the

piece is then nailed on. The tin dish that serves as a wash-tub should be about ten inches in diameter across the

top.
The clothes horse (Fig. V.) needs no description. Let it be about thirty inches high and thirty-six inches long.

That is, our many suggestions as to how to do things. Next month we have some fine ones.



# Benny Clapper's Ocean Voyage

Benny was sixteen and adventurous. He wanted something more than the calm delights of a Vermont farm. He thought the matter over as he ate his supper of bread and milk and cold apple ple and decided he would go to Japan.

Being without parents, no one could really stop him. When he announced his intention, his Aunt Millie made no objections. But she stroked his brown head lovingly and told him to be sure and choose rightly.

Thus it came about that a few mornings later he took an old carpet-covered hand hag that had belonged to his uncle before the civil war and boarded the train for Boston.

Boston.

In Boston he went to the water front and stayed a night at a little hotel. The next morning he was out early to meet captains. His first interview was with a man who had a lot of cattle to go to England and wanted him to go with him. "Just the man I want," he said. 'You understand cows and can care for them night?"

nicely. Benny thought it strange that his first

Benny thought it strange that his first attempt to go to sea should be met by an offer to do stable work, and he rejected the proposition with some surpri-e.

"Ship for Japan? Sure!" said a man to whom he spoke a few minutes later. "Ship sails to-night. Twelve a month and rations with a chance to see all the foreign lands and get promoted. Come over to the hotel and sign for a voyage."

In a minute Benny had signed a greasy looking book, received a dollar, and was told to be at the wharf at nine that evening as the boat would be there ready to take him to the Kitty Bell, which would sail at once.

"Just in time." said the man he had hired himself to sail with, "tu nble in." And Benny and his carpet-covere grip-sack soon were on their way across the harbor.

A most unpleasant odor from a small

A most unpleasant odor from a small salling vessel they approached made the boy hope that they would soon be out of its neighborhood; but instead, the boat was pulled alongside.

"Here," exclaimed Benny, "I am not going to ship in any little fishing boat like this. I'm not going in any ship that is not big enough to make a voyage. You are fooling me and I won't go."

"All right," replied the mate; "stay here and be comfortable," and while the rest of the crew climbed aboard, Benny staye I behind, declaring what he would and what he would not do, till suddenly the boat was hoisted bodily out of the water and brought to the deck amid the laughter of the men.

of the men.

"I am going ashore right now," declared the boy indignantly.

"Good bye, give my regards to the folks," laughed the captain of the oysterboat, who had just come up from below.

"Here is the feller that's going to Japan," sang out one of the crew. "He wants to go home and drive oxen," mocked another. Then the taunting chorus of a sea song began: other. Then song began:

"We are outward bound to the China Seas, With the grog just served and a faviring breeze.

And to all we say each lubber agrees; Oh, ho, fer ole Japan!"

The leader of the singing stood under a lantern and Benny did not miss him when he flung a bucket. It struck him fairly in the chest, and there was a yell of approval of the boy's courage in attacking Spanish Joe, the biggest man on board.

But the captain held up a warning hand. "No scrapping, boys. He's fresh, but all right. Here, boy, you must not fight. Your name is down for a month's time with us at oyster dredging. You will learn a lot and you better go easy or you will

with us at oyster dredging. You will learn a lot and you better go easy or you will get a rope's end. Lend a hand at the anchor there. No back tailk."

Thereafter Benny worked at the bickbreaking dredging, pulling up the heavy dredge with its load of shells and oysters, toiling in all sorts of weather, generally in the hot sun of the late September days, and growing wiser as he gained a wider view of life and its hardships.

He tried at first to get ashore when the boat came into harbor with the results of the work, but he had not much chance the first week, and after that he concluded to wait till he got his wages.

There was a good deal of joy, too, for the boat was in charge of an exceptionally

There was a good deal of joy, too, for the boat was in charge of an exceptionally fair and kindly man, though he did follow the bad example of others and get young men to sign under false representations. "Does 'em good," was his excuse, and perhaps, in many cases, it did.

One day when Aunt Millie was selecting some small ple pumpkins for a thanksriving dinner she was surprised to find Benny standing beside her in the barn shed. "Mercy! Why. I thought you went to Japan!" she exclaimed.

"No," said the boy, as he gave a nautical hitch to his trousers, which had no heen again supplied with suspenders. "I saw enough of Japan without going very far from Boston. I have concluded to let myself for a year to Silas Weatherhed. He wrote me down there in the city that he'd give me eighteen a month and my board. Hullo, here is Bose! Old dog seems glad to see me. Seems kinder good to get home."



IM FIRST appeared on the job when the old "Times" building was being torn down. A few of the workmen grew to know him as "that red-headed kid that was always buttin' in." Tim did have a propensity for asking questions.

When the old back-number newspaper building was finally a thing of the past, and the new "Manitowoc" started, Tim became a "regular." Each morning of the first week saw him with a bundle of newspapers, making the rounds at dinner time, and with a cheerfulness which was irresistible but wearisome, plying the men with questions about the details of the work.

"Sure now, if you want to know all these things, why den's and leaves papers for eight of 'em."

Clement put several questions to the boy, who answered them in his own direct, crisp way.

"All right, son. You can start in, or rather keep on, as you seem to have gotten the start of me already. Mind, I don't want any fresh kids in this place, by You've got to mind your P's and Q's and don't want any fresh kids in this place, by You've got to mind your P's and Q's and alon't straight, out you go."

"Yes, sir, and thank you." Then with any more of yer val'ble time," he was the might meer bime. Clement saw little of the boy, except and leaves papers for eight of 'em."

Clement put several questions to the bow, who answered them in his own direct, crisp way.

"All right, son. You can start in, or rather keep on, as you seem to have gotten the start of me already. Mind, I don't want any fresh kids in this place, by You've got to mind your P's and Q's and alon't want any fresh kids in this place.

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"Yes, sir, and thank you." Then with any more of yer val'ble time, he was the might meet bime.

of the work.

"Sure now, if you want to know all these things, why don't you get a job, and learn the business?" queried goodnatured Tom, who ran the big hoisting engine. Tim pondered on the suggestion. An hour later he turned up at Tom's elbow.

"Who will I ask?" he demanded.

"Who will you ask; ask what, you little bother; what are you chinning about?"

"Who will I ask fer de job?"
"What job?"

"What job?"

"Why, de job on dis building. If I'm goin' to learn de busines, who will I ask fer de job?"

"Oh, go over and ask that 'guinney' over there, that's digging the hole."

Tim, a little doubtful, but determined, did as he was bidden, only to find that the "guinney" comprehended him not. In a few minutes he was back again.

"Why don't you giv' it to me straight? Who will I ask?"

By this time Tom had lost his sense of humor, and was worrying over a lever, and said roughly, "Go ask Tom Burden."

estness.

"Well, Tim Flaherty, you get the job.
Go tell the timekeeper to put you on at
'two per,' as water boy. And see that
you keep out of trouble, and mind your
own husiness."

own business."

"Say, mister," called Tim, as Burden moved away.

The superintendent frowned. "Too much pay, youngster?"

"Not enough. But kin I sell papers along wid it? That'll help out Of course, if I'm goin' to learn de business, I have to start at two per, I s'pose, but I can finish out wid de papers."

"All right, only don't bother me any

"All right, only don't bother me any more."

"Thank you, sir," said Tim, lifting his old cap, and as Burden passed out of hearing, bowing low to the ground, "for de large sum of two per."

Tim showed up at the timekeeper's, and after considerable jollying, intally persuaded that worthy, with the aid of the slip he had received from Burden, that he was "on de staff."

The sky-scraper rose, slowly it seemed to the owners and onlookers—but to the workmen, seeing the actual labor involved, the immense structure, the largest in the city, seemed to fairly shoot into the air.

Tim, relating his day's experiences at home, always spoke of it as "my sky-scraper". True to his statement, Tim tried to learn all that he could of the business. In bits and fragments, it is true, but he did come to know, among other things, that cement must be pushed, not shoveled, in order to have it work right; that experts in soil, actually tasted it, and made their plans for foundation accordingly. Many a day Tim followed in the wake of the "dirt man," as he called the expert, tasted, as he tasted, listened to his statements and observations, and stored them away in an unusually bright brain.

At last the great building was ready for occupancy. In fact, some tenants

At last the great building was ready for occupancy. In fact, some tenants were in before the top floors were completed. Tim had stuck to his post. The boss carpenter, and the head mason stoutly maintained that "Timmie Redhead" had been the mascot of the building, and that fewer accidents had occurred because "Timmie" had presided over all undertakings.

BY NELLA B. WIGTATREFLE

"Yes, sir. Do you wish an entire floor? We can make any alterations desired by tenants."

Tim's keen blue eyes smiled straight into Ned Clement's brown ones, in full appreciation of the humor of the situ-

"No, sir, but I'd like de 'sclusive right' to work dis building as newsboy and bootblack. I was newsboy and shiner for de other folks when de building was up, and I hates to part company wid it.

Clement's cyes twinkled. "Well, I don't know," he said slowly. "Mr. Wright on de thoird floor knows

as he might meet him in the corridors, until one day when the owners decided that he could handle matters more intelligently by having his office in the building itself. About a week after he had moved into Room 32, Tim presented himself smile and all

had moved into Room 32, Tim presented himself, smile and all.

"Now, young man, what is it this time? Do you wish to buy this building, including the land?"

The blue eyes flashed a smile, but the boy was full of his errand.

"Mr. Clement, number one is empty again. It won't let for a cent, because it's too cold and damp, and it's dark there, too. How much would de rent be, to me?"

"Why, Tim, have you gone into business?"

"No, sir, but I want to. If it isn't too high, I would like to get number one for im, a little doubtful, but determined, did as he was bidden, only to find that the "guinney" comprehended him not. In a few minutes he was back again. "Why don't you giv' it to me straight? Who will I ask?"

By this time Tom had lost his sense of humor, and was worrying over a lever, and said roughly, "Go ask Tom Burden."

Straightway, Tim started to find Tom Burden, and after half an hour's search, found him, and put his request.

The burly superintendent looked him over quizzically, threw back his head, and laughed. Tim felt that something must be amiss, but looked straight into Burden's eyes, and said stoutly:

"Sure, and why shouldn't I have a job, and learn de business? Me name's Tim Flaherty, and I want a job." The last three words were emphasized a little more strongly than the others, and the curly red poll, keen blue eyes and jolly little Irish face, grew grave in his earnestness.

"Well, Tim Flaherty, you get the job."

turned out of his sky-scraper. Sidling up to Burden, he managed to get his attention long enough to ask. "Who is de guy what lets de offices?" and had that gentleman pointed out to him.

The next day Tim watched his opportunity, and catching the manager alone, marched straight up, and in spite of a queer little feeling of fright, put his question squarely:

"Are you the gent'man what lets de offices?"

The next day when Clement arrived, the door to Room I was open, and a girl was scrubbing the floor. He was sure it was Tim's sister, from the resemblance. The next day he saw the platter was Tim's brother. The third day the room was practically ready for the room was practically ready for the noon, accompanied by Tim, his brother, and father, and an admiring small brother. brother.

The fourth day Clement, in common with the other tenants, found hanging to his door by a string a small card reading as follows:

Hang this card outside your door if you want a

SHINE OF PAPER. We cover this building every half hour, and

WILL CALL and SERVE YOU.

Clement hung the card as directed to see what would happen. In about fifteen minutes a small edition of Tim opened the door quietly (he had Tim's instructions as to the quietness) and inquired, "Shine or paper?"

"Strand Magazine."

The younger edition produced a pad

"Strand Magazine."
The younger edition produced a pad and pencil, and to various other items added: "No. 32—Strand."
So Tim started in business. The stand is there to-day, but on the door of number thirty-two there is a sign which reads:

T. FLAHERTY-Superintendent.

And those who know say that T. Fla-herty owns more than half the stock in the Manitowoc sky-scraper, the best pay-ing piece of real estate in the city.

### Temptations of the Athlete

That the successful college athlete That the successful college athlete must maintain a high academic standing is one of the interesting points made by Dr. William G. Anderson, Director of the Gymnasium of Yale University, in his article on "Making a Yale Athlete," in Everybody's Magazine for July. Dr. And rson says:

in Everybody's Magazine for July. Dr. And rson says:

"Against the tendency to make sport rather the chief end of man's college course than a wholesome incident, many safeguards have been devised. In many colleges the student is barred from athletics if his class work falls below a certain standard. If a man falls in his studies and returns the following year, he is called a 'repeater,' and cannot compete in athletic contests until he has made up his deficiencies. At Yale it is the fact that all efforts to regulate college athletics have won the sympathy and co-operation of the students. The evils of betting, too high-keyed excitement and absorption in the contest, the temptation to neglect recitations, the notoriety of the athlete, must be and are fraught with persistent effort.

"Sport is a safety-valve for the healthy youth who must and should be active, and we must find the right way to use this surplus energy which is bound to 'blow off.' The department of physical training in the modern college is devised to meet the rational demand and need of the healthy student. Organized sport has obliterated the old-time carousing in the saloons, the drinking-bouts, and the rioting, and has raised new standards of right and healthy living."





# Office Workers

Not one office worker in 50 knows the right kind of a pencil for his particular kind of work. On pages 6 and 26 of Dixon's Pencil Guide he will find his pencil designated by both name and number.

Other pages for every person and every use.

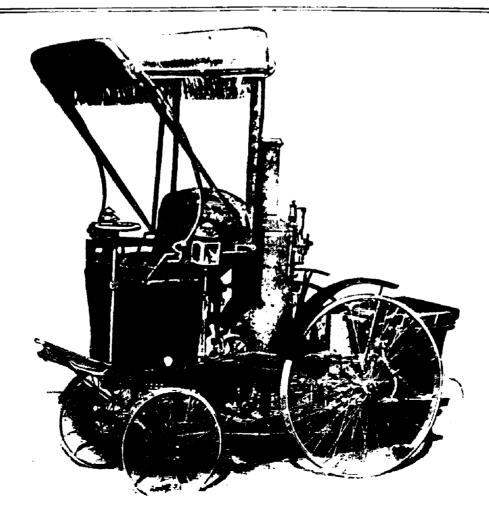
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PERHAPS THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE IN AMERICA.

over all undertakings.

The day the Manitowoc was turned over to the owners was a sad day for the boy. He felt that he was being from the picture that it has an upright engine and boiler.

This horseless carriage, which is claimed to be the first one built in the United States, is owned by Achille Philion of Akron, Ohio, who now keeps it as a relic. It will be noticed from the picture that it has an upright engine and boiler.

# Protecting the Squirrels

of Evanston, Illinois, brought a number of gray squirrels to the city, and also began agitating the question of protecting and feeding the squirrels in the native timber in the midst of which the town stood. He set the example by protecting those in the trees about his own home. The idea took readily with all clases of people; the boys, so often maligned as ruthless savages, became leaders in the movement, and champloned the cause of the forest denizens. The squirrels began to multiply rapidly, and to spread through the town. If a boy was seen stoning a squirrel, he was immediately stoned by the other boys; it was not long before anyone was seen attempting injury to a squirrel at his peril; and a law was soon

other boys; it was not long before anyone was seen attempting injury to a squirrel at his peril; and a law was soon enacted for their protection. One day several boys from Chicago visited Evanston, and began to amuse themselves by pecking away at the squirrels with their slingshots; the Evanston boys ran for the police, and soon the Chicago boys were under arrest, and it cost their fathers a good round sum to settle the bill and secure their liberty.

Today these squirrels may be seen crossing the street as you ride on the electric cars; they caper on the lawns, chase each other on the fences, run along electric wires, and up and down tree trunks; as one hastens to work in the morning, they go frisking from the sidewalk to the bole of the nearest tree, and peep around at him as he passes; some will even follow the boys and girls as they go to school, to feed upon the nuts which they throw to them; and some of the tamest will not only take nuts from the hand, but will climb upon the person and search in pockets for them.

Indeed, so accustomed do these squirrels become to being fed, that they do

Indeed, so accustomed do these squir-rels become to being fed, that they do not store food for winter as they are



A POX SQUIRELL AT HIS PAVORITE TABLE

accustomed to do in their native state. In the severe winter of 1903-4, the acorn crop having been short the previous season, the people of Evanston feared for their squirrels, and the city, through its genial, kind-hearted policemen, distributed to them many bushels of nuts. And doubtless policemen will do as much in staying the hand of crime by feeding squirrels and cultivating the love of the people for them, as they will in arresting criminals.

By CRAIG S. THOMS



A SQUIRREL HOUSE

makes off with a nut, you will observe that he hunts carefully for a place to hide it, and looks about him, evidently noting landmarks, before laying it away.

noting landmarks, before laying it away. A little hole is dug; the nut is well poked in with the nose, and then covered.

These buried nuts, the squirrels, in their wild state, seem able to find, though covered with snow; and doubtless the city bred ones could do the same, did necessity arise; yet it must be admitted that, on account of being fed, they are in danger of losing their habit of providing an ample store for extreme winter weather, and possibly also of losing the power to locate those that they bury. In trying to prove that these squirrels did not dig up what they buried, one lady cited the case of a gray squirrel that ate the soft parts of her cherries, and buried the pits along her fence. These buried pits grew, and sent up a row of cherry shoots until they were a row of cherry shoots until they were a

row of cherry shoots until they were a foot tall.

Most squirrels found in cities are of the gray species; though I have known fox squirrels to eat from the han; and in some places the red squirrels come into the door-yards for food, and chase each other from limb to limb in trees under which the school children play.

More than others of their kind, the red squirrels are accused of robbing birds' nests. It is not unlikely that cities where squirrels are plentiful are compelled to pay for the pleasure which these animals give, and the love of nature which they engender, by the loss of many song birds, which otherwise would build their nests in the trees.

In cities where squirrels abound, every hollow tree or branch is occupied by them, and many nests are seen in the treetops. They will occasionally gnaw their way through a roof, and I know of one instance where they even gnawed through the lead water pipes; but the best way of preventing such depredations is to place in a convenient tree near one's home, a warm house made for them, where they can pass the winter in comfort. them, where they can pass the winter in comfort.

people for them, as they will in arresting criminals.

It may be questioned, however, whether these animals would starve as quickly as people imagine. Winter trees are never without their buds, though they be safely ensconced in thick scales; and most any warm, sunshiny day one may see these animals high in maple or elm feeding upon them, venturing out in their scarch even to remotest twise, which one would not expect to bear their weight. Upon these buds alone, they doubtless could live for weeks; though meanwhile the trees would greatly suffer.

But these city squirrels have larger stores of food laid away for severe weather than most people imagine, for a goodly proportion of all whole nuts given to them are buried, and buried, not the markable dexteraity.

Squirrels take naturally and kindly to man, and are quick to utilize the advantages which their nearness to him brings. Just as the English sparrows, by building their nests in the vines witch shade our porches, under the eaves of our roofs, and in the shades of the arc lights upon our street corners, escape all their natural enemies and multiply with surprising rapidity, so the squirrels, when protected in our cities and towns, are in no danger from the est in a constant search for food. These animals as well as squirrels climb trees readily; and the marten will even pursue the squirrel from branch to branch and from tree to tree, and capture him otwithstanding his remarkable dexteraity.

In the wild timber no squirrel is absolutely safe: Hawks—especially the red-tailed, red-shouldered, goshawk, and Cooper's hawk—circle and wheel above them, watching eagerly with telescopic eyes for the whisk of a bushy tail; when the raccoons and wild cats meet the squirrels at the holes of their nests, or are able to enter their hollow trees, it faires ill with the little fellows; the black snake, also, has been known to capture and swallow them; and the foxes are ever on the alert to snap them up when they can catch them upon the ground; not to mention the hunter, who feels a license in the wild, for there the squirrel is game.

In our cities and parks these dangers are escaped. The noisy rush of a dog may send the woodland favorites in seeming consternation up a tree; or the half-curious stealth of some family cat may promise an unpleasant encounter, in which the fur files for a moment; but

half-curious stealth of some family cat may promise an unpleasant encounter, in which the fur flies for a moment; but these are lightest of comedies; the dark tragedy of relentless search and struggle to the death, is wholly of the wild.

It is undoubtedly true that the citifying of the squirrels, not only brings to them greater safety, and results in their rapid multiplication, but also brings to the people, and especially to the children, an increased love of nature. A hundred squirrels in a town will attract more attention, be more in the minds of the people, and be more talked about, than ten times the number of birds. Birds live largely among the leaves, and are little seen; while the squirrels are everywhere—on the lawns, the sidewalks, the trunks of trees, and



SQUIRREL DESCENDING A TREE

in the streets. Most of the birds go south in winter; but at this time the squirrels attract greatest attention.

### Precedent Was Not Followed

Jamesey had been notified that after

Jamesey had been notified that after Saturday his services would not be required. Saturday afternoon he went to his employer.

"I want me pay," he said.

"Monday is pay day."

"When a kid is fired he ought ter have his pay."

"Monday is pay day here!"

"Dis is a blame funny deal ye're handin' me. It never happened ter me before. Dey always hand me me pay when dey fire me."

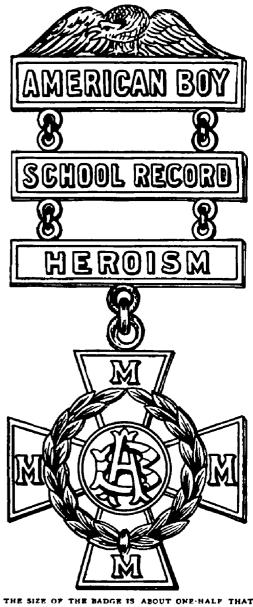
### Breaking it Gently

The boss was bending over a table, looking at the directory. The new office boy slipped up quietly and poked a note into his hand. The surprised boss opened

it and read:
"Honored Sir: Yer pants is ripped."



A CRITICAL MOMENT IN A GAME OF BASKET BALL



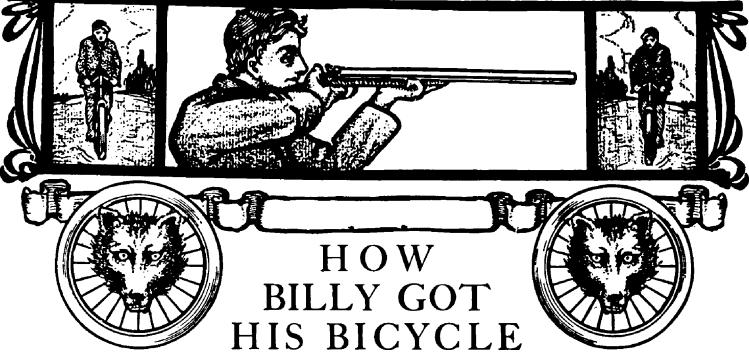
OF THE ILLUSTRATION. ANY BOY CAN BARN ONE OR BOTH THE BARS

Upon every American boy who wins distinction by heroic effort in any laudable direction or by obtaining the highest average term grade in his school, the publishers of The American Boy will, free of charge. confer the American Boy Legion of Honor Badge, an illustration of which appears on this page. The badge is of metal, silver plate quality, and consists of a medallion suspended from a bar on which is engraved "Heroism" or "School Record," or both, as the case may demand; this in its turn is suspended from a bar, on the back of which is

Boys thinking themselves entitled to this distinction should notify us promptly, as the badge will not be awarded if notice is not received by us within three months after the event that gave reason for it happened. If school record be claimed, send the statement of the teacher with his address. If heroism is the ground of distinction, send the statement of some prominent man or woman in the community, and also the name and address of the mayor or principal official of the town.

No school record or act of heroism bearing date before September 1st, 1905, will be considered.

**ADDRESS** THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO. DETROIT, MICHIGAN



BILLY BENNETT was thirteen years old, and wanted a bicycle. There is nothing strange in that, as most boys of thirteen want a bicycle. But very few boys could give as good a reason for desiring a wheel, as could Billy.

Billy.

His father had recently settled on a homestead in the prairie country of Dakota. Neighbors were few and far between, and the only school within reach of Billy was three miles distant. This made a long, weary tramp for the boy twice a day, and if anything was needed to stimulate his desire for a wheel it was provided by the road. Straight as an arrow, level as a floor, with just enough travel on it to wear off the prairie sod, and sufficient wind to remove every particle of dust, each foot of it was fit for a race track.

ery particle of dust, each foot of it was fit for a race track.

"If I had a wheel," Billy had said in urging the matter with his father, "I would be able to help you more with the work, night and morning. As it is, I have to leave for school at eight o'clock and I am never home until five. With a wheel, fifteen minutes for the road, night and morning, would be sufficient. Miss Ray, the teacher, comes the same distance on a wheel, and she never takes more than sixteen minutes, and once, when the wind was favorable, she made it in eleven minutes."

when the wind was favorable, she made it in eleven minutes."

But expenses are heavy and returns slow, in opening up a new farm, and Mr. Bennett was obliged to be cautious.

"Wait until we can afford something better than a sod house for mother and the babies," said he kindly, "and then we'll talk about a wheel."

Billy dropped the subject with his father, but never for a moment gave up the idea of getting a wheel. If his father could not afford it, he must see what he could do about it himself. On a recent visit to the county-seat he had seen a beautiful new bicycle for sale at twenty dollars, and he forthwith began to study all possible schemes, by which to study all possible schemes, by which he might earn that amount. No results had, however, come from

No results had, however, come from his scheming, when one Saturday morning in April he obtained permission to take his father's gun and visit the lake bed a mile distant, in hopes of securing a mess of wild ducks. This lake bed was really the bed of an old lake, usually dry, but now containing considerable water from the recently melted snow and the spring rains.

water from the recently melted snow and the spring rains.

Billy dropped into a dry gulch as he approached the lake, and following it down to its mouth crept immediately into a dense clump of willows, the only bit of cover near the water. A large, shallow pond lay spread out before him, and toward the farther end, but clear out of reach of any shotgun, was a large flock of ducks.

"Perhaps if I keep out of sight they may swim around this way, or another flock may alight at this end of the pond," Billy said to himself.

believe I'll sneak back now and get some."

After a little further watching of the wolf, which seemed wholly unconscious of danger, Billy crawled back out of the willows, and keeping carefully behind the clump until he reached the mouth of the ravine, set off at full speed for home. Arriving there, he obtained the shells, and hastily explaining the situation to his father, waited only to swallow a lunch which his mother insisted on his taking, when he started again for the lake.

"Wait until he gets within fifteen rods, with a den of young hidden."

and then give him both barrels—one after the other," called his father after

him.

answered Billy, hurrying along.

Crawling out of the mouth of the gulch on his hands and knees, Billy treached the willows safely, and peered through the branches for the wolf. There he was, as large as life, and even a little nearer than before. He seemed to the fur, drew him to the surface.

Never mind. Here they were, and each one was worth two dollars at the council nave led nim to suspect it.

Never mind. Here they were, and each one was worth two dollars at the council nave led nim to suspect it.

By "GEORGE CROSBY"

he finding game plenty, and was apparently perfectly at ease and well satisfied with the situation. He would walk up to a clump of long, dead grass and, raising himself on his hind legs like a squirrel, would spring forward and strike the clump with his fore feet. If a mouse ran out there was a lightning-like snap, a squeak, a gulp, and he was ready for the next victim.

"You're mighty spry," muttered Billy. "Just come a little nearer, and I'll see if you are spry enough to dodge twenty-four buckshot."

Once the wolf made a futile spring af-

Once the wolf made a futile spring af-Once the wolf made a futile spring after a meadow lark that he frightened out of the grass, and then, hurrying back, seemed very busily engaged at the spot from which the bird had flown.

"You robber!" groaned Billy; "you've found the nest and are eating the eggs. I'll get you if I have to sit here all night."

It began to look as if an all-night vigil It began to look as if an all-night vigil would be necessary, for the long afternoon wore away, and though plainly in sight all the t me, not once did he come close enough to offer anything like a fair shot. Just as the sun was going down he passed out of sight in a dense patch of dead weeds which covered the banks of a dry gully, at least a hundred and fifty yards from the pond. Billy seized his gun and ran noiselessly toward the weeds.

ward the weeds.
"If I can get there before he sees me, perhaps I can get him as he runs out," thought he.

Reaching the weeds, with both barrels

Reaching the weeds, with both barrels at full cock, and every nerve alert. Billy walked slowly into them. The wolf was still there—he felt sure of that. It could not have left the weeds—which covered less than one-fourth of an acre—without being seen. Watching closely in front, at the right and left, but mostly at the edges of the weed patch, where he expected the wolf to spring out, Billy had crossed two-thirds of the patch, when suddenly, right at his feet, there was an angry snarl, a vicious snap of gleaming white teeth, and the wolf, with every hair on end like an angry cat, and tail swelled to twice its natural size, sprang up from the ground, looking to Billy's startled gaze as large as a lion—gave one leap into the dry gully and disappeared from sight.

For an instant only was Billy startled; then he sprang to the adde of the ditch

For an instant only was Billy startled; then he sprang to the edge of the ditch, with the gun at his shoulder, and looked eagerly along the gully—which was drifted full of loose, dead weeds—for a down to its mouth crept immediately with the gun at his shoulder, and looked to he most clump of willows, the only bit of cover near the water. A large, shallow pond lay spread out before him, and toward the farther end, but clear out of reach of any shotigun, was a large flock of ducks.

"Yerhaps if I keep out of sight they may swim around this way, or another flock may alight at this end of the pond, Billy said to himself.

So he placeth his gun conveniently in the sock of the gun flow again to his shoulder hurt cruelly, but his book was visible among the willow roots, prepared for a long wait. Taking his eyes finally from the coveted ducks, and allowing them to wander idly over the surrounding country, he gave a start of surprise. There, in a dry part of the heavily loaded where the charge of buckshot had leave the wolf showed no intention of coming nearer, and soon Billy began to consider at what distance it would be safe to risk a shot.

"These shells are loaded with fives, said he at length." I don't suppose they would kill him at more than six or seven rods; and long before he'd get that closs hed probably smell me or see me. There are some shells loaded with toxishot at the house, why didn't bring entry sould have been right on top of it."

Recrossing the flower of the wolf above the house, why didn't bring entry the wolf wolf where the house, why didn't bring entry sould have been right on top of it."

Recrossing the ditch, string and the first of the wolf and son billy wagen. The wolf and the proposal propo

the lake.

"Wait until he gets within fifteen rods, she-wolf, with a den of young hidden and then give him both barrels—one afsomewhere about; though he realized r the other," called his father after now that the actions of the animal, to-m. gether with the season of the year, "If he's only there when I get back," should have led him to suspect it.

"Ouch!" he yelled, and dropping the cub like a hot coal, gazed ruefully at his hand, where several tiny blood spots showed the effects of the sharp teeth of the vicious little beast.

"You young villain," said he, "I'll soon fix you."

Picking up his gun, he drew out the remaining shell, and then separating the stock from the barrel and using the latter as a club, he stretched out the young wolf—which was about the size of a cat—dead at one blow. The remaining cubs were treated in the same way, and then Billy took an invoice of stock. Nine young wolves and the old one. Twenty dollars bounty! Billy felt that he virtually owned that bicycle now, and snapping the several parts of his gun together, set off in high glee to secure the aid of his father in removing the scalps.



"So this is the lad that killed those wolves?" said the merchant. "I heard about it on the street. Keep the wheel a week?" said he, lifting it out of the a week?" said he, lifting it out of the rack, "not a minute. Here, kid, ride that wheel home, and when the county board pays you, you can pay me. A boy that can get away with an old wolf and a lot of young ones can't wait a week for a wheel."

scalps.

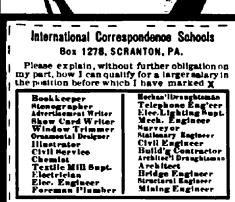
The following Monday Mr. Bennett and Billy drove to the county-seat to claim the bounty.

"You'll have to wait until next week,"

"You'll have to wait until next week, when the county commissioners meet," said the county clerk, to whom they applied. "I'll keep these scalps and put in your claim. Come in about a week from to-morrow and you'll get your money." Considerably disappointed at the delay, they left the court house and walked down town. As they passed the store where Billy had seen the wheel, he coaxed his father to go in and look at it. There it was, bright and shining in its rack.

"Do you suppose they would hold it for me a week?" asked Billy.
"What's that?" said the merchant, who had heard part of the question.
Mr. Bennett explained that Billy had twenty dollars coming to him in a week for wolf bounty, and would like to buy the wheel if it could be kept for him.





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Name Street and No. -

City-

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THE AMERICAN BOY REACHES 125,000 AMERICAN HOMES





"So'm I: but how'll we

do it? The bone man don't come around no

don't come around no more, and the junk feller's got another job."
"Aw, we aren't in it for such small truck. I'm onto a big thing." Three pairs of cager eyes were turned upon the speaker, Billy DePew, who was a year older than the others, and could really read newspapers.

What is it, Billy?

"Think ye might tell." But Billy was shy. A secret was a sweet morsel, to be well rolled under ".s tongue before sharing it with kids.

"I heard my father talkin' with another man about trusts," he said, shaving a long silver off a stick with his new knife, which was the envy of every boy in school who had none. "I read about 'em in the paper, too."

in the paper, too."
"What's trusts?" asked Jerry Lincoln,

"What's trusts?" asked Jerry Lincoln, in a voice of great respect for the boy who knew so much.
"Why, a trust is where some men corner the market, y' know. Buy up all the pork, er the cotton, er oil, whatever 'tis, and then raise on the price and make a lot o' money. See?"

"If John buys three apples fer three cents apiece, and sells 'em for five cents each, how much does he make," recited Ted Jones. He had just reached problems in his arithmetic, and to his notion the trust idea fitted in very aptly. "Say, we kids buy something, and sell it for more. Then we'd be a trust, wouldn't we?"

Billy looked at the young man with pity and scorn. "Aw, come off! Everybody does that that sells anything. That ain't no trust. I heard this man talkin' to my father about furs, too. The man said there was lots of money in furs. I move y' that we make a trust in furs." The bulging secret had grown so heavy that it could be held no longer, and Billy looked around on his admiring friends

"But where'll we get the furs? There ain't no bears, nor wolves to hunt no more," Ted Jones asked doubtfully. He was a timid, white-faced boy, who could always see objections. "We ain't got no money to start with, neither."

money to start with, neither."

"The man said a good cat skin was worth money. That there was lots of people wearing catskin furs that didn't know it. They take 'em and shear 'em and color 'em and fix 'em up gaudy. He said it was just the time of year now, while the new fur is on; our Tab has been sheddin' fearful, but she's all sleek and fine now. I'll put her into the pool if we make the trust."

Billy's father was a railroad man, and

Billy's father was a rallroad man, and he heard not a little of pools and pooling in the home talk. Three pairs of eyes began to sparkle. Cats were a very familiar source of possible profit and income, and with such a leader as Billy, trust seemed a brilliant idea, full of promise.

"Our Tommy is a whaling big fellow lots bigger than your Tab. His skin ought to be worth more." Jerry Lincoln had a habit of measuring pieces of pie

"Did y' catch any?"

"Yes, a tortus-shell. See where she bit me? It's a box, y' know, with a tran door and a piece of meat in the back for bait. My but she was mad when I let her out. She pitched into the others something fierce."

"Well, I'm using slip-nooses," said Jerry Lincoln. "I caught one last night, too—a big, black one, with white stockings."

"That one belongs to the Widder Bis-

"That one belongs to the Widder Bis-e. She'd slip-noose you if she knew

you had him," Billy remarked in a tone of regret, for he happened to know how much comfort and company the cat was to the lonely old lady, who always had a kind word for the boys. For the first time since the trust had been formed a doubt of the honesty and manliness of the scheme began to dawn upon his mind.

"Well, she won't know it, all righty. I'm after a big malty now. He runs in our alley, and I reckon I'll get him tonight."

More Important than problems or spelling lessons, was the question, "Did y' catch any?" in the days following, and "Couldn't we give 'em chloroform?"

spelling lessons, was the question, "Did y' catch any?" in the days following, and Miss Grey, the teacher, was puzzled to know why four of her bright boys had so suddenly become careless in their study and recitation.

Jerry Lincoln dropped out entirely for a few days, and when he came back he was quite a hero, still terrilly hoarse and with a pocketful of horehound drops. "Ye see, I hald for that big malty feller," he croaked, "but he was fearful shy. I set my noose out in the alley with a bully chunk of meat in the middle of it, and me a layin' out in the weeds and arbidin' onto the string. I'd a been all right, if it han't come up to rain, and I got soakin' wet."

"But did y' get him?"

"Naw," cried Jerry, in hoarse disgust, "but he got the meat and bolted, and the string just slipped off in the end of his tail. I got the doctor, though, next mornin', and a whole lot of bitter stuff to take. Ma says he asked two dollars just for comin' round and stickin' a little glass thing under a feller's tongue, and stayin' to be a doctor when I grow up. It's easier'n seat."

The cat question began to be quite a serious one about this time.

and stayin' ten moneasier'n scat."

The cat question began to be quite a serious one about this time. Mothers is leaned over back fences and told each is other how Tommy, Tabby or Kit had dispepeared, and mice were growing more bold and numerous every day. The rats out without fear, and at the DePews one fat old fellow had come up on the porch and eaten his breakfast out of the same dish with the puppy, which had it how with a guest so bold and unusual.

"Is mother belowed as the beginning of more morning, after the stock in fur was nearly, if not quite, complete, "Such a nearly, if not quite, not nearly, if not qu

If I hadn't been so dead gone for sleep, I wouldn't have got even a cat-nap." He was just in off a hard run, heavy-eyed and frowning.

"They were having a cat convention, maybe, father," Nellie remarked, with sympathy. "It is too bad you should be disturbed when you needed the rest so much. I do wish we knew where Tab has gone to. It isn't like her to run off this way." way.

Queer that we should be long on cats "Queer that we should be long on cats when everyone in the block is complaining of being short," said her father. "I threw everything I could muster, but it was too pitch dark to get a good shot at anything. Billy, you go out and gather up that truck by the back fence and bring it in." Billy went out with a streak of gray and white lightning. Tommy after her, the entire market in cathering it in." Billy went out with a skins following in one grand rush for quaking heart, for he well knew that if the parent nose once began to smell the rat in the case the trust would break up looked at each other with dejected faces. "Sav. Jerry, that was a slump in fur and

cats, and the desired article of commerce, a cat skin, when it came to the pinch. Four boys armed with assorted weapons, assembled in the barn the next day at early evening, each one feeling weak in the knees, though he would not have let the others know it for the world.

Tabby was a most loving, confiding creature, and she came purring around Billy's legs just as he had raised his club to strike, taking the nerve out of his uplifted arm in a most embarrassing way. She had a trick, too, of leaping upon one, and with one jump she lit on Billy's shoulder, curling herself around his neck, and rubbing her little pink nose against his ear and lapping at it with her tongue. It was very trying when a boy needed so much to be brave and heartless.

of fear and aversion. "Oh, I can't. I can't," he wailed, turning white and sick as he threw down his ball bat. "I ain't never killed nothin' bigger'n a grasshopper, and I can't," and turning about he fled from the scene of terror, leaving he fled from the scene of terror, leaving the door open behind him in his agita-



The boys in the accompanying photograph are eating green corn, which they have bought for a penny an ear. It has been boiled and nicely buttered, and is healthler than the candy or sweetmeats for which boys are so apt to spend their money. Selling corn in this manner upon the streets of our large cities is an innovation, to say the least.

#### THE INSPIRATION OF LINCOLN

By HENRY WATTERSON

(Extract from a speech delivered at Chicago, February 12, 1895. Used by permission of the author.)

What was Abraham Lincoln's mys-

terious power, and whence?
His was the genius of common sense;

of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. Inspired, he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that slowly turning, reveals the story of his life, and I see a little heartbroken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her christian burial. I see this motheriess lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teacher; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will, no light, save light from heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athtoward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself to the practical uses of this work-a-day world; the rearing of children, the earning of bread, the cumulous duties of the husband, the father, and the citizen. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his leader, self-confident in conscious recti-tude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and origing them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the pre-ferred among his fellows, ascend to the eminence ordained for him, and him It was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend to the eminence ordained for him, and him alone among the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the little boy weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, nor changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurrled him forward. And, last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history. I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country wrapped about him, and the world in mourning at his feet. Surely he was one of God's elect, not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident, or chance.

of God's elect, not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident, or chance. The inspired are few. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel, them, but we know the circumstance of the circumstances. rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them; leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence.

Providence. Tried by this standard, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than

find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with a deeper feeling than that which tells of his life and death.

#### The Swimming Needle

If you tell your friends that you can make a needle swim, they will probably laugh at you. But the trick is not at all difficult, and there is no "catch" about all difficult, and there is no "catch" about it, either. Fill an ordinary goblet with water to the brim and place it on a firm base so that it will not tremble. Then select a fine sewing needle and cut a piece of letter paper into a small oblong so that it shall be a little longer than the needle. Set this piece of paper gently on the water. Put a tiny drop of oil on your finger and rub the needle with it. Then lay it carefully on the paper. Of course the paper will support the needle and everybody will say: "Huh! That's nothing." But just tell them to wait.

wait.
Within a few moments the paper, becoming soaked with water, will sink slowly to the bottom of the glass. But the needle will not go down with it. If the surface of the water is perfectly still the needle will remain alloat.
The explanation is simple. The cohesion of the molecules of water is such that the liquid resists the entrance of other bodies as long as the molecules are not disturbed. If it is placed on the water with sufficient skill, it is even possible to make a flat ring of metal swim. But the needle trick is easier.

The admiration which Bob felt for his Aunt Margaret included all her attributes, and even possessions which the aunt herself was not wont to consider desirable. "I don't care much for plain teeth like mine. Aunt Margaret," said Bob, one day, after a long silence, during which he had watched her in laughing conversation with his mother. "I wish I had some copper-toed ones, like yours."—Zion's Herald.



EAR, O ATHLETES! Have you tried water-baseball? No; not water-polo or water-football, but the good old national game, played on a lake or bay or swimming pool, or a quiet bit of river where there is not much current.

If you haven't tried it and turn in the water to throw it. But it is no easy matter to throw a ball while treading water, and the chances are that the throw is a bad one and you are safe.

You now turn your attention toward second. To steel it are the second.

much current.

If you haven't tried it get in line and begin at once with the new game of the season. They are playing it in the west, where the swimming season seems to begin much earlier than it does along the Atlantic coast. There the sport has become more than a fad of the moment. It is enjoying a boom that is almost a

mania.

One need not be a great ball-player nor a star swimmer to play the game. All it requires is a rudimentary knowledge of baseball and fair swimming ability. The outfit consists of a tennis ball, a yard or less of broomstick and four rafts—one large and three small.

The batsman and the catcher stand on the big raft. On a small raft ten yards away stands the pitcher. He may deliver the ball in any style he chooses so that that it crosses the plate. In striking everything goes—bunt, bingle, swat or foul tip. There are five men on a side. The moment bat and ball come in contact the batsman must start for first base.

It doesn't matter frow the ball is hit, you count it as fair. Indeed, it is a triumph of skill to turn and swing with the ball and send it flying past the

Suppose you have driven a good ball out near third base. You pile overboard with a dive toward first. As you rise to the surface you see the third baseman and the pitcher furiously swimming after the ball.

To your excited even it some in the surface is a support of the surface of the surface of the surface is supported by the surface of the surface

To your excited eyes it seems as if first base were a mile away. As you near the base you see the pitcher seize the

But it is no easy matter to throw a ball while treading water, and the chances are that the throw is a bad one and you

You now turn your attention toward second. To steal it seems easy, and so, as soon as the pitcher delivers the ball, you start. But if all goes well with the other team, when you have gone about a third of the distance you notice that the second baseman has the ball. Giving up here of guinning second you turn to rehope of gaining second, you turn to re-gain first, only to note that the first baseman has followed you and waits for the ball about five feet to your rear.

You again turn your efforts toward second, only to see the second baseman swimming toward you. With much splashing you try to evade this latest comer, but you are put out and retired amid the yells of the onlookers. The game is full of fun. Sometimes an ardent baseman will lean too far over to one side in his efforts to get the ball. This will cause the raft to tilt until the player loses his balance, and in his efforts to loses his balance, and in his efforts to regain the center of the raft it will shoot from under him, and he will land smack on the surface of the water.

The game is full of unexpected fancy stunts. The spectators laugh even more than they do at the ludicrous happenings in indoor baseball, for the rolling and tumbling in the water makes the mishaps twice as funny.

Along the sandy reaches of the Shrews-bury River and the Great South Bay and thousands of other bays on the Atlantic coast the game ought to be popular this summer.

It is most important to have one keen-eyed watcher constantly looking out for all the players who are in the water, so that there shall be no danger of accident. —New York World.

ser has exceptional talent, but it would be only telling half the story to omit saying that he has been a persevering worker. He, like all others who achieve it, is ready to say that success in any undertaking is not a matter of inherited talents but a matter of zealous efforts in cultivating these talents.

#### Arthur Adolph Loesser

Graduated From Public School No. 165, West 109th St., New York City, at Age of Ten Years.

Eight years school work in about four years is the remarkable record of Arthur Adolph Loesser, of No. 463 Central Park West, New York city. Entering school at the age of 6 years Master Arthur has completed his grammar school education at the age of 10. It takes a bright boy who is willing to work real hard to do



ARTHUR ADOLPH LORSSEE

this. This combination is not so very rare among the boy readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, but it is certainly rare enough to deserve a notice here. Especially is this hotice deserved since young Loesser, in addition to carrying home a grammar school diploma at the age of ten years, has in his short life made himself master of the piano. His recitals on that instrument have been listened to with pleasure by the critical audiences which assembled at the Waldorf Astoria music room, and have been honored with favorable comments by musical writers on the New York papers. This is a distinguished record few make even when they have made music a study for years.

music a study for years.

It is needless to deny that Master Loes-

#### Y. M. C. A. to Teach Art of Navigation

The faculty of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York city are to add a new and novel course of instruction to the curriculum of the institution. It will be thorough study of yachting and the principles of navigation. Some kind-hearted philanthropist recently gave the association a beautiful schooner yacht, named the Amazon. The yacht is 108 feet over all and twenty-one feet beam. Immediately the possibilities afforded by the yacht presented themafforded by the yacht presented them-selves to Dr. Frederick Knowles, of the y. M. C. A., and he originated the yachting course, utilizing the Amazon as a training ship for the young men who wish to learn the mysteries of tacking,

training ship for the young men who wish to learn the mysteries of tacking, reaching, running and combing.

The captain and the cook will be professionals, but the rest of the crew, thirty in all, will be Y. M. C. A. boys, and, it is said, will be picked for their positions according to their build and abilities. For instance, the young man possessing the greatest volubility will be made first mate; he of the greatest rotundity and capacity for food will be made cabin boy, while the one with the most lung power will attain to the enviable position of bos'n's mate.

When the first crew returns another will be sent out, and the process will be repeated till the shrill nor westers begin to blow. Then the crew will lay off and spin yarns till the season reopens next year, when they will go out again.

This will be kept up for four years, at the end of which time it is expected that

This will be kept up for four years, at the end of which time it is expected that each of the young men will be proficient in all the duties, that fall to the lot of a first mate, harring the explosive style of speech, and will be adepts in the art of navigation. Dr. Knowles, who is attached to the Harlem branch of the association of the secondary and the secondary and the secondary are the secondary and the secondary are the secondary and the secondary are the secondary are the secondary are the secondary and the secondary are the secondary and the secondary are the secondary are

ciation, will accompany every crew as athletic instructor.

The Y. M. C. A. officials would not say who is the donor of the Amazon. She was built at Bayville, L. I., in 1899. Her tonnage is 95 and she draws 9 feet of water. ater. • Those who finish the course will be

given diplomas in navigation.

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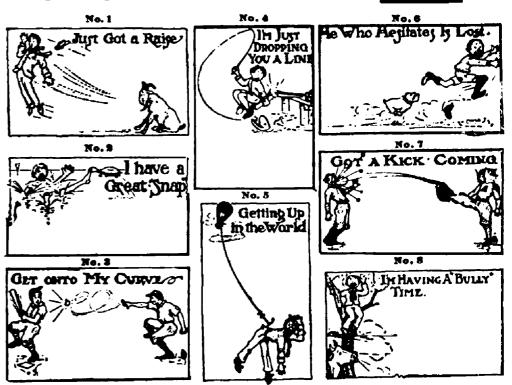
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#### India Native States

It is under consideration, owing to the fact that all the Native States stamps have been all used, whether to stop the issue of them and use the British India stamps or to get out new designs.

and use the British India stamps or to get you out new designs.

HYDERABAD.—A new one anna stamp of thes this state has been issued, the color being red. issue BRITISH INDIA.—The government of India of 1 has submitted a proposal to the secretary of of 1 state for India for the unification of the 1 list. anna postal and receipt stamps. If this is approved, it is understood that the present ½ anna and 1 anna postage stamps will be surcharged "postage and revenue."

Commodore Perry from a statue by Walcott On the stamps of to-day the different governments are using as designs pictures of their main government buildings. These reproductions are certainly works of art when you consider the small space and with what accuracy they reproduce them. A few of these stamps are: The Grecian of the 1896 issue, the 1 mark Germany, the Guatemala of 1902, Mexican of 1899, and also a number of local stamps could be mentioned in this

belonging to prominent collectors will be sold by me at public auction in N. Y. In Soptember. If you wish to make fair number of hids, send for the catalogue. Following bargains retail: 10 different old coins or bills, 25c. New Panama & dollar silver, each 55c. Lewis & Clark Exposition & dollar gold, each 50c. 1, dollar sach 80c. 125 page Rare Coin Book 800 illustrations each 25c. Rebuil lists free.

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# The Boy Photographer

Edited by 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 subjectioners 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 photographe in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizee. 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.



"STANDING ROOM ONLY" Second Prize, by Perry N. Trask, Silver Creek, N. Y.

#### For Mounting Photographs

Liesegang recommends as a mountant 80 grains of dextrine and 20 grains of calcium nitrate in 2 ounces of cold water.

#### Current Comments

Victor Conley—You would have been entitled to honorable mention if you had not amputated the feet of your Indians. In every other respect the photograph is very good. C. A. Fulmer—Your "Spokane River" is too large a subject for so small a camera.

#### The Brownie Contest

Photographs by the following have been entered in our Brownie contest, which closes September 1st: Eldred Meyer, Edwin Peterson, Ernest Bertholdt, Arthur Uhl, Chas. A. Brown, Edward F. Andrews, Joseph D. Cecil, Harry Belden, L. C. Robinson, Wm. C. Sleeman, Harold Hope, Roland Bachman, L. E. Harmon, Stuart Randolph Whitman, and Luke Matthews, Jr.

#### Honorable Mention

We regret to say that our roll of honor is a very short one this month, owing probably to the fact that a great many of our photographic friends are away on vacation. It is headed by Theo. E. Rein. The distinction is also herewith conferred upon: Wm. J. Juengert, Arthur H. Black, Harvey N. Seney, Arthur A. Beck, and Kerr Forman.

#### Our Prize Pictures

E. E. Trumbull's seascape, to which First Prize is awarded this month is a work of art that would do credit to some of the world's best photographers. "Standing Room Only," the second prize photo, by Perry N. Trask, is also a very clever piece of work that would have been worthy of the talented brush of Mme. Ronner, the world's most famous painter of cats.

#### Drying Marks

Be extremely careful over the negative drying operations. If you use a drying rack, never place the negatives film to film, but always with the emulsion side facing in one direction. If possible, always stand the platestwo or three grooves apart. The negatives should dry spontaneously and evenly; if the center takes longer to dry than the outer portions, the negative will be uneven in density.—Ex.

#### A Good Combined Bath

۸.				
Ammonium sulphocyanide			15	gr.
Sodium chloride (salt)				
Нуро				
Water			10	OZS
<b>B</b> .				
Gold chloride				
Water				
For making an efficient combined				
fixing bath for printing out papers,	яÌ	OV	rly	add
B. to A.—Ex.				

#### Improving Matt Surface Prints

Improving Matt Surface Frints

It often happens that a matt print has insufficient depth in the shadows, and instead of the deep tones being full of detail, they are clogged because of the dull surface. Bromide, platinotype, or P. O. P. prints with a matt surface, may be considerably brightened by using the following mixture:

Pure white wax, 50 gr.

Dammar varnish, 20 minims.

Pure oil of turpentine, 50 minims.

Melt the wax and then add the other ingredients. To treat the print, smear the surface with a rag dipped in the paste; then polish with a soft fiannel.—Photographic Times.

#### A Trick Worth Knowing

To avoid halos on interior exposures, when windows are in the line of the objective (lens), the following method is recommended:



"THE INCOMING TIDE" First Prize Photo, by E. E. Trumbull, Plattsburg, N. Y.



Your local Merchant should handle the STEVENS. ASK HIM. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, EXPRESS PRE-PAID, upon receipt of Catalog Price.

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through the Sprague Correspondence School of Law—the original. It brings to his home, by mail, the instruction and drill of the college. Thousands of our students have passed the required state examinations, and have been admitted to the har in every state. Others have applied this knowledge toward commercial pursuits, and through it have gained prominent positions. Send for our catalogue, which tells all about our three courses: Preparatory, Commercial and College Law Course. Also book of interesting letters from hundreds of our successful students, aberral Terms—Special Offer now. Write to-day and us help you.

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To avoid the over-exposure of the window, particularly when a fine landscape is visible through the open window, make first a short exposure for the window. Now close the shutters and darken the room as much as possible, and make a flashlight exposure of the interior without changing the position of the camera. The natural and artificial illumination should of course agree as much as possible. If the plate is now developed, it will be seen that landscape through the window and interior have obtained the correct exposure. In case that there are no shutters, the interior exposure may be done after nightfall.—German Exchange.

#### Queries and Answers

S. R. Whitman—We cannot enter into personal correspondence, with those intending to compete in our contests, the conditions of which have been fully published. Luke Matthews, Jr.—Yes, tone of your solio print is all right. I. E. Blahm—Most photographs reproduced in THE AMERICAN BOY are 4x5 or 5x7. C. H. Thomson—I am not familiar with the paper you mention and would advise you to correspond with the Eastman Kodak Co., which will answer your inquiries promptly. As Brownie photographs labor under a disadvantage in our regular contests, on account of their size, we have arranged a special contest for them; if you have any prints, send them along. Personally I prefer a plate camera. Edwin H. Corbin—Velox postals that are entirely the work of the individual submitting them are admissible to our contests. Yes, we are always looking for good photographs that may be used for the cover. Prize money could be applied on subscription, if desired. 8. R. Whitman-We cannot enter into per-

# **Color Photography**

Either plate or film can be used. Directions are simple and results must pleasing. "Relignam" paper reproduces the object photographically in all the shades and time permanently. Equally good for portrait, landscape or still life. Fample print will be sent prepaid for 20c. Prices of paper including chemicals necessary.

Size 4x5. 35 cents per dozen sheets.

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# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boys, be answered in these columns.

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

#### The Boy Mechanic and Electrician Prize Contest

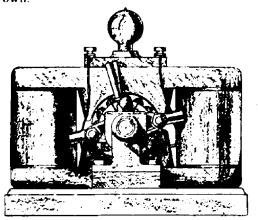
CONTEST NO. 1.

Dear American Boys:

We wish to become better acquainted with you in your own workshops and with your individual work, and to this end have decided to run a few contests, publishing each month the best picture and accompanying short description of some one of your many workrooms, or something that you have built. Now what we want for the first contest is a photograph and three hundred word description of your workroom—not all

photograph and three hundred word description of your workroom—not all fixed up for the occasion, but just as you live in it with your tools and instruments about you—and with yourself in the room if possible.

This month (September) I will give to the boy sending me the best picture and description of his workshop: A Complete Set of Castings for a 52 Watt Dynamo or Motor, with detail drawings, just like this picture. It is a beauty and measures 8½ inches in length by 5 inches in height. A thoroughly up-to-date high-grade machine, and one that any boy may be proud to own.



The successful picture will be published in the November Issue
ROBERT G. GRISWOLD,
Dept. Editor.

RULES OF CONTEST.

Contestants must be subscribers to The American Boy.
If pictures are to be returned, stamped addressed envelopes must be enclosed.
Full name, address and age of contest-

Full name, address and age of contest-ant must be given.

Prize will be awarded solely on the merit of the subject, the greatest weight being given for display of inventive talent and ingenuity.

All pictures must be received on or before September 20th, 1905.

#### Experimental Lessons in Electricity

POWERFUL PLUNGE BATTERY.

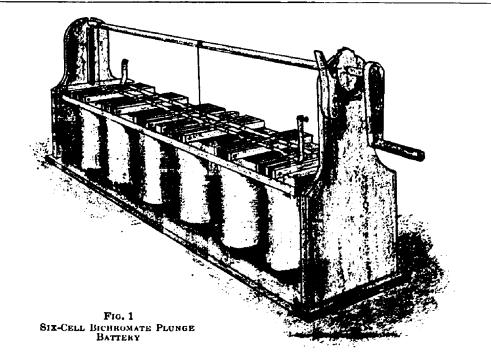
LESSON 5.

N OUR LAST lesson we constructed a very simple cell of a piece of copper and a piece of zinc. The current derived from this cell was not very great but it very plainly illustrated the means whereby chemical action between the liquid of the cell and the two elements generated electricity and how it could be collected. This simple cell shows the principle upon which almost all cells are constructed, and in this lesson we will take up the construction of a very powerful battery, and one that any boy can readily build.

There are many different types of cell N OUR LAST lesson we constructed a tivery plainly illustrated the means whereby chemical action between the liquid of the cell and the two elements generated electricity and how it could be collected. This simple cell shows the principle upon which almost all cells are constructed, and in this lesson we will take up the construction of a very powerful battery, and one that any boy can readily build.

There are many different types of cell that could be described at this point, but none so powerful, so reliable, and at the same time cheap. Many boys already possess small motors and other electrical apparatus that may be operated with this battery.

It is of the type known as the "Grenet" or bichromate-of-potash (pronounced bicro-mate) cell, and is universally used for experimental work of every description. Owing to the internal chemical areas of the promotion of the pinces continuing when the



battery is not in use if they are left in battery is not in use if they are left in the solution or electrolyte, it is necessary to take the zincs out of the solution when finished, or else they will be rapidly eaten away. In this battery the zincs and carbons are all lifted out by a small crank at the top, and owing to the fact that the elements are dipped or plunged into the solution when needed, the name of plunge battery has been given to it.

This is what is called a "closed cir-

This is what is called a "closed circuit" battery, because it is generally used on a closed circuit, requiring a constant supply of current such as a motor or lamp. Such cells as the sal-ammoniae or lamp. Such cells as the sal-ammoniae (pronounced sal am-mo-ni-ac) type used on telephone and electric bell service are called "open circuit" cells, and, owing to the fact that they become polarized very rapidly, are used only in cases where intermittent service is required. They become exhausted very rapidly when used on a closed circuit, but regain their strength after being allowed to rest. Undoubtedly many of the readers have experienced this difficulty in operating small motors by a sal-ammoniae cell. These names only signify the type of cell, since the chemical action is exactly the same in both—the sal-ammoniae cell does not.

The battery about to be described is composed of six cells, but, if one wishes he may use any number of cells. Each cell will give when fresh from 1.9 to 2 volts pressure each, and the six cells connected in series (connecting in series means connecting the zinc of one cell to the carbon of the next cell and so on

means connecting the zinc of one cell to the carbon of the next cell and so on throughout the six) will give about  $6 \times 2 = 12$  volts, which is quite sufficient for ordinary purposes. The current generated is large and very steady.

Fig. 1 shows the battery complete in its box with the small crank and windlass above, by means of which the six sets of elements are lifted out of the solution or lowered into it at will. In Fig. 2 is shown the box in detail and the dimensions allow a 6-inch space for each cell. The wood may be either pine or

action of the zines continuing when the are securely nailed to the base. The two inches wide by seven inches in length

guides are then nailed inside the ends as shown. These prevent the frame from swinging to and fro as it is being lifted.

The frame is made of five pieces, two long sides, two ends with a notch cut therein to fit over the guides, and a middle support. This frame is made fairly stout to prevent bending under the weight of the six sets of elements. A screw-eye is screwed into the middle of each end and the middle support and to each end and the middle support, and to these is tied a stout piece of cord which passes up and around the windlass, being fastened thereto by a matting tack or small staple. As the windlass is turned it winds up these cords and thus lifts the frame.

For the windlass use a broomstick or

For the windlass use a broomstick or curtain-roller, 40 inches long. On one end is fastened the ratchet wheel which is cut out of hard wood. The hole should be a snug fit over the drum, and a long, thin wire nail driven through the ratchet (drilling a hole for it first) will prevent its turning. About two inches to the right of this ratchet fasten the crank in a similar manner. A still stronger job will result if glue is used in addition to the nail.

A small pawl, also cut from a piece of hard wood, is fastened by a screw to the

the nail.

A small pawl, also cut from a piece of hard wood, is fastened by a screw to the side of the box so that it will drop into the notches of the ratchet and prevent the weight of the elements turning the shaft. It is held against the ratchet with a rubber band passing over two tacks, as shown in Fig. 1. When it is necessary to lower the elements, one hand can hold the pawl out while the other lowers them into the solution to the required depth. A wire nail driven through the shaft on either side of the end of the box opposite the ratchet will prevent its moving to and fro as it is turned.

The jars are of giass and may be made of the one- or two-quart size fruit jars, cutting off the narrow tops with a red-hot poker. This method, which will prove of value a great many times in experimental work, is illustrated in Fig. 3. Jars may be readily made of old bottles, as the necks can be cut off very easily. Ifeat a poker to a bright red heat and slowly pass it around the jar at the point where the cut is to be made. If the crack does not start immediately, touch the heated spot with a drop of water, when the crack will start and follow the hot from completely around the jar. A

the heated spot with a drop of water, when the crack will start and follow the hot iron completely around the Jar. A light rap will cause the top to fall off and the keen edges may be smoothed off with a fine file wet with turpentine. The jars should be six or seven inches in

jars should be six or seven inches in height.

The elements used in these cells are carbon and zinc. If the amateur can afford it, each cell should contain three carbon plates and two zincs, but a very good cell may be made with one carbon and one zinc plate only. These plates, which may be obtained from any dealer in electrical goods, should be about two in electrical

and fastened together as shown in Fig. 4, the two outside and middle plates being of carbon, and the second and third plates of zinc. The clamps, which are shown in detail in Fig. 2, are made of oak or other hard wood, especially the twelve outside strips, as they take the strain. Boil them thoroughly in melted paraffin, or varnish them thoroughly with shellac. The ends are provided with 4-inch holes, through which pass two 3-inch by 4-inch carriage or stove bolts, with a washer under the heads and nuts. When the nuts are set up the plates will be firmly clamped together as shown, but before this clamping is done two 4-inch strips of copper, polished very bright, should be bent as shown and inserted between the plates and the wood separators to make a connection for carrying of the current. hent as shown and inserted between the plates and the wood separators to make a connection for carrying off the current. One strip is bent so as to make contact with the three plates of carbon only, while the other makes contact with the two zinc plates. Be sure that they do not touch each other (place them about an inch apart), and make the arches high enough to insure that there is no possible chance of touching the underlying plates. The free ends should be provided with a hole for a binding post screw. This forms a complete set of elements for one cell, and the battery shown requires six such sets.

This method of clamping the plates together is far better than securing them to the strips by means of screws, because the solution in the jar will gradually creep up to the top and destroy the screws, ruin the contacts, and cause the plates to drop off into the jar, probably breaking it. Should this corrosion take place in this case, it is a simple matter to loosen the nuts, remove and wash the plates and scrape the contact surfaces bright and clean. When they are re-

to loosen the nuts, remove and wash the plates and scrape the contact surfaces bright and clean. When they are replaced they will be as good as new. If a line is drawn around the top of each carbon with some melted paraffin wax, just below the wood strips, it will prevent this creeping to a great extent.

These groups of plates are all supported from the frame by the ends of the wood clamps, and their weight is quite sufficient to prevent slipping, although as a precaution small blocks may be glued to the sides of the frame after they are in place to act as guides.

The jars may now be put in place and filled with the electrolyte which is made according to this formula:

Sulphuric Acid..... 4 parts by weight

Sulphuric Acid...... 4 parts by weight Potassium Bichro-

Pour the water into a large stone jar; then very gradually add the sulphuric acid, only a little at a time, stirring the water vigorously at the same time. This

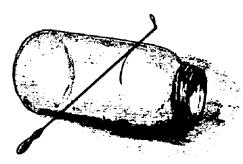
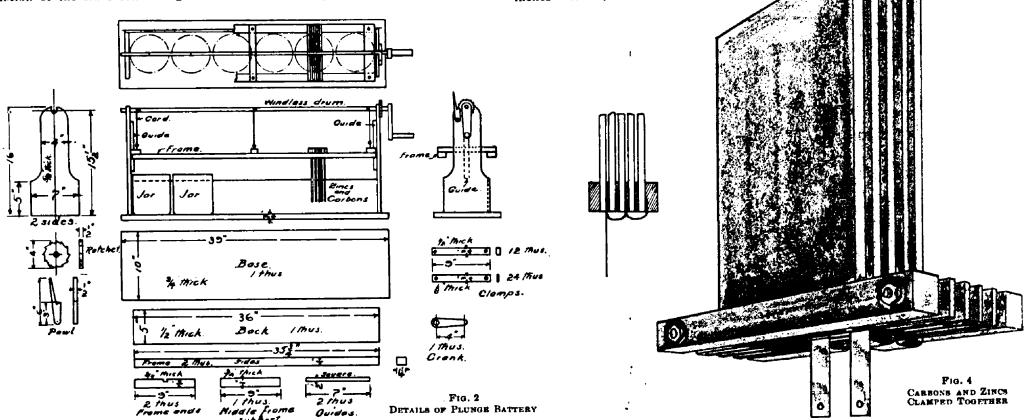


Fig. 3-Cutting Bottle with Red-hot Poker

caution is necessary owing to the great heat generated when the acid mixes with the water. Then pulverize the potassium bichromate and stir into the potassium bichromate and stir into the mixture of water and acid until dissolved. Use great care in handling both the acid and potassium bichromate, as they are poisonous. The acid makes a very sore "burn" if it gets on the skin and quickly eats a hole in any garment upon which it falls. You need have no fear, however, if you are careful.

When the solution is cold, fill each jar to within a half-inch of the top, when the elements are lowered as far as they will go. The potassium bichromate is used in this solution to prevent polarization, which it does by combining chemi-



cally with the hydrogen which would otherwise collect on the zinc plate. You can easily try this experiment with the simple cell that you made in the last lesson. Mix some potassium bichromate with the sulphuric acid and water and see what action it has upon the hydrogen bubbles. see what action it has upon the hydrogen bubbles as they collect on the surface of the zinc. This is what is known as a liquid depolarizer and is only one of many substances that may be used for this purpose. There are also many cells in which a solid substance, such as black oxide of manganese, is used to prevent polarization, and this is said to be a solid depolarizer. The solution soon becomes very dark, but it need not be thrown out for a long time. A little acid added from time to time will materially prolong the life of the solution, but when the battery begins to run down rapidly after closing the circuit, it signifies that the potassium bichromate is almost exhausted and it is chromate is almost exhausted and it is best to make a new solution rather than try to add new material. The old solution becomes so full of the products of chemical decomposition that it is practically worthless. The acid is worth about ten cents a pound (the commercial quality is good enough), and the potassium bichromate costs about twenty-five cents a pound.

cents a pound.

The zinc plates are gradually eaten away, while the carbon plates are never affected. But, since they are lifted out of the solution each time after use, they will last a long while. Those who care to take the trouble may preserve their zincs in the following simple manner: The process consists of amalgamating (a-mal-ga-mat-ing) the surface of the zinc plates with mercury. Wash the plates thoroughly and dip them for a few minutes into a solution of one part sulphuric acid to four parts water, and then rub mercury over the surface with a woolen cloth. It will adhere thereto and cover the entire zinc with a bright coatcover the entire zinc with a bright coat-ing. Rub off any excess mercury. While the power of the battery is in no way affected by this treatment, the life of the zincs is greatly prolonged. Enough mercury for this purpose may be purchased at a drug store for ten or fifteen

cents.

The amateur that makes this battery The amateur that makes this battery will be highly pleased with it, as he can run quite a powerful toy motor, heat several inches of fine iron wire to a white-heat, light a number of small lamps, operate a miniature are lamp, decompose water, and get powerful sparks from induction coils. It is the simplest, cheapest and most powerful battery of its size that the amateur can make and is always ready for use. When not in use there is no wasting of zincs, as they are lifted entirely out of the solution. By regulating the depth to which the plates are immersed so that just sufficient current is supplied and no more, the life of the battery will be just sumcient current is supplied and no more, the life of the battery will be greatly lengthened. When the plates are lowered entirely into the liquid, chemical action takes place over their entire surface, while only part of the current generated is needed and the balance is a

The greatest cost of this battery is in the zinc and carbon plates, but this may be cut down by using less plates per cell. If a local tinsmith carries heavy sheet zinc you might be able to get sufficient scraps to make the twelve pieces re-quired. The carbons should cost about afreen cents each.

In the next lesson we will take up other forms of galvanic cells that may be used in telegraph, telephone and other service. Space will not permit the description of the galvanometer in this lesson.

#### Query Box

Will you please tell me how many feet of wire like the sample enclosed (I do not know the gauge number) will have a resistance of one ohm? Also, please tell how to make an induction coil for the talking part of the telephone. E. P. H., Liberty Center, Ohio.

Ans. The wire is No. 29; at 68 degrees F. 12 feet, 3 inches of this wire will have a resistance of practically one ohm. Our space will not permit of this description at this time.

Can you tell me what size wire to use in winding a small induction coil to go into one's pocket? How many layers for both the primary and secondary coils?

C. O., Rochester, N. Y.

the wire is attached to the binding post, and, after passing around the nails, passes under the base to the key, then alongside of the lever to the wire that is wrapped around the key and which makes contact with the square plate beneath. From this plate the wire leads back to the other binding post. The small coil is unnecessary.

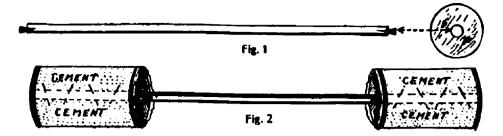
Please give me directions for making a storage battery. Can a storage battery be charged from a telephone magneto, or a hand magneto, or a hand-power dynamo? Can such a storage battery be used for incandescent lights, running small motors, and other experimental work?

R. S. B., Jefferson, N. Y.

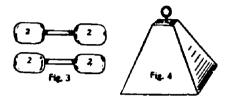
R. S. B., Jefferson, N. Y.

Ans. Storage batteries and their construction will be described in an early issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. Magnetos generate alternating currents and a storage cell cannot be charged with them, but a hand-power dynamo, if wound for direct current, would do so; the cell would of course be rather small, but it might be used for experimental purposes. It takes a long while to fully charge them and a hand dynamo would make it very laborious. Better make the plunge battery described in this issue, which is far more powerful.

# How to Make a Pair of Dumb-Bells BULLDYOUR OWN BOAT



ANY BOY can make a pair of dumb-bells for himself and a lifting-weight, also, which will do quite as well as any he could purchase, providing he does his work carefully. First procure two large tin cans, such as fruit is often canned in, and cut the ends out of each. Shape four round pieces of wood just large enough to fit tightly in the ends of the cans, and then cut a hole in the center of each piece of wood, as shown in Fig. 1. Procure, also, a hardwood bar the length of the ordinary dumb-bell—a length of old broom hard dumb-bell—a length of old broom handle will do very well.



For filling the cans mix one part of cement with two parts of sand and add water until it is soft, but still has a dewater until it is soft, but still has a degree of firmness. Pack this closely into the cans and insert the wooden disks into the ends of the cans. Insert the hardwood bar through the holes in the inside disks so that it runs clear through the center of each can of cement, and joins the cans with a proper length of rod between (Fig. 2). It is well to first string the two inner disks on the bar and then drive a few nalls through each end then drive a few nails through each end

of it hefore pushing into the cement, to give it a grip. The disks are then pushed along the rod to fit into the open end of each can. Put a wedge in each end of the can to hold the bar in place. The other dumbbell is made in the same manner.

At this stage let the hells stend for At this stage let the bells stand for

At this stage let the bells stand for five days or until the cement is perfectly dry, then remove bits of wood and tin until only the cement is left. Cement dumbbells may be filed into shape, as in Fig. 3, and painted, also, if desired. Fig. 4 shows a lifting-weight made of cement. Its construction is very simple. The cement is packed into a wooden the probability and the construction is the construction of the cement is packed into a wooden the cement is packed into a wooden the construction of the cement is packed into a wooden the cement is left.

The cement is packed into a wooden mould previously prepared, and an iron rod, with a ring is thrust in at the top. When the cement is dry the wooden mould is removed.—Popular Mechanics.

#### Words of Appreciation

Winona Lake, Ind., June 19, 1905.
You are to be congratulated on the great work you are privileged to do for the boys of America through your matchless paper, which is a joy to me every time I see it.

W. J. SEMELROTH,
Editor of the World Evangel.

Cocoanut Grove, Fla., June 17, 1905.
I wish THE AMERICAN BOY the continued and complete success it so well deserves.

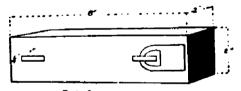
KIRK MUNROE.

#### THE CLEVER WORK WITH POCKET KNIFE JOHN L. DOUCHENY

No. 9—The Padlock Design

No. 9—The Padlock Design

In DECIDING what to treat in these talks, we have made it a point to exclude designs whose making require special or extraordinary talent. Although this month's subject is a little more difficult than preceding ones, it is strictly in accordance with the above stated principle. The objects you must draw have very simple outlines and models to copy from are always at hand. The piece upon which we begin work is a white pine block, eight inches long, four inches wide and two inches thick. The first work as, in every other case, is to draw out a diagram. Read the article through until you understand the design thorout a diagram. Read the article through until you understand the design thoreughly before you attempt to do this. When every stage of the work is clear it is time to begin. The finished design consists of two staples connected by a hasp; hanging from the right-hand staple is a padlock. The left-hand staple is the first to consider. Lay the block before you on a table, grain running right and left. The staple diagram is simply a small rectangle one inch long and one-quarter of an inch wide. The one-inch lines are parallel with the grain



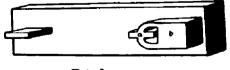
ellipse or elongated circle. A few coats of the wood. Draw the first one inch from the left end of the block, and four inches to the right of that draw another on a level with and exactly like the first in every respect. The padlock when finished will hang from the right-hand staple, but in the diagram it extends out to the right. You will see the reason of this when C. O., Rochester, N. Y.

Ans. As you give no explanation of the use to which this coil is to be put, we assume that it is merely for giving small shocks and such a coil may be made by wrapping a 1/4-inch iron-wire core with four layers of No. 22 single cotton covered magnet wire, and the secondary coil may be wound with about forty or fifty layers, depending upon the size that you wish to carry. The length of the coil may be about three inches.

Please explain how to connect the ends of the cuttining described as for the right of that draw another on a level with and traw another of the and traw another on a level with and traw another of the and traw another of the and traw another o size that you wish to carry. The length of the coil may be about three inches.

Please explain how to connect the ends of the wires wound around the nails in the telegraph shown in the June number. Also explain the nature of the small coil running alongside of the key.

Ans. This instrument was evidently not intended as a receiving instrument as no switch was provided. One end of the wire is attached to the binding post, and, after passing around the nails, passes under the base to the key, then alongside of the lever to the wire that alongside of the lever to the wire that alongside of the lever to the wire that

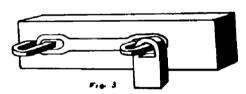


of the stick. Fig. 2 shows the job after the first operation. We will now confine our attentions to the part marked b until it is reduced to an exact imitation of a padlock. The part marked a, to which it is connected, is a rough design of the staple. Whittle it until it is actually a wooden staple and the lock will become loosened and hang down. At this a wooden staple and the lock will become loosened and hang down. At this stage also finish the other staple. This is done by simply cutting away the central portion. The block should now be a little less than one inch thick. Go over it carefully with chisel, knife and sandpaper until the top surface is as smooth and level as the bottom. The block has now protruding from it two staples; to the one on the right a lock

is inseparably attached. We have not yet considered the hasp, but will do so now. As in the case of the real iron article, it overlaps one at the center and entirely surrounds the other.

Draw the diagram accordingly. Door latches have numerous different shapes.

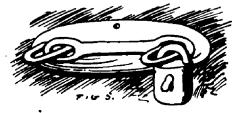
The one pictured is best to use, because it is simple and conforms to the general outlines of the design. It is about one and one-quarter inches wide at ends and

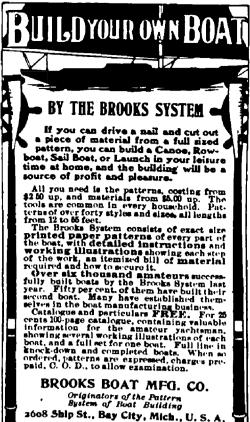


three-quarters in the center. Mark it out as shown in Fig. 3. Cut away the surface of the block outside the lines until the hasp is raised out one-quarter of an inch. It is quite easy to carve out the retaining part behind the hasp, but before doing so finish the ends. This is done by taking out small splinters with the knife until the hasp is entirely free of the staples and does not touch any part of them. This accomplished, go over the hasp and shape it up to look like the real article. Leave two small retaining pieces in the middle to hold it firm. Once more smooth the face of the stick and remove all roughness and stains with sandpaper. Have a model handy and refer to it constantly model handy and refer to it constantly so you can get a perfect copy. The back part is finished up by cutting it into an ellipse or elongated circle. A few coats of varnish, as near the color of the wood



advise you to be particularly careful with the end parts. They are fragile on account of the shortness of the grain. A small and very sharp blade should be used in cutting them. Don't let the point sink in too deep and always bear in the direction of the solid back. Hold the knife lightly and draw it back and forth in a see-saw motion. When you have it to nearly the desired size smooth the knife lightly and draw it back and forth in a see-saw motion. When you have it to nearly the desired size smooth with a piece of glass or the blade held at right angles to the wood. Bore a hole in the center of the top to hang by. Fig. 5 is a picture of the finished article. If you understand the directions and follow the suggestions given you should be able to make it in a few hours. Perhaps the best way to go about it is in spells, a little today, a little tomorrow, and so on. Change of work is rest, you know, and besides the intervals between efforts will give you a chance to think out new and advantageous methods.







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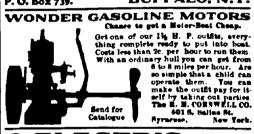
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#### Boys' Books Reviewed

THE ISLAND CAMP, or The Young Hunters of Lakeport, by Captain Raliph Bonehill. This popular author of boys' books with this volume commences a series which will deal with boys' outdoor sports of all kinds. Camp life in winter is placed before the young reader with all its delights. Hunting, fishing and shooting all kinds of wild game, including squirrels, deer, woives, bears and moose and all the fascinations of life in the great outdoors are told in a way that will send thrills of delight through the boys and set them longing for similar experiences. The boys in the story are maniy and courageous and ready to assert themselves against wrong-doers, and they have a splendid guide and friend in the old hunter, Joel Runnell. The book is nicely illustrated by Jay Hambidge. 321 pages. Price \$1.25. A. S. Barnes & Co.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

A PRAIRIE INFANTA, by Eva Wilder Brodhead. Lola's mother, the Mexican wife of a somewhat thriftless Texas gold miner named Keene, dies in a little mining village in Colorado. Her father, desirous of going again into the mountains, places Lola with Miss Combs, who idolizes her. Lola thinks her father is paying Miss Combs for taking charge of her, but everything comes from Miss Combs' own scanty store. The principal characters of Lola and Miss Combs are finely drawn, and, altho' the book is principally intended for girls, we think the boy who begins to read it will find sufficient interest to make him finish it. The little book is nicely illustrated. 157 pages. Price 50 cents. Henry Altemus Co.

All books reviewed are sold by us at publishers' prices. Address The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

# *The* American Boy

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GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, J. COTNER, Ja.,

President and Editor. Vice-President and Ass't Editor. Secretary and Treasurer.

#### AMATEUR JOURNALISM

(Continued from page 336.)

editorship, while Philadelphia was greatly opposed by one faction for 1906 meeting place. Tim Thrift was elected to the presidency without opposition; Charles A. A. Parker (Literary Gem), Boston, Secretary of the Inter-State Association, easily beat out I. E. Seymour for First Vice-President; Frank Honeywell was elected Second Vice-President on second ballot; J. Ray Spink became Recording Secretary, and J. Irene Maloney Corresponding Secretary without difficulty. Treasurer John S. Ziegler was re-elected. Paul J. Campbell, a dark horse, was elected Official Editor over the avowed candidates, B. J. Goldstein and W. R. Moscow, the first barely lacking a majority. W. J. Brodle, E. M. Lind and James F. Morton, Jr., were elected Executive Judges. Philadelphia was selected as the place for holding the next convention, snowing under Kansas City and Chicago, the only other candidates. Miscellaneous business consumed the only afternoon session on Tuesday. dureditorship, while Philadelphia was great-

and Unicago, the only other candidates. Miscellaneous business consumed the only afternoon session on Tuesday, during which President-elect Thrift delivered an address promising to abide by the constitution and have his Board do likewise. The Treasurer's bond was read and filed, as well as numerous telegrams and letters.

and letters.

The laureateships, or annual literary competitions, were judged and conferred by famous writers. Joaquin Miller conferred the poet laureateship on Ethelwyn Dithridge of New York, and honorable mention on Arthur H. Goodenough of Brattleboro, Vt. Jack London gave the laureateship for stories to Flora S. Emory laureateship for stories to Flora 8. Emory of Warren, Pa., and honorable mention to E. Miniter of Boston. John Winslow Snyder awarded the essay laureateship to E. M. Lind of San Francisco, with honorable mention to Paul J. Campbell of Georgetown, Ill. Willard O. Wylie awarded the honor for best histories of amateur journalism to E. M. Lind of San Francisco and honorable mention to A

amateur journalism to E. M. Lind of San Francisco, and honorable mention to A. V. Fingulin, Cleveland.

At the banquet good fellowship reigned supreme. The toasts, according to amateur custom, were drunk in cold water. The toasts were brief and well-spoken. The Following responded: "The Presidency," E. M. Lind; "The National Amateur," Tim Thrift; "Inter-Association Fellowship," Ira Eugene Seymour; "Publicity in Amateur Journalism," W. R. Murphy; "The Ladies," W. E. Mellinger; "The Gentlemen," Amanda E. Frees; "Impromptus," J. T. Nixon and W. J. Brodie. The toastmaster was W. C. Chiles. At the conclusion of the banquet some mineralogical specimens were presented to Edwin Haddey Smith. to Edwin Hadley Smith.

to Edwin Hadley Smith.

The third day was taken up by routine matters such as memorial resolutions, the presentation to the Association by John T. Nixon of ten copies of his "History of the N. A. P. A." and resolutions of thanks to hosts, the press, etc.

On the last afternoon the delegates enjoyed comic opera and the evening was filled with farewells. The delegates parted strengthened in their love for amateur journalism, bubbling over with enthusiasm for the N. A. P. A., and well satisfied with the outcome of the convention.

#### The U. A. P. A. Convention

The U. A. P. A. Convention

The United Amateur Press Association convened in ninth annual session at Kansas City, Mo., July 7-10. It was only at the last moment before the convention assembled that the place for holding it was definitely settled. President Morris J. Cohen changed the place to Minneapolis on account of factional strife in the convention city, but at the first signs of peace shifted the meeting place back to Kansas City. The attendance was not large as compared with previous conventions held in the East, nor was the convention as successful in point of interest and business accomplished as many of its predecessors. Those who attended, however, had a good time.

The following answered the roll: Henry G. Wehking (The Maverick), St. Louis; E. F. Suhre, St. Louis; Geo. W. Darragh (Publico). Philadelphia; Sam De Hayn, Troy, N. Y.; Lee B. Chase (The Pennant), Chicago; Homer P. Pickreil (Midnight Owl), Wichita, Kans.; R. M. Lowell (Inland Amateur), Champlain, Minn.; Paul H. Appleby (The Chum), Sedalia, Mo.; Berry H. Akers (The Stork), Richmond, Mo., and from Kansas City, Ira E. Seymour (Venture), Follett Greeno (The Bookworm), Harry R. Brown (The Mo-

# doesnt touch the gun.















ऋ

2-"I wouldn't have hurt his old gun."

3-"Oh, my! look what's coming."

5-"Steady, Flip, he told me not to touch the gun." 6-"Say, brother Bob, I didn't touch it."

gul), T. Harry Walker, C. Arthur Block (Kansas City Amateur), R. Shaw, Wil-llam Coleman, R. Dinwiddie, E. B. Fraw-ley, Ward D. Coble, Melvin A. Thalman, and last but not least, the Misses Florand Louise Haward, Block and

4-"He told me not to touch the gun."

Wensing.
The interest centered, as is usually the case in amateur conventions, in the election of officers, which took place on election of officers, which took place on the last day. The candidates for the presidency were John W. Smith (The Amateurist), Philadelphia; Henry G. Wehking (The Maverick), St. Louis, and F. Clifford Davis, of Philadelphia, who publishes no paper. Candidates for the position of official editor were Lee B. Chase (The Pennant), Chicago, and Homer P. Pickrell (The Midnight Owl), Wichita, Kans. Some dissatisfaction among the members has followed the reports of the election from the fact that the convention discarded all proxy ballots, which record the votes of absentee members, owing to the alleged negligence of the Secretary in not forwarding members, owing to the alleged negligence of the Secretary in not forwarding his report of eligible members. The statement is due Secretary F. D. Murphy that he claimed he forwarded his report in due time. Further dissatisfaction has arisen from the fact that the convention city put up local candidates for nearly half of the officers and succeeded in electing five of their number. The officers elected were the following: F. C. Davis, of Philadelphia, President; J. F. Roy Erford, Seattle, Wash. First Vice-President; Flora Haward. Kansas City, Second Vice-President; Edward F. Daas, Milwaukee, Secretary; Homer P. Pickreil, Wichita, Kans. Official Editor; T. Harry Walker, Kansas City, Treasurer; Follett Greeno, Kansas City, Historian; William F. Coleman, Kansas City, Lau-

reate Recorder; Augustus S. Hamilton, Newport News, Va., Eastern Manuscript Manager; Louis G. Brechler, Fennimore, Wis., Western Manuscript Manager. Directors: Sam De Hayn, Troy, N. Y.; Edward M. Lind, San Francisco, and Harry R. Brown, Kansas City Mo.

Milwaukee was selected as the place for holding the next convention.

The sessions of the convention were held in the parlors of the Midland hotel and all of them were presided over by Vice-President C. Arthur Block, excepting the third day, when President Cohen appeared and took charge. William F. Coleman, of Kansas City, acted as Secretary pro tem. Reports of officers were read and committees appointed to select an emblem, to prepare articles of incorporation, and to draft a new constitution. The articles of incorporation, and to draft a new constitution. The articles of incorporation submitted were tabled, and the new constitution, as proposed adopted. According to the old constitution fan be made unless submitted to all the membership. Under the new constitution or he made unless submitted to all the members, creating the office of Second Vice-President to be filled by a female member; changing the dividing line for yearly conventions from the Allegheny Mountains to the Mississippi River, and giving the President the right to remove lnactive officers.

The banquet was a scene of joility. All political feeling seemed to have died when the members gathered around the feetal board. The following toasts were responded to: "The Western A. P. A." First appears a Brigadier-General, then a senior Major-General.

official, when there is already an officer in the post who ranks the new arrival. But, oh, no! They don't come that way. First appears a Brigadier-General, then a Major-General, then a senior Major-General, then a Lieutenant-General or a General (in case there is one, and he feels in eral (in case there is one, and he teels in-clined to come), then perhaps the Secretary of War, and last possibly the President Sometimes the Secretary of War arrives with another dignitary, and the President does not show up at all, in which case, if the total number of possible reviews be represented by n, the actual number will be neg

(To be continued.)

# The Boy Pathfinder

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The Boy Pathfinder is the second of a series of books by Mr. Sprague known as The Making of Our Country Series. The first book of the series was The Boy Courier of Na-



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to play it.
And that's right.

McGinnity, of the Champion Giants, was pitching against the Cincinnati Reds. Miller Huggins got in a scratch hit over to end field. The next time Huggins came to the bat McGinnity gave Huggins came to the bat McGinnity gave the sign for an outcurve. The ball was knocked into the left fielder's hands; he did not have to move a step. When Huggins picked up the stick for the third time, McGinnity again signed for an outcurve, and again the ball soared into the left fielder's hands.

It takes brains to control the ball in this fashion, for control of the sphere means knowledge of cause and effect, and arm alone cannot impart this knowledge.

"Smiling Mickey" Welsh will always

knowledge.
"Smiling Mickey" Welsh will always
be remembered in New York as one of
the two men who won the pennant for
the metropolis in 1889, "Tim" Keefe
being the other. "Mickey" had a slow
ball that was almost unhittable. In adbeing the other. "Mickey" had a slow ball that was almost unhittable. In addition, he had a way of ceaselessly smiling while in the box; deliberate delivery and studied grin so tantalized the batsmen that most of them would lose their patience and temper and hit at the sphere too soon or too late, with the customary fatal results.

Here were head and arm combined.

Talk to any old ball player about the man in the box, and before long he will be telling you of pitchers who have lost their mechanical ability long since, but

their mechanical ability long since, but are still in the game. Express astonish-ment at this revelation, and the reply

ment at this revelation, and the reply will come forth:

"Yes, their delivery is dinky, but they've kept their places through head work. They don't depend on their arms alone. They couldn't. But they win victories where pitchers equipped with splendid arms only couldn't, simply because they study the situation and act in the light of it."

Oute frequently these men of head find

in the light of it."

Quite frequently these men of head find recourse in displaying immaculate gall, to the disgust, anger and, finally and logically, discomfiture of their opponents. Right along they do not pitch a single ball without having a certain purpose in mind. In this they are like the brainy pitcher with tip-top mechanical ability, who, if there is a man on first and another on second, will not send toward the batsman the same sort of ball

and another on second, will not send toward the batsman the same sort of ball that he would if third held a run.

It takes head to know ho different kinds of balls will act under constantly varying circumstances; and which kind to throw, and where to throw, at the psychological moment. It takes head to provide the affect of the sales that affect and different for the sales and the sales affect and different for the sales and the sales affect and psychological moment. It takes head to realize the effect of each different sort of ball on the arm; it takes head so to vary delivery that the arm will not become glass at a critical moment. The ball cannot be controlled without study, any more than book learning can be got without it; and study, as we all know, to our sorrow, takes brains. Not practice alone will make perfect in throwing without it; and study, as we all know, to our sorrow, takes brains. Not practice alone will make perfect in throwing different balls. McGinnity, who holds the secret of the underhand raised ball, spent the greater part of four years in acquiring it. He says that he consumed acquiring it. He says that he consumed more gray matter over the problem than he has over any other one thing to date. "Billy "Rhines, of Cincinnati, who partially mastered this ball ten years ago, wrinkled his brows over it constantly, and finally had to give up the task, because, as he confessed, he could not study it out. And "Billy" had a wenderful arm

Practically every ball other than the straight ball has been brought forth as a result of diligent study; or if accident has partially led to its discovery, study alone has developed it; the spit ball, for example.

#### WHERE THE CATCHER COMES IN.

WHERE THE CATCHER COMES IN.

"The pitcher is the most important factor in the actual game of baseball," says a high authority. "He is 80 per cent of the team. A star pitcher can win with a mediocre team back of him."

It is head as well as arm that makes this true to a great extent. But not altogether; for, no mater how wonderful an arm a pitcher may be blessed with, or how active a head, he is always dependent, to a certain degree, on the catcher for his reputation.

It is this way: A pitcher, by reason of his position, has the greater part of the diamond at his back most of the time. But the entire field is spread out constantly before the catcher's eyes; it is as a map unrolled before him. He knows the positions of the various players at all times; he is able to note, instantly, any tendency toward a

change; he is supposed to know, better than any one else, the failings of the different batsmen. Therefore, a pitcher time and again depends upon the catcher to give the signs for the balls which in his judgment will produce the best results under the circumstances. If the catcher's judgment is good up goes the pitcher in public estimation; if poor, thumbs down for the man in the box! Shortly after Frank Hahn joined the Cincinnati Reds, he was put in the box to pitch against Delahanty, Lajoie, Mc-Farland, Wolverton and other 300 per cent hitters. Hahn was a youngster, from the old Western League; "Helmy' Peitz, the Reds' catcher was an old stager and acquainted with the devious ways of the heavy hitters. He gave Hahn the signs for every ball; next morning the Cincinnati papers hailed with paroxysms of delight the youngster who had not given Dalahanty et al. a single hit in nine innings.

Pitchers generally recognize the position that the men who catch their deliveries occupy toward them. So do the catchers. When "Tony" Mullane was twirling for the Reds and the late "Kid" Baldwin was his partner, it was not an uncommon occurrence for "Tony" to rush up to "Kid" after the game and exclaim hotly:

"You threw me down. You knew he

up to "Kid" after the game and exclaim hotly:

"You threw me down. You knew he could hit that ball!"

And Baldwin would coolly reply, as he tugged at a stocking:

"Cheese it, "Tony," I'm the man who makes your reputation for you."

On the whole, pitcher and catcher are usually on excellent terms, and, quite frequently, are cronies. Mathewson and Bowerman, of the champlon Giants, are examples. They are known among their team-mates as inseparables; what's one's tother's and, besides swearing fealty in the ordinary way, both are members of the same secret society lodge.

lif this friendly condition did not prevail, the lot of the manager would be a great deal more arduous than it now is; for, among other things, every pitcher knows that his catcher watches him with an eagle eye in the preliminary work-out, and if he does not come up to his usual form therein, the manager's attention is called to the fact, with the result generally that another pitcher is ordered into the box at the last

#### DISCOVERING NEW TWIRLERS.

Many stories are told of the efforts of many stories are told of the efforts of team managers and magnates to secure new pitchers; one of the best is from the lips of Charles W. Murphy, assistant secretary of the New York Baseball Club. During the course of one of the seasons, when Mr. Murphy was sporting editor of a Cincinnati paper, he soon noticed that many the telegraphic converges.

ticed that among the telegraphic reports of baseball games played throughout the state there were always sure to be two or three a week telling of the pitching prowess of a certain Amos Scott. One night the account would run in some such fashion as this: "Amos Scott pitched today for Bethel, and defeated the Batavia team, striking out nineteen

"Tell me about him—quick!" shouted Mr. Brush.

"Send to Bethel for Amos Scot," was the answer, as the editor spread before the magnate's eyes the sporting pages recounting the wondrous feats of Amos Scott, of Bethel.

That day an emissary was dispatched to Bethel to make terms with its great pitcher, and in less than a week he was in the city, a full-fledged Cincinnati Red.

The night before he was to accompany the team east, where he was to make his bow as a major leaguer, Amos Scott dropped in to thank Mr. Murphy for suggesting his name to Mr. Brush. Grateful to the core, he took up a valuable half-hour of his benefactor's time, then started to go, when Mr. Murphy bethought himself of a question—a natural one for an editor to ask.

"By the way, do you know our corre-

"By the way, do you know our correspondent in Bethel?" mentioning his name.

"Do I?" grinned Amos Scott "Sure! I'm your correspondent there—that is, I was till I came here."
Suddenly a great light dawned on Nr. Murphy. Dazed by it for a momen! he sat silent. Then he said, as he reached out and shook Amos Scott's hand 'reare-

well:
"Well, if you're han an grow as you are a press agent, you're a wond-

team; the big managers prefer to see him tried out first in a minor league. But the moment he proves his college prowess not ephemeral, that moment he becomes an object of intense interest to

prowess not ephemeral, that moment he becomes an object of intense interest to major league managers.

Not infrequently a manager discovers that a rival has failed to realize the potential twirling powers of a certain pitcher, and a dicker is slyly entered into by the discoverer which puts him in possession of the player, to the subsequent sorrow of the other. A case in point is that of Frank Hahn. When he was in the Detroit team of the old Western League he was looked upon as a fair pitcher. Along came the Reds one day; their manager sized up Frank and the possibilities that lay dormant within him, and in a short while numbered him among his players. Frank speedily proved himself to be a star southpaw.

The moral of this is that sometimes it is not necessary for a manager to look further than his nose for a "discovery" that will make the bleachers ring with shouts of hilarious joy.

BALLS THAT ARE PITCHED.

#### BALLS THAT ARE PITCHED.

BALLS THAT ARE PITCHED.

Whenever a bona fide discovery is made numerous tales always follow of the new and passing strange sorts of balls the "discovery" can pitch—balls which will surely revolutionize the game. Let it all be set down to advertising purposes. Many of the different sorts of balls which are supposed to emanate from the pitcher's box are thrown from the fertile brains of press agents, and nowhere else. Here is a list of the different balls actually being pitched today, some, of course, having their variations:

The out-curve, first of the curved balls; the in-shoot, which next developed; the drop ball, which followed the in-shoot; the fast straight ball; the slow ball, which appeared when pitchers began to use their heads as well as their arms; the under-hand raised ball, which only McGinnity, of the champion Giants, has mastered; cutting the corners, dating back about fifteen years; the cross-fire delivery, which is pitched by very few twirlers; and the spit ball, of recent origin and much potency.

This list was furnished by one of the leading pitchers of the country, and a second O. K.'d it. Both asked that their names be not used. "We don't want to get in bad repute with our fellow twirlers," was the excuse they offered.

#### Mugs, Friend of Engineers

Mugs, a little black and white kitten. returned to the Union depot the other night from Moberly, Mon. Mugs is a traveler and is recognized as the depot mas-

No one about the depot seems to know when Mugs appeared or how she got her name. To say that Mugs is pretty would name. To say that Mugs is pretty would be stretching a point to the limit, but the depot guides and enginemen don't care much for beauty. They like Mugs because Mugs likes them. The cat scampers about through the crowds and streams the angle of hit seems to know the control of the control o

scampers about through the crowds and under the engines, but seems to know when it is give so to do and when not.

About wo weks ago, when Engineer Stout who holds the throttle on the visoash Flyer out of here, climbed into his cab he found the kitten sitting on the seat. Mugs jumped down, and he thought the cat was gone until the train had gained full speed. All his attention was on the track in front of him, when, with a start, he found the kitten sitting in his lap, swaying with the engine and playing with the loose sleeve of his jumper. The cat had no permit to ride on the engine, and yet Stout didn't see





ters.

zies nor to reply personally to letters.

James E. Shields, 3117 Irving ave., Berwyn, Ill., wins the prize for the best list of answers to July Tangles.

"The Triad." Hubert, Bessie and Clarence Wagner, 511 Empire st., San Jose, Cal., wins the prize for the best original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Sarah Gilles, Katherine Haren, Willie S. Harrah, Benjamin L. Miller, Fred W. Hammil, S. John McCarthy, Thomas Henry Quigley, R. W. Chapman, Walter C. Sesson, Kenneth D. MacDonald, J. Horace Trumbull, M. Gray, Frank M. Field. Hal L. Parish, L. C. Hall, Paul K. Brandt, Philip W. Holp, Adolph N. Struck, Mrs. S. E. Draper, D. Waldo Brown, Dudley B. Kimball, Clinton Fisk Elliott, E. W. Nelson, Frank C. McMillan, L. Standish Hall, Allert Brager.

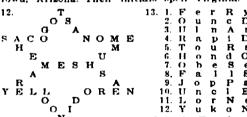
A prize of two dollars will be given for the best lot of original puzzles suitable for Thanksgiving, received by September 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best list of answers to September Tangles, received by September Tangles, received by September 20.

#### Answers to August Tangles

8. B a b O o n E 1 g H t y N o t I c e J e r O m e A n 1 M a	9. 1. H a S t e 2. E t H e 1 3. L e E c h 4. D u N c e 5. G r A p c 6. H e N r y 7. C e D a r 8. G 1 O b e 9. S h A r k 10. A p H 1 d (or aphit). Centrals, Shenandoah.  10. 1. H a B 1 t 2. A b a s E 3. R a i N y 4. R a J a h 5. I d e A 1 6. S M a 1 I 7. O r b I t
	NOTE.

The outer partial seals, beginning with the pine tree and animal and going around to the right in order, are: Vermont, Illinois, Rhode Island, Georgia, Indiana, Nebraska, Iowa, Arizona. Their initials spell Virginia.



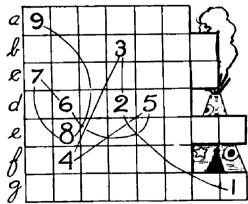
Initials, Fourth of Numbered letters, in July; zig-zag, Read, order: Tennyson, Holmes. Ross, Penn.

14. Carroll, Chase, Clark, Ellery, Franklin, Gerry, Hall, Hancock, Harrison, Hewes, Hopkins, Hopkinson, Lee, Lewis, Livingston, Lynch, Middleton, Morris, Morton, Nelson, Penn, Ross, Stockton, Stone, Walton, Wilson, kins, Lynch, Penn, 26.

#### New Tangles

#### INDIAN TRAIL.

Write the names of the required seven In-Write the names of the required seven in-dian tribes horizontally to fill the squares, one letter of the tribe in each square. Thus (a) has six letters, and (g) eight. Then hit the trail in numerical order, from 1 to 9, and the numbered letters in order will spell the name of the Indian squaw who guided Lewis and Clark to Oregon.



#### HOLIDAY ACROSTIC.

All words are of uniform length, and the 22. three terminal letters of each are the same. The initials spell an American holiday.

1. To purify by smoke. 2. To kiss. 3. Final.
4. To take root. 5. To do for the third time.
6. To dull. 7. To appoint. 8. To strain liquid.
9. To throw out. 10. To vibrate. 11. To make smooth 12. A partner in marriage.

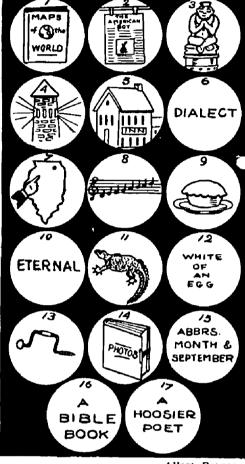
—D. Waldo Brown.

#### REVOLUTIONARY ZIG-ZAG.

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m	•												—	W۱	ard	K	lin.	dу.	

#### DOUBLE ALTERNATES.

Interpret all by words of five letters, which write down in the order numbered. Take the alternate initials and finals (initial of number 1, final of number 2, initial of number 3, etc.) until all are used, including fhe initial of number 17. Then repeat this operation, starting with the final of number 1, initial of number 2, etc., until all are used. You will find four important studies that will be resumed by many American boys in September 2. sumed by many Amercan boys in September.



-Allert Brager.

#### QUADRUPLE CHESS.

2. O u n c C

3. II I n A r

4. It n p i D

5. T o u R s squares, but take all four letters on each squares, but take all four letters on each square as you proceed, employing them always squares, but take all four letters on each square as you proceed, employing them always squares, but take all four letters on each square as you proceed, employing them always squares, but take all four letters on each square as you proceed, employing them always right, as N I T E, in the upper right square.

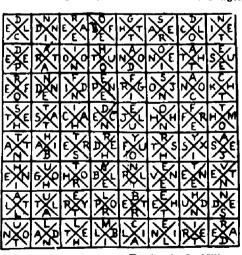
9. J o p P a Beginning with an outside square using each lit. I o r N e order mentioned:

11. L o r N e order mentioned:

12. Y u k o N important historical document and the order mentioned:

An important historical document and the of its promulgation; the author of the same; the man who first signed it; a forceful resolution embodied in this document; the mover of the same; the number of colonies affected by the resolution; a famous bell, and the biblical verse thereon.

The drawing is by the author of the Tangle.



-Benjamin L. Miller.

#### HISTORIC TANGLE.

Beginning with a certain letter and taking a letter at regular intervals, find a recent calamitous event in American history that coccurred in September.

Damask, ostiary, Sanskrit, annual, sterile, omen, prolific, petroleum, sheik, adage, canister, marcid, kit, irony, ciemency.

—Frank C. McMillan.

(a) A once feroclous tribe of Arizona. (b) A tribe formerly of middle and north Mississippi. (c) Another name for the Hurons. (d) A tribe of New Mexico. (e) A tribe of Florida. (f) A tribe which has given its name to two states. (g) "The Five Nations" of early American history.

A famous American woman spoke at the unveiling of the statue of this indian guide at Portland. July 6. Her name can be found by taking letters in the following order: Of (e), letter 1; of (g), letter 5 and 8; of (c), letters 3 and 4; of (f), letter 2; of (e), letter 5; of (b), letters 5 and 2; of (g), letter 6; of (c), letters 4 and 2.

On this same occasion our national hymn was sung by an Indian named Charles Cutter. The title of this hymn can be found by taking letters in order: Of (f), letter 2; of (g), letter 2; of (g), letter 2; of (f), letter 2; of (f), letter 2; of (f), letter 2; of (g), letter 2; of (g), letter 5 and 6.

That part of our possessions from which this Indian singer came can be found by taking letters in the following order: Of (d), letter 2; of (e), letter 7; of (d), letter 4; of (e), letter 1; of (f), letter 3 and 6.

That Dark Office Acrosoftic.

omen, prolling, kit, irony, ciemency.

Frank C. McMillan.

SEPTEMBER SKIP.

Begin at a certain letter and go around the square, skipping a uniform number of letters will find (1) the name of a Scotchman who, in America, took a Welsh name and became same of the boat he commanded when he won a great naval victory in September, 1792, in Paris, and his remains were only this symmer deposited in American soil, at Annapolis, Md.

J M N O E E H R S N

B D

P

I M N O E E H R S N

O R L H A U N H A O

—The Triad.

O R L H A U N H A O

—Dudley B Kimball.

J	M	N	0	E	E	H	R	8	N
0									I
M									В
D									P
J									C
0	R	L	H			N idley			O ibali.



SUSPEND

Not a Harness — Do Not Twist or Tangle — Cannot Grow Stiff, Bind, Catch or Sag—Will Not Soil Linea

#### Are the Standard of True Suspender Economy

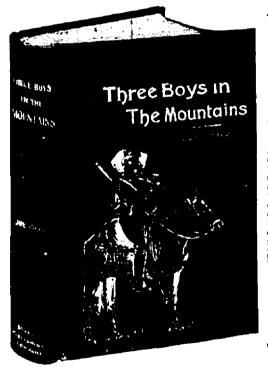
Contain more and better rubber and greater elasticity than any other suspender. Have non-rusting, silver nickel metal parts and imported, unbreakable Bull Box Leather Ends, insuring ease and action, longer wear, and better and more uniform trouser support. They give absolute satisfaction that cannot be had in any other make of suspenders.

In light weight lisles or heavy weight twills for man or youth (extra length at no extra cost), if they don't prove the Best 50-Cent investment you ever made you can have your money back by asking for it.

If your dealer won't supply you, we will, post-paid. There is no substitute for the Bull Dog

POTTER HEWES Dept. 17, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Largest Suspender and Belt Hakers in the World. Send name on postal for valuable Booklet, "Correct Dress and Suspender Styles," free on request



#### A SPLENDID BOOK FOR BOYS

#### "Three Boys in the Mountains'

THE story of Western Adventure—clean and inspiring—that ran in The American Boy through the greater part of 1901, has been issued by The Sprague Publishing Company in book form. This story is one of the longest and best stories that has yet appeared in The American Boy. Its author is the editor of The American Boy. Its author is the editor of The American Boy. Its sufficient to indicate that it rings true in morals, and that nothing has been allowed to enter the story, that will hurt a boy, but that everything is there that will give interest and dash to the narrative. It brings in the pleasures of the hunt, the chase and the camp, and deals with Indians and animals in plains and mountains. It is a good healthy story that a parent will be glad to have in the hands of his boy.

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN

#### HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH AND ILLUSTRATED

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price 75c postpaid.

The SPRAGUE PUB'G. CO. DETROIT. MICH.

in the order given and slide to right and left until there appear four consecutive perpendicular rows of letters that spell in continuous order the name of an important engagement of the Civil War, fought in September, 1862. Only sixteen of the letters are to be

BOOZMBLAEAQ CXAENTDWKSGY LVEUTOTANIF Q N R M O Z T F I M L -L. Standish Hall.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

All words of uniform length. The initials, read down, speil a playtime that usually ends in September; the finals, read up, the American boys' favorite outdoor game.

1. Calf meat. 2. The first shepherd. 3. Queen of the Antilles. 4. Jexebel's husband, 5. A silk hat. 6. A sacred bird of ancient Egypt. 7. The present queen of Greece. 8. Without sensation, —Fred W. Hammil.

#### POET'S DIAGONAL.

#### TIMELY TANGLE.

Each word is the surname of one Pres-ident of the United States. The star

4. --- States. The star path, reading down, spells the most popular Americansport.

3. --- 1. The President who was President Polk's secretary of state.

2. The President in whose term the War of 1812 took place.

3. The President whose advice General Braddock refused, resulting in "Braddock's Defeat."

4. The President who se the Work of State.

5. The President who was Governor of Ohio in 1878.

5. The first President to be a native of New York.

6. The President in whose term the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted by Congress.

7. "The Sage of Princeton."

8. The President who issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

Ernest A. Stifel.

#### BURIED PATRIOTS.

The sentences below are the very last sentences of certain advertisements in the July AMERICAN BOY. The very first letters of the names of the firms or individuals appended to each of these advertisements, in order, will spell the name of an American inventor who became famous in 1807, on the

Eight letters in each word. The diagonal from upper left to lower right spells the surplement of a famous American poet who died in September, 1892.

ORLHAUNHAO

Dudley B. Kimball.

SINDE THE SLIPS.

Copy these four lines of letters on four slips of paper, one line on each. Place the slips

Eight letters in each word. The diagonal from upper left to lower right spells the surplement and proof. September, 1892.

Large catalogue free. 2. Send 2c stamp for particulars and proof. September, 1892.

Large catalogue free. 2. Send 2c stamp for particulars. September, 1892.

Large catalogue free. 2. Send 2c stamp for particulars. September, 1892.

Large catalogue free. 2. Send 2c stamp for particulars. September, 1892.

Chinese seaport. 3. A river of Hungary and Russia. 4. A city of Cuba and Chili. 5. A group of islands in Behring sea, belonging to the U.S. 6. A city of South Australia. 7. A province of Ireland. 8. A fortified city in Afghanistan. —Frank C. McMillan.

No canvassing. —S. John McCarthy.

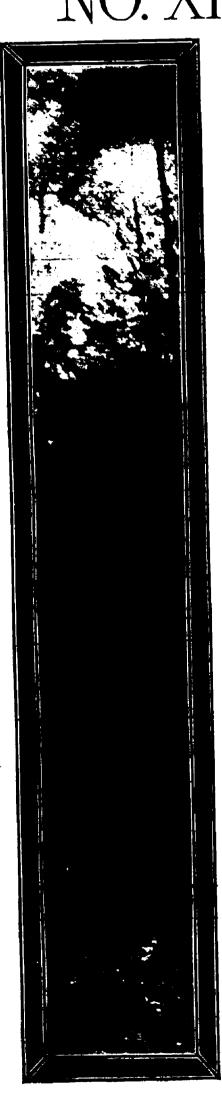
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VOL.VI. OCTOBER 1905

NO. XII.

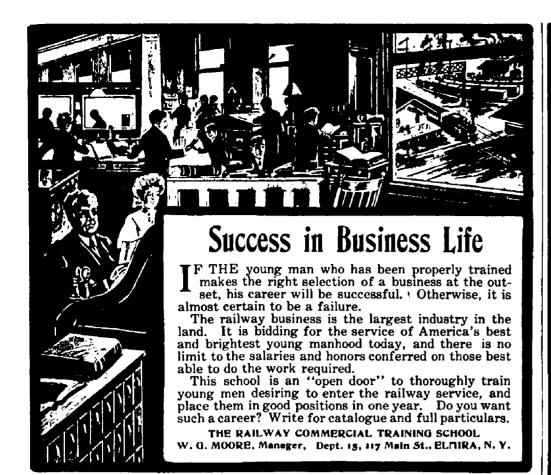






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PER ANNUM \$100



# GENUINE INDIAN BOWS and ARROWS

JE HAVE bought a lot of four-foot, Indian, boys' hunting bows and arrows. These bows are all hand made from selected second growth ash, split and not sawed. They are handsomely decorated in colors with the crude art of the Indian squaw. splendid satisfaction, as they will not easily break.

We have a limited supply of these bows and arrows which we will sell at 75 cents each (one bow and one arrow), and will deliver them free on receipt of that price; or to anyone who will send us an absolutely new subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, with one dollar, we will send one of the bows and arrows free of charge. This does not apply to a renewal subscription or on your own subscription.

Address: THE SPRAGUE PUB. CO., DETROIT, MICH.

#### AMUSEMENT FOR WINTER EVENINGS



#### Buster Brown Rubber Stamps

Exact reproductions of the original drawings by R. F. Outcault. There are 15 stamps showing Buster, Tige, Buster's Sister, Buddy Tucker, and all the other well-known figures. Just the thing to illustrate original Buster Brown stories. Prices 15c., 25c., 30c. (according to size), including ink pad.

#### Buster Brown at the Circus Game

40 cards illustrating the mischievous adventures of Buster Brown at the Circus. Buster, Tige and the Clown are arranged to form a thoroughly enjoyable card game. Price 25 cents.

#### Foxy Grandpa Rubber Stamps

15 stamps inclosed in compartment box with good ink pad. Each stamp made from special drawings by Bunny. Tell your little ones stories and illustrate them with these stamps. Prices 15c., 25c., 50c. (according to size).

#### Foxy Grandpa Game

A card game of 40 cards, showing Foxy Grandpa's home, his cat, dog, donkey, pet pig and cow, all drawn by Bunny himself in his best style. Arranged with instructions for game, bringing in the tricks of Foxy and the two boys. Price 25 cents.





#### The Royal Game of India

A great parlor-table game for children or adults. For twenty years l'archeesi has been enjoyed by those wno appreciate an exciting and fascinating game for the home circle. Prices: Paper bound, 1.00 each. Cloth bound, 1.50 each.

#### Buster Brown and Foxy Grandpa Parties



and Other Blindfold Games Buster Brown printed on a cloth sheet without his necktie. 12 separate ties. Each player, blindfolded, attempts to pin on the tie in its proper position but must fasten it at the first point touched. A world of fun and amusement from the ludicrous results.

Other Cloth Games: OTHER CHOIN CHARMES;
Foxy Grandpa Party (Pin on hat)
Donkey Party (Pin on tail)
Cinderella Party (Pin on slipper)
Feed the Elephant (Pin on necktie)
Dude Party (Pin on necktie)
Chinaman Party (Pin on queue)
Helen's Baby (Pin on bottle) Price 25 cents each





#### Planchette

Said to tell your past or future and believed to be controlled by animal magnetism. Said to write wonderful messages which cannot be explained. Price with full directions 35c. each.

#### Fascination

Consists of a top, 8 marbles and Consists of a top, 8 marbles a a board containing 8 depressio into which marbles may be thrown on spinning the top. The score is found by adding together the numbers on the holes which have been filled in by the marbles. Price 25 cts.



Children's Cloth Dolls Printed in oil colors on strong cloth. These dolls are ready to cut out and stuff. Simple to make up and indestructible. Full directions on sheet.

DOLLY DIMPLE 14 x 16 inches. 10 cents per sheet.

20 x 28 inches. 25 cents per sheet.

101/2 x 111/2 inches. 5 cts. per sheet. The DAISY DOLL-Printed with full suit of clothes to cut out and dress doll, 20 x 28 ins. 25c. per sheet.

NOAH'S ARK - Dog, Cat, Sheep and Rabbit to cut out and stuff. Four animals on sheet, 19 x 28½ ins. 25c.

Sold by leading dealers and department stores, or mailed prepaid by

SELCHOW & RIGHTER, 265-267 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK Write for full colored catalogue of toys and games. Mailed free on application

# American Boy Post Cards ILLUSTRATED and PRINTED IN THREE COLORS

THE first advertisement of The American Boy Post dog card, a fishing card, a treed-by-a-bull card, and a boywriting, eight days after mailing of "The American Boy", funny happenings in boys' lives. You won't appreciate orders have been received for thousands of these handsome them until you Just Got a Raise and funny mailing cards. Some boys have sent in orders for 1,000 cards, others for 500, many more for 100, and scores of boys have ordered single sets. They have made a hit with the boys. As

one boy says: "Well, these are the only cards I ever saw that are any good for boys." And that is a fact. The re are any number of cards gotten out for adults, but these are the first gotten out for boys.

The reproduction here is of Card No. 1, but remember it is printed in three colors—red, yellow and black. Besides this one there is a football card, a baseball card, a swimming card, a boy-and-a-

Cards appeared in the September number, and at this going-up-in-a-balloon card; eight all told, and all showing

Every boy wants at least a set of these cards for his postcard album, and if you have not started such an album you are not in line with the latest fad. You will want some, too, to mail to your friends.





the Prices:

1 Set of 8 Cards for 20 cents, postpaid 100 Assorted Cards for . . .

8.00

ORDER

Why not order 1,000 or 500 of these and sell them to others? They are the latest thing out. You can sell them at 3c apiece or 2 cards for 5c, and your profit on 1,000 would be \$17.00.

1000 Assorted Cards for

500 Assorted Cards for . . . . .

This will enable you to make money during spare hours. You can easily sell them to your school friends. The prices quoted above are the same as to dealers. Send your order now to

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.

**DETROIT, MICHIGAN** 

# Me American

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NTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOPPICE

AS SECOND-CLASS M

VOLUME 6

DETROIT, MICH., OCTOBER, 1905

NUMBER 12



(BEGUN IN DECEMBER)
CHAPTER XXVIII,

HOW TOGO BLOCKADED PORT ARTHUR.

CIXTY MILES northeast from Port Arthur lie the Elliot group of small islands, low, treeless, and grass-covered, commanding the eutrance to Yentoa Bay. The latter is a deep indentation of the Liao Tung peninsula, and at the head of this bay was landed the Japanese army that should besiege Port Arthur. In order to secure the transports immunity from attack by Russian torpedo boats that lay in wait at both Port Arthur and Dalny, the Japanese, in three weeks' time, constructed the most remarkable boom defense known to the history of war. It was composed of a double line of floating timbers, no one of which was less than two feet in diameter. fastened together by heavy chains, and supplemented throughout its entire length by a four and a half inch steel hawser. Depending from this gigantic boom were miles of wire screens and heavy fishing nets in readiness to entangle the propellers of any steam vessels that might break through the barrier. From Terminal head on the mainland, to the first island this mighty boom crossed six miles of open seaway subject to swift rushing tides, flerce storms, and great waves. Then it connected island with island until the outermost of the Elliot group was reached and a well-nigh impregnable chain of defense ten miles in length was completed. With this accomplished the busy fleet of

At the end of a single month the Russians had been so driven back that this method of defense was no longer considere t necessary. Therefore the first sixmile length of the boom was taken to pieces and removed, thus leaving a free passage for the ships of Admiral Togo's blockading fleet which found quiet anchorage and a most convenient base of supplies in the very center of the Elliot group.

transports from Japan came and went in safety.

Perhaps some of my more thoughtful readers will here protest: "But you have said that these islands were sixty miles from Port Arthur. How then was it possible for Admiral Togo to maintain a blockade with his fleet at such a distance?"

Of course you will have imagined the Mikado's blockading fleet to lie off the Russian harbor as did Admiral Sampson's ships in front of Santiago uuring our own war with Spain. And that is just what Admiral Togo must have done three or four years earlier in order to maintain his blockade. Then wireless telegraphy had not been invented, nor mechanical, floating mines perfected. At the time of the Russo-Japanese war both of these devices were at the great admiral's disposal, and he made use of them to lighten as far as possible his strenuous task.

So narrow and obstructed—as the entrance to Port Arthur that but one ship might issue at a time, moving very slowly for fear of mines that the Japanese planted just outside the entrance on every dark night. Beyond the zone of mines a flotilla of swift torpedo boats were always on watch. Each of these was equipped with a wireless outfit that kept them in constant communication with the Japanese fleet lying snugly at anchor in a quiet narbor sixty miles away.

Once, when the Russian fleet did go out it occupied six hours in the operation: while in less than four hours from the sending of the first wireless alarm, Admiral Togo's entire force of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo boats was on hand waiting for the enemy to leave the protection of his forts. The Russians, not yet sufficiently desperate to risk a general engagement, looked longingly at the open sea, looked apprehensively at Togo's grim battle line, and then sorrowfully steamed back into their battery-protected harbor. When they had disappeared behind the forts, the Japanese, disappointed of course, but having more confidence than ever in their own method of blockade, returned to their comfortable station among the Elliet islands.

To this place, towards the close of a gray winter's day, came the Naisha. Her convoy had signalled their approach, by wireless when still one hundred miles distant. Then she had dashed ahead, leaving the slower submarine to follow on a course already carefully indicated. Takahaki had visited the Elliot islands before and so knew what to expect; but to Dunster Brownleigh the scene opened by rounding a sandy point, after an hour's run along the desolate coast of Da Chan island, was so startling that he gasped with amazement.

sasped with amazement.
In a deep, almost landlocked harbor, screened from



observation by four surrounding islands, was disclosed the ultimate hope of Japan, Admiral Togo's mighty fleet of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, hospital ships, colliers, repair ships, and transports, lying quietly at anchor with banked fires, but in readiness for instant action. On the low beach beyond were vast accumulations of coal, provisions, munitions and supplies of every description, piled in the open, or stored in long ranges of shed-like structures from which substantial wharves extended to deep water. Everywhere, over the placid surface, darted launches and despatch boats; everywhere were signs of ceaseless activity without a trace of confusion, and over all proudly floated the sun-rayed banner of Japan, the new world-power of the Orient.

High above one great battleship hung the bluestarred flag of an admiral. "It is the Mikasa," said Takahaki "and there must we make report"

Takahaki, "and there must we make report."

So the Naisha, watched with eager curiosity by thousands of officers and men, who never before had seen her like, threaded her way towards the flagship until finally she lay alongside. She was barely made fast when an active little middy ran down the side ladder and announced that the commander of the submarine, together with his American friend, was expected on deck.

Promptly obeying this summons, our young friends were welcomed at the gangway by Vice-Admiral Shimmamura, a fine-looking officer who acted as chief of staff, and who informed them that the admiral would receive them at once. A minute later they stood in the presence of the foremost sailor of Japan, and possibly of the world. He was a little man, small even for a Japanese, with stiff, black hair standing straight up from his head, and bristling, iron-gray imperial and mustache. His features were expressionless as a mask; but their every line was of dauntless resolve and absolute firmness. Although noted as being a stern man of the fewest possible words, his face lighted at the entrance of our lads, and he gave them kindly greeting.

Both of them were at that moment covered with confusion, caused not only by finding themselves in the presence of so great a man, but by having been announced as "Lieutenant-Commander Matsu" and the "Count Casimir of Warsaw."

"What a queer mistake," thought Takahaki.

"How could they know of that?" mentally asked Dunster.

Noting their confusion, and readily guessing its cause, the admiral promptly set his young countryman at ease by saying:

"It is all right, Mr. Matsu. The announcement of your promotion for good service, recently rendered, came by wire from Tokio yesterday, and your commission as Lieutenant-Commander is now on its way. I reserved to myself the pleasure of being the first to greet you by your new and well-won title."

"Honorable sir, it is too much!" stammered Takahaki, "I do very little thing; what any Nippon man might do, and but for this my friend it could not have been done at all."

"I know," replied the admiral. "To this friend, the Count Casimir of Warsaw, who prefers to call himself 'Brownleigh San of America,' Japan owes much. Already has it been told to the Mikado what he has done for us, and I am instructed to inform him that

his majesty's personal thanks, sent by special courier, will reach him very soon."

As these words had been spoken in English, Dunster replied by saying: "While I am deeply grateful to his majesty, as well as to you, sir, I cannot conceive how the Mikado has so promptly been made aware of certain private matters that I supposed only known to my friend here and myself."

The admiral's eyes twinkled as he answered: "The secret service of Russia is famous through out the world. While that of Japan is not so widely advertised, it is perhaps, equally efficient. In it are men of highest rank and finest education, humbly disguised and facing ignominious death at every turn for pure love of country and the glory of their Mikado. Such was he who, in appearance a Chinese mechanic, served with you on the submarine until reaching Idzu Harra. is master of several languages, including English, though that he did not confide even to you, and when I add that he is a member of the Imperial family, I give you information that I trust you to consider as strictly confidential. Is your curiosity satisfied?"

"It is, sir," replied Dunster. "And I thank you for your explanation. Also I beg to apologize for having been so inquisitive."

"No apology is necessary from one who has proved himself so good a friend of Japan."

"Perhaps not so much a friend of Japan, sir, as an enemy of Russia and a friend of Mr. Matsu, who was my roommate at Annapolis."

"Yes, I know of that Annapolis friendship," said the admiral with a smile. "There you taught him to play football; while he taught you Jiu-jitsu."

"Apparently, sir, you know every detail of my past life," laughed Dunster.

"No, my young friend, only those that affect Japan; and such things we must know, for they make up the sum of knowledge that in time of war is greatest power. Now then, let us speak of the future. While it is not permitted for a foreigner to fight the battles of Japan, it is allowed that he shall teach us how to fight, and I much desire to engage your service as instructor for some of my young men in the art of the submarine. May I ask if you will thus act, taking quarters on this ship, with rank of professor, and pay of captain dating back to the day of your leaving Annapolis?"

For a moment Dunster hesitated, and glanced at Takahaki

Intercepting the glance, the admiral smiled a smile of comprehension as he added: "Lieutenant-Commander Matsu will remain in command of our only submarine, though attached also to this ship as assistant to the professor in his instructions."

"In that case, sir, I shall be very happy to accept your splendid offer," said Dunster. "Only I must give warning that Taki—I mean Mr. Matsu—knows far more about submarines than I do."

more about submarines than I do."
"Oh no, honorable sir!" interrupted Takahaki, eagerly. "I am not have the knowledge of my friend the Count Casimir, for he study long time after I leave America."

"I believe, gentlemen, that I have sufficient information upon which to base my judgment of your relative abilities," said the admiral in a tone that put an instant end to any further debate. "And by the way Mr. Brownleigh, I have one condition to impose. It is that while you remain with us you will not attempt to send out any letter for publication in America or elsewhere. I may add that I am a pretty constant reader of the Service Journal published in your country. Now, gentlemen, I will bid you a good-day, commending you to the care of my chief of staff, who will assign your quarters and see that you are provided with everything needful."

As the two young men left the admiral's cabin upon the conclusion of this momentous interview, the orderly on duty was shocked to see one of them shake a fist in the face of the other, and to hear him utter an unintelligible expression in English. What he of the fist said was:

"Taki, old man, if you don't drop that confounded Count business, I shall feel obliged—I certainly shall—to call you a JAP!"

"On this ship I not very 'fraid of that thing, Dun

Brown," replied the other with a grin.

A few days later came the special courier with despatches from Tokio; and that evening our lads were again ordered to the presence of the admiral.

This time he received them on the after deck where he stood in full uniform, attended by a glittering staff that included every commissioned officer of the ship.

For several minutes the two young men whom he had summoned stood before him amid an unbroken silence, while the fighting admiral gazed at them with unseeing eyes and apparently without knowledge of their existence. It was as though his spirit were communing with the spirits of his warrior ancestors, and he listened to words that none other might hear. Suddenly he came back, and almost abruptly handed to Takahaki the parchment commission, signed by the Mikado, that gave him rank as lieutenant-commander in the Imperial navy. Also he handed him a superb sword that had come as a gift from Prince Hito, "one time honored with service on submarine torpedo boat Naisha."

As the embarrassed young officer attempted to frame a reply to the admiral's kindly words of presentation, the fine band of the flagship relieved him of the necessity by striking up the national anthem of Japan. Although this composition did not appeal at all to Dunster Brownleigh, either as a sentiment or as a musical composition, it appeared to afford great satisfaction to all the others present.

Then came the turn of the young American whose fortunes had become so knit with those of the land of the rising sun; and as he stepped forward the admiral handed him a small but richly carved box of sandalwood. In it lay the superbly jewelled insignia of the Golden Falcon, together with its broad ribbon of watered silk and an autograph letter from the Mikado constituting the Count Casimir of Warsaw a knight of this famous Japanese order. In addition to this, Dunster received from his recent companion the Prince Hito, a magnificent silken costume of a Japanese noble of the old regime. But, best of all, as he accepted these things, the band crashed into the stirring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," at which Dunster's speech was suddenly choked with emotion, and he turned hastily away to hide the tears that filled his eyes.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### THE NAISHA FULFILLS HER MISSION.

In 1894 the Japanese captured Port Arthur from China in less than three days, with a loss in killed of thirty-one men. A little later she was forced by the combined powers of Europe to relinquish her prize to Russia. During the next ten years the new occupants devoted their best military energies, backed by unstinted millions of roubles, to making it the strongest fortress in the world, stronger even than Gibraltar. With the opening of the year 1904 they believed they had accomplished their purpose and that Port Arthur was impregnable. Besides the chain of powerful forts, placed at every point of vantage on the great semi-circle of hills lying behind Port Arthur, and extending from sea to sea, the harbor was occupied by the most powerful European fleet ever seen in Eastern waters; while both hillside and water front were thickly sown with mines. To the north, up the mountainous backbone of the Liao Tung Peninsula the outer defenses extended for twenty miles to the strong fortifications of Nan Shan (South Mountain) back of Dalny. Placing General Stoessel in command, and giving him some fifty thousand men, together with a two year's supply of provisions and ammunition, Russia laughed to scorn the idea that any nation in the world could take Port Arthur from her.

But the Japanese determined to try once more for the great prize of which they had been robbed in 1895. So in April, 1904, they began operations by landing an army in Yentoa Bay, some fifty miles distant from the place they proposed eventually to capture. During May they fought the spectacular battle of Nan Shan, put the Russians to headlong flight and took possession of Dalny. Then they moved southward. steadily ousting the enemy from position after position and driving him before them until, by the end of July they had him cornered in Port Arthur itself, and were established before its main line of defensive works. During August and September the Mikado's men made repeated attempts to pierce these by bombardment and to carry them by furious assault. But the works were too strong, and by the first of October, after losing more men than were numbered Arthur garrison. settled down to a siege in grim earnest, using those time honored weapons pick and shovel, and the methods of trench approach, parallel, tunnel and mine. Also, realizing the need of heavier batteries. they brought from their home coast defenses eighteen immense 11-inch howitzers, from which they proposed to drop huge shells, each holding 500 pounds of a high explosive, not only into the forts, but into the city beyond the forts, and on the decks of the warships hiding in the harbor beyond the city. From he end of the railway, each of these great guns was dragged to position, sometimes three or four miles distant. by the sheer, brute strength of nearly one thousand men; and each had constructed for its emplacement a massive bed of concrete, eight feet thick and eighteen feet in diameter.

For three months these monster guns thundered against the "impregnable" fortress; breaching its walls, dismounting its artillery, exploding its magazines, shattering its buildings, and sinking, one after another, the splendid fleet of warships that huddled for safety under the high shores of the harbor. Then, on a day of sleet, drizzle, and bolsterous winds, Admiral Togo summoned Lieutenant-Commander Matsu to his cabin and spoke to him as follows:

'The Russian Second Pacific Fleet is in the Indian Ocean. It soon may appear in these waters, and we must be ready to meet it. Before that time my ships must be refitted in home ports; but I cannot withdraw them so long as Port Arthur remains untaken, or its harbor holds a single hostile warship in condition for fighting. One of the Russian battleships has thus far escaped injury from the land batteries and still floats ready for service. It must be attacked and destroyed from the sea, and you are the man whom I have chosen to accomplish this task.

Takahaki's face glowed with pleasure as he thanked the admiral for the great honor thus conferred upon him. "The Naisha is ready sir," he added, "and can set forth at a moment's notice."

"Then you may start at once, leaving this place in submerged condition so not to attract attention. When out of sight proceed to Port Arthur and report arrival to officer commanding patrol flotilla, but await final instructions from that Destroyer displaying two blue lights. Here is a chart showing channel supposed to be free from mines, and probable position of ship you are to destroy. Now, go, always remembering that what you do is for the Mikado and that his spirit will be with you.'

"I may bid farewell to my friend?" hesitatingly queried Takahaki.

"No," replied the admiral kindly but firmly. "Not even to him, for I desire this movement to be executed with utmost secrecy."

So the Naisha quietly sank from sight, and her departure was unknown to any save her own crew. who supposed they were off for one of the many practice runs with which they recently had been kept busy. Even Dunster Brownleigh, happily engaged in demonstrating certain problems of submarine work to a group of eager young officers in the wardroom, had no intimation that his dearest friend had just been sent on the most desperate service at that moment confronting the Japanese navy.

Some hours later, on reporting to the commander of the patrol flotilla off Port Arthur, Takahaki also handed him a sealed letter and a slim packet carefully enveloped in oiled silk, with the request that if he did not call for them within two days, they might be delivered as addressed. Then he waited and watched for two blue lights; but not until the night was nearly spent did they appear. Hastening in that direction he found them to be borne by a slim, manyfunnelled Destroyer, that was lying head on to the seas under easy steam. Running under her counter and hailing, Takahaki was answered by a voice that sounded suspiciously like that of the admiral himself.

"Is it Naisha?" "Ay ay sir, it is Naisha."

"Then, in the name of the Mikado, carry out your instructions.'

That was all, and in another moment the two blue lights had disappeared, while the little Naisha, making better weather than many a larger craft, was heading in towards the bold coast just beginning to assume form in the dim light of dawn. With deck awash, and only her conning-tower lifted above the dull waters, she was such a mere speck on the surface that even the powerful glasses from the forts on Golden Hill, The Tiger's Tail, Ki Kwan Hill, or White Wolf, always sweeping the sea for signs of a Japanese approach, failed to detect her.

The proud ships of Russia, driven from the inner harbor by the terrific mortar fire that sought out its every anchorage and hiding place had fled for safety outside, under the high, fort-crowned bluffs of the coast. At first they had gathered in a cove at the foot of Golden Hill; but even there the relentless shells had found them out, sunk most of them, and scattered the three or four survivors.

From the lofty summit of 203 Meter Hill, only two miles away, for whose capture the besiegers had paid

Photo by C. J. Daugherty A BOY'S TREE-HOUSE AT LONG BEACH, FLA

thousands of lives, hyposcope observers could readily locate each ship and accurately direct the fire of hidden batteries by telephonic signals. So the fugitives were relentlessly followed and sunk until only one, the mighty battleship Sevastopol remained. crouching close under the bluffs topped by White Wolf Fort. No smoke was allowed to betray her presence, she was invisible from the Japanese observatory on Meter Hill, her lead-colored hull was one with the gray coast, and no gleam of glass or metal was permitted to flash a tell-tale signal. For a time her crew were watchful with the alertness inspired by a great fear; but with the passing of day after day in safety they grew forgetful of their danger. Then came a night of revel, when officers from the shore forts were entertained on board, and champagneplentiful in Port Arthur to the very end-flowed with reckless freedom. To change the air of the overheated room a port was flung open, and no one of the revellers noticed that it was on the seaward side of the ship. So a stream of electric light flashed across the dark waters until it was caught by the watch officer of a distant scout boat lying at anchor on her post. The bearings of the light were carefully noted, and with the following dawn they pointed to a dim bulk close inshore and barely distinguishable from the coast line. As Admiral Togo sat at breakfast that morning a wireless message brought him the news that the last Russian battleship had been located hiding in the White Wolf's shadow. With the next dawn the Naisha, running through a field of mines as boldly as though such things were unknown, drew near to her mighty but unsuspecting foe.

Of course Takahaki knew of the mines; but as it was impossible to locate them, while to proceed slowly would cost minutes that were more precious than human lives, he simply dismissed them from his mind and rushed forward regardless of everything save the spot plotted on his chart as the hiding place of the last battleship. Once his heart almost ceased its beating as his little craft struck some floating object a glancing blow and there was a harsh grating sound under her bilge. But, whatever it was it did not explode nor was there any leak in the Naisha. So it did not matter that death had made a clutch at him only to miss him by a hair's breadth.

At length the great ship loomed above him, close at hand much as an elephant might tower above a mouse, and all at once there was a bawling of orders and a scurrying to and fro on her decks. Then came a flash, a roar, and a solid shot passing high over the submarine, plunged harmlessly into the sea half a mile beyond. Other shots followed in quick succession, and even the White Wolf woke up with a snarl of guns, though it could not yet discern its enemy.

When something less than two hundred yards away, Takahaki discharged his torpedo, and from the open hatch of his conning tower, as regardless of the storm of bullets tearing the air to shreds about him as though they were so many rain drops, he watched the air bubbles that marked the swift course of the terrible missile. He could trace it halfway to the great target for which it was fairly aimed, and then he held his breath in expectation of what might follow. But there was no collision, no explosion; nothing save only the venomous spit of machine guns threshing the sea into a froth with their flail of bullets.

The young commander knew what had happened, the instant his time allowance of seconds had elapsed without result. The battleship was protected by a torpedo net hanging in the water from a floating boom of logs; a fringe of steel against which his little engine, that he had hoped would deal so telling a blow, was fruitlessly beating. He must submerge and discharge another torpedo at a depth sufficient to pass it beneath the net.

'It is now that I wish for my friend Dun Brown!"

he sighed.

At the moment of firing that first shot the Naisha's engine had been reversed; and as Takahaki began to give order for submergence, the little craft was going at full speed astern. Of a sudden there came from the upper air, a sound of terror, quickly followed by the crash of a thunderbolt into the sea, and an eruption as frightful as that of a volcano. A mighty volume of water was lifted on high, only to fall again in foaming cataracts; while driven through its awful were a few crumpled mass of blackened fragments.

The attention of an observer on Meter Hill had been attracted by firing from somewhere beyond the White Wolf Fort; and thinking that it might indicate the location of the missing battleship, he suggested that a few 11-inch shells be dropped in that direction. So an order was transmitted back over the hills, and in another minute an enormous projectile was hurtling skywards in the direction indicated. As it fell the observer on Meter Hill calmly noting its "Too far off shore. Range location, telephoned: westward, three hundred yards."

A gunner gave a half turn to a screw, a huge muzzle was deflected the fraction of an inch to one side, and a second monster shell, filled with a quarter of a ton of Shimose, went screaming and moaning on its lofty flight. In its descent it struck the last of the Port Arthur battleships, crashed through three armored steel decks and blew out her bottom. was the work of the Naisha accomplished.

That evening a Japanese torpedo boat destroyer that had come far and fast dashed alongside the Mikasa, and the sphinx-like Admiral, who had been for some hours absent, once more boarded his flag-Without speech and barely glancing at those assembled about the gangway to do him honor, he walked past them and stopped at the entrance to the wardroom, where he stood for a moment looking in. A young man sat at a table writing, but with his back towards the door. A glance served to show that he was not a Japanese, and the other, stepping to where he sat, laid on the table before him a sealed letter and a long, slender package enveloped in oiled silk, containing a sword.

As Dunster Brownleigh, covered with confusion, sprang to his feet and saluted, the admiral gazed at him for an instant with expressionless face. Then,

without a word he sought his own cabin where, as he carefully filled a pipe, a single tear trickled slowly across one of his rugged cheeks.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

COMMANDER MATSU, AND CADET BROWNLEIGH OF •ANNAPOLIS.

When interrupted by the admiral, Dunster, writing a letter home, was penning the following paragraph: With you dear people this is Christmas eye: while with us it is only the close of an ordinary day. If Taki were here he would help me recall one year ago tonight, when he and I danced at an academy hop. Not until it was ended and we were back in our own room, would he tell me that he had been ordered home to take part in the war that is now upon us, and that he should be gone before sunrise. splendid record he has made for himself since that time! I have never known a chap more modestly brave than he, nor one of greater ability. If the war lasts a year longer he is almost certain to become a commander, in which case I expect he will be the youngest in the Japanese navy. At this moment of writing I cannot imagine where he is, for he has been sent away on some secret service; but-

With their last battleship sunk, with half their forts in the enemy's hands, and those that remained to them shattered by mine and shell until they lay open to assault, with sickness decimating their ranks and starvation staring them in the face, hopeless of succor by land or sea, and almost exhausted by months of ceaseless fighting, the heroic defenders of Port Arthur realized that the time for surrender had arrived. So on January first, 1905, a white flag fluttered above their crumbling parapets and, as though by magic, the dreadful turmoil of battle was quieted.

A few days later negotiations had been concluded, and the men of Japan once more were in possession of their own. Among the first to enter the fallen fortress, as an especial honor, and by virtue of his rank as a knight of the Golden Falcon, was Dunster Brownleigh. Long ere this he had learned of the last glorious service performed by his dearest friend, and now his chief desire was to view the spot where Takahaki had given up his life for the glory of his Mikado. So, accompanied by two others from the Mikasa's wardroom, Dunster made the tedious pilgrimage to the bluffs crowned by the White Wolf Fort. At their base was a narrow beach heaped with a confused mass of wreckage, among which were many bodies stiff-frozen, coated with sea salt, and thus preserved with every feature intact.

Dunster had not cared hope that he would find even a trace of his friend; but the blessed privilege was granted him and as he examined body after body, they came at length, once more, face to face. While the tears of him who is left behind in a great loneliness streamed from the eyes of the living, on the face of the dead was the smile of one who has finished well his task and gained the great reward.

A little later a mighty battleship, proudly flying the sun flag of Japan, and that of the silent admiral who was foremost of all the Mikado's sailors, steamed slowly into the exquisitely beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, receiving and answering thunderous salutes from the warships of many nations that vied with each other in doing him honor. For the present his work was done, and he had come home for rest and refreshment before setting forth to meet the second Russian fleet sent out to give him battle. Also the Mikasa brought home her dead, and once more were Dunster and Takahaki sailing in company.

Among the foreign warships that shook the Nagasaki hills with their loud-voiced welcome was one in spotless white, flying a flag that to Dunster's longing eyes was the most glorious on earth. He had not seen it since Russian hands had lowered it from the jackstaff of the Cochise; and now it filled him with an intense homesickness. Hardly had the Mikasa dropped her anchor before a captain's gig shot away from the American ship and her commander, in full dress uniform, was the first to greet the home returning admiral.

As this visitor gained the Mikasa's deck, where he was received with all honors, Dunster Brownleigh was only restrained by the strict etiquette of the occasion from springing forward and claiming his recognition; for, to his amazement, the American officer was none other than that one whom he had last known as superintendent of the naval academy at Annapolis. But he was forced to curb his impatience, for the guest was immediately conducted to the admiral's cabin, to which, a little later Dunster was summoned. At the entrance one of the admiral's staff, there gathered, announced him as the "Count Casimir of Warsaw, by graciousness of the Mikado, Knight of the Golden Falcon."

The American captain had risen to greet this personage with such formalities as his announced rank demanded; but at sight of the young man he hesitated, and a look of blank amazement overspread his face. Then, even as the admiral with a quizzical smile lighting his stern features, was beginning a formal introduction, the other sprang impulsively forward with both hands outstretched.

"Dunster Brownleigh, by all that is wonderful!" he cried. "My dear boy, what is the meaning of all this Count and Knight business? What have you been doing? How do you happen on board this ship, just in from Port Arthur which no American officer has yet been allowed to visit? Answer me quickly, for I am consumed with curiosity."

"I don't know how to answer you quickly, sir, for it would take hours to tell you of all that has happened to me since I left the academy."

to me since I left the academy."

"Then come and dine with me, for I must hear

your story, and we sail for home this very evening. Besides there are some friends of yours on board who would be terribly disappointed not to see you."

Dunster looked at the admiral to see if he had permission to accept this invitation, and the latter

answered it for him, saying:
"Captain, before giving the Count Casimir a chance

to accept your kind invitation, I wish to ask a favor; and it is that you will take him with you to America. Under extraordinary conditions he has nobly served the Mikado, and thus won the everlasting gratitude of every Japanese; but now we may no longer make use of him, since it is contrary to the policy of our government to allow foreigners to take an active part in our quarrel with another nation. Thus by granting my request you will relieve an embarrassing situation."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, Admiral. Will you go with us, Brownleigh? Of course I can't take you as a passenger, but fortunately I can offer you the position of captain's clerk, and can promise you a cordial welcome to the wardroom mess."

"I should love it above all things, sir; for now that Taki is gone, and with no prospect of further service, I feel very useless here and out of place. Also, I might as well confess than I am awfully homesick for my own country and my own people."

"Of course you are, and the question of your going being thus settled, why can't you get ready and return with me now to the ship?"

Again Dunster sought the admiral's face, and again the latter answered for him: "It is perhaps better that he would stay with us until we have paid last honors to his friend Commander Matsu, whose body will leave this s. p in two hours' time for transportation to Tokio."

Dunster started at the title given his friend. Could it be that promotion had come to Takahaki even after his heroic death, or had the admiral made a slip?

"Commander Matsu?" repeated the American captain in a tone of inquiry and looking at his young countryman. "Of course he can't mean the Japanese cadet of that name who was sent to Annapolis and left there but little more than a year ago?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dunster eagerly. "He refers to Takahaki Matsu, my roommate and dearest friend. He rose within a year to be Lieutenant-Commander, and was killed at Port Arthur only a few days ago."

Here's to Kirk Munroe!



KIRK MUNROE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE DRAGON" AND "FOR THE MIRADO".

Two Great Continued Stories That Have

Appeared in the American Boy

UR readers will remember that in 1902 we promised them two continued stories by that famous writer for boys, Kirk Munroe, and that Mr. Munroe made a journey around the world for the one purpose of obtaining material for these two stories.

Many who were readers of the paper in 1903 will recall that we suggested to the boys that they write letters to Mr. Munroe, sending them to Hongkong, and telling him about where they would like to have him put the scenes of his stories. Mr. Munroe reported that he had a "barrel of mail" at Hongkong, and that many of the letters followed him to Japan.

Well, Mr. Munroe returned in due time to his native land and set to work on the two stories. The first one, "The Blue Dragon," made its bow to our readers in the December, 1903, number: it ran until the fall of 1904, when the second of the two stories, "For the Mikado," began. The current issue of THE AMERICAN BOY contains the last chapters of "For the Mikado.",

We have carried out our promise and have given the boys two of the very best stories ever written, indeed we doubt whether "For the Mikado" has ever been beaten by a writer of boys' stories. It is with deepest regret that we part with Mr. Munroe's name, as it has appeared in our columns from month to month for over two years.

"Since when," added the Admiral, "he has again been promoted, and as Commander Matsu takes his place among the immortals of Japan who have died for the glory of their Mikado. It is ordered that he be given a royal funeral, and the ceremonies will begin on this ship at the hour of noon. If any of his American friends desire to be present they will be welcomed in his name."

Thus it happened that at high noon of that day, a throng of officers not only Japanese, but representing every warship then at Nagasaxi, were gathered about a flag-draped casket that lay in state on the after deck of the Mikasa. From her jackstaff the sunrayed banner of Japan drooped at half mast, while a similar emblem of sorrow was displayed from a masthead of every other warship in the harbor. On the casket lay the full dress uniform of a Commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy. Also about one end, was draped a small silken American flag, the privilege of which had been asked by, and granted to, certain of those who had known and loved him at Annapolis. Now they stood foremost among the many assembled to do him honor; Dunster Brownleigh, Ensigns Cyrus Snelling and Ezra Lloyd, and half a dozen other officers from the American battleship, including its commander.

The great admiral, with expressionless eyes that seemed to gaze into the unfathomable future, and with bared head, stood at the foot of the casket, while the band played softly and the Mikasa's officers filed slowly past, each saluting the dead and touching his uniform with gentle fingers. Then, escorted by a detail of officers, the body was borne to a waiting launch on which it was to begin its long journey to the nation's capital. As it left the Mikasa she began a salute of minute guns that was continued until one had been fired for each year of the young commander's life.

That same afternoon the great white American battleship, with homeward-bound pennant streaming from her mainmast head, and her band waking the hill echoes of Nagasaki with its crash of martial music, lifted her anchor and began slowly to thread the narrow passage leading out to the open sea. As she passed the Mikasa her guns thundered forth a farewell that was answered by a mighty roar of artillery and cheering from the Japanese flagship.

An hour later Dunster Brownleigh stood on her after bridge straining his eyes for a parting glimpse of the fair land that held all now remaining of his dear friend and one-time roommate, a land that had honored him, a land for which he had fought, and a land that he loved but the soil of which he never had trodden. As he stood there buried in reverie, the ship's commander came and rested a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Well, Brownleigh," he said, "there is another of your life chapters closed. What shall be written in the next? Are you coming back to us, or have you other plans?"

"If it were possible, sir, I should like to go back to Annapolis and graduate with my class," replied Dunster. "I hadn't thought of such a thing until after Taki's death; but in a letter that he left for me he begged me to do it, and if it were possible—"

"It is entirely possible," interrupted the captain heartily. "You have a long voyage before you and time for a lot of study between here and New York. I will help you, and so I am sure will Snelling and Lloyd, who are fresh from the grind. If you say so

we will make a beginning this very evening."

"I do say so, sir, and thank you from the bottom

of my heart," responded Dunster gratefully. As the homeward voyage was made by way of the Suez canal, Dunster, before reaching New York, had completed his first circumnavigation of the world. The ship first stopped for coal at Hongkong, allowing him, Snelling and Lloyd time for a run up to Canton and a day in that most wonderful city, and her anchor was next dropped at Singapore, within one degree of the equator. Her third stop was at the lovely island of Ceylon, where her officers, as in duty bound, paid their respects to the only American lady resident of Colombo. Then across the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean she ploughed her way to Aden; hot, treeless, verdureless, and rainless, and thence up the entire length of narrow, deep-blue waters known as the Red Sea to Suez. From here, while she passed slowly through the great canal, our three young friends again got leave that enabled them to rush by train up to Cairo and see its sights, the Nile, the pyramids, the sphinx, and the desert, before rejoining the ship at Port Said, where she was taking in coal for her Mediterranean run. They stopped at Malta for a day, at Naples long enough for Vesuvius and Pompeli, and finally anchored for several days among the British warships gathered in the shadow of the mighty rock that stands, the world over, as the enduring symbol of strength. Passing out of the narrow straits, and bidding farewell to the old world at Cape St. Vincent on the coast of Portugal, they headed fairly across the Western Ocean for the blessed haven in which stands Liberty enlightening the world.

Of course Dunster's parents had, long ere this known of his home-coming; and when the ship reached New York they were on hand with a rapturous welcome.

"Oh, my boy! My boy!" sobbed his mother, as she flung her arms about his neck.

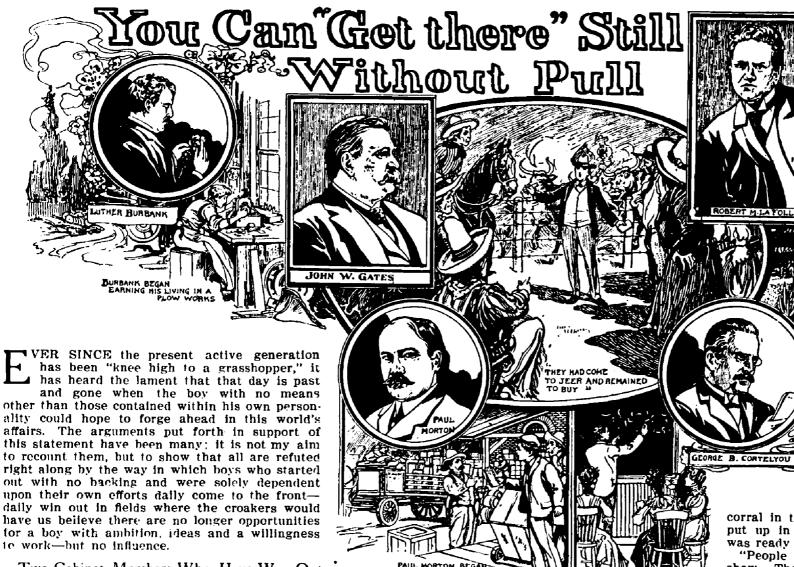
"Here it is, mother Mirska! Here is what I went for!" cried Dunster, as soon as he could free himself from her clinging embrace. At the same time he snatched from his bosom the silver case she had given him on parting. Now, in addition to the note written with her father's blood, it held a snow-white lock of hair, sent to her from a Russian prison with that father's blessing

father's blessing.

"And so, son." said Mr. Brownleigh, "I understand that you are now the Count Casimir of Warsaw?"

"No father, Dun Brown of America, if you please. Knight of the Golden Falcon of Japan in memory of my dear friend, Takahaki Matsu; but hoping, above everything else, soon to be once more, Cadet Brownleigh of Annapolis."

(The End.)



Two Cabinet Members Who Have Won Out Recently

George B. Cortelyou, Postmaster-General, is a boy who has been winning out lately in great shape.

When the eighties dawned he was still a schoolboy. In 1883 he learned stenography and became a teacher at a meager salary in the school in which he studied. For two years he was a court reporter. Next, he rose to the principalship of a college preparatory school; still later he was a private secretary and confidential stenographer. All these several steps he took in less than eight years; and in the beginning of the last decade he found himself in Washington, the private secretary of the then Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General.

His career since then is pretty well known; and the fact that he has enjoyed the confidence of three Presidents, one of them a Democrat, is pretty conclusive evidence that George B. Cortelyou has won out through his own efforts and not because of that mysterious thing called "pull."

Paul Morton, who seems to be winning out in a notable sort of way just now, began as an office boy in a freight office of a western railroad. He was then sixteen years old. But the way in which he applied himself to his lowly duties as office boy won him a clerkship; from that position he went to a rate clerk's desk; and so on up to general passenger agent, when he successfully fought a serious strike of engineers and firemen, and gained recognition in railroad circles throughout the country. The same qualities that caused him to win out then, and to win a clerkship while an office boy, are sending him forward still.

Thomas F. Ryan, now for the first time a national figure, was a humble dry-goods clerk in Baltimore for two years following his departure, at the age of seventeen, from the none too prosperous home of two aunts in Virginia. Then he went to New York, entered a broker's office in a minor position, and in four years had won a seat on the Stock Exchange. Shortly after he began the series of big financial undertakings that have won him the respect of "the Street"; and now he is known far and wide as the man whose action put a stop to the internecine strife in the great Equitable Life Assurance Society.

#### Humble Beginnings of Three Governors

Robert M. La Follette, who has certainly been winning out in more ways than one in Wisconsin the last five years or 30, was only eight months old when his father died. Thirteen years later he was the head of the family, helping to support his mother and her other three children by doing the work on the family farm.

For five years he farmed, then sold the property, and moved to the State capital. There he entered the State university, became locally famous as an orator; had hankerings for the stage, but was kept from it largely by reason of the debts hanging over him; went to work in a law office; in five months was admitted to the bar, and since that day, some twenty-five years ago, has managed to attain his present political eminence in the face of constant opposition of the bitterest sort.

Everybody knows how Joseph W. Folk, a boy with no backing, became a lawyer, went to St. Louis from Tennessee to practice, was offered the nomination of Circuit Attorney by the Democratic bosses, in the face of his declaration that ne would wear no man's collar, and, when elected, began his great work of unearthing graft and putting the grafters in the penitentiary. He is a national figure, and he has won out beyond a doubt.

Also there is Charles S. Deneen, Governor of Illinois. As a boy he worked hard on a farm in Illinois. Then he taught school and studied law books when he got an opportunity. He went to Chicago to finish his studies; his money gave out; he tried to gain employment in a law office, and failed. When reduced to his last penny, he got an offer of a

position in St. Paul, held down the place till he was on his feet again; went back to Chicago, and succeeded in gaining his degree by poring over Blackstone by day, while he taught school by night. Once more he almost starved, this time while waiting for clients; became interested in politics, displayed much shrewdness at the game; eventually was elected State's Attorney; put influential grafters of various sorts in jail with startling rapidity, and last year won the Republican gubernatorial nomination in the face of bitter and long drawn out opposition. Mr. Deneen's life has been an uphill struggle right from the beginning—but he has won out.

#### John Weaver-Luther Burbank

Lately the whole country has been filled with the news of the battle which Mayor John Weaver, of Philadelphia, has been waging in the name of reform upon the regular Republican organization. Well, he is another boy who started in without "pull," and is winning out.

Less than thirty years ago he came to this country from England, a stow-away, and a runaway from his father's humble home. He nearly starved while seeking work in New York. Then he went to Philadelphia, where he became a clerk in a dry-goods store at seven dollars a week. He wanted to rise in the world, so he studied stenography, and became a court reporter. Next, he read law in spare moments, and was admitted to the bar. He was soon making more than a comfortable living as a commercial lawyer when the Republican leaders, looking about for a respectable candidate for District-Attorney, took him up and elected him to the office. Before he had got fairly started in the work he was nominated for Mayor and elected, and to-day it is a safe guess to make that the men who offered him to the people of Philadelphia as a thoroughly respectable candidate are wishing heartily that they had left him alone to continue winning out in the field of commercial law, and not given him the opportunity to win out, also, as a reformer.

Luther Burbank, the Californian who has won world-wide fame within the last year or two because of his wonderful creative work in horticulture, began earning his living in a plow works. Boy though he was, he soon invented a "valuable addition to some machinery used in the shop, causing his wages to be multiplied twenty-five times."

While he was working early and late in the factory, his thoughts were ever on flowers and plants, for which his fondness dated back to babyhood. So, despite tempting offers, he quit the factory and since then has devoted himself to his chosen field. More than once he has faced starvation in a land of plenty, as a life-long friend has truly said. Until within recent years he was an object of scorn even among his relatives, and his friends pitted him to a man. But he had faith; failure and the hard knocks of the world could not thwart his purposes; at last he won out, and to-day those who once derided and called him crazy now lead in the applause.

#### How Gates Got His Start

The name of John W. Gates is rolled so frequently on many tongues these days that people generally have come to forget that only within the last half-dozen years or so has he been prominent in any large degree.

A little over thirty years ago he was a married boy of eighteen and the proprietor of a picayune hardware business in a country town a short distance from Chicago. Here he struggled along trying to make both ends meet until Isaac L. Ellwood, the man who first manufactured barbed wire in this country, hired him as salesman, with the cattle country as his field.

"Gates put a 'spool' of the wire in his trunk and

carried it as baggage to Texas. He arrived at San Antonio a lad of twenty-three, obtained a permit of the Mayor to erect a

corral in the plaza—the first barbed wire fence put up in Texas—hired twenty-five steers, and was ready for business.

THE PAHILY FARM

"People came from miles around to see the show. They were to be convinced against their wills that the slight barbed wire barriers could avail against Texas steers. Cowboys drove the cattle in every direction except through the prickly wire. They had come to jeer and remained

"Gates sold more wire at eighteen cents a pound in a day than Ellwood could manufacture in a month. So successful was his trip that he then and there decided, to use his own words, 'there was more money in manufacturing barbed wire than in selling it on a salary of \$100 a month." He induced a St. Louis friend to embark in business with him, and with \$8,000 capital and two machines the boy salesman began his career in industry, finance and speculation that has won him the attention of two continents.

#### Winning Out in the Steel Business

John C. Osgood, formerly president of the famous Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and who, as president, fought and won a battle with John W. Gates for the control of the company, was compelled to become an office boy at the age of fourteen in a cotton mill in Rhode Island. His willingness to work soon won him promotion, and before long he moved to New York, where he was a clerk in a produce commission house for three years. Then he went back to Iowa, where he had lived as a child; at nineteen he was cashier for a coal mining company, and a few years later held the same position in a national bank.

By the early eighties young Osgood had become recognized as a coal mining expert, and was sent to Colorado by a railroad to report on the coal resources of the state. He was not long in discovering the wonderful possibilities of the state as regards coal; he set about at once securing coal lands; and a few years later formed the company that is now a giant in the industrial world. But when it was organized its headquarters was in one small room and the office force consisted of Mr. Osgood and an office boy.

Charles M. Schwab is another boy who has arrived at the front in recent years through his own efforts. His successor as head of the Steel Trust, William E. Corey, started in one of Carnegle's steel mills in as humble a position as did "Charlie" Schwab; in fact, the history of iron and steel has always been a history of ambitious boys coming to the front by reason of their own innate abilities.

#### And so on Ad Infinitum

As examples of what a boy with no other power than his desire to get there can accomplish in the field of amusement, consider the career of the late Kirk La Shelle, and that of the late Samuel Shubert.

Heinrich Conried, who became America's grand opera impressario on the retirement of Maurice Grau, was the son of a poor weaver; was apprenticed to and learned the trade; became a strolling actor and later a star; came to this country to assist in the management of a German theater; and worked his way up to the control of the leading German theater of New York. All the time he was dreaming how he would produce grand opera if he ever got the opportunity, and when the chance did come three years ago he seized it while other men were preparing to do so, and during his first year as impressario won international fame, being the first person to produce "Parsifal" beyond the sacred bounds of Bayreuth.

These are but a handful of the men who have been winning out in these latter years; the recital could be continued indefinitely, until it became monotonous. But it would all be to the same point—that you can surely "get there" still without "pull," if you have the "stuff" in you.

#### The Best Capital

The best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.



THE PINISH OF THE LEANDER VS. VESPER RACE AT HENLEY, JULY 5TH, 1905, IN WHICH LEANDER (THE ENGLISH CKEW) WON OVER THE VESPERS (PHILADELPHIA) BY A LENGTH IN THE TIME

# Leander vs. Vespers at the Henley Regatta

By Morris L. Williams, of the Vesper Boat Club

HE Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia having won the championship for eight-pared shells at the Paris Exposition in 1900, and the World's championship at St. Louis in 1904, very justifiably felt that its crew was in line to enter the Henley Royal Regatta, held annually at Henley-on-the-Thames, England, for the Grand Challenge Cup, and the final stamp of rowing primacy.

the final stamp of rowing primacy.
The Henley races are open to all amateur oarsmen who have never done any manual labor, a restriction which sounds strange enough to democratic American

ears.

The quintessence of rowing honor and glory is to be a member of the eightoared crew that wins the Grand Challenge Cup, or to single-handed win the
Diamond Sculls, but no foreign crew has
ever yet been strong enough to wrest
the cup from the buildog grip of the
determined Britons, although many have
tried, including the Varsity crews of
Yale, Cornell, and Pennsylvania, the Argonauts of Canada, and the Vespers of
Philadelphia, besides a large number of
crews from the continent.
Several Yankees, however, have been
able to carry away the Diamond Sculls

able to carry away the Diamond Sculis

able to carry away the Diamond Sculis in the single event.

To become a member of the Leander Boat Club, from which the crew that so successfully defended the cup was picked, the applicant must have "sat" in a winning boat in one or another of several of the classic events of the English rowing calendar. The Leander membership is not confined to men from any one locality but includes the whole of English. locality but includes the whole of England, affording a wide and excellent choice of material for the defense of the cup when the alarm of a foreign inva-

and, attording a wine and excellent choice of material for the defense of the cup when the alarm of a foreign invasion is sounded.

In the light of the Vespers' Paris and St. Louis victories no false modesty need forbid our saying that the Leander crew realized that in the Vespers they would meet opponents well worthy of their steel; indeed, that opinion was openly voiced by the rowing experts along the Thames after seeing the Yankees train for a few days. The experts frankly admitted that neither of the big university crews could hope to beat the Americans past the flag, so on Leander alone the hopes of England was pinned, and worthily as it proved.

The differences in the style and outfit of the two crews are of interest: The Vesper stroke is the sculling stroke, a long slide (twenty-two inches) which is traveled moderately fast, hands shot quickly away from the body, hody bending forward as the slide is made so that when completed the body and arms are in a position for a hard catch; after the stroke the blade of the oar is carried back nearly flat over and close to the water and is dropped into the water just as the blade assumes the perpendicular, so that it seems to just slip into the water without making any splash, and is likely to mislead one into thinking there is not a hard "catch." Such, however, is not the case, as there is no part

of the stroke more emphasized by Coach Dempsey of the Vesper Club than the hard, quick catch. Dempsey's reason for carrying the oar close to the water and slipping it in just as you turn the oar blade to the perpendicular, is to prevent any loss of motion, or, as it is termed among oarsmen, "fanning the air."

The English style is different: The slides are only sixteen inches, so that the rowers must reach farther and swing back farther to get the same length of stroke. It is this long swing of the body that gives the peculiar effect and which misleads one into thinking they are rowing a longer stroke. What we gain on the long slide they do with the body. Furthermore the Englishmen do not carry their oars back so close to the water, but they do "feather" them before they drop in, that is, the position of their blades for the catch is several inches above the water and perpendicular to it, consequently there is a noticeable splash when they throw their shoulders on, which is not present in the Vesper stroke, and which conveys the impression that the catch is harder.

There is very little difference in the boats excepting in the arrangement of the seats and riggers. Instead of swivel rowlocks such as the Yankees use, the Englishmen have two stiff upright pins with a thong of leather across the top from one to the other to prevent the oar's jumping out. The oars striking against these pins at the catch make a thumping noise, preferred by the Englishmen, so they say, because it enables them to keep time and catch together, and also because they are stiffer than the swivel locks.

The seats in the Leander shell are not in the center of the boat as the Yankees have them, but are situated on the opposite side from the rigger, the rigger being made shorter and stiffer, facilitating a hard catch, so the Englishmen claim.

The odd length of the course, one mile and tive hundred and fifty yards, is accounted for by the projection of Temple Island into it near the start. The entire distance is marked on both sides by pilings which are taken up each year after the regatta. Reaching from one

one it would be a physical impossibility for the Yankees to row their style all the way through, and while the English experts admitted that the Vespers might lead to Fawley Court (about halfway of the course) yet they would "crack" or "go to pieces" as a Yankee would say, between the halfway mark and the finish if Leander gave them no breathing spell midway

if Leander gave them no breathing spell midway.

While the Leander boat kept the race rather well in hand at all times, it could not fairly be said that the Vesper crew went to pieces at any stage of the race. At the very start the Leander shell jumped its competitor half a length, which lead was increased to a full length by the time both boats were well under way. The short course makes the race really a sprint all the way, and of an entirely different character from the four mile races of the American college. an entirely different character from the four mile races of the American college crews. Before Fawley Court was reached the Vespers began by a series of short spurts to cut down the lead of the Englishmen until at the halfway mark they were but a half length behind, but from the halfway mark the Leander boat gradually nosed ahead until at the finish nearly a full length separated the crews of the flying shells. Captain Willis, of the Leander boat said, after the race, hat as the Vespers crawled up approaching Fawley Court he "passed a very bad moment," and anyone who has watched a close and important race will appreciate the feeling which prompted that a close and important race will appre-ciate the feeling which prompted that

ciate the feeling which prompted that remark.

The Vespers were defeated but not disheartened, and eagerly await the next opportunity to try again for the world's greatest rowing trophy. Accurate and intimate knowledge of the course, the climate, and the conditions, count heavily in any contest; with loyalty, enthusiasm, harmony, and the experience of 1905 to aid, the result of the next race may be different. may be different.



SOME OF THE BOYS WHO ARE TRACHING BIBLE CLASSES IN PATERSON, BROOKLYN AND RAST

# The Cabin Boy Who Became an Admiral FITHE DAISY

By FRED MYRON COLBY



This boy was a shoemaker's apprentice, who had walked all the way from the little village of Cockthorpe to carry a pair of shoes to the great admiral, Sir John Narborough, whose birthplace was that same small Norfolk parish. His dress was almost grotesque, his doublet was made for him to grow to, and reached nearly to his heels, and the sleeves had to be rolled back, forming large cuffs. He had on shoes but no stockings, and his head-covering was his master's holiday hat, one of those wide-brimmed Spanish chapeaus with a wide band and a quantity of gold lace upon it.

upon it.

There were a dozen other people stand-

There were a dozen other people standing on the quay, but none presented the striking appearance of this small lad in the big doublet and Spanish hat. Truth to say, none of them so well deserved the notice, for this unpromising looking boy was destined to win fame in the days to come and place his name high among English worthies.

As he stood in the June sunshine a boat put off from the great man-of-war and was rowed to the pler. In the prow stood erect a tall, stately figure, clad in the rich costume of the time, and with a tanned, determined face. The boat touched the quay, and while the swarthy seamen backed water with their ashen blades, the man with the courtly dress and the grand, determined face stepped ashore, amid the boisterous greeting of the crowd of idlers. Bowing heartily, with bluff good humor, the newcomer was about to walk away when he found himself stayed by this slim little figure in the grotesque garb.

"Are you Admiral Sir John Narborough," asked the lad, with a trembling voice, at the same time removing his hat, in the presence of the greatest sea captain after Prince Rupert, that England then had.

"Your snip: the Benerophon: gasped the boy.

"Why, yes, as my cabin boy," said the admiral. "I have made up my mind that you have the stuff of a sailor in you. You do not answer? Sir John Narborough is not in the habit of having his offers slighted."

"It is not that," answered the boy catalate. "but I am an answerentice and my

narnorough is not in the most of naving his offers slighted."

"It is not that," answered the boy quickly; "but I am an apprentice and my master holds my service. Besides, I have not money enough to buy my outfit. Yet a sailor will I be some day." And the small freekled face looked as determined as that of the famous commander above him.

"Said I not that you were to be my cabin boy? I will advance you twenty pounds, which will compensate your master, and here is a guinea for the shoes. My ship sails in three days. When shall I look for you back, my young seaman?"

"I will return the day after to-morrow," replied Cloudesley Shovel, who thus made his first step toward the proud position he was to occupy in English history.

lish history.

Once on that element for which he had cherished such a longing, young Shovel showed his zeal and adaptation for the service. He was on board the Bellerophon in that storm of shot and significant when "Gunpowder Jack" nearly not this match in the Dutchman De Ruyter. It was a both contested buttle and ter. It was a hotly contested battle, and after hours of desperate fighting the English flagship, with shattered masts, and riven canvas and a fatal shot in her hull, was almost disabled in the midst ter. It was a hotly contested battle, and after hours of desperate fighting the execution as its author." English flagship, with shattered masts, and riven cunvas and a fatal shot in her hull, was almost disabled in the midst of her enemies.

The admiral knows that in another hour he will be beyond all help or need of help. He keenly scans the scene of lish fleet without the loss of a single services it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into exercise it. Are noticed to carry the project into execution as its author."

The enterprise was so carefully planed and so ably carried out, that the noticed to destroy the project into execution as its author."

The enterprise was so carefully planed and so ably carried out, that the noticed to carry the project into a transfer in the project int

serve would but come to would the rescue his brave crew might yet be saved and the victory won. But those distant ships did not know his plight. plight. Sig-nalling is out of the ques-tion, and no boat could live in that live in that iron tempest N a r borough

paced his deck, hurriedly with an anxious brow.
"I wish I could in some way send a message to Captain Gibbon, of the Reliance"

Among the number who stepped forward to volunteer for the dangerous mission was the young cabin boy. Bareheaded naked to the walst, and without his shoes and stockings, he stood, his blue eyes flashing, before his commander. "Let me go, sir," he cried, with true, heroic spirit.
"My brave ind. what can you do?" ex-

heroic spirit.

"My brave lad, what can you do?" exclaimed Sir John, with amazement.

"I can swim, sir, and I am small, not likely to be seen. I will carry your orders in my mouth, and if I should happen to be shot I shall not be much missed. Let me go, sir."

"Gunpowder Jack" dashed one of his hands across his eyes, the other he placed upon Cloudesley's shoulder.

"Go, my brave fellow, and God be with you. If you live you will be an admiral some day."

A cheer went up from the deck of the

himself stayed by this sum not himself stayed by this sum not in the grotesque garb.

"Are you Admiral Sir John Narborough," asked the lad, with a trembling voice, at the same time removing his hat, in the presence of the greatest sea captain after Prince Rupert, that England then had.

"I am the Admiral, what can I do for you?" answered Sir John kindly.

"Thave brought your shoes," said the boy, "Oh, you are the lad I saw in the shoemaker's shop at Cockthorpe. And how would you like to be a sallor?" asked the admiral.

The freekled face of the youngster grew animated and his blue eyes flashed. They were brave, true eyes that looked one squarely in the face and would have faced a loaded cannon with the same look.

"Oh, if I only could; it is the wish of my life," he cried.

"I am the Admiral, what can I do for you?" answerd Sir John kindly.

"A cheer went up from the deck of the flaship as the little, sturdy brown fig. A cheer went up from the deck of the same look as it moved through the tumint of waters. On and on it dashed, steadily through half a mile of that raging sea had been upon the deck of the Reliance with "Gunpowder Jacks" message upon the cabin boy who became still between his teeth. Meanwhile on the Bellerophon the batter aged on despairingly. The grand old flaship, riddled through and through have faced a loaded cannon with the same look.

"Oh, if I only could; it is the wish of my life," he cried.

"I am the Admiral, what can I do for with so that raging sea with moved through the lumint of waters. On and on it dashed, steadily remains of the cabin boy who became and plunging iron hall, and at last he cambered upon the deck of the same look.

"And there in the company of the date of that raging sea. With a flaship and hall have the four the side of that raging sea. With a stay was a last slowly but surely sinking in a wild country is to stop and sit down. The day was quite lost came on it the estimated location of such the four the same look.

"Con the four the first the side of the same look of one squares, have faced a loaded cannon same look.

"Oh, if I only could; it is the wish of my life," he cried.
"How soon then could you be ready to join my ship?"

"Your ship! the Bellerophon!" gasped the boy.

"we cabin boy," said british tars, were soon hammering away are soon hammering away.

But gritty think of striking; he and ms verified a watery grave to a surrender to ferred a watery grave to a surrender to decorge still floated from his masthead. But before the day was quite lost came succor from the English reserve. A half dozen huge men-of-war manned by British tars, were soon hammering away. British tars, were soon hammering away at the Dutch ships that had closed around the Bellerophon, and in half an hour De Ruyter was in flight, and history had to record another victory due to the valor of British mariners and the bereim of a young cobin how

to the valor of British mariners and the heroism of a young cabin boy. From this time Cloudesley Shovel's career was onward and upward. So thoroughly was he established in his commander's good opinion that a few years afterwards, when Narborough was sent with a fleet to chastise the Dey of Tripoli, for his acts of piracy upon British ships, wishing to convey a remonstrance to that dignitary before he began operations, Sir John selected his protege as the fittest person to undertake the mission.

Armed with his credentials, young Shovel appeared before the Dey, who received him with Oriental haughtiness and was even insolent in his treatment; but the boy quietly ignored the insults and kept his eyes open. When he left the despot's presence, he had projected an attack on the Tripoline ships that lay at anchor under the guns of the city.

an attack on the Tripoline snips that is, at anchor under the guns of the city. Narborough was so struck with his young midshipman's sagacity that he at once gave his sanction to the scheme. "And," said he, "I know no person so well calculated to carry the project into account on a site author."

For this man. gallant exploit he was made a lieutenant.

Three years afterwards the young sailor became captain of the Sapphire. Rapidly he ascended the steps of gradation;
Rear Admiral of the Blue; Rear Admiral
of the Red; Vice Admiral of the Blue;
Vice Admiral of the White and Admiral
of the Blue. He was knighted by his
king, married the young widow of his
old patron, Sir John Narborough, and
lived in great style when at home in his
stately manor house at Staffords in Norfolk, and in his princely residence in
Soho square. So high and honorable
had the barefoot cabin boy become.
Visitors at Westminster Abbey will
find in the great transept a costly monument which the grafitude of a nation
raised to the memory of a hero who
so well and faithfully fought the battles
of his country, and upon it they will
read these words:
"To Sir Cloudesley Shovel. He was
deservedly beloved by his country, and
esteemed, though dreaded, by his enemies."
And there in the company of the Three years afterwards the young sail-

watercourses and other landmarks as you have passed. Then make up your mind that if you must stay out all night, alone in the woods, it is no killing matter. the the woods, it is no killing matter, but rather an interesting adventure. Having recovered your mental balance, then take note of the lay of the land around you, the direction of its drainage, the character of its vegetation, and the hospitalities that it offers to a nightbound traveler, in the way of drinking-water, sound downwood, natural shelter, and browse. Then blaze a tree on four sides—make big blazes that can be seen from any direction. Do this even though there he several hours of daylight ahead, and although you have no present inten-tion of staying here; for you do know that this spot is only so many hours from camp by back trail, and that you may have good reason to return to it

Now try to get an outlook over the sur-reunding country. In flat woods this will be difficult. If you can risk climbing a tail tree do so. Select one that you can tall tree do so. Select one that you can climb, and having gained your outlook, note the compass direction of water-courses and other landmarks, mapping them on a bit of paper, for a lost man's memory is treacherous. The courses of memory is treacherous. The courses of small streams show where the main valley lies. Decide where to go, take the compass direction, note how the sun

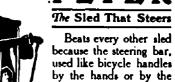
strikes it, and descend.

Now, as you travel, make bush-marks
by making blazes on trees, or bending down a shrub here and there along the trail, so you will easily follow your way back should you have to pass the night in the words.—From "Camping and Woodcraft," by Horace Kephart, in Field

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imprint of a moc-casin which was never worn by an Ojibwa! The

never worn by an Ojibwa! The Indian hunter stooped to look at it, then shaded his eyes and peered around him. There was no trembling branch to show where an enemy lurked in the underbrush. The snow was falling softly and would soon erase the strange footprint, but where was the man who made it? The hunter thought of his people who did not suspect any danger, he thought of a maiden thought of his people who did not suspect any danger, he thought of a maiden with eyes like a fawn and he bound his blanket tighter around him as he crept along in the path of the enemy. Soon there were more footprints. He found a trail beaten deep and hard by the feet of many warriors. Stealthily he followed it as it came nearer to his village and from behind a clump of trees his keen eye traced its narrowing circle. Yonder, in the little group of tepees were all those he loved best, and he passed his hand across his eyes, as though to shut out the sights they must soon behold.

It was still early in the morning when

It was still early in the morning when the hunter returned to his tepee, and sat down in his usual place without a word. He had expected to spend the entire day on the hunt but none asked why he returned so soon. Silently he began whittling his bullets so that they could be easily slipped into his gun, then he carefully cleaned his gun and sharpened his long knife; he took his war club and spear and laid them beside his gun and his long, sharp knife, but still he spoke not a word. His father watched these preparations and when they were finished he rose slowly saying he would go and get a few sticks of red willow to smoke. As soon as he was outside the tepee he hastened toward the forest and soon saw fresh footprints in the snow. Examining them closely he saw that they were made by the Outagami or "Foxes" with whom his people were often at war but they had not been on the warpath for a long time. Without delaying a moment he returned to his tepec and urged his family to flee to a neighboring camp. Then his son spoke for the first time. "It is too late, my father, I have seen the trail. All we can do is to prepare for death. The village is entirely surrounded." There was silence again as the young man reached for his knife and tried its edge against his thumb. "An Indian does not fear death unless it comes with dishonor," said the old hunter. "If the enemy takes you captive do not anger them in order that they may kill you quickly. Go with them, but when you realize that you have not another day to live let them hear your death song. Sing the song which you heard in your vision as a boy, sing it strong and full that they may know your spirit cannot be conquered by a dog of an Outagami!"

All that day the Ojibwa worked at fortifying their camp. They cut down trees and formed a barrier of logs and bushes, building it high and strong. All that night they heard, through the dark, strange sounds like the hooting of owls the hunter returned to his tepee, and sat down in his usual place without a

watching for the first streak of dawn in the east which would probably bring the attack. During the night the old hunter took his two little granddaughters and led them out into the dark. He found the direction of the wind and of the falling snow and after carefully deciding the direction of their flight he sent them out toward the enemy. Yet he hoped that by some chance they might make their escape. The blackness soon swallowed them and he stood alone listening for the yell that should tell of their discovery. The snow fell unheeded on his bare head as he waited long for the cry. When it did not come he crept hack to his tepee, comforted in the hope that the little girls were safe.

Morning brought the loud and piercing war whoop, the yell and the crash, and in a few hours the snow was spreading its soft whiteness over the Ojihwa warriors who would fight no more. Only the old hunter escaped alive. Weak from his many wounds he made his way alone through the forest, seeking his grand-children. At last he found them with a party of friends who were hastening to the relief of the little village. Many were the eager questions, for the relief party could scarcely believe that he alone had escaped. With great tenderness the old hunter clasped the children in his arms, in a value effort to quiet their grief at the death of their parents. At last he arose and with feeble footsteps led his friends toward the ruined camp and showed them the path taken by the departing enemy. The sight of the hated foot prints seemed to bring new life to his weary body. He pressed on recklessly, calling the others to follow. Thus he suddenly came in sight of an Indian who had fallen behind the rest of the war party and was walking leisurely along the trail. There was the glint of a tomahawk hurled through the air, and the Outagami would never overtake his comrades. The avenging Ojihwa heard a loud halloo, growing louder as it came nearer, and they dropped noiselessly into the deep snow beside the trail, a friendly rock sheltering them. Two of the warriors were returning to find the brave who had lagged behind them. A swift steel gleamed in the sunshine, and the war party would wait in vain for their return. According to Indian custom the war party had stopped to smoke and discuss the battle, and when the two messengers did not come back they sent three more. They smoked and talked and waited in vain until at last, thoroughly alarmed, the entire war party turned back. The Ojihwa greeted them with a volley from their muskets, and the noise of the batten camps of the Ojihwa. Silently they too found the trail of the war party and hid themselves beside it. They had not long to wait for the little party of avengers were ove Morning brought the loud and piercing war whoop, the yell and the crash, and in a few hours the snow was spreading

the enemy. Tomorrow I shall leave you."

Beside the fire they tried to argue with him, saying, "Our brother, take your share of the spoil, here is a blanket, a warbonnet—a necklace of claws"—but he pushed them aside. "How shall these trifles comfort me? Some day I will have revenge!"

Early the next morning he took his

grandchildren by the hand, said good-hyo to his friends, and started on his long journey. He knew of a place bye to his friends, and started on his long journey. He knew of a place among the northern lakes where the beavers built their lodges and made their dams undisturbed by any hunter. The place was known only to himself and for two years he lived there, hunting the beavers and storing away the rich furs. The little girls learned to help him dress the skins, they hunted the smaller animals and kept the little camp in order. At the end of two years the old hunter made a large canoe, building it broad and strong for he was planning a long voyage. He sorted his store of beaver skins,—rare furs such as a white man had seldom seen. The old hunter had laid his plans deep and well—he would seek the French as his allies! The packs of furs were laid in the canoe, the little girls and the store of provisions were stowed among them, and the old hunter took his place, pushing the canoe out from shore. Down the river and through the little lakes they glided, then out on the broad bosom of Lake Michigan. They passed the trading post at Michilimackinac and drifted down through the straits into Lake St. Clair.

With much interest the children

St. Clair.

With much interest the children looked at the islands in upper Lake Huron, and their grandfather told them the story of the wicked old magician called Ishkom Daimeka, who used to



"AT LAST-MY SONS-AT LAST"

he the keeper of the gate of the lakes. He once stole a beautiful maiden and the spirits were so angry that they raised a terrible storm, so terrible that it tore away part of the shore and swept off the old magician's lodge, tearing it into fragments which lodged in the shallow water forming those islands. So low water, forming these islands. So the time and the distance slipped away until the little party was in sight of Fort Detroit.

Fort Detroit.

A little above the fort the old hunter ran his canoe ashore and made his camp for the night. The next morning he blackened his face with coal, threw ashes upon his head and gashed his body with his knife so that it was covered with his knife so that was covered with his knife so tha ered with blood as a sign of mourning. In this horrible guise he started for the Fort with his packs of beaver skins Strange sights greeted his eyes. The be conquered by a dow of an futural string their court of the court of

condition. An interpreter was secured and the hunter was permitted to make his plea to the French commandant, laying the packs of rich beaver skins at his feet. Fortunately for the hunter and his mission the Outagami were (Continued on page \$66.)

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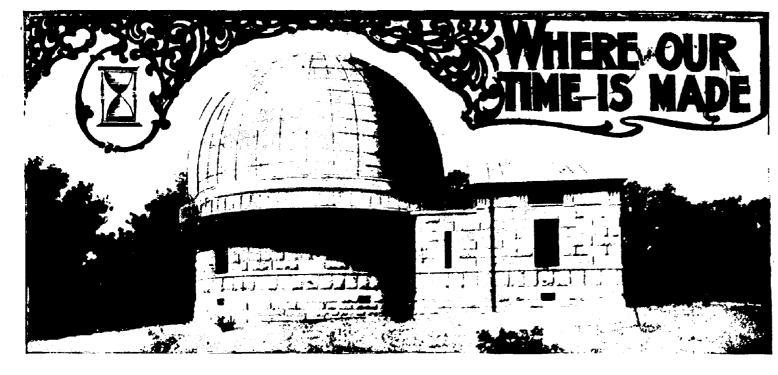
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MANY BOYS who correct their watches by the "regulator" clocks in telegraph offices and on public buildings all over our country ever stop to think of how this correct time is obtained? Yet as a matter of fact this determining of the correct time is considered of such importance that the United States government takes charge of andered of such importance that the United States government takes charge of
the work and makes it one of the principal duties of one of Uncle Sam's most
famous institutions—the United States
Naval Observatory. Indeed, this observatory has come to be popularly known as
the government "time factory" for the
very reason that it does tell time that all
the people rely upon as being right to the people rely upon as being right to the fraction of a second. The dally announcement from Wash-

ington of the correct time was not originally planned for the benefit of the millions of people who now depend upon it to keep their clocks and watches from



GIVING THE SIGNAL

becoming "too fast" or "too slow." Instead it was intended at the outset for the navigators who steer vessels upon the occurs and who can by means of this time announcement correct their chronometers, the instruments which en-able them to find their way about when

out of sight of land.
Gradually, however, the people who like to have their time-pieces register correctly found that it was a great convenience to get the official time from Washington each day and so the service broadened out until the purpose for which it was established hecame one of the least prominent of its uses. Now, whereas Uncle Sam ascertains the correct time for all his citizens, he does not deliver it to them. The telegraph companies do that and for doing it they are paid the sum of \$15 per year by the owner of each one of the seventy thousand clocks which are set direct from Washington by means of the electric current and without having the hands moved back or forward by any human moved back or forward by any human

The sum of one million dollars a year which the telegraph companies receive for carrying the correct time is designed for carrying the correct time is designed to reimburse them for stopping all husiness on the 350,000 miles of telegraph wires in this country for three minutes before noon each day. The electric signal which announces that 12 o'clock has arrived at Washington is flashed so rapidly over the net work of copper strands that overspread our whole country that it requires only one-fifth of a second to

in any one "time strip" have the same time but as we travel from east to west we find that in each time belt the clocks are exactly one hour slower than in the division of the country to the east of it. Thus when the noon signal goes out from the seat of government it is 12 o'clock not only in Washington but in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and all the other cities in the "Eastern" time belt, but it is only 11 o'clock in Detroit, Cleveland. Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and the various places in the "Central" time belt; just 10 o'clock in Denver and the cities of the "Mountain" time territory and exactly 9 o'clock in San Francisco and the communities within the "Pacific" time area. Of course the people of three out of the four sections of the country have to make due allowance in setting their watches by Washington time but they get accuracy to the fraction of a second, just the same. The determining of just what is the correct time for sending out the noonday signal is one of the most interesting features of the government's work. Every boy is told at school that our day

features of the government's work. Every boy is told at school that our day is measured by the sun and so it is in a general way but science has found that Old Sol is not wholly reliable—he does not always make his journews in ex-actly the time expected. The difference is never enough to bother the ordinary person but it is an objection in the eyes of the experts who wish to determine time to the hundredth of a second and so these men now depend upon the stars which travel up and down the heavens scarcely varying the slightest amount from the beginning of a century to the

A government employe is detailed to watch the stars on every clear night through a telescope known as a transit through a telescope known as a transit and by watching the movements of the stars and noting just when they pass over the imaginary lines of the earth (shown in every geography) he is enabled to correct or set right an immense clock close at hand. This clock in turn regulates another clock nearby and this latter clock when connected with the latter clock when connected with the telegraph wires of its own accord sends out the signal which marks noon at Washington. This time-sending clock is so arranged that when it is connected

is so arranged that when it is connected with the telegraph system it sends out a signal for each swing of its pendulum. In other words it can be heard all over the land as it ticks off the seconds and just before noon it is made to skip several seconds so that the listeners everywhere will know that the midday hour is almost upon them.

On New Year's Eve there is sent out a midnight time signal which marks the beginning of the new year but this signal instead of being sent merely to the cities and towns of the United States is flashed all around the world telling the people of every nation that a new year has been born in the greatest of republics. Uncle Sam's odd New Year greeting requires less than ten seconds publics. Uncle Sam's odd New Year greeting requires less than ten seconds to make its flying journey around the globe and in that brief interval the electric spark travels over 1,180,000 miles of telegraph wires and ocean cables. Of course the difference in time, already noted is even more noticeable in the case of this signal. For instance, our soldier boys in the Philippines have finished their New Year's dinner ere this tiny telegram comes announcing that it is midnight at home.

#### AN INDIAN HUNTER'S REVENGE

(Continued from page 365.)

in bad favor with the French. Only a short time before they had actually tried to storm the fort at Detroit, aided for carrying the correct time is designed to reimburse them for stopping all husiness on the 350,000 miles of telegraph wires in this country for three minutes before noon each day. The electric signal which announces that 12 o'clock has arrived at Washington is flashed so rapidly over the net work of copper strands that overspread our whole country that it requires only one-fifth of a second to travel from the national capital to San Francisco but nevertheless it is deemed wise to stop all business on the telegraph wires for full three minutes before the announcement is sent out so that all over the country persons will know that the signal is sent out from Washington at precisely noon each day but it is nowhere near noon in many of the parts of the country to which it journeys in quicker time than you can wink. This is due to the fact that we have in the United States four different standard or legal times. The country is divided by

promised to go with us on the war path. Before many moons I shall be revenged for the death of my sons. You shall all help me and many scalps will hang in your lodges." With such words he went from village to village, and canoes were sent to the Fort for more guns and more bullets until all was ready for the attack. Louvigny himself led the campaign with the French troops and their wild allies. They found the Outagami in a fortified village with a palisade of logs and earth so solid that the French cannon could not make any impression upon it. Then the French commander decided upon military tactics and put



SENDING THE TIME SIGNALS

his engineers at work digging trenches. Closer they came, working under cover of night, planning to undermine and blow up the Indian fortification. The Outagami fought feroclously, the women fighting and falling beside the men, but when they saw the trench within a few feet of their wall they asked for terms of surrender. Louvigny demanded that they make peace with all tribes friendly to the French and go to war with every tribe who were enemies of the French, taking captives to supply the places of Indians killed in former battles with the French. He also demanded that they pay the cost of this war in furs and send six chiefs or sons of chiefs to Quebec as hostages.

At the point where the tree is to stand thrust a spade vertically into the ground, bend it backward and forward until a V-shaped opening is made, and then place the tree into it, slightly deeper than it stood in its natural position. Care should be taken to have the opening large enough to permit the natural downward direction of the roots. After the tree has been inserted the spade should be removed and the opening closed by a firm pressure of the foot. It is imperative that the opening be entirely closed, and the earth firmly pressed about the roots.

A boy should accompany the planter with a basket of seedlings, his work being to keep the plants covered and to hand them, one at a time, to the planter as wanted.

be better to fight on, and if it must be so let the French finish their work and blow up the entire village? The young braves favored the course but the counsel of the older men prevailed. Loud was the wailing in the Outagami camp that night, there was mourning and lamenting, but the old hunter walked alone under the peaceful stars saying "At last—my sons—at last."

On the 12th of October, 1716, Louvigny reached Quebec with his six hostages and there was peace in the lodges of the Ojibwa.

Reduced in numbers the Outagami

the Ojibwa.

Reduced in numbers the Outagami left their hunting grounds in the Green Bay country and traveled westward toward the Mississippi river, beseeching their friends the Osangis to adopt them into their tribe that their council fire be not extinguished. The request was refused at that time and the stricken tribe pressed on, defeated by its enemies and deserted by its friends.

So the Indian hunter was avenged for the death of his sons.

#### Collecting and Planting Young Trees

When young trees are obtained from the woods they should be carefully removed from the ground with a spade to prevent the injury which almost in-variably occurs when they are pulled up. The roots should not be allowed to dry, or the tree will fall to live when it is planted. This can be prevented by

is planted. This can be prevented by covering the trees, as soon as taken up, with wet moss or some other moisture-retaining substance, and keeping them covered until planted. Ordinarily it is advisable to plant the seedlings the same day they are collected.

Great care must be taken to select suitable weather for collecting trees. The day should be cloudy and damp, with little or no wind. The soil should be moist and friable, but not wet. The general time for removal is determined by the locality, the best being in the spring, just before the buds start. No plant should be collected that is not healthy, and care must be exercised to make no scratches or bruises on either make no scratches or bruises on either

make no scratches or bruises on either roots or stem.

To permit planting in straight rows and also proper spacing of trees in the rows, a cord with equidistant knots can be stretched along the line of the intended row, about four inches to one side, so as not to interfere with the planting

planting.

In planting on sod a desirable method is to cut out and remove with a sharp, straight-edged spade a square piece of surface sod one and a half to two inches in thickness. Then make a hole deep enough to receive the roots, plant the tree in it, compress the soil firmly about the roots, cut the removed piece of sod in halves, and insert about the planted tree. This is a slow and expensive method, but it insures success even in a comparatively dry season. In some regions a much cheaper method of planting will be successful if the season is not too dry. This method may be described as follows:

At the point where the tree is to stand At the point where the tree is to stand thrust a spade vertically into the ground, bend it backward and forward until a V-shaped opening is made, and then place the tree into it, slightly deeper than it stood in its natural position. Care should be taken to have the opening large enough to permit the natural downward direction of the roots. After the tree has been inserted the spade should be removed and the opening closed by a firm pressure of the foot. It is imperative that the opening be entirely closed, and the earth firmly press-



THE LARGE TELESCOPE IN THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY IN WASHINGTON

#### BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS

#### Earned a Trip to Europe

Emanuel Neilson, a son of Conrad W. Neilson, of Bridgeport, Conn., twelve years old, spent his vacation in Denmark, this summer, paying all of his expenses with his own money earned by carrying newspapers—the Telegram in the morning and the Post in the afternoon, thus making two trips each day, covering several miles on foot, and necessitating an early rising that he might be at the press-room door as soon as 5:30 o'clock every morning.

All this time Emanuel was attending school and keeping up well with his classes, as he is ambitious for an education. He is a bright boy and his parents and teachers are fond of him. He went on his long trip alone, though



EMANUEL NEILSON

his mother was in Denmark to meet him, having salled a few weeks ahead of him. He did not accompany her because he wanted to earn some more money and did not want to leave before school closed. He sailed in the steamer "United States" to Copenhagen by the north route which took ten days, so that he was out on the ocean a long time for a little chap unaccompanied by relatives. He is a quiet, manly fellow and a favorite with his customers, who say they never have to wait for their papers when they are due.

If a boy of twelve can earn money enough to pay for a European trip, who of us but can hope to do so?

#### Education First, Money Afterwards

A New York boy by the name of Morris Schateffer has refused an offer of \$18,000 a year, preferring to continue his schooling. Young Schateffer is only fifteen, but he has won such distinction as an inventor that the General Electric Company offered him an extraordinary salary. A newspaper dispatch under date of New York, July 26, tells the story in this way:

"Eighteen thousand a year for a boy fifteen! And he turned it down! It came to Morris Schateffer, of 872 Gates avenue, who solved a problem for signaling for electric roads. His system is in use on a part of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit lines. According to report, he has been offered \$25,000 for his invention, but he thinks it is worth twice as much. He declined an offer to go with the General Electric Company at \$18,000 a year, because he wants to finish his course in the public schools."

In preferring an education to so promising a position, young Schateffer shows that he views life from a higher standpoint than those do who sacrifice everything to the accumulation of wealth. A well-trained mind can furnish the body all it needs, namely, food, ciothing, and shelter, but a purse, however well filled, cannot supply either brain or conscience.—The Commoner.

#### Correspondence Clubs

These clubs are obtaining new members every day. Every hoy who has a hobby should join one. Valuable information and instruction can be received by the members from each other. Write and tell us the club you desire to join and enclose 50c as membership fee. Address Correspondence Club, cure of the American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

#### Uneconomical Economy

In St. Louis there is a Yankee who settled in the Mound City after the Civil War, and has there built up a fortune of millions. The economies and conservatism by which he has accumulated his little pile have increased with his years.

little pile have increased with his years. Acquisition has become a habit.

He has one son, over whose expenditures he keeps careful watch. Recently this offspring took an uptown car. The father, who saw him board the car, and knew his destination, judged he had spent his fare foolishly.

That evening, after dinner, the elder called the younger man into the library, saying he had something to tell him. "But first," he interrupted, rising from his chair, "I will turn down the light; we can talk just as well in the dark, and it will save the gas." He then proceeded to give reasons why the expenditure of the uptown carfare was unnecessary. As he went on explaining the value of of the uptown carfare was unnecessary. As he went on explaining the value of economy, out of the darkness where his son sat he heard a fumbling and shuffling. Much to his distaste the noise continued. At length, heated to impatience, he cried, "Sam, what are you doing?" "Father," came from out the blackness, "I can hear just as well without 'em, and while we're sitting here in the dark

and while we're sitting here in the dark

I'm taking off my trousers to save 'em,' For the rest of that evening economies were not discussed.—Success.

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#### Boys' Books Reviewed

Boys' Books Reviewed

ELECTRICAL CIRCUITS AND DIAGRAMS, by N. H. Schneider. The author is thoroughly conversant with the different matters here treated. The book contains a selection of original, up-to-date and practical diagrams for installing annunciators, alarms, hells, electric gas lighting, telephones, electric power light and wiring circuits, induction colls, gas engine ignitiers, dynamos and motors, armature windings. To the amateur and dabbler in electrical subjects who desire to do something practical, this little book will be of much assistance. 72 pages. Paper cover. Price 25 cents. Spon & Chamberlain.

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#### HISTORIC HOUSE AN



It HE HIGH-SPIRITED American boy is and should be a hero-lover, an admirer of men who have done something to prove that they were brave and true. The boy who feels his pulses quicken by a recital of brave deeds is a boy of fine and manly impulses, and he does well to seek to imitate the fine and high spirit of the brave men of old, who have been true to themselves and to their country.

Paul Revere was a man of this type. The story of his midnight ride his a spirit of patriotism and of loyalty to his country. Some of the schoolboys who have recited Longfellow's stirring poeth, beginning with—

have recited Longfellow's stirring poeth, beginning with—
"Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere," may not know that the house in which this true patriot was born is still standing, and that it is in appearance very much as it was when Paul Revere was born beneath its roof in the year 1735. The house is in Boston, in a locality now inhabited almost entirely by foreigners, but in the days of Paul Revere this locality was sometimes called the

pulses, and he does well to seek to imitate the fine and high spirit of the brave men of old, who have been true to themselves and to their country.

Paul Revere was a man of this type. The story of his midnight ride has thrilled many a boy and inspired in him a spirit of patriotism and of loyalty to his country. Some of the schoolboys who have recited Longfellow's stirring poeth, beginning with—
"Listen, my children, and you shall hear off the midnight ride of Paul Revere."
may not know that the house in which this true patriot was born is still standing, and that it is in appearance very much as it was when Paul Revere was born beneath its roof in the year 1735. The house is in Boston, in a locality now inhabited almost entirely by foreigners, but in the days of Paul Revere this locality was sometimes called the "Bloody Massacre" in Boston. It was from this house that he went forth to attend some of the secret meetings that resulted in the famous Boston "tea party."

While Paul Revere was not one of the great men of the Revolution, he was always a man who could be depended upon to carry through successfully any undertaking requiring spirit, decision and unfailing courage. A man of this kind may reigners, but in the days of Paul Revere was one of the most useful number of his day and generation.



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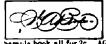
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THE FINEST AND MOST COMPLETE MINIATURE LOCOMOTIVE IN AMERICA
There has just recently been completed at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, what is said to be the
finest and most complete miniature locomotive yet built in this country. The length of this
locomotive over all is fourteen feet and the size of the cylinders 4x7 linches. The diameter
of the drivers is sixteen inches. There are 36 inch-and-a-quarter flues. It is equipped with
double tube Metropolitan injectors, electric headlight and steam brake. The engine develops
a speed of eighteen miles an hour and is twenty horse power, carrying 150 pounds pressure
Its total weight is about two tons. The largest engines in the United States weigh 225 tons.
Pour passenger coaches in miniature comprise the train which this locomotive is to haul.
The length of the entire train is 80 feet. A track has just been completed for it along the
banks of Silver Lake. On the route is a tunnel 90 feet in length. The builder of this locomotive, Frank E. Jones, learned his trade in the same shop and under the same superintendent as did Albert Pitkin, the well-known president of the American Locomotive Company.
Mr. Davis designed this miniature locomotive, made the drawings, patterns and machine
work, and in fact every part of the work alone,



six years in college. He heard in Cal-cutta that his countrymen in Turkey had started a hopeful movement which looked toward liberty and educational reform, and being very patriotic and loyal he resolved to come to Constantinople and join the movement.

When he arrived there he was surprised to find that his countrymen were

being persecuted, and that the better condition of his people for which he longed was very far off.

He was in every way a refined and cultured gentleman. Having resided for years in some of the best English families in Calcutta he became a thorough years in some of the best English families in Calcutta, he became a thorough English scholar. He declared with glowing enthusiasm that the highest ambition of his life was to teach his countrymen, the Armenian young men.

We grew very fond of him, and my host resolved not to part with him, since he was such a valuable helper. Many a pleasant visit we had together. His name was Rabyan.

One day we waited dinner for him

one day we waited dinner for him but he did not come. He had gone out for an hour's walk. That evening a messenger from the Russian embassy called with an open note from Mr. Rabyan which said:

called with an open note from Mr. Rabyan which said:

"Kindly deliver my clothes to the bearer, destroy all loose papers, and receive my library as a donation to the school. I am told that I am to set out on an unknown journey."

With sorrowful haste we carried out his instructions. We knew that any attempts to see him or to correspond with him would only make trouble both for him and us. We also knew that the Russian embassy could put him to death if they chose, and we mourned for him as for one whom we should never see.

I left Constantinople, and a few weeks later I found myself on a little vessel going from the Bosphorus to Trebizond. I had stowed away my goods below, and had gone to the deck, when my eye was attracted to a familiar figure sitting well up in the bow, quite apart from the crowd of passengers.

His head was howed, and not until he lifted it could I be sure that it was the young Armenian whom I liked so much.

I went over to him at once. "I was afraid you might be injured or even dead," I said. "I am so glad to see you here."

I had noticed that he was not shackled nor guarded in any way as a pris-

I had noticed that he was not shack-I had noticed that he was not snackled nor guarded in any way as a prisoner would have been. He turned his
great luminous eyes on me and they
were full of despair. "Ah!" he said, "better for me if they had killed me. I am
on my way to Siberia as an exile; that
means a living death." "But where is
your guard?" I asked, eagerly. "You
do not look like a prisoner. Why can
you not escape?"

"Hush!" he said, putting his finger on his lips. "This is a Russian ship. There is no chance of escape until we reach trebizond. I cannot go ashore without my Russian passport, which will at once give me over to the Russian officers who

give me over to the Russian officers who are waiting for me. The only escape is to jump into the water and commit suicide." "Oh, don't do that!" 'I cried. "Something may happen to save you. Something must happen." He shook his head despairingly. "I know too well how these Russian exiles are watched." My sympathies were at once strongly aroused for this fine young fellow, doomed to terrible punishment, when his only crime had been a desire to uplift and help his countrymen. I tried to think of something I might do, but all my plans seemed like the ravings of a crazy man. How helpless we were with Russia back of us and Siberia before us! I said to him: "Does anyone on board know you?"

know you?"
"I think not."
"Well, then, keep below and out of sight for a while until I can think of some plan."

some plan."

He went below at once, but I saw by his sad face that he had little faith in my power to help him.

While I was thinking hard and growing more desperate I heard one of my fellow-travelers speak of the captain as a fine fellow—an Englishman named Humphrey. It did sound so familiar—Captain Humphrey whom I had met five years before in London. It might be. I would make inquiries. I sought him out and found surely enough that he was the very captain I had met, and a royal fellow he was, too. I had not visited with him long before I told him the story of one of his passengers. He was full of sympathy, but he hastened to say:

"My dear fellow, there is no use in getting wrought up over this. When Russia gets after a man he is helpless. What can we do? As he says, he can jump overboard and drown, which to my mind is much better than Siberia."

I left him very much disheartened, and felt that I could not go and teil the

It happened that through a stupid mis-take of the porter there had come into my possession a bundle containing some long over-boots and a stovepipe hat. I had no use at all for these articles,

and I felt pretty cross toward the blun-dering porter. The bundle I had ex-changed for these cumbersome articles of clothing contained my fine camera and

a traveling rug.

I was tempted to throw them over-board that morning when I found them in the cabin. Now I began unpacking them, more because I could not sit down calmly than for any known reason. The boots and hat were new and in good condition, and to relieve the sad silence which had fallen. I held up the stovepipe hat and put it on Mr. Rabyan's

head.

We laughed a little over it, and then to carry out my poor attempt at fun, he slipped on the long over-boots.

"You look really like an English ser-

vant," I said.
"Oh, if only I might be your scr-vant!" he answered.

vant!" he answered.

I jumped up as a sudden thought struck me. I got a razor and proposed to remove his shining black beard so that his face should be clean shaven. Then I had him look in the mirror. He said: "I would not know myself, you have changed me so."

"Very well," I said. "You shall pass for my English servant on this ship, and shall speak only English."

The transformation was so complete

The transformation was so complete that when we called the captain down he looked curiously at my "servant" and declared he never would have thought of him as the fellow who had come on

I took Mr. Rabyan's passport and every article which would point to his identity, made them into a bundle and dropped them out of the window.

"Very good, very good," said the cap-tain, "but how are you going to get him ashore? Every passenger must present himself at the passport office and show his passport." his passport.

Here was a difficulty and a very formidable one. I had not thought of it in my excitement. We stared at each other stupidly, and the dawning hope in the Armenian's face gave way to

in the Armenian's face gave way to black despair.
"You see," he said, "you see, there is no hope for me. If I hide on the ship they will search everywhere and find me, and if I land without a passport they will catch me."

We all knew that this was true. I had been too sanguing. It seemed then

We all knew that this was true. I had been too sanguine. It seemed then that I had been almost cruel to raise his hopes only to disappoint him again. The captain went to his room, but soon he came back again. He was a very calm, self-possessed Englishman, but I could see that he was somewhat excited. He cleared his throat several times before he spoke, and he pulled his mustache and walked around the table and spoke cautiously.

no one on board suspected that he was assuming a position of which he knew almost nothing.

We did not once speak of the landing at Trebizond, but I am sure that we three thought of it very often.

When we drew into the harbor I handed Bahyan my passport

Rabyan my passport. We saw to our alarm that the Rus-We saw to our alarm that the Russian bishop was there waiting for his victim. Rabyan had to march up to him and present his passport. He said afterward that the hand which held the precious document shook in spite of his strongest efforts at self-control.

The hishop looked at it and then at him very sharply. He passed him on and then laid his hand on Rabyan and detained him. He looked at the passport sharply, folding it before he passed him on with a nod.

He looked at everyone who landed with his keen official glance, and then when all had landed but myself, he came on board with his soldiers to claim his

on board with his soldiers to claim his prisoner.

He saw at once that I was not the one he wanted, and he went straight to the captain.

Captain.

Captain Humphrey treated him with the greatest politeness, and offered a large reward to the crew or to any soldier in the bishop's company who should

find the prisoner.

After a long and thorough search the hishop returned to his post and wrote to the Russian embassy at Constantinople that the prisoner had undoubtedly jumped overboard and was lost.

In the meantime Mr. Rabyan went straight to the house of the English consultant and carried my note which said that

sul and carried my note which said that I was on board without a passport.

The consul sent word to the pasha, and he kindly sent his own boat and brought me ashore without any regard

brought me ashore without any regard to the passport office. I had very queer sensations while I was receiving this kindness from the pasha.

I met Mr. Rabyan at the place agreed upon and we proceeded as quickly as possible to Mosul. Here we were so fortunate as to find an English officer going to Calcutta. He was looking for a guide and interpreter on the long journey down the Euphrates Valley and Persian Gulf to Calcutta.

I recommended my companion, and the English officer was delighted to secure his services.

ire his services.

Mr. Rabyan's joy and gratitude were

beyond expression. Calcutta was the very spot where he most wished to be. When he reached there he became the editor of an Armenian newspaper for the enlightenment of his countrymen in the East. I secured a copy and sent it to the missionary, who showed it to a member of the Russian embassy in Con-

stantinople.

They were very curious to know how their prisoner, who had been reported drowned, could be a lively editor in Calcutta. But I can assure you that their curiosity was never satisfied.

"Yes, yes; go on."

"You are to give Mr. Rabyan your passport, and let him land with it and go to the English consul. He can carry a note from you which says:

"'Dear Sir:—I am on board without a passport. Can you get me ashore?'

If he sends you one, you are all right. If your friend here is seized, and your passport taken——," he shrugged his shoulders, and we supplied the rest. "It would go hard with us."

"We will chance it." I said.

Mr. Rabyan carried out his part of English servant well. I am sure that



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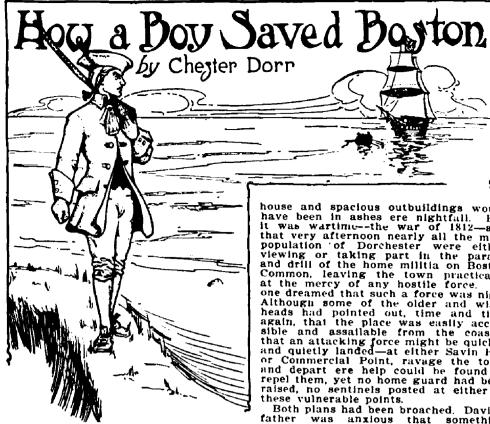
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#### A "Bestower of Happiness"

We are told on good authority that the word "boy" means "bestower of happiness;" the word "girl," "she that comes rejoicing;" the word "brother," "supporter," and the word "brother," "friendly." They are very ancient words, that is, they have come down to us through long ages, as might be expected. Yet it is a little strange that we should use them, instead of words derived from Latin or Greek; for they come from a time far back of that in which these languages sprung up, from away back in the earliest attempts at speech. They mean much from their derivation, and mean much from their derivation, and we would be glad to know that every boy was a "bestower of happiness," that every boy made his home happy, his school happy, and everybody happy about him.—Ex.

#### To Make a Magnet Knife

Lay the blade of a pocket knife or table knife flat on the back of an orditable knife flat on the back of an ordinary kitchen stove shovel. Then press the round knob of the poker or the fire tongs tightly down on it and rub the knife blade hard, being careful to rub in only one direction—from the handle of the knife to the point. Turn the blade frequently so that both sides will be rubbed equally well. After doing this steadily for a little more than a minute, the knife blade will have become magnetic and will lift a needle or steel pen with ease.



AVID MINOT considered himself an ill-used boy. That is, he held that opinion for several hours of a certain day. Later in the day, he would not have exchanged lots with any other lad in all America.

This is how it happened. David was directed one bright spring day to go down to Savin Hill beach and "dig a mess of clams." VID MINOT considered himself an

The boy was aghast at the order. He did not dare attempt remonstrance with his father, but he hurried to his mother, nearly choking with half-suppressed sobs, which, big boy though he was, he

nearly choking with hart-sapinates, sobs, which, hig boy though he was, he could not hide.

"Mother," he exclaimed, passionately, "just think, father says I must go after clams and it's the day of the drill on the Common and you know you said I might go."

"I said I hoped you could go." corrected his mother, quietly, but pityingly, for she knew what a disappointment the deprivation would be.

"All the boys are going, mother," said David, imploringly; "they're all going in Lijah Bennett's big team."

"I'll see your father," said Mrs. Minot. soothingly, "but," seeing the boy's face brighten, "don't count too much on it, David."

brighten, David."

David did count on it, however. knew his mother's powers as ambassa-dor. He knew her kindly influence sel-dom failed and he deemed his cause as good as won. So the disappointment was more keen when she returned and told

more keen when she returned and told him his father's flat was unaltered.
"Father says he's sorry, David, but we must have some clams. Tomorrow Uncle Jonathan Davenport is coming to dinner and father says he promised long ago to have a clambake for him when he came, and there's no one but you to go for them." go for them.

go for them."

"Couldn't Jake go?" implored David.

Jake was the hired man.

"No," replied his mother; "Jake's got to get in the early hay, from the marshes. There ain't anyone but you, David. I think you must go, but I'll put you up a nice lunch and you can have a clambake on the beach."

Ordinarily, this would be a great treat but on this day nothing atoned for the lost trip to Boston.

out on this day nothing atoned for the lost trip to Boston.

"There ain't a boy I can get to go with me, either," complained David, "and it's no fun having a clambake

house and spacious outbuildings would have been in ashes ere nightfall. For it was wartime-the war of 1812—and have been in ashes ere nightfall. For it was wartime—the war of 1812—and that very afternoon nearly all the male population of Dorchester were either viewing or taking part in the parade and drill of the home militia on Boston Common, leaving the town practically at the mercy of any hostile force. No one dreamed that such a force was nigh. Although some of the older and wiser heads had pointed out, time and time again, that the place was easily accessible and assailable from the coast—that an attacking force might be quickly and quietly landed—at either Savin Hill or Commercial Point, ravage the town and depart ere help could be found to repel them, yet no home guard had been raised, no sentinels posted at either of these vulnerable points.

Both plans had been broached. David's father was anxious that something should be done along the line of protection, for his farm was one of the first which would be reached by an enemy landing at Savin Hill beach.

In case of an armed invasion, such as had occurred farther south on the coast, the Minot place would be sure to suffer and the invaders would find rich picking, for the Minots were forehanded and possessed quantities of both live stock and provisions, as well as valuable furniture and precious plate.

All this was known to David and he had listened eagerly to many a long conversation between his father and the other selectmen of the famous old town.

conversation between his father and the other selectmen of the famous old town. Stephen Minot, however, had never quite succeeded in convincing his compatriots of the urgent need of establishing a guard. They were too apt to think that his rather exposed position made him over-anxious.

made him over-anxious.

This was partly true, but at the same time the elder Minot was public-spirited and clear-minded. He knew the enemy would not stop with his place, though they might begin with it. They would loot the entire town if once they gained a foothold in it, and this was easy enough unless some organized band of patriots was ready to oppose them.

"Post men on the old embankments at Savin Hill," he used to say. "Keep them there to notify us of any incoming vessels. Then we can be ready to repel any attack."

repel any attack."

As yet, his wise advice had not been acted upon

David thought of it, as, after having filled his barrow with clams and having enjoyed the clambake, he lay upon the embankments and gazed far out upon the water of beautiful Dorchester Bay.

water of beautiful Dorchester Bay.

His good nature was quite restored.
David was apt to make a stout fight against fortune's ill favors, but once they were proven to be inevitable, he generally acquiesced and made the best of a bad bargain. So he felt fairly happy as he and Ezra lay on the grass and waited for the tide to come in.

"We'll have a dip, Ezra," said David, "as soon as the tide is high and go along home after it's a bit cooler. The clams will be mighty heavy before we

clams will be mighty heavy before we get them home."

Then David patronizingly detailed his father's views and wishes to his small

comrade. Ezra listened eagerly and questioned

curiously

with me, either," complained David, "and it's no fun having a clambake alone."

He looked aggrieved. "Everyone is going on the Common."

"Oh. I guess not," said his mother, cheerfully; "I saw Ezra Pomeroy this morning and he ain't going for he told me his mother was afraid to let him his mother was afraid to let him years old."

David was 14, and a tall, well-built and for his age. He had, as his mother often said, "the making of a tall man" and "took after" the Minots, all of whom were six-footers.

David, grumbling and petulant, at last departed, not disdaining, finally, to accept both the lunch and Ezra's company, though he threw the one into the harrow disdainfully and scarcely vouch-safed a friendly greeting to the other.

"He'll get over it," said Mrs. Minot to herseif, "but I wish he could have gone in town."

We are so short-sighted, we mortals. If David had gone in town it might cept both the lunch and Ezra's company, have built such ramparts? Not the Inthough he threw the one into the barrow disdainfully and scarcely vouchsafed a friendly greeting to the other.

"He'll get over it," said Mrs. Minot to herself, "but I wish he could have gone in town."

We are so short-sighted, we mortals. If David had gone in town it might have been that the comfortable farm-

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horizon. "What vessel do you s'pose that is, Dave?" he asked, as he pointed it out. "Oh, I don't know," replied David;

their languor and taken a nap had not Ezra's black eyes espied a sail upon the

"perhaps a fishing schooner or a lumber vessel going to go up Neponset river."

"P'raps it's one of them war vessels chuck full of Britishers, like your father was talking about," suggested the small lad, not because he really thought so, but the state of the second s but just to give a zest to the conversa-

"What would you do if it were?" said David, laughingly; "climb a tree or hide in a hollow stump?"
"Not I," answered Ezra, vallantly; "I'd

"Not I," answered Ezra, valiantly; "I'd just get up and march across the front bank here, and they'd think I was a soldier, and they'd get back a great deal quicker than they came."

He suited the action to the word. With the clam digger, which bore a bloated resemblance to a gun, on his shoulder, he paced to and fro upon the bank, occasionally making believe fire and shouting defiance at the birds and bushes and the distant sail.

David watched him, lazily and laughingly.

"You wouldn't scare a crow," he said; "you're too little. No one could see you, except they stumbled over you accident-

Ezra retorted merrily and they forgot for a while the approaching vessel in their boyish fun and frolic. David crept up and captured Ezra, gun and all, and they rolled over and over, shouting and

they rolled over and over, shouting and scrambling.

When they were tired of play, they took a look at the tide and incidentally at the vessel, which now was fairly near and loomed large before their vision.

David became pale as he saw the craft.

"Ezra," he exclaimed, excitedly, "as true as you live, that's a British war vessel. There's no roal or lumber aboard that bark!"

Ezra, frightened, began to cry, but

Ezra, frightened, began to cry, but David soon stilled him. During their play the vessel had crept so near that even their unpracticed eyes could see its character.

They'll take me away," whined Ezra,

weak with fear. weak with fear.

"No, they won't," answered David;
"what would they want with a baby like you? Keep still, Ezra. You can easily hide in the woods if they land. Perhaps they're going on to the Point, anyway."

But they were not. Even as his quick brain ran over all the tragic possibilities of the outlook, the sails were slackened the vessel hove to, and prepara-

ened, the vessel hove to, and prepara-tions for sending a boat ashore were

David thought more swiftly than ever ne had done in his short life before. Ezra and he could easily and safely hide in the woods near by. Perhaps they had better do so, for though he knew the soldlers would probably not abuse two boys, he knew well that a lad of his age and size would be considered a prize worth taking. They would impress him and he would be forced to serve against his own countrymen. It might be years ere he saw home and friends again. The temptation to make himself safe

The temptation to make himself safe and scarce was great and almost overpowering. He could so easily creep (Continued on page 577.)

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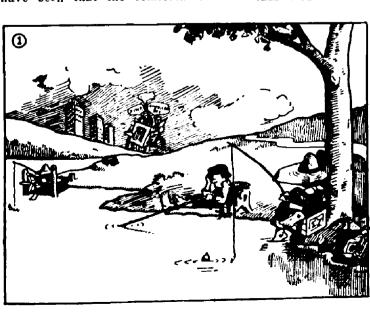
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Please Mention The American Boy When Writing





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#### New Companies Organized

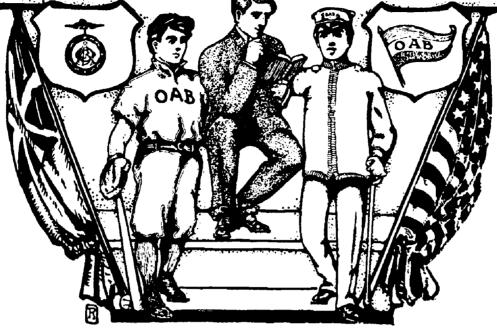
Smokey Valley Co., No. 33, Division of Kansas, Lindsborg, Kans. Western Stars Co., No. 8, Division of Utah, Park City, Utah. The Boys' Club Co., No. 10, Division of Alabama, Sylacauga, Ala. DeGirardot Co., No. 23, Divi-sion of Missouri, Cape Girardeau, Mo. Nash-ville Athletic Co., No. 54, Division of Illinois. Nashville, Ill. Buster Brown Co., No. 35, Division of Indiana, Richmond, Ind.

#### Company News

SILVER GATE COMPANY, No. 26, San Diego, Cal., is one of the many companies which really appreciate the advantages derived from the order. It has recently received 10 new members, has \$15.00 in the treasury, a basket ball and grounds to play, and expects to put up tennis courts and obtain a clubroom. It has a library of 25 books and about 100 magazines. We are promised a picture soon. LEBANON VAL-LEY COMPANY, No. 57, Annville, Pa., recently elected the following officers: Edward books and about 100 magazines. We are promised a picture soon. LEBANON VALLEY COMPANY, No. 57, Annville, Pa., recently elected the following officers: Edward M. Smith, Capt.; Roger Saylor, Lleut.; Edward Marshall, Secy.; Paul Loser, Treas, and Libn. Dues 2 cents a week. It has commenced a library with 13 books, and has a kym with dumb-bells, punching bag, boxing gioves, and an exerciser. The boys are scouting for new members. The pamphlet we send contains copy of proposed constitution and bylaws which companies may either adopt in whole or after to suit themselves. MOVILLE HAWKEYE COMPANY, No. 59, Moville, 1a., is progressing nicely. It has at present 9 members with \$2.00 in the treasury and 15 books in its library, also a gym outht of dumb-bells, Indian clubs and boxing gloves. It has its charter framed and a fine clubroom. W.GONER URIT COMPANY, No. 1, Wagoner, Ind. Ter. The captain sends us some of his work as a printer, consisting of a receipt for dues, a notice of meeting and a certificate of membership, all tastefully gotten up. He says he has printed a banner on cloth 36 inches wide with the name and division of the company. We are promised a picture. YOUNG AMERICAN ATHILETIC COMPANY, No. 28, Petaluma, Califf., has framed its charter and recently held a fine entertainment which gave it quite a neat sum of money. The members celebrated American Roy Day in somewhat of a quiet manner, their number not being sufficient to warrant their appearance before the general public; however, they had a good time. This company is also saving money to build a club house. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its thrifty-third letter, from which we note that four meetings were held during July, at which the attendance suffered on account of the usual incidents of the warm while gave in the reasury of their meetings during the warm months, and during August they intended visiting many places of interest. WHITE HALL ATHILETIC COMPANY, No. 58, Albenwood. Ps., has 9 members and holds its meetings every We in the library and \$2.00 in the treasury. U. S. GRANT COMPANY. No. 73. Waynesfield, Ohlo, has recently bought 17 books for the use of its members. Several new members are expected so soon as school begins. THE SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ills., sends us through its enthusiastic company counsel a long and extremely interesting account of the company's outing



JOSEPH HOSMER, OF FT. MORGAN, COL Who Delivered an Eloquent Response to the Address Welcome at the American Boy Day Exercises of the Portland Exposition, July Fifth.



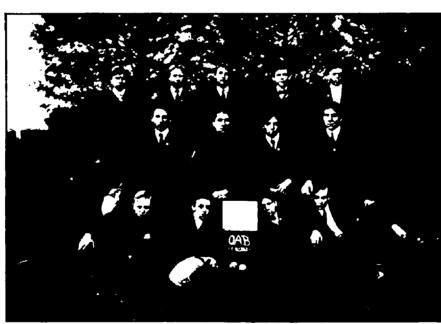
# The Order of The American Boy

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.



J. FRANK HANLY CO. No. 27, WESTFIELD, IND.

of 10 days at Decatur Chautauqua Grounds. The company had its headquarters in a large tent divided into 5 compartments, hoard floor, cots and hedding. On the outside of the tent the boys nad a large banner erected with the letters "O. A. B. Headquarters" printed on it. They also used another tent as reception room, which contained a table, register, pens, ink and paper and lots of AMERICAN BOY literature. Addresses, lectures and other programs were enjoyed, and under the instruction of Dr. Searle, of Paris, Texas, the boys were taught baseball, basket hall, tether hall, tennis, swimming, rowling, jiu jitsu, drills, kite-making, etc.; altogether the boys seem to have had a most enjoyable and healthful outing. Next month we give pictures of headquarters tent and of Dr. Searle. JEFFERSON DAVIS COMPANY, No. 2, Palmetto, Fla., has got a nice club room, rent free, furnished with chairs, two lamps, deak for captain and secretary and some nice pictures; also a dozen books and \$12.00 in the treasury. Its gym consists of boxing gloves, punching bag, game of flinch and checkers. It has an O. A. B. pennant and will huy a large American flag. Fines are imposed for disorderly conduct. It gave a party recently at the home of V. C. and all had a good time of 10 days at Decatur Chautauqua Grounds. Master Anderson made 'Seein' Things at

#### He Made a Hit

Here you see Chauncey Anderson, of Buffalo, N. Y., who made a hit at the celebration of American Boy Day at Chautauqua, N. Y., Iuly 2nd. The Chautauqua Herald, in commenting on Chauncey's part in the programme, said: "The feature of the morning Patriotic Programme on American Boy Day, July 22nd, at Chautauqua, was the recitation by Master Chauncey L. Anderson, of Buffalo. Chauncey recited a poem by Eugene Field, entitled 'Seein' Things at Night',—a poem that has been much abused by inferior speakers. The beauty of this boy's performance was the complete absence of mechanical elocution. He managed his voice so skillfully that he could be heard all over the large auditorium, to the delight of the audience. His play of facial expression, and jerky boyish gestures imitated nothing; they were the thing itself:

Night' a novelty. His recitation was the only one on the programme to receive an encore, and his second selection met with the same response. The question on the part of the audience was, 'Who could have taught him?' Inquiry elicited the fact that no one had taught him, but that he had taught himself. The secret of his success was his naturalness."



CHAUNCEY ANDERSON

#### Looking Ahead

Portsmouth, Va., Aug. 7, 1905.

Sprague Pub. Co.:

Gentlemen-I have read about The American Boy Day in the August issue of THE AMERICAN BOY, and I read it with pleasure. But let me remind you that in the year 1907 The American Boy Day ought to be held at Jamestown Exposition, at, a place about twelve miles

from where I live.

The Jamestown Exposition will be held on Hampton Roads, one of the best har-bors of the United States and very historic, and in dear old Virginia, the Mother of States and the mother of presidents, seven presidents having been born within its boundaries; and one that has produced such men as Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Lee and Stonewall Jackson. All Virginians ought to and have a right to feel proud that they are Virginians, because, take George Washington, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army in the Revolution, also the first President, and who was also called the Father of His Country; take Jefferson, the man that drew up the Declaration of Independence, and was also a signer of it; take Patrick Henry, one of the most gifted orators the United States has ever seen. orators the United States has ever seen, and the man who (we can say) started the Revolution. And again, did not Cornwall's surrender to Washington in glorious old Virginia, at Yorktown? And coming down to the Civil War, was there not Robert E. Lee as much loved by the Northern army as he was by the Southern army? And again, as Jackson, with a battalion, was holding back a whole army. General Ree rode up and, seeing him, said: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall," which gave him the name of "Stonewall Jackson." I again say, and will say, that anybody ought to be proud they are Virginians, and stick by Virginia wheree'er they go.

Furthermore, the Jamestown Exposition will offer a sight to the inland boy which no exposition has heretofore done. Hampton Roads is large enough to hold all the warships of all the nations on the globe, and an inland boy will see real battleships, cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats, torpedo boat destroyers, and also submarine boats—not only American, but also foreign. I see American ships almost every day, as the navy yard is about a quarter of a mile from where I live. I have pictures of many boats in the navy, taken at the navy yard here, some of which I will send you soon.

Hoping you will choose the Jamesand the man who (we can say) started

yard here, some of which I will send you soon.

Hoping you will choose the Jamestown Exposition as the meeting place July 5, 1907, I remain.

Yours for M. M. M. M.,

STANLEY W. BRINSON.

517 Henry St., Portsmouth, Va.

P. S.—The Jamestown Exposition will be held to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the first English-speaking settlement in America, at Jamestown, in 1607.—S. W. B.

#### WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

We invite our readers to read the foregoing letter of Stanley W. Brinson, of Portsmouth, Va. There is a patriotic boy for you! HOW he is of old Virginia! And he has ample reason to be.

It has occurred to us that boys elsewhere might wish to express themselves with reference to their states. Surely every boy, no matter in what part of the United States he may live, has some reason for being proud of his state. It will do him good, as well as furnish some instructions to others, to give vent

to his feelings.

To make it an object for boys to tell why they are proud of their native states, we will open our columns for patriotic letters; but we cannot give the invitation gener-Virginia has expressed herself; now let us hear from a northcrn state—say Wisconsin. Let the boys of Wisconsin tell us why they are proud of their state.

To the Wisconsin boy who sends us before October 15th the best letter of not over 500 words, we will give \$5.00; and we will print the letter in the November number of The American Boy. The following month we will take another statc. We will proceed in this way until the boys of many states have had an opportunity to express their state pride.



AR, FAR away, in the wilderness of western Maine, lies Andover Surplus, amid whose forests Hamlin's lumber camp clings to a rock-ribbed mountain side miles and miles from any human habitation. The lit-tle group of log cabins that compose it shrink back timorously into the dark

it shrink back timorously into the dark spruce and tamarack woods, silent save for the logger's ax, the crashing fall of glant trees, or the rattle of chains as the heavy two-sled teams, laden with logs, plunge down the mountain side to the waiting river in the valley.

Here it was that I met Chipman Wenzel, a veteran pioneer and hunter from Nova Scotia, and here, by firelight, lying in his bunk evening after evening, while the wind whistled keen outside and the snow drifted over the camp roof of unhewn poles, he spun me numberless yarns about the wild creatures he had slain, among them this true story of his first bob-cat.

It was down in "Skish," as we call

It was down in "Skish," as we call Nova Scotia, and I was only a little chap (he said), just large enough to pull a trigger, when one autumn my father made me a present of his old cap gun. Twas a rickety, smooth-bore, that never shot twice alike, yet it seemed to me the finest weapon in the world, and I wouldn't have swapped it for a Winchester. How well I still remember the season—early October—with the hills a blaze of yellow and crimson foliage and a golden haze that mellowed the whole atmosphere, the most perfect hunting weather of the year—a perpetual invitation for the sportsman to try ual invitation for the sportsman to try his luck in wood and field.

So it was that on the Saturday after-noon following my receipt of the old muzzle-loader I pocketed a box of caps, took a bag of home-cast leaden slugs, shouldered my venerable gun and set out privately for the woods, in the hope of bagging a partridge or two before sundown. sundown.

of bagging a partridge or two before sundown.

I had not far to go in order to reach the forest. In those early days the great woods hemined us closely in, and Medford, my home village, was sandwiched snugly between Minas Basin and the great pine-clad hills that rose to the westward, behind which tossed and sparkled the tide-swept Bay of Fundy. The road from our farm led first through rough pasture land, then out past the saw mill and so up along the hillside, until at last the twilight-vaulted aisles of the forest hid it from sight. On I toiled under the weight of the old queen's arm, kicking up the dust with my bare toes and keeping a sharp eye out for partridges. The sun lay warm and bright along the country road, blue-jays cried out harshiy in the tree tops, crickets chirruped in the meadows and it was hard for me to be silent, but my hunting instinct conquered the whistle that rose to my lips and I plodded on in silence, hoping to flush a covey of the shy birds and bag a fat hen-partridge for our Sunday dinner.

Whir-r-rrr! Brr-r-rr!!

A whole flock rose almost at my feet with a drumming rush that jumped my heart into my mouth, and sped wildiy of in a blur of brown wings, wheeling in a wide circle toward the forest. Down came Old Bess from my shoulder and up again she went at aim just as the last brown wing flickered in behind the sheltering pines.

"Oh, lordy; lordy me!" I cried in

brown wing flickered in behind the sheltering pines.

"Oh, lordy; lordy me!" I cried in sore vexation. "What a shot that would have been! Blame such luck, anyway!" The old gun-barrel traced tremulous circles in the air as I stood looking along the sights at the baffling trees.

Then my gaze wandered, and suddenly I saw, not ten rods away, a great, sleek, tawny cat, basking in the warm sunlight, a monster pussy lying with closed eyes and languid limbs among the fernbrakes at the roadside.

My poor heart stopped beating entirely

My poor heart stopped beating entirely My poor heart stopped beating entirely then, and the heavy gun weighed down my arms. No bear is half so fierce, no moose so savage, quick and deadly as an infuriated wildcat. There lies no safety in climbing a tree or in flight from this savge ball of madness, bristling with teeth and claws, no hope of salvation from its wild attack save in one sure, deadly shot. To wound a wildcat, meredeadly shot. To wound a wildcat, merely, means almost certain death, for with one spring the creature is at the hunter's throat, and that is the end of his hunting, without reprieve or stay.

ing, without reprieve or stay.

Even as these thoughts chased themselves through my frightened brain Bobby gave a savage little prr-r-rr, stretched his lithe limbs, opened his greenish-yellow eyes, and stared at me. That look, full of hold and cruel curiosity, stiffened my backbone and revived my hunting nerve. After all, why should I be afraid? I had been horn and bred almost in the woods, I was large and strong for my age, and I had a gun. The thought of Old Bess decided me—it would be disgraceful to run away as strong for my age, and I had a gun. The thought of Old Bess decided me—it would be disgraceful to run away as long as I had her, I told myself. Perish the thought! No, I would stand my ground, see the thing through and take home Mr. Cat with me as a surprise to the folks and a specimen of my marksmanship.

So thinking, I raised the barrel of the old smooth-bore again (the giant cat still staring at me in amazement), up and up until the bead at the muzzle just just beyond in a screeching, spitting heap try road.

covered his ugly head. Then, bracing myself, I shut one eye in approved hunting fashion and pulled the trigger.

Snap!
Only the cap exploded, the powder-charge hanging fire for an instant, just long enough to let the muzzle wander to one side. Then—bang!
Off it went with a roar like thunder, numbing my shoulder and half deafening me. The smoke hid everything from me; then it cleared just in time to let me see pussy, much astonished, loping off unharmed into the bushes, unwounded by even a single one of the leaden slugs which had torn the earth and ferns close beside where he had been lying. Tears of vexation started to my eyes, but still, as I hastily reloaded, I felt thankful that the giant cat had turned tail and ran away.

"I guess he's about as badly scared as and ran away.
"I guess he's about as badly scared as

of blood-stained fur. Quick as thought the wounded beast came back at me; I met him with the point of my knife, then sprang aside. Again he turned on me, still yelling with rage and pain, but with something in his cries that told me he was sore stricken and the fight was turning to my advantage. For the last time I cut him in the side as he lay half-dazed in the road; he struck at me with his great claws, I dodged a second too late, and the sharp hooks ripped my sleeve to ribbons, tore my arm and sent me stagkering backward. Too excited to heed the pain or even feel at, I snatched up my gun by the barrel, swang the butt high in the air and brought it down with a resounding crash on the great cat's ugly head. Again I struck and still again with all my might till the lithe limbs relaxed, the yowls and cries ceased, and I knew my life was safe.

"I guess he's about as badly scared as I am," thought I to myself, as I tipped up my powder-horn and poured in a double charge, then rammed the wadding home and dropped a dozen slugs into the barrel. Whatever might betide, I was bound the wildcat should not take me unaware.

Should I abandon my hunting expedition, run back home and trust that the bob-cat would do the same? Or should I follow him up, force a fight and win it? This question I turned over hastily in my mind, and in an instant, with the rashness of youth my resolve was taken—I would carry the campaign through to the end, cost what it might. No wildcat could scare me, I said, as long as I had Old Bess under my arm; so, holding the queen's-arm ready cocked, I cautiously advanced along the sunlit road.

Hastily taking off my coat I looked at my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in my wounded arm. The scratch was long and deep and bled freely, but I tore a strip off my shirt, held one end in m



I had not far to go, for less than twenty rods farther on I once more saw pussy standing in the bushes, glaring savagely at me and grinning with those savagely at me and grinning with those terrible blade-like teeth. I realized now that it was death for one or the other of us, and gripped the old iron barrel all the tighter, my heart thumping meanwhile like a trip-hammer. One more glance at the gun-cap, then up went the gun once more, and once again "Snap!" went the hammer, without exploiting the charge. At the same instant, the great creature began slowly to creep toward me, as a house-cat stalks a mouse, step by step, growling ominously, and raising the fur along its neck and spine. Without taking my eyes from the wildcat I threw off the spent percussion cap, set another in place and knelt in the road for steadier aim. Then quickly cat I threw off the spent percussion cap, set another in place and knelt in the road for steadier aim. Then quickly I drew my large jack-knife from my pocket, opened the long blade, and gripped the handle in my left fist. If the gun missed fire again, it was knife or nothing, I knew; yet I was perfectly cool and my hand hardly trembled at all or again I rejsed the rusty barrel, laid as again I raised the rusty barrel, laid it over my knee and brought the sights to bear on the ugly, flattened head of the wildcat, now not ten rods distant from

Nearer and nearer crept the cat, step Nearer and nearer crept the Cat, step by step, with stealthy, fascinating grace. Nearer and nearer gleamed the cruel yellow eyes and froth-flecked teeth. Still I held my fre. "One! Two! Three!" counted, then I pulled the trigger.
"Bang!"

Down I tumbled backward, knocked flat in the dust by the recoil of the double charge; then with a wild rush a great tawny form hurled over me and landed

Tired and unstrung as I was did not desert Mr. Bob, but pulled my-self together, tied up his hind feet with some stout cord I had in my pocket, shouldered Old Bess and started off shouldered Old Bess and started off home, dragging my game after me—and a heavy lond he was for a tired, trembling boy! Before I got halfway home I met Uncle Paul Willard, a near neighbor and erratic old fellow, the especial chum and comrade of all Medford boys. His astonishment made me laugh, in spite of my exhaustion, but I tell you I was glad to run across him! He took hold and carried the cat for me, and Old Bess too, for he saw I was pretty near my breaking-down point. When we got home there was a great to-do, but Uncle too, for he saw I was pretty near my breaking-down point. When we got home there was a great to-do, but Uncle Paul tempered the whirlwind for me, so I got nothing worse than a good scolding and a stern warning never again to risk my life in any such "fool enterprise," as father called. Mother cried over me a little, and kissed me too, which made up for father's scolding; and somehow, through it all I couldn't help feeling that my father, who had been a great hunter in his day, was just a little proud of me. So it was a very happy as well as a very tired boy that crept to bed that night, up the creaking oaken stairs into the old attle of the farmhouse. farmhouse

farmhouse.

Kings County paid me three dollars bounty, next week, and the skin brought me another two, so you see I had five dollars of my own, which gave me a good start toward buying a good rifle. I've had a dozen since, but Old Bess still stands behind my door at home, and I haven't yet forgotten how she saved my life thirty-odd years ago, by kicking me life thirty-odd years ago by kicking me over in the dust of a Nova Scotia coun-

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store when Red saw something move behind the lilae bushes on the campus. Now we'd been expecting trouble, for some of the town people were pretty mad about a cigar store Indian that had been missing for some time.—I'm sure I for one would have been glad enough to get rid of the thing, for as long as it was locked in my cupboard I had to keep my clothes under the mattress. Well, when we saw the commotion behind the bushes we former a skirmish line and advanced slowly for fear of an ambush, but when we saw Molly, old Finnegan's cow, we were pretty mad. We sat down right there on the grass and tried the case. Red was the judge, Sport was the lawyer for the defense, I was the prosecuting attorney, and Pete was the jury. Sport made a pretty strong plea. He said the cow was driven by the necessity of getting her daily grass, and that anyhow she couldn't read the trespass signs. I said it wasnt' a matter of pity, but of justice: that if the campus was to be a pasture ground for cows, we'd better close the college and start a

signs. I said it wasnt' a matter of pity, but of justice: that if the campus was to be a pasture ground for cows, we'd better close the college and start a dairy; and that anyhow it wasn't our fault if the cow's education had been neglected,—there were plenty of signs around. The jury deliberated a few minutes and brought in a verdict of "guilty," and the judge said the penalty for such an offense was to spend the night in the chapel. So really it was all Red's fault.

I must say it wasn't easy. We couldn't either shove or push that cow up the steps, but after we laid planks for her she went up like a lamb. Then we closed the door on her and went to bed. It seemed to me that I'd just gone to sleep when Pete knocked on my door.

"Say," he croaked—Pete's voice has had moss on it for some time—"we forgot those blamed Easter decorations, and I'll bet Molly's finished them. Put on something and come down."

I put on my raincoat over my night clothes and hurried down. We were a

on something and come down."

I put on my raincoat over my night clothes and hurried down. We were a scared lot, you can just believe, when we met on the chapel steps, and we were more scared when we went in. The sight was awful. Molly had stripped the palms and the rubber plants down to their stalks, and was just starting on the Easter lilies. She looked as big around as a hogshead, and go through that door she couldn't. We pushed and we pulled, but she didn't move an inch. We worked for an hour, and then we had to leave her and go back to bed, but I don't think any of us slept much. The next day was the saddest Easter I ever experienced. We were afraid to stay away from chapel, but when we saw Prexie sitting there among the saw Prexic sitting there among the wreckage—well! The bare stalks of the rubber plants and palms looked like the rubber plants and paims looked like a forest after a fire, and in the front pew sat Finnegan, holding Molly by a rope. The rope wasn't needed.—you could tell by looking at that cow that she couldn't move. Sport nudged me to look at the big window, and there was John the Baptist with his foot gone, and a big hole in the river Jordan. It was even worse than we'd expected, and we learned later that it took forty-eight even worse than we'd expected, and we learned later that it took forty-eight hours and a vet to get that cow in condition to be moved, but we went off Monday morning for Easter vacation and didn't hear anything more for a week. I can tell you we hated to come back the following Monday, for we knew there was a row waiting, and ever since we shaved old Duff's Saint Bernard like a French poodle we'd been suspected of every lark in the school. Tuesday morning when we went to chapel it was blowing hard, and rain was pouring in through John the Bap-

chapel it was blowing hard, and rain was pouring in through John the Baptist's foot and the river Jordan. I can't remember ever feeling so sad before, although I have felt worse since,

but that's further on in the story. After prayers Prexic made a few remarks about the cow. He was really almost mild, but at the end he gave us an undercut that bowied us over.

"Fortunately for the school in general, although most unfortunately for himself, one of the members of the faculty was troubled with insomnia, and had seen and recognized the miscreants!"

Pete gave me a kick that sent my leg asleep for an hour, and Sport kept blowing up at his hair and making it stand on end, to look unconcerned. But the worst was to come.

"And now, young gentlemen, I have another matter to place before you. Yesterday, Dr. place before you.
Yesterday, Dr.
Brown, of the Suburban liospital,
made a proposition to me which
I consider an honor to the school. You are given an opportunity to perform a noble deed, an act of kindness and charity, demanddeed, an act of kindness and charity, demand-ing some small self-sacrifice. Gen-

ie played his last trump and took the trick.

ie played his last trump and took the trick.

"Perhaps I would better say," he said, pulling out a plece of paper, "that much will be forgiven those who take this method of proving that mischief, and not wickedness, is at the bottom of the recent scandal. Otherwise I need scarcely say that the young gentlemen whose names are here, will be dealt with severely." He wound up by saying that "volunteers" would meet Doctor Brown and himself at the hospital at two o'clock, and then he dismissed us. Right after Latin hour we four got together to talk it over, but there didn't seem to be any help. In the end it came to this,—volunteer for a noble action and be branded as a hero, or refuse and have to pay the bill for fixing John the Baptist and the River Jordan, not to mention the veterinary surgeon.

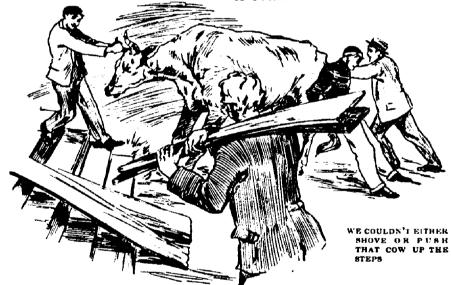
Well, we went. We were a little late, because so many things happened to keep us back. Pete sprained his ankle

looking instruments, and an awful smell. There was one doctor there—I think it was Helliday—and he was running everything. So after we'd sat down (you know how a fellow's knees shake sometimes, mostly at the dentist's) they brought in Augustus. No, he wasn't exactly handsome, and he didn't inspire to any extent what you might cail lierole sentiments, which only goes to prove that Prexie's a gentleman. The doctor shook hands with us.

"You're fine fellows," he said, "and before we go on I'll explain this thing a bit. You've all seen pieces of ground where grass won't grow, and you know what's done to fix it—it's sodded. Well, this man can't grow a decent crop of skin, and what we want is to transplant a little turf, so to speak. It only hurts for a minute, boys, so don't be frightened."

we didn't laugh much. Sport raised a sickly grin, but the rest of us couldn't. The doctor said "first" but none of us moved. Then Prexie said to go alphabetically, and that brought Red first, his name being Agans. Red's always wishing his name had been White or Young, but coming in the A's he's first in everything. Well, Red stepped out and one of the nurses rolled up his sleeve. Another one lifted the lid of a steaming, sizzling affair in the corner and said "the instruments are ready," in exactly the same way as if she'd said steaming, sizzling affair in the corner and said "the instruments are ready," in exactly the same way as if she'd said "the roast is ready." She lifted out a tray of murderous looking instruments, and Red got so pale his hair looked pink. Then the doctor picked out two little things with sharp claws, and walked up to Red, holding them out. Now you know even a hard hearted dentist hides the forceps until you get your mouth open. But not so this doctor, oh no. He holds them up for Red to see, and he says, "These little things are only to hold the skin taut and smooth." With that he jabbed one into Red's left arm, and Red, he just gave a whoop and ran! Bolted out the door like the cork out of a pop bottle, and we could near him falling down one flight of stairs after another. The doctor looked mad and the nurses laughed, but I was sorry for Prexie—he looked so deadly ashameo. He didn't say anything, but just wiped his glasses and said "Next."

Sport's name is Brown, so he came mext. As I said before, his father's a doctor, and that explain's a good bit, i knew he was going to spring something, and so he did. He stepped forward, looking very serious, and he says to Prexie:



and had to limp all the way, and Red had to go back half a mile for a hand-kerchief, although I had two and offered to lend him one. I had an awful headache myself, but Sport was as cool as if he had been going to get his picture taken. He knows a lot about such "I'm really sorry, professor, to see this poor fellow lying here, and to be unable to help him, but the fact is," he doctor, "I'm what's called a bleeder, a hemi—, hemi—, hemi, well, hemisomething."

"A hemophile?" suggested the doctor. things—his father's a doctor—and he said that skin grafting was a mere trifle. We all really depended on Sport.

We had to wait a while in the recepmere

tion room for Prexie and the doctor. A hospital's a smelly place,—I could taste hospital's a smelly place,—I could taste the smell, and pretty soon Pete said. "boys, the pain in my ankle and the smell of carbolic acid have about finished me. I've got to have a little fresh air or I'll be all in."

About half way along the hall, Pete's ankle began to get better. It improved pretty fast, and when we looked out the window a minute leter he was run-

the window a minute later he was run-ning down the drive as if he was making a base. Sport wanted to go after him and bring him back, but we thought him and bring him back, but we thought if he once got into the open air he might be taken the same way, so we stood against the door. Then Prexie and Brown came in, and stood and talked awhile. We listened to every word, I tell you. First Brown says:

"Yes, Holliday, one of the internes, took an interest in the man. I'm sure I don't know why, for he's a big, black river roustabout, marked like a patchwork quilt with razor scars."

work quilt with razor scars.

Prexie didn't seem so deadly eager when he heard this. "Why don't you try guinea pigs?" he asked.

But the doctor laughed until he shook.

"Guinea pigs! Why, man, he would be growing fur!"

growing fur:"

Prexie scemed to be getting sorrier every minute. "But how about grafting white skin onto a negro?" he said.

Old Brown nearly had a fit. When he got his breath he said, "My dear sir, old mother nature has her own way of adjusting these meteers.

"A hemophile?" suggested the doctor. "Yes, a hemophile. I bleed for days from the slightest cut. I—I hope you believe me, sir?" this to Prexic. Good old Prexie! He always believes his boys. But the doctor was more than half mad, and when I saw those nuises

nail mad, and when I saw those nuises almost choking I made up my mind to go through with it if they did the Merchant of Venice act and took a pound. Sport took his hat and walked out as cool as you please. The doctor laughed a little and he said.

"Well, we've dwindled like the Salvation army on a rainy night. Next."

ou ever saw!
We tried to pull him out, but he was

We tried to pull him out, but he was wedged to stay and at last we had to lift the table off him. One of the nurses gave me a little glass with some stuff in it, and said to give it to him when he began to come around. So there I sat tailor fashion on the floor and waiteyes. His sleeve was rolled up, but there was just a scratch on his arm, which shows it was only a scare. It was pretty fine of him to offer when he didn't have to, and was in such an awdidn't have to, and was in such an aw-

In a minute he opened his eyes, and I Old Brown nearly had a fit. When he got his breath he said, "My dear sir, gave him the stuff. He raised up a little and looked around. Then he said, adjusting these matters. Now, boys, if in the most astonished way, "Why, bless you are ready we will go upstairs."

The first sight of the operating room turned me cold and prickly all over—off his own arm to heat anything, and glass tables all around, shiny, queer-Augustus was one grin from ear to ear.

In a minute he opened his eyes, and I nient for him, and the babe crowed thrice and grew up in her court."—Century Magazine.

The first sight of the opened his eyes, and I nient for him, and the babe crowed thrice and grew up in her court."—Century Magazine.

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#### How a Shrewd Cat Catches Sparrows

Laconia boasts of a cat which combines science with her natural instincts of bird hunting to rather a remarkable de-

stree.

She has discovered that when she turns her back toward a flock of sparrows in the street they pay little or no attention to her and approach quite closely. She has also discovered that the plate glass show window of the Booth jewelry store makes an excellent mirror under certain conditions of light, and that by looking toward the window she can watch the chipples in the street and at the same time give the birds no reason to suspect that she is interested in anything except Booth's gold rings and jewelry display.

Sparrows come along the street every

Sparrows come along the street every few minutes, and, although at first rather shy of the cat, they evidently observe that she is paying no attention to them, and gradually work up quite close to her in their search for food. Pussy keeps perfectly passive until one of the birds happens to stray within easy jumping distance, and then she turns like a flash and captures the unlucky bird in an instant.

People who observe the cat for the People who observe the cat for the first time gazing at the reflection of the sparrows obtain an idea that she herself is being fooled by the reflection and stop to watch, expecting that she will finally jump against the show window in her efforts to catch the birds, but they find that they have underestimated kitty's intelligence when a bird approaches too near the dead line.—Laconia Democrat.

#### Big Catch by a Small Boy

Anglers who have hooked leviathans at liuntington Beach and lost them through smashed tackle may now breathe easier, thanks to the luck and main strength of a little pickaninny of that place, Arthur Cassell, son of the village barber.

Little Arthur qualified in the fisherman's class by hooking and landing in the surf at that resort an immense black sea bass, which, after a most desperate

the surf at that resort an immense black sea bass, which, after a most desperate tussle and several threats to engulf the entire outfit, pickaninny and all, was finally beached by the medium of a hand line of sashcord dimensions and a hook that under other circumstances might well have anchored a line-of-battle ship.

well have anchored a line-of-battle ship. A crowd helped make the landing.
It is not often that black sea bass stray so far inshore, being almost essentially a fish of the banks, but this one did to his sorrow, and his weight is unofficially reported as 270 pounds—quite a day's work for a slip of a colored lad who probably never in his life will attain within fifty pounds of that total. Needless to say, the proudest boy in Huntington Beach is named Cassell. He will never forget the experience.—Los Angeles Times.

#### How to Make a Trap for Rabbits, Rats and Mice

From an old six-inch pine fence board

From an old six-inch pine fence board cut off four pieces two and a half feet long, and one six inches square for the end of the trap and another four inches by eight inches for the door. Use old boards, as new boards scare rabbits.

Fig. 1 shows how the box is made. It should be four inches wide and six inches high on the inside. The top and bottom boards project one luch beyond side boards at the back and end board is set in. The top board should be two inches shorter than the sides at the front. Nail a strip on the top board back of door and one on the bottom board so game cannot push the door open from inside the trap and get out.

In the middle of the top board bore a hole and put a crotched stick in for the

In the middle of the top board bore a hole and put a crotched stick in for the lever to rest on. Bore another hole in the top of the door for the lever to pass through. Two inches from the back of the box bore a hole for the trigger, which should be made out of heavy wire in the manner shown in Fig. 2. The door of the trap must work easily and loosely.—Popular Mechanics.

#### Why the Bears Fought

C. M. Russell, the Western painter, tells an amusing story of a bear fight which he thinks is funnier than any humorous sketch he has ever seen portrayed on a vaudeville stage. He had been out a vaudeville stage. He had been out with a guide all day, and toward evening they saw, far down the road, two bears sauntering along, quite oblivious of the presence of human beings, as the go through with it if they did the Merchant of Venice act and took a pound. Sport took his hat and walked out as cool as you please. The doctor laughed a little and he said.

"Well, we've dwindled like the Salvation army on a rainy night. Next."

It took only a minute, and it didn't hurt much after all. But I'd been so excited beforehand that I got sick and dizzy. I saw Prexie rolling up his sleeve, and then I sat down in a chair and closed my eyes. There was a terrific bump, and one of the nurses said "Mercy!" I jumped up, and if you'll believe me, there was Prexie right under Augustus's table, in the deepest faint you ever saw!

We tried to pull him out but he wind was in the wrong direction. Russuld and his guide quickly jumped behind a small thicket, and when the bears were within shooting distance the painter of the first and struck one of them fair in the side. The shot stunned the animal for a moment, and he was under the impression that his mate had struck him a terrific blow when he was not looking. As there appeared to be no reason for this chastisement, he proceeded to retailate by attacking the other bear. About this time the guide took a shot at the assaulted animal, with the result that the brute was infuriated and imagined he had been struck with undue force by his comrade. Upon this the two bears set to and hed a truck one of them fair in the side. The shot stunned the animal for a moment, and he was under the intension that his mate had struck him a terrific blow when he was not looking. As there appeared to be no reason for this chastisement, he proceeded to retain the brute was infuriated and imagined he had been struck with undue force by his comrade. Upon this the two bears set to and he distance the painter of the within shooting distance the painter of the within shooting distance the painter of the first of the proceeded to restain the struck one of them fair in the side. The shooting distance the painter of the within shooting distance the painter of the within shooting distance the pai impression that his mate had struck him a terrific blow when he was not looking. As there appeared to be no reason for this chastisement, he proceeded to retaliate by attacking the other bear. About this time the guide took a shot at the assaulted animal, with the result that the brute was infuriated and imagined he had been struck with undue force by his comrade. Upon this the two bears set to and had a terrific fight.—Success.

#### Small Boy's Mixed History

Around the great striking figures of history the small boy weaves curious answers. "Moses's mother pitched his little cradle within and without with pitch and left him there in the pool of Siloam. But when the daughter of Solomon got the green leaf from the dove she hastened and brought food convenient for him, and the babe crowed thrice and grew up in her court."—Century Magazine.

#### The Coming Man of the Commons

American boys proud of the record attained by that American, Winston Churchill, who has written three such splendid stories of his country's history, may well look country's history, well look across to England at another



THE ENGLISH WINSTON CHURCEILL

Winston Churchill, whose promise is quite as great as that of the American who shares his name.

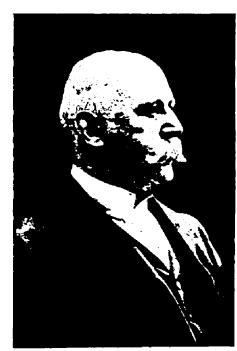
The Britisher's full name is Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, but it is by the first and last only that he has become so widely known for all he has accomplished in his thirty-one years. He has soldiered it in Cuba and on the Indian frontier; he has, as war correspondent, writen up the campaigns in the Soudan and South Africa—where he was captured by the Boers, only to take chances into his own young hands and escape; he has traveled the world over, has written five books (four of them big successes), and now has gone into politics, sitting in the House of Commons. His enemies know him as too strong and self-assertive to be cowed or cajolled, while his friends' opinion is summed up by no less a judge of good metal than the veteran, T. P. O'Connor himself, who declares: "There is no position in public life which I think this wonderful young man cannot in time attain to."

wonderful young man cannot in time attain to."

That this "coming man of the Commons" should be an able speaker is not to be wondered at, since even as a Harrow boy of fifteen he seized every opportunity to harangue his schoolmates; that he should be a capable leader is natural, since his father, Lord Randolph, was pre-eminently that; but there are many who say to-day that the young man's greatest strength is his common sense and his determination to win—and these qualities have come in the American blood which his mother brought to the family.

#### "Jacobs, Who Builds Tunnels"

Eighty feet down beneath the surface waters of the Hudson, in an electric-lighted compressed-air chamber, are laboring day after day a gang of men, pushing before them, through the mud and silt and rock, twin tubes, progressing at the rate of a couple of feet a day.



"CHARLEY" M. JACOBS

Their work will some time culminate in the completed Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel—the result of the skill and ingenuity and courageous persistence of one man—"Charley Jacobs, who builds tunnels.

Charles M. Jacobs is one of the most remarkable of present-day world workers. Born in England fifty-five years ago, endowed with immense common ago, endowed with immense common sense, and from youth a student of things rather than of books, he followed up five years of practical labor in one of the Hull shipyards with such engineering triumphs as have made his name honored in India, China and Australia, as well as on the continent of Europe and in this country, which he now calls his own. He has had wide experience and his personal bravery is a by-word among the men who follow him into any work that calls. This is to be taken literally, for Mr. Jacobs is no mere "office engineer," studying blue-

prints and figures; he gets out among his laborers for hours at a time and every day, and his kindness and enthu-slasm have resulted in a small army of

slasm have resulted in a small army of followers, who balk at nothing when he says go ahead.

His present task of tunneling beneath New York's North river will he, when finished, the most remarkable of the world's underground ways. All that "Charley" Jacobs has to say about it, however, is:
"Hendrik Hudson was the first white

"Hendrik Hudson was the first white man to go over the river, and Jacobs is going to be the first white man to go) under it."

#### The Mikado at Home

The Japanese commanders, reporting one victory after another, ascribe their successes to "the virtue of the Emperor." The sturdy Jap fighters of the files sing heartily the praises of their ruler.



MUTSURITO, THE MIKADO OF JAPAN

And both officers and privates are abso-

And both officers and privates are absolutely sincere in their expressions. What sort of man can this Mikado be?
Mutsuhito, who rules in victorious little Nippon, is an undersized man of fifty-three years—thirty-eight of them on the throne—and is father of five children and grandfather to two others. He governs a group of islands covering 161,225 square miles (a territory about the size of Arizona and Colorado combined), in which dwell 44,700,000 and more people, and for this he receives an annual "salary" of \$1.500,000—but all these facts are not so indicative of the man whom his people so love as are the more characteristic little details less often put into print.

man whom his people so love as are the more characteristic little details less often put into print.

In the first place he is the embodiment of m thod and democracy. His day is divided and subdivided for all duties which Mutsuhito cares to see to. He rises at seven, sits at breakfast just fifteen minutes, then spends an hour over mail and dispatches, and so it goes till bedtime again, which falls at 10:30 to the wink. All is done with perfect freedom from ceremony; no American President could be more unassuming of the outward forms of rank than this monarch of the east. He is always studying, too, with tutors in politics or law, geography or history, literature or the languages, and (above all) poetry.

Mutsuhito is the most poetic sovereign in the world. Scarce an evening passes that he does not compose some of those odd little couplets called "Wa-Ka," usually passing them over for inspection and criticism to the poet and professor, Takasaki, who has held the post of literary adviser to this imperial verse maker for thirteen years. On the authority of this gentleman, the Mikado has turned out some 37.000 highly creditable "pieces" up to date.

#### An Eleven-Year-Old Genius

He looks quite like any other small boy of eleven years—brown eyes, curly brown hair, blue, sailor knickerbocker suit and all—but his name is Franz von Vecsey, and that, to all Europe and



FRANS VON VECSEY

America, stands for one of the most remarkable musicians who ever put bow to violin. He is a Hungarian by birth, but the whole world of music to-day claims him as its own.

Franz's father was a violinist, too.

(Continued on page 385.)

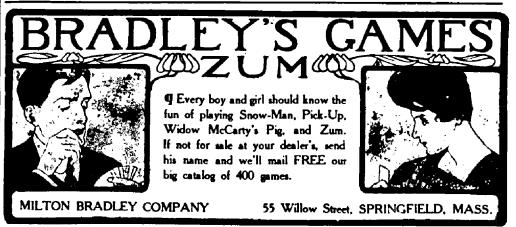


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# A FRENCH FROG AND AMERICAN EAGLE

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY—By E. S. TYLEE



BEGUN IN MARCH

CHAPTER XI. AN INVITATION.

AN INVITATION.

WE HURRIED young Pickens back to the school as quickly as possible, and gave him in charge of the matron, Mrs. Mole, who was full of denunciations of our wickedness in allowing him to fall into the water; which, under the circumstances, was pretty good. The interesting victim was put to bed in the infirmary and dosed with some hot drink preserved by Mrs. Mole for such cases. Pizarro seemed none the worse for his immersion, in fact he distinctly scored by it, getting a day or distinctly scored by it, getting a day or two's holiday with all the indulgences of invalidism and none of its discom-

forts.

The matron was very anxious to do as much for Briant, but he laughed at her luguhrlous prophecies, and after changing his clothes appeared as usual at tea. It was more difficult to induce Carclough to change. He was so strong that nothing seemed able to hurt him; his tie had lost its color in the water and he wanted to content himself with changing that. Mrs. Mole, however, settled him in no time.

The real excitement came on the following Monday when Mr. Pickens arrived, sent post-haste from Bristol by momma who indeed would have come herself, if she had not just then been prostrate with an attack of her chronic neuralgia. He found Washington Pizarro sitting up and taking nourishment in the most reassuring manner, suffering indeed from nothing more serious than a slight hoarseness, a good excuse for red-currant jelly. His father told him that he was an almighty fraud, and pulled his ears. Before he had been two minutes at the school he had inquired for his son's rescuer, and when René Briant came, no one would have recognized the cool self-possesed Yankee in nized the cool self-possessed Yankee in this excited gentleman, who wrung the French boy's hand so hard and poured forth such a torrent of grateful elo-

quence.

As for Briant, who was generally so collected, he was red and white by turns and forgot all his English in his embarrassment, so that for some time he could only stand and stare at Mr. Pickens as the latter continued to utter the most flattering speeches appealing now and then for confirmation to Carclough and myself. Finally, nothing would content Mr. Pickens, but he must see the place where the accident had occurred; so as soon as we could get leave we started with him for the aqueduct and inspected the scene of our exciting adventure. Mr with him for the aqueduct and inspected the scene of our exciting adventure. Mr Pickens insisted on our describing the whole event in detail, and as far as possible acting the thing over again. He declared that his son should learn to dive at the first opportunity and began again to praise Briant for his bravery. But René had now recovered both his calm and his English, and protested:

"But I have done nossing, absolutely nossing!" he declared. "It was Carclough, see you, who was the brave. He it was who risked his life, for he is ver bad diver, ver bad. As for me that was most easy. I pray you, speak no more of it!"

"Sir, I admire your modesty, though

was most easy. I pray you, speak no more of it!"

"Sir, I admire your modesty, though you carry it to an extreme!" cried Mr. Pickens: "But my Washington owes you his life, and I am not going to let him forget it. As for his momina, you will hear what she has to say to you when I make you known to her. For of course you will come and spend your next vacation with us. That I regard as a settled thing."

"But I do not know," began Briant. Mr. I ickens cut him short:

"Why, Washington's momma would never forgive me if you went anywhere else. Your friend Mordaunt, too," he went on, turning to me. "We shall be just the right party for a cruise in the

as a settled thing."

"But I do not know," began Briant.

"Why, Washington's momma would never forgive me if you went anywhere else. Your friend Mordaunt, too," he yust the right party for a cruise in the focah Eagle. She is a dandy, sir, though I say it. My people took her round the Hebrides last year, and this fall we propose to take a trip to the Irish coast."

He would hear of no demur from René, and as we trotted back to the school he was talking about the plan as eagerly as a hoy. He told us that he invariably suffered from seasickness during the first few days alloat, but seemd to think that this only enhanced the plensure of a cruise. We were all charmed with him, more especially when he began telling us stories of his youthful experiences as a frontiersman in the wold West. They were as interesting as Crickhowell's wildest inventions, and had the additional attraction of truth. Mr. Pickens had taken part in several fierce battles with the Indians, had hunted buffalo on the great rush to Colorado in the early days of the silver mines. All this he described in his own peculiar but expressive American idlom, stopping now and then to point out to his member the Alamo" was the battle cry All this he described in his own peculiar but expressive American idiom, stopping now and then to point out to his amo, they did not die in vain, for "Reson how different his lot was from that member the Alamo" was the battle cry of his own wild and needy boyhood, which cheered the Texans in the battle

dwelling on the singular advantages that Pizarro enjoyed, and urging him to make the best possible use of them. I am not sure that Pizarro agreed with

I am not sure that Pizarro agreed with him.

Doctor Hardress did not raise any serious objections to Mr. Pickens' proposal concerning Briant's holidays. In fact it was in several ways a most convenient one. Briant's only home was with a relation of his mother's who acted as guardian to him in money matters, but who seemed to have little or no affection for his ward, and had already proposed that he should remain at the school during the holidays. His consent to the change of plan was easily obtained; and at the end of the term the three of us started together in the South Wales express to join the Ocean Eagle, which was now lying in Milford Haven ready for her cruise. Mr. Pickens came down on the following day, having been delayed by business at Bristol. He brought with him some preparation which was supposed to be an infallible remedy against seasickness; but fortunately from end to end of our journey the weather was gloriously fine.

#### CHAPTER XII. OUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

We had a fair and pleasant run across We had a fair and pleasant run across the Irish Sea and one sunny morning saw the old Head of Kinsale looming above our bows to welcome us to Erin. Then we coasted along the southern shore, admiring the vivid and everlasting verdure of the fields, till entering Cork harbor and passing Spike Island and Haulbowline we came to anchor just outside Queenstown.

The harbor semed to be in great commotion and for some time we were at a loss to understand the reason. Small

the Irish Sea and one sunny morning saw the old Head of Kinsale looming above our bows to welcome us to Erin. Then we coasted along the southern shore, admiring the vivid and everlasting verdure of the fields, till entering Cork harbor and passing Spike Island and Haulbowline we came to anchor just outside Queenstown.

The harbor semed to be in great commotion and for some time we were at a loss to understand the reason. Small boats were busily darting to and fro, and a good-sized crowd had gathered upon Queenstown quays. It was one of the crew of the Ocean Eagle, an old man-o'-war's man, who first divined the cause of the excitement. A large shark had been seen in the harbor and had made a desperate attempt to secure a man who was bathing from a small boat accompanied by only a single friend. The swimmer had escaped with great difficulty, and the baffled monster was now visible at only a few yards distance as though it waited for a chance at another victim.

for Mr. Pickens he threw his lean body backward and hauled like a steer. For some seconds the shark actually held us, but at last numbers prevailed and our prey came in over the side.

Briant, young Washington and my-self were immediately swept out of the way by Winter and the master, for the immediately swept out of the way by Winter and the master, for the deck with the strength of a tiger. Mr. Pickens, incautiously venturing near the deck with the strength of a tiger. Mr. Pickens in country way by Winter and the master, for the deck with the strength of a tiger. Mr. Pickens in country way by Winter and the master, for the deck with the strength of a tiger. Mr. Pickens he the shark actually held us, but at last numbers prevailed and our preview in over the side.

Briant, young Washington and my-leading the find the fast numbers prevailed and our preview in over the side.

Briant, young Washington and way by Winter and the master, for the induced the same hades of the straint, and the master, for the adverted the monster with the straint and the rest of t

"Happen the master would let us have a try at the beast!" said the old navy man, whose name was Winter. Young Washington heard him and hurried impetuously off to his father to ask for the required permission. Mr. Pickens was already loading his Winchester repeating rifle with the intention of taking a shot at the shark, but on hearing his son's request he immediately consented to let Winter try his plan. Accordingly a large piece of fat pork was fetched from the yacht's store and affixed to a hook at the end of a long line. Winter seemed very much disappointed to find that the meat was perfectly fresh and good.

"I do fear as how it bain't tasty enough for he!" remarked the veteran who had evidently been accustomed to carve for sharks of delicate and fastidious appetite. It soon appeared, however that our present must was too

earve for sharks of deficate and fasting-ious appetite. It soon appeared, how-ever, that our present guest was too hungry to discriminate, for hardly had the luscious morsel been dronned over-board when a rush and a jerk at the line gave notice that our bait had been taken

"Pipe all hands to haul in shark!" shouted Winter, giving an imitation of a call well-known but seldom heard on a man-o'-war. A score of sturdy hands were on the line immediately, we boys foremost and tugging for our lives. As for Mr. Pickens he threw his lean body backward and hauled like a steer. For

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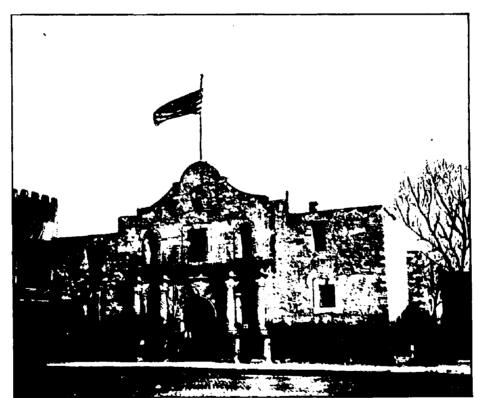
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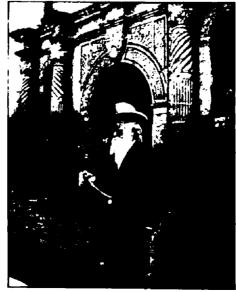
#### DAVY CROCKETT'S CABIN

By W. O. PAISLEY



A LTHOUGH most of our boys know the story of the Alamo and that Davy Crockett, the famous frontiersman, gave up his life there, fighting for the independence of Texas, few of them know that the ruins of his home are still standing only a few miles from where he died

which followed, and before two months had passed General Santa Anna was cap-tured and the independence of Texas recognized by him on the battlefield of San Jacinto.



COL. ROB'T CROCKETT, GRANDSON OF DAVY CROCK ETT. PHOTO TAKEN NEAR THE DOOR OF THE ALAMO

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seeming to consider the adventure and the catch we had made full compensation for his hurt. Of course it put a stop to all chance of his going ashore that day, and would probably keep him a prisoner on his own yacht for some time to come. But he would not hear of our remaining with him, and told us to be off and enjoy ourselves and send him the best surgeon in Queenstown to see what the damage was.

the best surgeon in Queenstown to see what the damage was.
Winter accompanied us ashore. He knew the place well and was to escort the doctor back to the yacht. We parted from him as soon as we had found the surgeon, and set off to see the sights of Queenstown and Cork, having been previously enjoined to return on board not later than eight o'clock in the evening.

previously enjoined to return on board not later than eight o'clock in the evening.

We did not linger long at Cove, as the Irish cail it, for we were impatient to reach Cork; so after visiting the cathedral and watching from the quay the arrival of a great Atlantic liner, we hurried to the railway station and in a few minutes were speeding along the line which connects Cork with Queenstown. The distance is only a few miles and we soon steamed into Cork Station, which was in a great state of hustle and confusion as a regiment of soldiers were just entraining for foreign service.

"Kyar, your honor!" cried the driver of one of the many jaunting cars which were drawn up in line just outside the station. He was a great rosy-faced Irishman with a particularly goodhumored face, so we immediately jumped up on his vehicle, though Pickens expressed the gloomiest views as to our chances of sticking on.

"Hould toight, sorr!" cried our Jehu, as soon as we had explained that we wished to be driven to Blarney Castle; in a moment we seemed to be in the grasp of a sort of hurricane, which swept up out of the station yard and through the crowd of carts and cabs outside at lightning speed. Every time the car turned a corner our driver uttered a sort of Irish yell, as much for the relief of his ever-flowing spirits as to give warning of our approach. At first we could do nothing but cling to the car and each other for dear life, and had no leisure to look about us; but by degrees we became accustomed to the eccentric motion of our novel conveyance which was for all the world like a square box hung round with teatrays. Try to balance yourself on the rim of the tea-tray set up on end and you have a fair idea of the difficulty of retaining your seat on an Irish jaunting car.

Onward we swept through the streets of Cork with a fine disdain of all pre-

Onward we swept through the streets of Cork with a fine disdain of all precautions. Twice we were nearly cast forth headlong as the car grazed the edge of the curb-stone, and once we caught a basket from an old woman's stall, scattering a shower of plums in all directions. Pickens afterwards sent her five shillings to compensate her for the loss. At every narrow escape we had our driver utered a wild "Whirroo!" and plied his whip as if he were bent on making the next disaster a complete one.

one.

At length the heautiful river valley which we had been following broadened out into a wide plain in the midst of which we saw the grey walls of Castle Blarney rising above their mantle of green leaves. Our car stopped suddenly with such a jerk that we were nearly spilled upon the road; and we got down, feeling considerably relieved that our hurricane ride was over. Young Pickens handed the driver his fare, which the man received with a deprecating grin:

grin:

"Shure, sir, and won't ye remimber the droiver, thin?" he asked.

Pizarro was feeling himself all over to ascertain whether any of his bones were broken. This examination concluded, he felt disposed to score off the simple minded Irishman.

"Certainly!" he said, "I'll remember you in my will, you know."

"Faix, sorr," answered the man, "an' your honor will live a hundred years, and will I be waiting for my money all that toime?"

Pizarro laughed and gave him an extra

Pizarro laughed and gave him an extra

Pizarro laughed and gave him an extra shilling, and we went on into the grounds of the castle. There seemed to be some sort of country fair in progress, for several swings and a merry-goround were on active service, and in one part of the lawn a crowd of people were engaged at kiss-in-the-ring.

Well, we had no end of a good time going over the castle, examining the remains of the ancient dungeons and chasing each other round the battlements. Of course we all duly kissed the Blarney stone, each in turn being held by the other two, for the stone, the touch of which on the lips is supposed to confer the power of persuasive oratory, is set in the outer wall of the castle, and to me, and my ears still singing with the lasting own marks manshin that this circular provisible result. The companion's "Minutemen" Calendar for 1906, in the Comp the power or persuasive oratory, is set in the outer wall of the castle, and to kiss it you need a couple of muscular and obliging friends to hang on to your legs. On the whole it is pleasanter to watch some other fellow doing it.

We spent so much time in the castle

that we were very late in returning to Cork, and nearly missed the last train Cork, and nearly missed the last train to Queenstown. It was quite dark when we got back to the Ocean Eagle, and Mr. Pickens, between the pain from his ankle and anxiety about Pizarro, was in a high state of excitement. Our long day of sight-seeing had thoroughly tired us and after a heavy supper we were not sorry to be ordered to bed. Young Pizarro and myself slept in a little cabin opening from his father's, while Briant's herth was farther aft. I am a sound sleeper in general and seldom dream, but that night I had a most exciting vision. It seemed that the crew of the yacht had mutinied, on account of weevils in the biscuit, and invaded the saloon, under the command of our the saloon, under the command of our school matron, Mrs. Mole, who wore a brace of pistols at her belt and carried brace of pistols at her belt and carried the Jolly Roger. After a gallant resistance we boys and Mr. Pickens were overpowered by numbers and laid bound in a row at the foot of the mainmast. In vain I offered the matron the entire contents of my pockets, consisting of seven pence half-penny in copper and a mechanical pencil-sharpener, if she would spare our lives. She answered sternly that it was not treasure she desired but revenge, and that a boy whose socks were so constantly in need of

The Youth's Companion

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I awoke and found myself sitting up in bed, with all the clothes kicked off me, and my ears still singing with the crack of the pistols. That the latter had been no illusion was immediately evident for our berth seemed filled with smoke, and from Mr. Pickens' adjacent cabin came the sound of hurried footsteps and voices. I was out of bed in a twinkling and rushed into the cabin, where I found Mr. Pickens standing in the middle of the floor in his night-clothes, holding a still smoking revolthe middle of the floor in his night-clothes, holding a still smoking revol-ver in his hand. Plzarro was already halfway up the companion ladder. The crew were evidently alarmed, for there was a noise of bare feet pad-padding along the deck, and presently a hearded face gazed in upon us from above with a look of consternation.

Mr. Pickens laughed when he found himself the centre of our frightened ring, and tossed the revolver away. "Come back, Wash!" he called to his son, "You won't catch the marauder this

son, "You won't catch the marauder this trip, and your momma wouldn't like to see you around in your nightles. Guess it was only a touch of dyspepsia. For a minute I thought I was back in the old frontier days and there was a road agent in the room. Good thing I didn't plug one of you boys by mistake."

So saying he ordered us all back to our berths, resisting his son's suggestion that the vessel should be searched for the intruder if he existed. He laughed when Pizarro urged that he should at any rate be allowed to keep watch for the rest of the night. The only account he could give of the matter was that he had been suddenly aroused from slumber by an impression that somebody or something was in the socks were so constantly in need of ter was that he had been suddenly darning was not fit to live. Upon this aroused from slumber by an impression we resigned ourselves to our fate, and that somebody or something was in the

cabin, had perceived some vague form just stealing out at the door, and had thereupon, with the instinct of an old frontiersman, reached for his revolver and fired pointblank at the object, though apparently without result. He had, with good renson, such an opinion of his own marksmanship that this circumstance confirmed him in the belief that he had merely been visited by some hallucination, due to nightmare, and declined to allow any systematic inquiry, though young Pizarro, his imagination fired by the tales of adventure which were his favorite reading clung to the idea of a midnight assassin, hired perhaps by some of his father's business opponents to rid them of their successful rival. René Briant, it seemed, had slept through all the noise and confusion, and was greatly chaffed by us at breakfast next morning in consequence. For some days afterwards the exciting incident was a frequent theme of conversation (N. B. Magonder, I wrote we talked of nothing else), but as nothing further occurred to cause alarm we all gradually came to the conclusion that Mr. Pickens' theory of the matter was correct.

At the end of the week we weighed the matter was correct.

At the end of the week we weighed anchor and the Ocean Eagle continued her cruise round the coast of Kerry. The rest of our holiday was exceedingly pleasant but too uneventful to be worth

recording.
I am awfully sorry if this chapter am awtuny sorry it this enapter ends too abruptly. Mr. Magonder wanted me to go gassing on about Kil-larney and Connemara and our emotions of awe and admiration on beholding that wild and rocky shore, as he said. He is dead nuts on scenery. I don't mind it myself, much; but I hate long descriptions, and I dure say you are the same.

(To be continued.)



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our new possession, we found that it far exceeded our expectations. We had been looking at a lot of cances and naturally expected ours to resemble, in a way, the ones we had seen, but we found, to our agreeable surprise, that there was no comparison. It was built of cedar planking and covered with canvas, making a smooth surface. It had our club name, "Evanston," painted upon the bow in gold letters, and, as the canoe itself was pointed a most green it showed up very gold letters, and, as the canoe itself was painted a moss green, it showed up very nicely. The dimensions were eighteen feet long, thirty-three inches wide in the middle and tapering to a point at the ends. It was built after a famous the ends. It was built after a famous Indian model plan and would easily carry four and leave plenty of room for the outfit. The outfit consisted of a tent, cooking utensils, clothing, wool and rubber blankets, canned goods, firearms, ammunition, a fishing outfit (which, however, we did not use) and last, but not least, some money.

Although it was late in the evening when we had finished inspecting our outfit and canoe, we determined to try it and see if it would paddle as well as it looked. We carried the canoe down to Lake Michigan, about a quarter of a mile distant, and, as the lake was very rough,

Lake Michigan, about a quarter of a mile distant, and, as the lake was very rough, launched it from the boat club harbor. We paddled up to the Life Saving station and landed there to rest before starting back. On the return trip we forgot about the waves, and, heading for the south, the first thing we knew we got a large wave broadside and over we went. The water had not been heated yet and was several degrees cooler than was pleasant. Luckily we were in water not over our heads and we emptied the canoe, and, crawling in over the ends, headed out into the lake so we water not over our heads and we emptied the canoe, and, crawling in over the ends, headed out into the lake so we could come in with the waves, but made a mistake and landed at Greenwood street pier, about half way between the Life Saving station and the boat club. We didn't feel like going out and risking another "dip" and the wind blowing against our wet clothes had already chilled us, so we decided to carry the canoe from there instead. But, oh! how much heavier it was than when we carried it down; we stopped at every corner to rest, and, when we finally did get back to our club house, we all hustled for home to get out of our wet clothes. When we got home the folks were not going to let us in, we looked like drowned tramps—and felt rather like it, too. Liste and I had on blue army shirts and the color decided to have a race. It ran so fast we couldn't keep up with it and we were covered from top to bottom with purple dye. However, the initiation ducking we received was the only time in our whole trip we had an upset—and to tell the truth, we were not anxious for any more unless the water was heated a little for our special benefit.

We spent all of our spare time at the

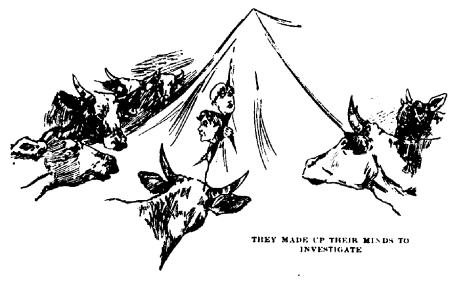
trip we had an upset—and to tell the truth, we were not anxious for any more unless the water was heated a little for our special benefit.

We spent all of our spare time at the lake getting used to the canoe, and, when we were ready to start, we could get along at a pretty good rate. Tuesday night, July 5th, about half past eleven, the expressman came, and after each out to the cane when it hit the stone wall came back again and meeting the one from the other wide. only night. July ath, about half past eleven, the expressman came, and after loading our outfit on the wagon and saying good-bye to our parents and friends, we started for the city. On the way down it started to rain; we all crawled underneath the boat and went to see us bobbing up and down like a crawled underneath the boat and went to see us bobbing up and down like a cork, but since he had waited so long he couldn't wake us up enough to get clear in and he had to leave his feet hang out in the cold, cold rain. About half past two I was awakened by the jolting of the wagon and found that we were at the Wells street bridge and in a few minutes we reached the fire boat station. As it was pouring, we threw a weight to keep the horse from running away and made a run ourselves for the subway, so we could keep dry. A policeman wanted to know what we were doing there: we told him and after a away and made a run ourselves for the subway, so we could keep dry. A policeman wanted to know what we were doing there; we told him and after a short talk he started on his beat again after wishing us good luck. About three o'clock the rain slowed up a little and we carried our worth showed up a grood The fireman on watch showed us a good place to load the canoe, and after a lut of trouble, as it was so dark we could hardly see more than a couple of feet ahead and a canoe is not the steadlest thing to walk about in with your arms full of hundles, we got it loaded to our satisfaction and after lighting our headilight and taking our places we shoved off. The firemen wished us good luck and in another minute we were headed down the river. Passing under the Wells street bridge, we turned down the south branch of the river, feeling kind of funny, I admit, but we could not turn back now. As we were passing under the Halstead street bridge we broke our pennant staff in two and the staff fell in The fireman on watch showed us a good

took the way they pointed out and in a few minutes lost sight of them. As we were going through the stock yards district we were met with an assortment of odors that was alarming. We knew that the packers made use of most everything down there, but felt sure that if they would only bottle up some of those odors and export them to Japan, the Japs, by using several different varietles at once, might be able to overcome the Russians in Manchuria providing, of course, they were not overcome themselves, and be able to capture it without any loss of them own men. The river at this point is about as broad as the Illinois and Michigan canal at Lockport. As we entered the drainage canal we noticed large piles of dirt along both sides of the canal as far as we could see. We met a string of canal boats loaded with stone bound for Chicago, but they did not bother us as they were going too slow to throw any swell. So taking our time and wasting a good deal of it, we arrived at Willow Springs, twenty-two miles from Chicago, in time for breakfast. After we had dined we secured some more information we were

make a carry of about a quarter of a mile here on account of the river Durage, which divides the canal into two parts. The level of the canal into the parts, the level of the canal. Thanking the lockkeeper for his advice, and with him still trying to persuauous not to continue, telling us that a couple of young boys had been drowned in the river at Morris a few days before, we stuck to our plan of going to see for ourselves and went ahead with his struy wishness of good luck. About four-thirty we arrived at Marseilles and with the lockkeeper's permission we slept in a house beside the locks. As we were cooking supper, a rainstorm came up and by the time we had find the proper good were an anything at the proper word to use for food when you are out camp, and buying the things we wanted for supper, we carried down enough wood, and buying the things we wanted for supper, we carried down enough two, and buying the things we wanted for supper, we carried down enough word to use for food when you are out camp, in grub—I believe that is the proper word to use for food when you are out camp; in g. It tasted better than anything I sever atc, I can tell you. We had quit four follows for food when you are out camp; in g. It tasted better than anything I sever atc, I can tell you. We had quit four follows for food when you are out camp; in g. It tasted better than anything I sever atc, I can tell you. We had quit four follows for food when you are out camp; in g. It tasted better than anything I sever atc, I can tell you. We had quit four follows for food when you are out camp; in g. It tasted better than anything I sever atc, I can tell you. We had put four the follows and they had to turn the bridge for us they wondered what asylum we hades a caped from. About this time the camal put the stock yards out of busing proposition. Say, the odor from that canal put the stock yards out of busing proposition. Say W FOUR BOYS, Lisie Kinkald, Norman Henning, Morris Beck and and put it out to dry—when the sun man Henning, Morris Beck and and put it out to dry—when the sun should come up, if it ever did—and then it was night or the next morning. However since Christmas, and on May 28 were and Michigan canal and the river we to to exact, Maine, to complete it, when the looked around for someone from whom the grocer gave us a lot of large boxes, we would be ready to start on what was to us the most interesting, exciting, and altogether wonderful event which had so far come into the even tenor of our lives.

After numberless trips to the freight office, on June 1st, about 4 o'clock, we would never called up and given the information that the canoe had just arrived. You can bet we did rustle to get it! Two of the boys went over to the freight house and carried it down to our club house and carried it down to our club house our new possession, we found that it far exceeded our expectations. We had been done and put it out to dry—when the sun we awakened and did not know whether we awakened and did not know whether we awakened and did not know whether sun it was night or the next morning. However, the sun it odry—when the sun it was night or the next morning. However, the sun and put us straight and after than five we read and the river we was an ight or the next morning. However, the sun and the river we we awakened and did not know whether did and the verying to get a fire started and falling, only and the river we was a wing to go and the grocer gave us a lot of large boxes, we could get the needed information. And buying the things we wanted for the criver we saw supper, we carried down enough wood to last us over night. After we had so far come into the even tenor of our laws to go. They grow—I believe that is the proper word wanted to know where we were going; to use for food when you are out campion that the canoe had just arrived. You and the river we were going; to use for food when you. We had quite there, our boat was son, who had stayed with us all night, made us a present of the biggest, juiciest steak, and sometimes when I am dreaming I can just see ourselves eating that steak; it lasted about as long as a snowball in a furnace. We did not feel like starting right away—I don't know why, perhaps, but I am sure it wasn't because we ate so much—so we hung around town until about ten o'clock. Then we carried our canoe around the locks until we got to Marseilles and then we got tired of loading and unloading it every time, so we paid to go the other twenty-two miles. Jollet is about eight miles below Lockport, and we got there about noon. We came very near ending our trip there by going over the dam. We were on the east side of the river and heard the roar of the dam, we also notleed how much swifter the current was, so paddled across and just made the locks and caught a rope they threw to us in time to save ourselves from gotwenty-two miles from Chicago, in time for breakfast. After we had dired we were on the east side of the river and secured some more information we were in need of and then went ahead. At this point the rock part of the canal starts, and as it is about sixty feet wide and a stone wall goes straight up from the surface of the water, you can imagine the sort of a place we were in. At intervals of about 160 yards there are iron ladders reaching down to the water, you fall over into the water, you fall over into the water you can swim to one of the ladders and a bundle to it he pulled it up, and then



port. It was a few minutes to twelve when we arrived at the controlling works at the end of the canal, and gave a vote of thanks for having seen the last of the stone piles; but after we had seen the Illinois and Michigan we wished heartily that there was another drainage canal to travel on instead of this canal.

when the canoe was empty we tied a when the canoe was empty we tied a rope to each end and pulled it right up the side to the top. There were a lot of men around and they carried our stuff around the locks, the policeman watching to see that they didn't take anything. They let it down in the river and then let the luggage down, and after we had thanked them and got ourselves had thanked them and got ourselves scated, the crowd wished us good luck and we pushed off. As there was a good current here we soon lost sight of them by passing around a bend in the river. At Lockport they told us that three canoes containing two fellows each from Morgan Park. Illinois, were three days ahead of us, and one containing two fellows was nine days ahead. We made upour minds to catch these fellows and beat them to St. Louis, so as to have the honor of being the first to complete the trip in a canoe from Chicago to St. the trip in a canoe from Chicago to St. Louis. We had lunch that day in a field and played bail and consulted the map. and about two o'clock we loaded and did some very tall paddling before supper

That night we camped in a field with a lot of steers for company. In the norning the steers made up their minds to investigate and they made a complete circle around the tent where we were. We tried to scare them away, but they would only go a short distance and then would come racing back and try to fall would come racing back and try to fall all over the tent before we could head them off. About ten o'clock they refired to get some feed and we got a pick-up breakfast, loaded up the canoe and startbreakfast, loaded up the canoe and started with the intention of passing the boys from Morgan Park; but we had delayed too long with our friends 'the steers and at locks No. 18 the lockkeeper tried to scare us by telling us that the Illinois river was running "like a man with a bear after him." (I am quoting the lockkeeper) and that there were so many steamboats that we would have to go that mile and when we finally dia nothing else to do but dodge them. How-land, the cannoe was half filled with ever, we told him that we would go ahead water. Another half hour of this would and see for ourselves and if it was as he said we would decide on some other way to get to St. Louis. We had to the first wave all right, but they came

make a carry of about a quarter of a mile here on account of the river Du-

keeper's story we ought to have reached St. Louis in ten minutes, but all the current we could discover seemed to be running the other way and inquiring about the steamboats, they told us there were three a week. Either the lock-keeper was drunk or talking through his hat, we did not know which. Stopping at Peru for provisions and water, the man in charge of the pumping station knew several of our friends back in Evanston and he gave us all the inforpling at Peru for provisions and water, the man in charge of the pumping station knew several of our friends back in Evanston and he gave us all the information he could about the steambouts. There was one due that night about eight o'clock and he advised us to look out for it, as we might get run down. At first the people of LaSalle and Peru thought that we belonged to the Morgan Park boys crowd and wanted to know where the other boys were. We left Peru about four o'clock and paddied down four miles below Spring Valley, and as it was rather rough and the place looked rather nice we decided to camp, and when we had the tent pitched we found we were in a swamp. The only way we could get to the coal mine, where we got our water, was by taking the cance. Lisle and I went after the water. When we had returned and were talking with a fisherman, we heard a whistle and the steamer Vernon Swain came around the steamer Vernon Swain came around the steamer line water. We wondered why, but soon found out, for as the steamer came near all the water was sucked out for about four or five feet and then as it passed came back ir, two big waves and made things rather lively around there for a while. Down at the camp it came to within five inches of the tent and the boys thought there was a flood. That night we went swhming and as the water was warm, had a very picasant time. The next day was Sunday, but we got an early start. About two miles helow camp we passed a bunch of Poles and dagoes naving a good time; they wanted us to come in and have something to drank with them, but we knew that we would not get out with what we went in with, so we did not answer them, but padded hard and soon were out of sight. At Henry we but we knew that we would not get out with what we went in with, so we did not answer them, but paddled hard and soon were out of sight. At Henry we almost went over the dam before we knew it; there is only cighteen inches fall here and we did not notice it much. We had dinner there and stayed until about three o'clock, when we decided to start and see if we could make Lacon. The man in charge of the Fulton pontoon bridge told us that we could camp on the bridge and permitted us to cook our supper in the boiler room. During supper we had quite an interested auditive and we made up our minds that if we ever got a vacation, we would got to Lacon. I guess there are more girls. to Lacon good looking ones, in that town than in any other town in the United States. If you don't think so, just trot around there next summer and see for yourself. That night we had a swim in the river, and next morning at five o'clock we started. We wanted to stay a couple of weeks, but didn't have the nerve. The river below Lacon widens out from about three-quarters to a mile and a half. The land is so low that it covers quite a large extent, and as the wind was from large extent, and as the wind was from the south it kicked up some pretty nasty waves. We stopped at Chillicothe for breakfast and to let the Vernon Swain go down ahead of us, but she did not come; instead, the Gray Eagle came up the river. As Morris had finished digging potatoes out of a farmer's field—the farmer was cutting grain about five feet away—we started, thinking we the farmer was cutting grain about five feet away—we started, thinking we could keep ahead of the Vernon Swain. We stopped at Mossville and got some hread (there are no stores, except a saloon). While here the Vernon Swain came down and we thought we would make Peoria by four or five that even ing. After leaving Mossville the river makes a broad turn to the east; it is sowide here that it is called "Peoria Lake" It is eight miles from the beach to Mossville and about a mile and a half from Mossville to Spring Bay. We crossed from Mossville to Spring Bay and ed from Mossville to Spring Bay and then headed struight across for the beach. We were about a mile from the beach when it commenced to blow a reg-ular gale. It took us about two hours to go that mile and when we finally dia

so fast that the next four or five would come right in, not waiting to be invited. We were very glad to get on dry land and the fellows at the beach helprd us to pitch our tent. We had just got it up when a real storm came and very nearly blew the tent into the lake. The wind would come rushing down the bluff and shoot over the river so hard that it flattened out the waves. If we had been out in the canoe we would never have reached the shore. In the evening it cleared up and the fellows at the beach tried the canoe and said that it beat any thing they had ever seen, elther in looks or speed. We spent most of the evening visiting the people at the beach and in the houseboats, going to bed about five o'clock. We left the beach about five o'clock and passed Peoria, six miles south, at five-thirty. The distilleries at this point empty their refuse into the river and the smell of whisky is very strong. We malled some letters in town and got a jug full of water. Stopping at Pekin for breakfast, we went on to Havanna, but breaking a paddle near Liverpool, we had to go on with only three paddles from there to Havanna, making the twenty miles in two hours and five minutes. Arriving at Havanna, we landed near some boat houses; among them was one which belonged to the mayor of the town. As he said it was them was one which belonged to the mayor of the town. As he said it was safe to leave our things, we cooked supper and went uptown. On Main street we counted twenty-four saloons and the population of the town is thirty-five hundred. If we had been drinkers we could have drowned ourselves in liquor, as everyone wanted us to have a drink. We took the broken puddle to a man who fixed it in two and one-half days and wanted to charge accordingly, but as we objected he came down to a reasonable figure. When we got back to camp that night we were too tired to pitch the tent, so we rolled up in our woolen blankets and then our rubber blankets and were soon fast asleep. We slept the next two nights in a launch. The next morning we went in swimming and Morris threw his trousers on top of the cabin and after our swim we went inside and played cards. At noon Morris, who was to go uptown for "grub," felt to see if he had his money and remembered that he had left it outside and went to get it, but the trousers were gone and with them the money. We hunted the river over all day, but no trousers were to be found. We then decided to cut down expenses by traveling faster. On the evening of July 15th, after a hard day's work, we slept, or rather tried to sleep, at Meridona. This is a fine place for mosquitoes. They would not leave us alone for a minute. We slept in a government launch, but it was so hot we had to get up and walk up and down the beach. This, however, brought little relief, so finally we rolled up, head and all, in our blankets and thus managed to get a little rest.

The next day we had about a bushel of red bumps scattered over us that made us feel anything but comfortable. The following day was about the same as the one before, working bard and losing our pennant, which, however, we did not miss until we stopped at Hardin. At six o'clock we had a light lunch, but hurried on as we were determined to make Grafton that inght. Just as we could see the lights of Grafton ahead of us, we heard the steamer Gray Eagle whi

dinner about four miles below Alton, near the mouth of the Missouri river. When we hit the current from the Missouri we did not kick about its speed, but on the contrary it went too fast for a while when we got the full force of the current. Just before we got to St. Louis we stopped on one of the dikes and took a rest. We also went over the "Chain of Rocks," though we did not know it at the time and didn't care. We paddled down to the Merchants' bridge and landed about two 'clock at the West End rowing club. We pulled out, and after talking a short time voted we had a fine time and were glad that we were the first to complete the trip by canoe from Chicago.

We hunted up our relatives and gave an account of ourselves. As Morris said, "it was all right but for the fact that we had too great a variety of food—bread for breakfast, plain; bread and butter for dinner, and bread, butter and sugar for supper.

#### HOW A BOY SAVED BOSTON

(Continued from page 369.)

away and hide securely in one of the many nooks on the hill.

Not for long did he dally with the suggestion. He soon thrust it away

suggestion. He soon thrust it away sternly.
"Exra," he said, calmly, "you creep out and hide up back of High Rock. No one can see you there or think of you being there. Quick, now!"

The little lad obeyed. He was soon snugly ensconced behind the big boulder, but after a few moments scared hiding, curiosity compelled him to cautiously peek and see what Dave might be doing.



Dave's quick wit had served him a good turn. It was to be the means of saving a town from destruction and, perhaps, many of its people from death and imprisonment. Remembering Ezra's prank and recognizing its possibilities, David had seized the clam digger, placed it, musket like on his shoulder, and was composedly marching sentinel-like on the banks where they had merrily played an hour before. Even to Ezra's eyes he presented a martial appearance. No wonder, then, that to the distant and suspicious gaze of the crew of the English vessel the supposedly safe shore depril and opposition. They had heard that Dorchester Bay was absolutely open and unguarded, yet here, at the most accessible point, was a fort apparently manned and ready for a fray.

One boatload of soldiers had already started, but in obedience to a signal from the vessel had halted, awaiting further

the vessel had halted, awaiting further

the vessel had halted, awaiting further commands.

David felt afraid that his youthfulness or the harmlessness of his weapon might be detected. They might find out the truth. As they had seen him, he concluded that now the wisest plan was to also see them and then disappear from view. So, as he paced around the old green bank again, he halted when facing the vessel and bending downward, appeared to be answering or addressing someone inside. Then he leaped down behind the sheltering sod and peered carefully out to see what effect his ruse might have had. If it had been useless he meant to step boldly out into the open and make a break for the town. Savin Hill in those days was over a mile from the nearest farm and that was his father's homestead. He thought he could get there in time to thought he could get there in time to warn the people so that, at any rate, they could drive their cattle into the woods and secrete their smaller valu-

ables.

There was no need, however. The stratagem was a complete success. After a few moments' indecision, the boat returned to the ship, the men climbed aboard, and in the course of an hour—a iong and wearisome hour to the boys—it started seaward again.

The tired but happy boys ran home,

they were forgiven for their forgetfulness.

That very night, Elder Minot called a meeting of the men of the town, at which David and Ezra were the sleepy but happy heroes. When the narrow escape of the town was realized, David was praised to an extent which his father feared would make him vain. It did not, however, and he generously gave much credit to his little companion, for, he said, if it hadn't been for Ezra's fooling and playing soldler he'd never have thought of the plan. Then, he continued, Ezra might have spoiled it all by crying or refusing to hide, but being a brave little man, he helped.

While Ezra, not to be outdone, related again and again to the envious boys who had been so very unfortunate as to have heen on Boston Common all through this exciting experience, the dazzling details. "Why," he said, "Dave looked just like a soldier. I most thought he was one, myself. I'd have heen sure it was a fort and he a soldier."

The boys all trooped down to Savin Hill and tried the feat over and over.

The boys all trooped down to Savin Hill and tried the feat over and over, until a real guard was placed there and maintained until all danger of invasion

maintained until all danger of invasion had passed.
"Supposing you'd gone in town, David," said his mother, quietly.
"Supposing I had." echoed David; "just think if I had. We might not have had any home now, nor any father, either," he added, "because he'd have fought them if they'd come here and he might have been killed."

And this is how David came to change

Correspondence Club.

#### With the Boys

Leon B. Hills, of Newport, Wash., has a unique pet. It is a fawn, which on August 1st., the day he sent the picture which you see, was ten weeks old. One day when two boys were in the woods with their dog they came upon this fawn; the dog chased it into the water and the boys waded in and got it. It was so small when captured it could easily be carried in the arms. Leon has a pen in one corner of the yard, where the fawn is



LEON B. HILLS AND BIS PETS

And this is how David came to change his opinion as to being abused.

A NEW CLUB: Send us 50 cents and join The American Boy Musical

Rept. Our young friend is also very fond of the dog, which appears in the picture. He is an intelligent dog, doing many tricks, such as shutting the door, playing opossum, catching a ball thrown to him, swimming for a stick, fetching his master's slippers, and even playing basehall and football. The dog is 2½ years old and is very fond of the fawn.

All three are very great friends, as the picture indicates.

Munroe Nicholas of New York City sends us a photograph taken with his new camera. The mere fact that he has taken a picture and sent it to us would hardly he worthy of The mere fact that he has taken a picture and sent it to us would hardly he worthy of mention, perhaps, were it not for the fact that his camera came to him by way of a reward for his high grade in his class at school. His father promised that if he would do well in school he would give him a camera when school closed in June. The 30th day of June the young man was able to report to his father an average grade of 97 per cent, the highest in his class. His father, true to his promise, immediately bought him a ten dollar camera, which takes pictures  $3\frac{1}{3}\times 1\frac{1}{4}$ . In addition to this his father bought him a developing and printing apparatus. The picture he sends is the picture of his mother, and is remarkably well taken for the length of time he has been practicing. The young man has aspirations toward a steam launch, and is saving up his money to buy one "next year." He is already the proud possessor of a rowboat.

boat.

We are not surprised that Munroe's father and mother say THE AMERICAN BOY is the best boys' paper. Judging from the father's action in rewarding his boy for good work in school, we have great confidence in the judgment of that father.

Clarence Stanley, Tillamook, Ore., sends to the Editor's son, some samples of moss found on the tide-land near Tillamook. The dried moss looks more like fine lace than like moss.

A great animal story, a great football story, and one of our editor's "life stories" next month



BOYS' MILITARY BRIGADE, CHAGRIN FALLS, O.

Chagrin Falls. Ohio, has a most unique and interesting military brigade of boys which now numbers twenty-six and is under the leadership of Captain Harold March, a graduate of the Culver Military Academy. It is under the auspices and receives its support from the First Congregational church of Chagrin Falls. Every Tuesday the brigade has either a drill or a business meeting. The drills last two hours. All the officers watch the drilling carefully to see that every part of it is carried out just right. There is one lieutenant, three sergeants and two corporals. The boys wear uniforms consisting of regulation leggins, thaki pants, blue shirts, and fatigue field hats with cross arms. The gun they carry is the carbine that was used in the army about the year 1876. It weighs about seven pounds. When they go into camp everything is conducted as nearly in accordance with the U.S. army regulations as possible. The brigade takes part in all public processions at Chagrin Falls.



BOY HAVE THE SHOULD AN ALLOWANCE?

One method is to hand a five-dollar bill to a child in much the same fashion as you would toss a five-cent piece into a street beggar's tin cup. This method is strongly recommended to all parents who hold that children should ever be filled with the spirit of humility, a term synonymous with humiliation with them.

them.

Another method is to make the child feel that he is receiving a gift, and the hand which gives it is able to give many more such gifts without the least bit of trouble. This method is recommended



DOLING OUT FIVE CENTS

POR MYSELF, I solved the problem while still an awkward shaver running barefoot about the town streets. There was an alluring popcorn and candy, store on the main street, and there was a still more alluring little maiden across the street who ing little maiden across the street who simply doted on candy and hot, buttered popcorn. I approached my father for the wherewithal to purchase just a taste of corn and candy. The first time my touch was successful, and the second and the third, and then appeared the parental frown.

"Just this once." I pleaded. "Just this once," I pleaded.
"No," was the reply.
"Please, pa."
Silence

Silence.

"Please, pa—aw, please."
No answer.
"Now, pa, please."
Still silence.
"Pa, won't you? Say, pa—"
"No!"

"No!"
It was a reverberating no, that made the hot pavement under my feet tremble. So off I scooted home to nurse my woes. But, as chance would have it, when I entered the sitting room, there lay a shining quarter upon the mantlepiece. I took it. A little while later I was taking popcorn and candy to the idol of my heart. Still a little later I



was taking a licking in an upper chamber with as good grace as it was in my power to muster.

It was at this time that I conceived

a plan of action for the dim future when I should have boys and girls of my own. I informed my father of it when he had finished dusting my jacket to his entire satisfaction.

tire satisfaction.

"Glad you give me the lickin'," I said,
"'cause now I'll give my kids money
for keeps every once in a while when
I grow up, and they won't have to take
money they see layin' around that don't
appear to be nobody's to buy things
with."

I forbear to tell what followed this bit of information. Suffice it is to say that I am more than ever convinced that to spare the allowance is to warp

the child financially.

There is a man I know who poohpoohed at the idea of giving his son and daughter each an allowance. Both saw the color of money only when their sentences were persuasive enough to cause their parent to reach down into his cavernous right hand trousers pocket and dole out a quarter or a dime with the air of a man who owned all creation and had all creation's creatures depend-

and had all creation's creatures dependent upon him.

The boy went into business at the age of 18. He got \$7 a week and lived at home, free of cost. I'll say that much for his parent. But the boy was always "broke." And bills were always pursuing him. You see, when he did get hold of a little money he did not know how to handle it, for he had yet to find out the way.

how to handle it, for he had yet to find out the way.
You can't expect a boy to know what to do with a dollar at 18 or 21, if he has not been allowed to experiment with it while in his childhood days. Practice makes perfect in the art of manipulating money, as in all things else; and it occurs to me that the number of youthful spendthrifts would be noticeably less, and savings bank accounts considerably increased, if parents generally less, and savings bank accounts considerably increased, if parents generally recognized this fact, and let primary-class John, and grammar-grade James, and high-school Jake struggle with the problem of making a stipulated sum of money last a week or a month.

Of course, there are different ways of giving a child an allowance.

to all parents who believe that children

to all parents who believe that children should be brought up in the belief that they are the progeny of millionaires. A third, and saner, method is to tell a child that ten or fifty cents a wek, or ten dollars a month, is his, provided he does something to earn the money. The desire to be up and winning money is inherent in us all; it should be stimulated in us all; and the sooner a child is impressed with the idea that he must earn his way through the world, the less liability there is that he will prove a failure at the job when it is high time for him to face the world in deadly earnest.

Susie, you dust the sitting room every "Susie, you dust the sitting room every morning," said a mother to her eight-year-old, "and every week I'll give you fifteen cents as pay for the work. "Grace," to her twelve-year-old, "you dust downstairs and I'll give you fifty cents a week; and Jack," to her son of ten, "keep the yard clean, and you'll get thirty-five cents avery Suturday night

ten, "keep the yard clean, and you'll get thirty-five cents every Saturday night.

A man may cut an impressive figure doling out five and ten-cent pieces with a lordly air to his petitioning offspring. But he is sowing the wind of niggard-liness and will reap the whirlwind in their spendthrift habits later on.

He is a wise father who instructs his child in the power of the dollar, but he is still wiser who lets his child find it all out for himself. Experience, not words, is the great teacher in matters financial, as in all things else. And think of the wholesome morals that can be drawn for the benefit of youth from the dollar experimentally spent—one of which is, if you would have a dollar when you want it, hushand the dollars when you have them in pocket.

The sa means of variety in working it is often advisable to break the monotony of setting up the "body type," or that used for the designing and composition of "headlines." or titles, to the various articles already "set up."

A Typewritten Journal and Its Contents

A printing press is by no means a necessity for the publication of an amateur paper. This fact has been proved conclusively by Keith F. Warren's bright and breezy journal, The West Newton Gazette, which is first typewritten and then mimeographed. What one boy can do others can follow. The resources of amateur publishing are open to lads who have a dollar when you want it, hushand the dollars when you have them in pocket.

It is now in the middle of the third volume, which fact is a tribute to the energy and per-



EARNING HIS MONBY

There is no royal road to learning of any sort, but some roads are shorter and more easily traveled than others. The shortest possible road to knowledge of the art of husbanding the almighty American dollar is the allowance, be it ever so picayune.

"Tommy," asked the teacher of a small pupil, how many days are there in a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth," answered Tommy. "How can there be a fourth of a day?" asked the teacher.

"Oh," replied the little fellow, "that's the Fourth of July!"

#### AMATEUR JOURNAL-ISM DEPARTMENT

🥦 🧀 Edited by W. R. MURPHY 🧀 🧀

#### Composition or "Setting Up"

The directions for use which accompany printing presses are usually so condensed as to require supplementing. A number of practical points are touched upon in this article.

Preliminary to actual printing comes "setting up" the type. The former operation is called "press work" and the latter is known as "composition."

First of all the young printer should care-

Preliminary to actual printing comes "setting up" the type. The former operation is called "press work" and the latter is known as "composition."

First of all the young printer should carefully arrange his type in the "type case," a box with small compartments designed to hold the various letters. A mix-up of type is called "p!" by printers, and pains must be taken to prevent any such catastrophe. Care is also necessary to get the letters and figures in the proper boxes. The most difficult characters to classify heing d, b, p and q. The type should be handled in such a way that the "faces" of the letters will not be injured by coming in contact with the sides of the wooden case. In "distributing" or placing the type back into the right compartments after a "joh" has been finished, these same precautions against mixing up or battering the type is "set up" by means of the "composing stick." which is a small instrument usually made of iron, with a flat base piece, a solid vertical piece at one end and a move ble piece at the other adjustable to the desired column width. The type is set from the case in the stick, line by line. After setting the composing stick to the length of the line desired for the work in hand, take it firmly in the left hand. The letters are then picked up from the type case and placed in the stick, with the "nick" which is cut in the side of every type facing outward. As soon as the line is full insert enough spaces to tighten it sufficiently to hold of its own force. It may be necessary to take out one or two spaces and substitute others of thinner proportions. It is wise not to space too tightly. Care should be taken to see that the lines are uniform in length. Neat work requires attention to hyphenation. Words are not to be broken indiscriminately, but only at the syllable. A good pocket dictionary is an essential in every printing office both for hyphenation and for spelling.

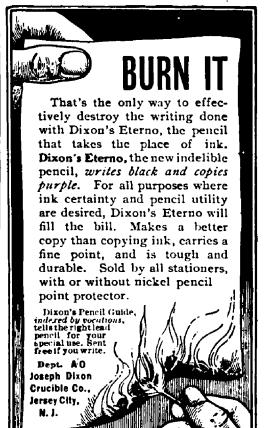
When one line of type is in position place beneath it a "rule"—which is a strip of thin metal cut to the size o

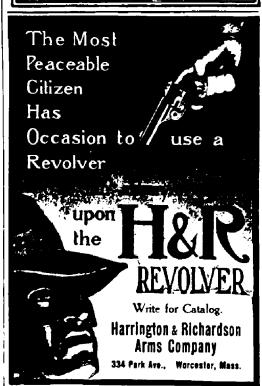
A Typewritten Journal and Its Contents

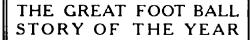
A printing press is by no means a necessity for the publication of an amateur paper. This fact has been proved conclusively by Keith F. Warren's bright and breezy journal. The West Newton Gazette, which is first typewritten and then mimeographed. What one boy can do others can follow. The resources of amateur publishing are open to lads who have access to a typewriter. The West Newton Gazette consists of four typewritten pages and contains local, editorial and news sections. It is now in the middle of the third volume, which fact is a tribute to the energy and perseverance of its young printer and editor. Although now issued monthly the Gazette was started as a weekly. Keith hopes sometime to have a printing press, with which he can have a printed magazine. Keith has the love for journalism in his blood, for his father is in the newspaper business. Since his seventh year Keith has kept a diary of current events. He was born December 24, 1892, and is thus in his thirteenth year. He is now attending the Pierce Grammar School of West Newton. Mass., where he ranks high as a scholar. Next year he will go to Andover Academy to prepare for entering Yale University. In addition to his hewspaper, which has a good circulation at 5c per copy in Newton, Keith is engaged on a story entitled "Taki Hokkido," which details the American school life of a Japanese boy.



KEITH PAULENER WARREN









# In the Line

By A. T. DUDLEY

Author of

Following the Ball Making the Nine

Illustrated \$1.25

As "Following the Ball" gave the for-tunes of a player in the back field in connection with his general school life, so "In the Line" tells how a stalwart young student won his position at guard and developed manliness at the same time. The fine points of the game are brought out as only an expert can, and the story is a good and jolly one.

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ing Advertisements



TWO YOUNGSTERS, IN WHOM THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN BOY IS GREATLY INTERESTED, AND THEIR PONY, "SPARE", AT THEIR SUMMER HOME ON GROSSE ILE. MICHIGAN

Oddly enough, the smaller a pony is, the greater is his price.

In selecting a Shetland pony care should be taken to assure oneself of his quietness and steadiness. He may be rather small, but should possess a round body and wide back. If he has a good walking pace in addition to the above mentioned characteristics, one that is smooth and easy and yet free from stumbling or blundering, he may he safely acquired without fear of disappointment.

The pony straight. The little animal must be made to realize that he is to obey straight. The little animal must be made to realize that he is to obey a signaling that he is to obey the reins: a purposeless hauling control, an effort should be made to get out at the back end of the cart. In this way one can drop to the street or roadway with comparatively little injury, whereas by jumping from the side one is liable to be thrown and to land upon one's head.

By practice you will soon become acquired without fear of disappointment.

The surest way to spoil a good pony

acquired without fear of disappointment.

The nourishment of the pony should be varied, according to his size, the amount of work performed and the season of the year. If hay and grain are provided, a mere trifle monthly will satisfy all the feed bills. Shetland ponies rarely require shoes, or, if they do, only in front. As for a stable, any corner in a woodshed or other outbuilding will answer. The harness and vehicles should be suited, of course, to the size of the animal.

Oddly enough, the smaller a pony is, the greater is his price.

In selecting a Shetland pony care should be taken to assure oneself of his and pulling of the lines would only constituted by the control of the should be taken to assure oneself of his and pulling of the lines would only constituted by the control of the lines would only constituted by the control of the lines would only constituted by the control of the lines would only constituted by the control of the lines would only constituted by the control of the lines would only constituted by the control of the lines would only constituted by the control of the lines would only constituted by the control of the lines would be cont

The surest way to spoil a good pony is to bully him. First-class horsemen never use a whip on a pony except to call his attention to the direction in which he is expected to turn, lightly flicking him on the right or left shoulder, as the case may be. The whip should only he used for punishment, when the latter is really required; people with a temper have no business with a horse.

When a pony is well trained, a delicate manipulation of bit and reins will convey the intelligence to him that you want him to move—and this applies to every movement of which he is capable—starting, stopping, turning and back-

The possession of good, strong hands, quick eyes, a cool head, judgment, courage and patience, besides a knowledge of harness and harnessing, are essentials to skillful driving. But, as the average boy is possessed of most, if not all, of the personal characteristics above referred to, and an understanding of the intricacles of harnessing can be easily acquired, he should experience no difficulty in learning to manage a pony within a very short time.

Before mounting to the driving seat it is well to be sure that the harness is intact and has been properly put on. Unless the pony is docile, somebody should hold him until the driver is seated and the reins are gathered up. The seat, by the way, should be neither too high nor too low, the driver being in such a position that he can use his body, arms and legs to the best advantage

cheeks, or to too high checking. All these conditions have a tendency to cause the animal to remonstrate against the treatment received.

If a pony is inclined to jump or rear in the harness, this action can be prevented by a strap over the hips that is fastened on either side to the thills, and by checking the head either up or down. A pony in rearing usually throws his head forward. Sometimes a shortening of the over-check and raising his head a little will prevent this tendency. The best way, however, is always to talk persuasively to the animal, as he is intelligent and can generally be better controlled with kindness than by the use of the whip or see-sawing on the reins. When a pony becomes frightened at anything, always try to quiet him by talking kindly to him. If talking will not calm him, get out of the cart and take hold of his bridle, allowing him to stand a little while so as to view the object that alarmed him, or until it has passed by. With young, intelligent ponies it is a good plan to lead them gently up to the object which they fear, allowing them, if practicable, to touch it with their nose and to sniff at it. They will soon conclude that there is nothing dangerous about it, and upon seeing a similar object in the future will not become frightened at it.

If a pony shows a tendency to run away, it is necessary to keep a close watch on him, a moderately tight rein, and to be constantly on the lookout for anything that may alarm him and cause him to bolt. If the driver is forewarned, he can prevent the pony from getting his head free and starting off on a dash. If it should be difficult to hold him back, an effort can be made to break his stride by alternate pulls on the right and left rein, thus changing his head from one side to the other. This will mix up his gait, and render it difficult for him to run at great speed. But methods of this kind can be better employed on a clear country road than on the streets of a city where there are many vehicles. If the pony becomes absolutely beyond con



"rule of the road." But it is just as well to know, at the outset, that you are expected to take the right side of the

are expected to take the right side of the road whenever you meet other teams and vehicles. When a team comes up from behind, turn to the right and let it pass on your left hand side.

In conclusion, my dear lad, I would entreat you not to let the poor pony fret in the stable. Not one pony in a thousand gets work enough. And don't forget the other boys in the neighborhood, the poor little fellows who have no pony.

# To Start Next Month

The Tripod Fox, a continued story by Clarence Hawkes. This is one of the best animal stories ever

The Joy Claim, an exciting story of the early days of Kansas, in three parts, by Will Lisenbee.

Stories of My Own Boyhood, a series of ten stories by the editor based upon his own life as a boy.



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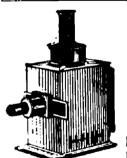
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A PLUCKY BOY an , incident 'eminole EDITH ROBINJON

"It'll be about a hundred Indians, directly," said Mark. "Unsaddle your ponies, turn them loose, and help to make the house secure. We can talk after-

ward."
Soon after the treaty of '32 with the Seminoles, whereby they were to go to a reservation west of the Mississippi, Frank Brevat had moved to far South Florida, thinking his herds of cattle would have room there to increase and make him a rich man by the time the country was settled up. As yet his only nelghbors were near Fort Brook on Tampa Bay, thirteen miles away. The Indians, occasional visitors, had been friendly, and he did not mind the isolation, feeling sure the time was not distant when he would have nearer neighbors. He built a comfortable hewed-log house on a heautiful knoll in the pine woods, thirteen miles from Fort Brook, and, as was the fashion on the fron' er then, provided it with loopholes for nossible emergencies and with heavy

woods, thirteen miles from Fort Brook, and, as was the fashion on the fron' er then, provided it with loopholes for possible emergencies, and with heavy double shutters at the door and window openings, secured by stout bars, and he was careful to keep on hand a good supply of powder and lead.

His family consisted of his wife and five children, of whom Bob, twelve years old, was the eldest; and his wife's mother and sister were now living with them. He and Mark Luton had been schoolmates in Georgia and had come to Florida together, but since then Mark had been a scout and hunter, partly in the government employ, and visited the Brevats only occasionally.

Knowing his friend as he did, Brevat did not waste time in asking questions. "Unsaddle, Bob," he said, "and start the ponics off toward the range."

"Now, Mark, what else?"

"Get inside and fasten the windows and doors, while I bring one more turn of water," was the answer Coming in with that, Mark asked, "How many guns have you?"

"Two rilles and a shot-gun."

"Can Bob shoot a rille?"

"Nearly as well as I can," said Frank.

"While I'm doing it keep a good lookout through your loophole. How long
has it been since you have seen anyone
from the settlements?"
"Not since before Christmas, when I
went to Tampa for supplies."

"Not since before Christmas, when I went to Tampa for supplies."

"That accounts, then, for your being here now. More than a month ago there was a row at Fort King in which Major Thompson and six of his men were killed. Since then every settler between here and St. Augustine that didn't manage to get out has been scalped. Day before yesterday a company of soldiers was ambuscaded forty miles north of here and every one of them killed. This morning I crossed the trail of a large party of Indians that were heading this way, and no doubt they expect to take your scalps along with them to the Tampa settlements. They don't know, probably, that a hundred men have been sent down the coast by water to reinforce Fort Brook."

"Wouldn't it be hetter for us, even now?" asked Frank, "to put the children on the ponies and try to reach Fort Brook?"

"No, the Indians are too near. Of

"No, the Indians are too near. Of course I don't know for certain they'll come this way, but if they do it will not be long before they come, and they'd sure overtake us before we could get to the fort. If it were only you and I

T WAS SOON after noon when a tall man, carrying a rifle over his shoulder and in his belt a hatchet and hunting knife, walked hastily to the door and without other salutation asked abruptly, "Mary, are your folks all at home?"

"All except Frank and Bob, who has just gone off to the range," was the answer. "But Frank can head my horn?"

"Yes, but we can talk about that later. Do you think Frank can head my horn?"

"Yes, he hasn't heen gone ten minutes."

Instantly Mark Luton's horn was sounding a call which he knew his old friend would recognize if within hearing.

"He'll hear that, I am sure" said

a turry to make another rush.

The young about think are the minutes.

"Yee, he heard heer gone and the minutes."

"I thought your eyes were sharper.

"I the clearing, you'll catch a glimpse of one here and the clear of the clearing, you'll catch a glimpse of one here and the clear the clear of the clear o



IN A PEW MINUTES HE HAD BOB THOROUGHLY BLACKED

but don't waste a shot; we'll need all we have before we are through, and we must manage to keep as many of the guns loaded as possible, in case of a rush—look out, Frank! It's coming now! They think there is no one here but you and the obligant.

and the children."

The Indians had circled around the clearing, and now, with a whoop, made a rush from all sides at once. Three fell in response to the rifles and shotgun,

"Now, Mark, what else?"

"Get inside and fasten the windows and doors, while I bring one more turn of water," was the answer Coming in with that, Mark asked, "How many guns have you?"

"Two riles and a shot-gun."

"Can Bob shoot a rille?"

"Nearly as well as I can," said Frank.

"And Mary?"

"She can use the shot-gun."

"See that they are all loaded, then, as quickly as possible, and let Kate be moulding builets. With mine, we have three rifles besides the shot-gun. Unless there is a rush, you and I had better handle them, while Mary and Bob load for us."

When the preparations had all been made Frank said, "Now, Mark, tell me what's up."

"While I'm doing it keep a good lookout through your loophole. How long has it been since you have seen anyone a rush from all sides at once. Three fell in response to the rifles and shotgun, but the rush was too impetuous to be stopped; a dozen or more hurled them, stopped; a dozen or more hurled them, while frank.

I'm a rush from all sides at once. Three fell in response to the rifles and shotgun, but the rush was too impetuous to be stopped; a dozen or more hurled themselves against the door, and, unable to push it open, tried to batter it down with their tomahawks, thinking, no doubt, they would have time while the inmates were reloading. That was before the day of breech-loaders.

But Luton was wonderfully expert, and in infecten seconds or less he had poured a handful of balls over charges of powder in the shotgun, and then through the loophole nearest the door he fired back to the woods, leaving several on the ground in front of the door, and as they ran Bob handed him a rifle, with which he got one more, while Frank's rifle brought down another.

"The other rifle, quick!" exclaimed Luton.

"I am crippled and couldn't load mine," said Frank. "My left arm was broken by a bullet that came in at the loophole as they rushed forward."

"That's bad," said Mark. "Here, Mary, you and Bob will have to watch while I see to Frank's arm. We'll have a few minutes' time at least, for they won't be in a hurry to make another rush."

"Maybe they've got enough and will leave us," said Frank.

"You ought to know more about Indians than to think that. When they leave here they'll take our scalps with them, unless help comes. But let me see that arm."

with to-night."

"Let me try a shot at that fellow, Mr. Luton; I'll stop him, anyway."

"Blaze away! You can't hit him, but if it's an Indian you'll show them we have sharp eyes and are watching."

Taking careful aim, Bob fired, and the head and shoulders of an Indian raised convulsively and fell back behind the log.



once on his back I would soon be at the fort, for I know every foot of the way."
"Well, strip off to your waist; in the absence of anything better, I'll black you with soot, which will make it harder for them to see you at night; but first get a pair of scissors and let me crop your hair; there must be as little as possible about you for them to hold to."

In a few minutes he had Rob there

about you for them to hold to."

In a few minutes he had Bob thoroughly blacked, including his bare feet and ankles, and wearing nothing but a pair of trousers and a belt, he looked very like a young negro. Then, with a piece of fat bacon, Mark greased him until his skin glistened like ebony. "Now," he said, "if one of them gets his clutches on you, you can wriggle out of his hands like an eel."

Then fastening his hunting knife in

his hands like an eel."

Then fastening his hunting knife in Bob's belt, he said, "This is the only weapon you can carry. Bob, but it is a good one, and if you should come in contact with one of those devils, use it as best you can. Now tell the folks good-bye, and I'll drop you out of the window."

as best you can. Now tell the folks good-bye, and I'll drop you out of the window."

When Bob returned he said, "Now, Bob, remember our lives depend on you. If you get through at all it will be by crawling like a snake, a few inches at a time. If you succeed in getting beyond the Indians, then make all the haste you can, rouse the captain at the fort, tell him the fix we are in, and make him come at once; it will be too late if he waits for daybreak."

Then, putting out the light in the room, for it was now quite dark outside, and with a fervent "God bless you!" he swung Bob to the ground, saying to himself, "That was the hardest job I ever had to do. The boy has hardly one chance in a hundred, but that is the only chance for him or any of us."

Very slowly, flat on his face, Bob crawled from the house, and was soon lost to view. Then, almost breathlessly, the household waited, straining every ear to catch any sound that would indicate his discovery or capture by the Indians, but soon they had all they could do to defend the house from the efforts the Indians were now making to pile straw against it.

One at a time, on each side, a man would run forward with an armful of straw and throw it against the house, and zigzag movements to escape the shots, and it was more than the slender garrison could do to watch and defend all sides at once.

As soon as it had grown dark Mark

der garrison could do to watch and defend all sides at once.

As soon as it had grown dark Mark had cut holes from the loft through the gable ends of the house and carried up water to be used in extinguishing fires, which proved a wise precaution. The Indians worked slowly and carefully; now and then Mark got in a telling shot but the piles of straw grew until Mark sald, "It only needs a match now to burn us out." But no attempt at burning was us out.

If help does not come, we will at least die together."
"Spoken like a true woman, Mary," said Mark. "Lie down, then, with your face to the floor, to avoid the smoke. It will take the fire half an hour to eat through these thick walls, and for as long as that we can hold out."

Rapidly, however, the walls grew hot, the heat became stifling, the smoke suffocating; a few minutes more would have ended it all, when a voiley of rifle shots and a ringing cheer told them help was pounding at the door and calling to them to come out, and a dozen men were

them to come out, and a dozen men were lighting the fire.

Thanks to his blackened skin, Bob had succeeded in crawling past the Indians, though several times he had passed almost though several times he had passed almost within touch of one, and so cautious had he been that it had taken him two hours or more to go the first two hundred yards. Then he had managed to find his pony, and the rest was only a matter of time. Fifty men came back with him from the fort, and with the Indians plainly outlined between them and the fire-light, their one volley had been so destructive as to end the fight.

The rescued family returned with the soldiers to the fort. Bob is still allve, and is one of the cattle kings of far South Florida.

A Fine Football Story next month. Watch!

#### St. Martin's Boys Build a House



IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THEY HAVE JUST HAD A HAIR-CUT

Some time ago in these columns we described the college established in Philadelphia by the Rev. C. H. Robinson for poor boys of good character. Called after Saint Martin, the "college" became the home of a number of boys whose parents had resigned all claim over them and who were to be trained and taught until they reached the age of twenty-one, or such age as the rector should consider them fitted to cope with the world. Now the boys of this school have distinguished themselves by building a house and living in it with perfect con-

selves by building a lit with perfect contentment for the entire summer.

Through the generosity of one of the members of the church to which the "college" is attached a site was donated on the beautiful estate of Miss Percival. on the heautiful estate of Miss Percival. Devon. Pa., and here the boys repaired for the summer. First it was necessary to erect for themselves a habitation and under the direction of the rector they set to work to construct one. In one of the pictures they can be seen at work on the house Every nail was driven by the boys themselves, every square foot of paint was applied by the youngsters and when the place was finally finished, or as much so as was necessary, the boys could point with pride to the finished habitation and say: This is the house that we built. The house would not impress an architect, but it is cozy and satisfactory from the standpoint of the boys themselves, who have passed in it the

boys themselves, who have passed in it the hest summer of their not too bright lives. It is a two-story structure, with porch on the front, and in the rear a tiny kitchen.

When the house had been built it oc-



BUILDING THE HOUSE



CLEANING THE GROUNDS



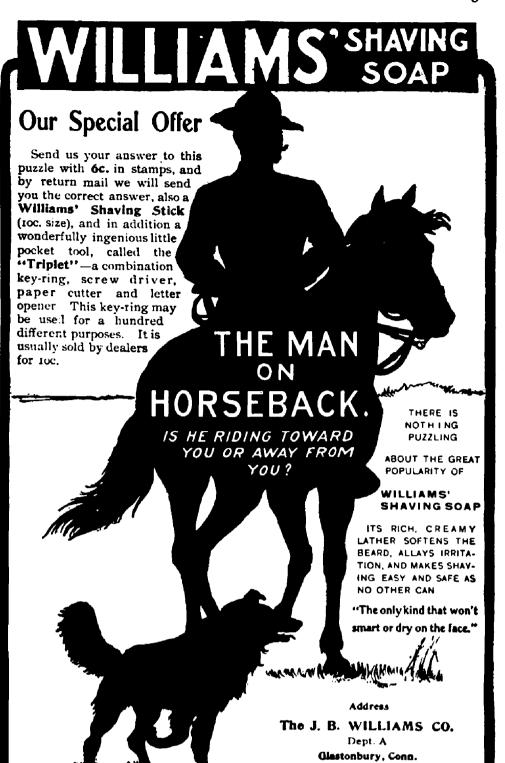
RAISING THE PLAG

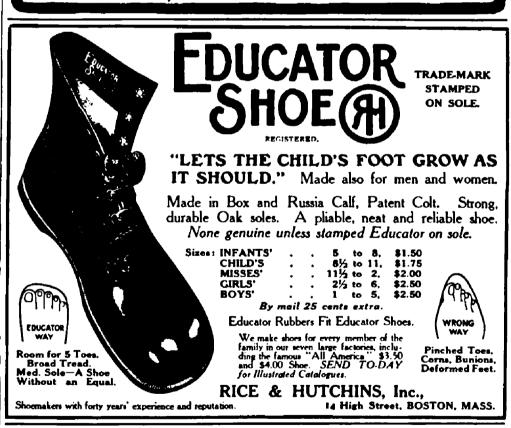
their home. At present the house is little better than a shell, but next sum-mer it is the intention of intention the rector provide ma provide match lining for the inside and prompt the boys to decor-ate the interior as their fancy suggests. match

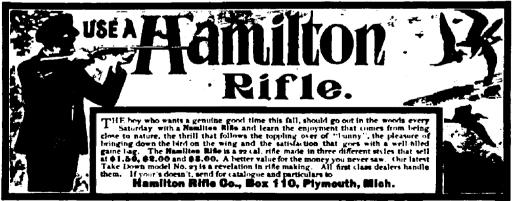
as their fancy suggests.

Between the upper floor and the roof is space for an attic, which it is intended to turn into a club room for the boys. Recently a local tonsorial artist was called in to cut the hair of the boys. A game of baseball was in progress and the youngsters objected to the delay necessitated by a too careful removal of their superfluous locks. As the artist was in a hurry too, he adopted the swiftest means known to tonsorial art for the removal of hair depriving the boys of their hirsute crowns with a pair of clippers. The game was not long delayed, but the appearance of the boys, in the opinion of some of their friends at least, was not greatly improved by the hair-cut.

Next Month A splendid football story. :: Watch!







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Stamp Inquiries

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A. R. L.—Your stamp is from Morocco. G.
D.—You can buy the stamps you mentioned in
your letter from any firm advertising in THE
AMERICAN BOY. O. G.—The publishers of
THE AMERICAN BOY do not buy stamps but
most any firm that advertises stamps would
gladly buy what you have. M. F. B.—Your
inquiry will be answered by an article on the
Triangles in the U. S. postage stamps, which
will be in the next issue. Mrs. C. C. C.—Have
all your stamps free from paper unless they
are on the entire envelope, which sometimes
makes them worth a good deal more. Then
send one of each kind to some dealer that
advertises in THE AMERICAN BOY and he
will tell you just the ones that are worth anything. Postmaster, B. C.—There are a good
many used postage stamps that are very
valuable and then again there are some that
are of no value; the best way is to do as suggested in one of the foregoing answers. H.
C. L.—Your stamps are catalogued as foilows: No. 1, \$1.00 used; No. 2, \$10; No. 3
is not catalogued. Dealers pay about 1-6
catalogue for stamps, but this rule does not
hold good with all stamps. Ligonier, Ind.—
No. 1 is from Spain. No. 2 is not described
well enough to tell to what country it belongs.
R. F. O.—The Omaha stamps were Issued during 1898. The stamp you sent belongs to the
issue of 1898 and 1899. D. C.—The first stamp
is unpriced in the catalogue, the next catalogues \$80, and the third catalogues \$10.

#### Stamp News

It is a good deal better to have one good specimen of a country than a lot of poor ones, for stamps are like people, they are known by the company they keep.

There is an old saying that "three removals are as bad as a fire," and this saying is true in philately. It hurts a stamp to be hinged and it is advisable to remove them as little as possible.

"Fine feathers make fine birds" is another saying that will not apply to philately. Deal

rance teathers make the birds. Is another saying that will not apply to philately. Deal with good and honest firms whether they be large or small. The dealer that does not have a circular or even a printed letter-head may beat the big firm.

#### A Queer Ad Found in a Stamp Paper MATRIMONY.

A collector of postage stamps, possessing 12,544 specimens, desires to contract a marriage with a young lady, also a collector, who has the blue Mauritius penny stamp of 1847.

others need apply. There won't be many applicants, we think.

#### Origin of the Postmark

Great Britain can claim the honor of having originated the postmark. The first one, which was used in London as long ago as 1660, was a very simple affair, consisting of a small circle, divided into two parts. In the top portion were two letters, indicating the month, while in the lower half the day of the month was shown. No endeavor was made to show the

#### The Smallest Republic in the World

Tavolar is the smallest republic in the world.

Tavolar is the smallest republic in the world. Tavolar is the smallest republic in the world. It is a very small island near Sardinia with a population of 60 persons. It was founded in 1836 by accident. The Island was overlooked when King Vittorio Amadeo II. took the When King Vittorio Amadeo II. took the When King Vittorio Amadeo II. took the King Vittorio Amadeo II. took the King Vittorio Amadeo II. took the When King Vittorio Amadeo II. took the Island took of Carlo II. took the Stamps in slhum free to agents. 60 pct. com. Island to Island. When King Paolo died this island drifted along for several years with out a government, until one day the citizens and Island Stamp Album Island Stamp Island Stamp Island Isla

#### The Numismatic Sphinx

The Numismatic Sphinx

The Numismatic Sphinx

Harold S. Dorrance: Your half dollar of 1811 and cent of 1805 with holes in them are probably worthless unless in otherwise exceptionally fine condition. As a general thing collectors will not add poor or holed coins to the half cent of 1800 are worth seventy-five cents and addressed of 3 and harmes and saddressed of 3 are Nicaragua, 2 var., unused, 1 art Nicaragua, 2 var., unused, 1 millimeter Beale and Perforation Gauge, OHIO NTAME CO., Sea. F., Teleda, O.

FREE 100 var. Foreign Stamps for names and addressed two stamp collectors and 2 control of two stamp collectors and 2 control of two stamps of two stamps of two stamps. IO cts. 1000. Ringers, 1000. 1800 are worth seventy-five cents of 1800 are worth sev

face value only. Willard Kimbail: The mint mark CC stands for Carson City, one of the former mint cities of this country. The 1876 quarter of this mint is common. So are the half dollars. Thomas Ancrunn: This country has never issued copper three cent pieces. You must be mistaken. Leon Merritt: Your rubbing is from a Danish 24 skilling of Frederick V. (1746-66), 1751. It is worth seventy-five cents. Robert H. Clark: Your rubbings are from (1) A Japanese gold obang, 559 grains, 503 grains pure gold, of an intrinsic value of \$21.65. (2) Mexican dollar, Maximillan 1866, worth about \$1.50. Marston Johnston: The 1857 eagle cent is worth only face value. Marcus H. Cohen: The 1853 quarter with rays around the eagle is worth face value. James Hunter: The cent of 1863 will not bring a premium. E. R. Dechant: Face value only. Sam Kahn: The gold dollar of 1849 is worth \$1.50. Allen C. Wright: The 1829 half dollar is catalogued at eighty-five cents, 1803 cent, twenty-five cents to one dollar, depending upon the die variety. 1829 cent, ten cents. Prince Edward Island, 1857, ten cents. Others face value. Ralph B. Dewey: 1843 quarter, fifty cents. Your other is a three cent silver piece coined sometime between 1851 and 1867. David Nelson: (1) Expilian 10 para, 1277 A. H. five cents. (2) Hawalian quarter dollar. 1883, iffty cents. (3) Ceylon 1870, 3/2 cent, ten cents. (4) This is the type of our nickel 5 cent piece issued only in the years 1868 and 1867. These have bars between the gold quarter anna of Baroda, an East Indian state, worth a quarter. (7) Common Austrian theorems. (8) Hawalian quarter dollar. 1883, iffty cents. (2) Isavalian premium. Robert Tunn: (1) Y nickel of 1883, hardly will bring a premium. (2) a. 4, 5) Face value only. 60 A quarter anna of Baroda, an East Indian state, worth a quarter. (7) Common Austrian heller. Your Thramy & Navy' and 'Our Country' are common Civil War tokens. M. W. Emrick: (1) Morocco, 1288, falus, ten cents. (2) Baroda, 1-12 anna, fifteen cents. (3) Parall 1869, 10 rels, five cents. Wi

#### How the Indian Walks

A woodsman walks with a rolling motion, his hips swaving an inch or more to the stepping side, and his pace is cor-respondingly long. This hip action may be noticed to an exaggerated degree in the stride of a professional pedestrian; but the latter walks with a heel-and-toe step, whereas an Indian's or sailor's step is more nearly flat-footed. In the latter case the center of gravity is covered by the whole foot. The poise is as secure as that of a rope-walker. The toes are as that of a rope-walker. The toes are pointed straight forward, or even a triffe inward, so that the inside of the heel, the outside of the ball of the foot, and the smaller toes, all do their share of work and assist in balancing. Walking in the woods in this manner, one is not so likely, either, to trip over projecting roots, stones, and other traps, as he would be if the feet formed hooks by pointing outward. The advantage is obvious in snowshoeing. If the Indian were turned to stone while in the act of stepping, the statue would probably stand ping, the statue would probably stand balanced on one foot. This gait gives the limbs great control over his move-ments. He is always poised. If a stick cracks under him it is because of his weight, and not by reason of the impact. He goes silently on, and with great economy of force. His steady balance enables him to put his moving foot down the table.—From "Camping and Woodcraft," by Horace Kephart, in Field and Stream.

#### A Martyr

A friend tells of a recent visit a sen-ator made to church with one of his grandchildren. The little fellow tried several times to talk, but was always told he could not talk in church. "Then, grandpa," he begged, "please take off my shoes and let me move my toes."

SCARCE COINS CHEAP U.S. dol. dated before 1800, \$2.50; liberty scated dol., \$1.75; half tol. before 1820, 90c; U.S. half cents, each, 22c; large cents, 5 diff. 25c; Panama 24c silver, smallest coin ever issued, 12c. U.S. fractional cur y 3c note, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c and 50c note, the set, \$4.100-page coin book free to each junchaser of \$1 or over. Send for large illus, price list. B. HAX HELL, humismatist, Ft. Worth, Tex.

\$5.75 Paid for Rare 1853 Quarters \$4 paid for 1894 dimes: \$15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all imone ye coined before 1859 and send 10c at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. If may pure a fortune to some coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you.

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15 Amherst St., East Orange, N. J.

TO OPEN THE FALL TRADE I offer PREE, to new applicants for approval selections, a stamp listed at 25c in the 1905 Standard Ca alogue. Kindly send reference with your application-or, if a minor, send me written con-WILLIAM F. PRICE Newport, R. I.

105 va. used and unused stamps, including COREA (soon to be out of use), India, Portugal, Japan, Rusela, Australia Philippines, &c. &c. &i and & U.S. Revenue, 250 faulth as hinges and 5 ENTIRE FOSTAL. CARLS all for 10s allver and 5c stamp for peatage. CHAS, A. TOWNSEND, 46 Good Street, A&RON, OHIO.

#### **Boy-Catchers!**

Packet of 1,000 Zechmeyer's Continentals and inner packet of 80 different stamps, 14c. 1,000 Hinges, 8c.; both only 20c. Boy-Catcher sheet of 10 stamps worth 2c. each, just right for a boy dealer, 8c. NATIONAL STAMP COMPANY, - WALPOLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

150 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS 10c. These Sets contain all different stamps. 10 ceats each.
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TALE STAMP CO., Dept. D, Ann Arbor, Wish.

Sea Shells and Curios 12 Beautiful Shells 10c., Florida Sponge 10c., Cluster Rose Coral 12c., Shark Egg 10c., Alligator Tooth 6c., Tarpon Scale 5c. Post Paid, Illustrated Catalogue with each order. TROPICAL CURIO CO., Dept. 50. Milarmi, Florida

#### Yer Feet Ain't Empty

50, Miami, Florida.

In his "Comic School Tales," H. J. Barker gives some amusing answers by children technically known in England as "Howlers." "A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said: Now, boys, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face. 'Yes, sir,' said the boys. 'Now,' continued the teacher, 'what I want to know is this: How is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't rush into my feet?' And a little fellow shouted: 'Why, sir, because yer feet ain't empty.''

#### Whose Baby Was It?

"A teacher of a class was disturbed by giggling among certain boys and called upon one of the culprits to tell him the cause. 'Please, sir,' responded the lad, 'Turner says he knows of a baby who was fed elephant's milk and gained ten pounds a day.' 'Turner,' said the teacher sternly, 'you should not tell lies.' But it's true, sir,' rejoined the pupil. 'Whose baby was it?' 'The elephant's, sir,' replied the lad."—Chicago News.

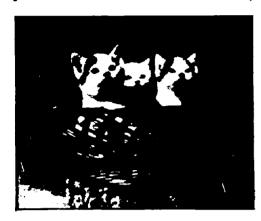
#### A Joker Squelched

Professor (looking for fun)—"Johnny. what time is it by your nose?"

Johnny (bootblack with many chums around)—"Mine ain't running. Is yours?" -Lippincott's Magazine.

# The Boy Photographer CLASS

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 nest 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 purpon. 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.



FIRST PRIZE PHOTO, BY ARTHUR H. BLACK, DALLAS CITY, ILL.

#### A Royal Camera Fiend

The Sultan of Morocco is passionately fond of amateur photography and loses no opportunity to practice this modern black art. Not long ago he had two hand-cameras made in London at a cost of \$15,000.

#### Varnish for Films

White hard varnish, 10 ozs.; liquid ammonia, .880, sufficient to just dissolve the precipitate first formed; water 5 ozs. The film is varnished in the ordinary way, but without being warmed.

#### Our Roll of Honor

The photographs of the following, submitted in our regular monthly competition, were decidedly above the average in point of merit and are therefore entitled to special mention: H. E. Fry, Harry Parry, Wm. Sunderman, E. W. Skilton, Perry N. Trask, R. L. Binney, Kerr Forman, L. E. Cavanaugh, H. D. Lippincott and Miner C. Purdy.

## A Plate Lifter

Just a little bit of string put across a developing tray lengthwise before putting in the plate makes the cheapest and most effective plate lifter possible. A few inches must be left sticking out at each end to get hold of. Lift these alternately, raising the plate half an inch, and you have a rocking apparatus "fit for a bing." W. T. R. in "Photographic Times."

## Our Prize Pictures

"Kittens," by Arthur H. Black, which takes first prize in this month's competition, is the kind of a picture that girls call "cute." It was taken on a Cramer plate, developed with pyro, and printed on velox paper. T. E. Rein's second prize photograph represents the gunners of the U. S. S. Michigan, about to bombard Chicago with a blank shell by means of a two pounder.

## Efficient Police Photography

A certain man "wanted" in Russia had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures were duly circulated among the police departments. The chief of one of these wrote to headquarters a few days after, saying: "Sir, I have duly received the portraits



SECOND PRIZE IN SPECIAL "BROWNIE" CONTEST, WON BY HARRY BELDEN, GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y

of the six miscreants whose capture is desirable. I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation, and will be secured shortly."

# Making Bottles Air-tight

Sealing wax is a useful substance to the photographer, especially in the dark room. It is cleaner and less greasy than paraffin wax, the uses of which it to some extent fulfills. It is specially useful for preventing the deterioration of bottled chemicals. A thin layer of the wax over the cork and round the rim of the bottle will render the bottles as alr-tight as if they were stoppered. Stoppered bottles are always preferable of course; but the additional expense is to be considered, especially as corks, when well waxed, are equally satisfactory. pecially as corks, equally satisfactory.

# Insufficient Fixing

In spite of all that has been said or written about fixing, there are many people who seem to labor under the impression that when the creamy appearance is gone the plate is fixed. This is not the case, and in point of fact the process is little more than halfway through

at this point. Indeed, the safest plan is to leave the plate in the fixer nearly as long again as it takes to clear the negative. More plates are spoilt by neglect of this little matter than by insufficient washing. Stains and other troubles of a like nature are bound to result if the fixing is not carried sufficiently

#### Current Comments

Reveil Smith—The negatives of prints submitted are apparently all right, but the prints have been improperly toned. It would be better to wash your plates in running water right away than to let them stand in water over night. Place prints between white hlotting paper if you propose to dry them under a weight after mounting. You will have to learn by experience when a negative is sufficiently dense to be removed from the developer. T. Sleszynski—Your photo of the New York hall of records is the best of the lot, although the remainder are creditable. But we believe you are capable of still better work; try again. John F. Kirk—Your father has every reason to be proud of his son. For a beginner, your work is very good. We are naturally pleased to note that our photographic page proved of service to you and sincerely thank you for the compliment you pay us.

#### Brownie Contest

Brownie Contest

Our Brownie contest, which ended promptly on the first of September, was not only surprising on account of the large number of participants but also because of the excellence of many of the photographs entered, a circumstance that rendered the choice of prizewinners a rather difficult task. Brownle photographs had been submitted from every part of the country and nearly every state in the Union was represented. After a careful consideration of all the points involved in the selection, the first prize was awarded to Rodman Wright Chamberlain, of 63 Franklin Sq., New Britain, Conn., for a very artistic little print entitled: "Sunset on the Lake," a snapshot taken with a Brownie camera (No. 2) at Bantam Lake, Conn., July 16, just as the sun went down. We regret that, owing to its nature, we cannot reproduce it; a half-tone would not do it justice. The second prize was captured by Harry Belden, of Gloversville, N. Y., with a photograph appropriately termed "A tug of war," of which an illustration appears in this column.

Among those, whose good work entitles them to special mention, are: Wm. V. Hill, Edwin Peterson, John Bradley, Ernest Ber-



WORKING A TWO POUNDER—SECOND PRIZE PHOTO BY T. E. REIN, CHICAGO, ILL.

tholdt, Arthur Uhl, Jos. D. Cecil. L. C. Robinson, B. A. Buell, Ernest D. Ivey, Walter E. Grinnell, Earl Margerun, F. C. Lewis and Chas. J. Manuel.

# Drying Negatives Rapidly

Drying Negatives Rapidly

It is sometimes of great importance that a negative, after development, should be fixed, dried and ready for printing in the shortest possible time. The old-fashioned method of procedure was to immerse the negative, after a brief washing to remove the hypo, in a bath of methylated spirit, but this, even in the days when unmineralized spirit was procurable, was an uncertain method, as it frequently happened that on drying there was an opalescence in the film which was only removable by rewetting. By the use of formalin the result may be attained with greate-certainty and in less time. After fixing, a minute's washing under the tap or spray will remove most of the hypo. The negative is then to be placed for five or ten minutes in a formalin bath—one part of 40 per cent formalin to 8 parts water will be strong enough—and again washed under the tap until water flows freely over the surface. The negative malin to 8 parts water will be strong enough—and again washed under the tap until water flows freely over the surface. The negative may then be immersed with impunity in hot water—it will stand even boiling water. After a few minutes immersion, which will complete the removal of the hypo and will thoroughly heat the plate, it may be removed, and the surface moisture taken off with a cloth, and in a very short space of time the negative will be dry.—Photogram.



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#### Queries and Answers

Harry M. Biggin—The larger the camera, the larger the view it will take. Velox prints should be washed immediately after fixing. George Ringrose—Glad to know that our suggestion proved of service. You can avoid trouble with hypo you mention by keeping it gestion proved of service. You can avoid trouble with hypo you mention by keeping it in a tightly closed tin box. Lee Sanborn—The film washed off your plates because the gelatin was dissolved by the heat; in summer it is necessary to put lee in the developer to obtain perfect results. Harry Cunkle—Write to the manufacturers of your camera and enclose stamped envelope for reply; they will tell you what to do. A. Howell—Take negative to professional photographer and have him put some "opaque" on the scratch; it will show white in the print, though. M. E. Hultslander—A good backing for plates may be made as follows: Water, 10 ounces; gum, I ounce; and powdered burnt slenna, I ounce. This solution is applied to the back of the plate with a stiff brush. After exposure and previous to development, it should be removed with a tuft of cotton-wool. Ray Main—The Solgram process does not require a special negative, although the use of orthochromatic plates and a ray filter is recommended. Write to the company for printed matter. Chester Simpson—Print your photographs a little deeper than desired in the finished print. Prints always fade to a certain extent in a combined bath

# An Ancient Landmark

By J. L. HARBOUR

THE OLDEST building in the United States, if not in all North America, retaining its original form, is unquestionably the old Craddock House in the ancient town of Medford. Massachusetts, about ten miles from Boston. This house is built of bricks brought from Boston, England, about the year 1633.

If you were to visit the old town of Medford and were to ask for the "Old Fort," you would be directed to this very ancient house. When it was built about two hundred and seventy-two years ago, there was no other house near it, and the country round about was filled with wild beasts and with Indians, many of whom were hostile to the few white settlers there were in the vicinity. This old house seems to have been built as a place of refuge for the white people in case of a siege. Being of bricks, it was better calculated to resist attack than any other house in that part of the country. It was also designed as a trading If you were to visit the old town of try. It was also designed as a trading post. The house once had a high and strong palisade around it, and its strong gates were carefully guarded by armed

men.

This ancient house was built by Matthew Cradock, or Craddock, first governor of the Massachusetts Company, a man of "means" and affairs, who played an important part in the early history of New England, although he never set foot in the land in which he had large possessions, but intrusted his American interests to agents he had sent over from England. Thus it was that Matthew Craddock never saw the house that to this day bears his name.

We read in the extended history of this

this day bears his name.

We read in the extended history of this time-honored mansion that "The walls are half a yard thick. Ponderous iron doors secured the arched windows at the hack, and the entrance door was strongly cased in iron. The fireproof closets, huge chimney stacks and massive hewn timbers, all told of strength and durability in the plan of the builders. A single pane of glass, set in iron and placed in the western chimney, overlooked the approach from the town. It was just such a house as might have served the turn even of an inhabitant of the Scotish border, with its loop-holes, narrow windows, and doors sheathed in iron. Against an Indian foray it was impreg-Against an Indian foray it was impreg-

When this old house was young every man went armed to his dally toil, or, as an early poet has written: For once, for fear of Indian heating

Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting.



# Color Photography

# SOLGRAM Paper and Chemicals.

Either plate or film can be used. Directions are simple and results most pleasing. "Nolgram" paper reproduces the object photographically in all the shades and tints permanently. Equally good for portrait, landscape or still life. Sample print will be sent prepaid for 20c. Prices of paper including chemicals necessary.

Size 4x5, 35 cents per dozen sheets.

Other sizes in proportion. Write for booklete and circulars. SOLGRAM COLOR PHOTO CO., Downingtown, Pa.



The Twentieth Century Jews' Harp has a resonator, rich ring-ing tones, doesn't buch teeth; simply touches lipe; sounds any time in rich melodies. Anybody can play it. Compare tones with piano. Length five inches. Inventor sells direct from fac-tory at half-price. Send name and address with 25 cents for it. Circular for 2 cents.



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An elegant present for a few hours of your spare time. Send for particulars. JONES MANUFACTURING COMPANY 67 Fall Street. Chicago

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will bring you tine young imported Hartz-Mountain Can ary that we gourantee to sing and arrive safely achected by our own expert. A trial will convince. Cages from 65, up YORK BIRD STORE, Pittsburg.

GET IT NOW A Plate Camera for 50 Cents Takes a picture 25, x25, inches, will do as good work as the more expensive ones. By mail foc, postpaid. Hample print sent upon application. Send money by P. O. Order. Address H. H. Snell, Fort Plain, N. V.

The

# Amateur Photographers' Correspondence Club

50 cents a year gives you membership in this club. It gives you a monthly list of boys interested in amateur photography with whom you may correspond, exchange pictures, pointers. etc. Address

The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

## Light Sensitive Postal Cards

Apply the following solution to the cards with a brush:

When the cards are dry, float them in the dark upon a five per cent nitrate of silver solution. When dry, they are ready for printing. If exposed in artificial light, they require about a second. Rodinal is best for development. Any druggist can prepare the solution.—Ex.

# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boys, be answered in these columns.

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

# Query Box

Will a small alternating current dynamo operate a 4-ohm telegraph sounder, or are the magnets wound differently for alternating currents? If so, how? Does a telephone generator give the same kind of current as a dynamo?

O. C., Norwich, Kan.

dynamo?

O. C., Norwich, Kan.

Ans. The instrument might work, but hardly as well as with a direct current, owing to the rapid changes in polarity of the magnets. A telephone generator, by which we take it that you mean the magneto used for ringing the bells, gives an alternating current, and the bell is of a special type in which the armature is polarized so as to respond to the changes in polarity of the magnets.

Please tell me how to make a battery to op-Please tell me how to make a battery to operate a 200-foot telegraph line which a friend and I have constructed. Also how to make a two H. P. dynamo and motor to be run by water power. My shop is some little distance from a brook and I would like to have a dynamo operated by a water wheel and run the wires up to my shop. I am sixteen years of age. G. H. T., Putney, Vermont.

Ans. A gravity battery is the best type for telegraph lines and their construction will be described in Experimental Lessons very soon. Our space will not permit of a description of the motor and dynamo you desire at this time.

A hoy friend and I are thinking of making a set of wireless telegraph instruments to operate over a distance of twenty-five miles. Do you think it would be too hard for us to do?

G. D. S., No. Yakima, Wash.

Ans. As our space is too limited to attempt a description of apparatus powerful enough for such a distance, we would refer you to Sewall's "Wireless Telegraphy" and "Induction Coils" by Norrie.

Please tell me whether the current in trolley wires, electric, telephone and telegraph wires will affect the working of a wireless telegraph installation when they pass in front of the "wireless" station. If so, how may it be overcome? B. T. E., Baltimore, Md.

Ans. If you run your aerial wire sufficiently above these wires they will have little or no effect. It is advisable to keep the aerial as far from their influence as possible, and it might be well to erect a 30-foot pole from the top of the house, suspending the aerial from it.

Please let me know how to protect the telephone described in the May issue from lightning, so that it would not be dangerous if I used wire. How far will it work and what size wire shall I use?

A. R. H., Jr., Falson, N. C.

A. R. H., Jr., Falson, N. C. Ans. Owing to the fact that this teicphone depends upon a taut line for its successful operation, no very good lightning arrester can be installed. It would be much better to disconnect the wire outside the building during electrical storms. A small hook could be attached to each end of the wire to facilitate this, and the wire could be quickly connected again after the storm. No. 20 iron wire should be very satisfactory.

should be very satisfactory.

I am about to build a dynamo, and there are a few questions that I would like to ask, Would not double cotton covered wire do instead of double silk covered? Will not a good varnish take the place of shellac varnish? Would unblacked stove-pipe iron take the place of Swedish iron? The capacity of the dynamo is 10 watts. Would that light a lamp for a room 9x11 feet? What is vulcanized fibre. Could hard wood be used in its place? What are the brushes made of? Please tell me a simple way to make the slotted armature disks. The directions state that before a dynamo will work, the field magnets must be magnetized, and that this can be done with a good bichromate battery. Will any other battery do as well? What is meant by polarity? Would a ½ H. P. steam engine run this dynamo?

W. C., Pembine, Wis.

Ans. D. C. covered wire may be used.

Ans. D. C. covered wire may be used. Ordinary varnish does not dry as quickly as shellae, but it can be used. Yes, stovepipe fron may be used with excellent results. Your dynamo would light a very small lamp, but not give sufficient light to illuminate a room of the size you mention. Yulenized thre the angea very small lamp, but not give sufficient light to illuminate a room of the size you mention. Vulcanized fibre is a material used as an insulating medium in electrical work. It comes in different colors and resembles hard rubber in texture. Hard wood may be used in its stead but is not as good. The brushes may be made of copper strips. The easiest method of making the armature disks is to cut them out and then file the slots in a few at a time while they are held in a vise. A dynamo always requires a little magnetism in its fields before it will generate any current. The fields may be magnetized by using a battery of two or three cells, sending the current through the field windings in the same direction that it will flow when the machine is running. Any type of battery will do this. Polarity refers to the existing condition of opposite poles in a magnet; that is, when we speak of the polarity of a magnet or field we refer to the north or south poles; see more explicit definition in Webster's dictionary. Yes, a ¼-H. P. engine would run this dynamo nicely.

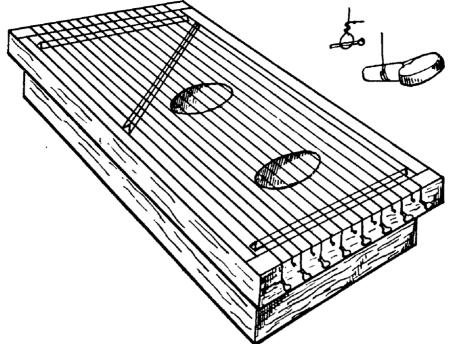
Can the motor described in the March number be wound so as to run as a dynamo? Can "Crowfoot" batteries be used to operate battery lamps? E. G., Montecito, Cal.

Ans. This motor will run as a dynamo, Ans. In smotor will run as a dynamo, provided you connect the field coils with a battery, and lead two wires from the brush binding screws. The battery will excite the field, and upon rotating the armature, a current will be generated. It will not be very powerful, however.

I have a telegraph instrument that lightning burnt out, about six feet of the wire in one of the coils being ruined. Can it be fixed without getting a new coil? I rewound it but it did not work. The instrument was of the 20 ohm type. P. P., Carrington, N. D.

Ans. There has undoubtedly been greater damage to the wire in this coil than you imagine, else the rewinding, after cutting out the injured portion, should have given you a good instrument again. Examine the wire cafefully and see if there are not some other

# How to Make a Zither By R. T. CARLTON



THE FOLLOWING description tells how to make a zither out of an ordinary eigar box. Scrape all the paper labels off of a 50-cigar size box and draw the nails. In the piece that is to form the top of the box cut two sound below the country of the second below the secon

is to form the top of the box cut two sound-holes as shown, about two inches in length and one inch wide. Glue the parts together, and, if no clamps are at hand, place weights on the top to insure a perfectly tight joint after drying. Cut four strips of some hard wood such as maple or walnut, one inch wide and one-half inch thick, of such lengths that they will form a frame around the upper side of the box as shown in the cut. Glue these pieces to the sides of the box, the these pieces to the sides of the box, the upper edge being flush with the top securing the ends by brads or small

To the top glue two triangular bridges of hard wood % inch high for the strings to run over. Another triangular bridge 7-16 inch high is glued to the top in a diagonal direction, having its ends respectively 3 inches and % inch from one end as shown.

Peg holes are now drilled in the ends of the frame, % inch apart, seven holes in one end and eight in the other. Midway between these hores are driven stout way between these holes are driven stout tacks or brads, over which one end of the strings pass. There will be fifteen strings % inch apart. The pegs may be purchased of some dealer in musical instruments, or cut out of hard wood.

When complete, sandpaper the box, stain with mahogany or rosewood stain, and varnish.

and varnish.

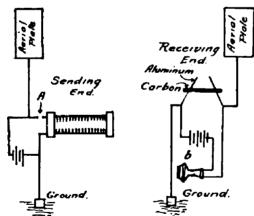
The strings may be cut to the proper length from a spool of mandolin string wire, and strung on the zither by twisting one end around a tack as shown, and the other end passed through a small hole drilled in the peg. By turning the peg the tension of the string may be increased or decreased. The short strings should be of rather fine wire, the longer strings being somewhat coarser. The strings may be tuned with the plano, using the key of C, thus giving the instrument two full octaves.

A Unique Wireless Outfit

N INTERESTING letter has just been received from one of our experimental readers, stating how he has successfully constructed a unique wireless telegraph system. While this is not adapted for transmission over any considerable distance, it shows the inventive genius of its author. The letter reads:

\*\*Receiving\*\*

\*\*Rec



I had no induction coil, so my partner, the induction coll. We simply used a common spark-coll (a small

of a fair-sized house, using a gas pipe for the ground.

Note.-While this seems to be a very Note.—While this seems to be a very simple outfit, it is in reality very similar to the one described in the January and February issues. Instead of using an induction coil for the spark, Mr. C. obtains a small spark when the circuit is broken at A, and a slight impulse is thus transmitted to the aerial wire. The telephone receiver is perhaps the most delicate receiver that we have and is used in several systems. At the short distance that these instruments were placed tance that these instruments were placed apart, it would be quite possible to detect the message in the telephone receiver, and it would be very interesting if Mr. C—— would tell us just how far he can make this outfit work.

Editor.

places that have been burnt. A new coil would not cost much, as you could pur-chase the wire and rewind it yourself.

In the formula for current strength measured In the formula for current strength measured with a galvanometer in the July issue, should not "r" be the Greek character pronounced "P!" = 3.1416, as you use that value in the example? Can you give me the value of H for western North Carolina? Would not example? Can you give me the value of H for western North Carolina? Would not the action of the coil described in the January issue be improved by the use of platinum contact points?

J. W. P., Marion, N. C.

Ans. Yes: a typographical error was made in setting the formula mentioned, and the "r" should have been the Greek characted pronounced pl, which represents the value 3.1416. The value of H for western North Carolina is about .20. platinum contacts would prevent rapid corrosion.

In your question department, will you please "primary" and "secondary" colls?

K. B. Meeker, Delavan, Ill.

Ans. The words "primary" and "secondary," when used with reference to induction coils, define a particular part of the coil. An induction coil is composed of two parts or coils, one through which the current generated by some outside means, such as a battery of cells and the other a outside means, such as a battery of cells or dynamo, is passed, and the other a coil in which a current of higher or lower voltage is generated by induction. The first coil, which is generally wrapped about a core of fine iron wires and placed inside the other, is called the primary coil, and through it is passed the prime or first current. The coil surrounding this, which may have a greater or lesser number of turns and be of finer or coarser wire, is called the sec-

ondary coil, as in it is generated by induction a second current of different voltage.

1. What is the difference between a "bi-chromate cell" and any other wet battery?
2. Why are the zincs amalgamated in such cells and not in others?
3. If I color some white cotton-covered magnet wire by dipping it in paint, would the wire be as well insulated, or would the paint be a conductor?
4. About how many yours and ampered does a common part your part of the part of th or would the paint be a conductor? 4. About how many volts and amperes does a common dry cell give? 5. If space permits, please tell me how to make a voltmeter. 6. In a description of a battery I read that it has a capacity of 150 ampere-hours. Please explain what is meant by "ampere-hours." 7. What is the difference between an open and closed circuit battery? 8. Please give the correct pronunciation of the following words, as I have heard several different ways: Volt, ampere, commutator, coulomb, farad, galvanometer, induction, ohm, rheostat, solenoid, voltaic, potential, coherer, electrolyte, electrician

C. R. S., Galesburg, III.

Ans. 1. A bichromate cell derives its name from the fact that bichromate of potash is used as a depolarizer in the potash is used as a depolarizer in the electrolyte; other wet cells have different solutions. 2. To prevent the rapid destruction of the zincs. Any cell is better for having amalgamated zincs, but few of them do owing to the extra expense. 3. It depends largely upon the nature of the paint. Many annunciator and bell wires are so coated, and if the coloring pigment is not metallic the paint should have no effect. 4. Dry cells vary from 1.2 to 2 volts, but the output in amperes is not very great, owing to the rapid polarization of the cell and its comparatively high internal resistance. 5. A voltmeter will be describ-

ed in a later issue. 6. The term amperehour means an output of one ampere for one hour, and "150 ampere-hour capacity" means that the cell will give one ampere of current for 150 hours before becoming exhausted. Or it might give 2 amperes for 75 hours, or 3 amperes for 50 hours, just so long as the product of amperes and hours equals the maximum of 150. For every ampere of current generated there is a definite quantity of zinc consumed, and as many amperes of current may he derived from a cell as the quantity of zinc will afford. The actual quantity of current delivered, however, is referred to in "coulombs." and this term will be explained fully in a later lesson. 7. No difference in principle, but merely a difference in the class of work for which used. Any open-circuit cell will work well for a few minutes, but then becomes polarized, when the output rapidly diminishes so that if a constant supply is required these cells cannot be used. The open-circuit cell may be altered into a closed-circuit type, however, by mixing with the solution some substance that will prevent polarization. This is very fully explained in the lesson on the bichromate plunge battery. 8. The words are pronounced as follows: Volt; am-peer; com-mu-tator; koo-lomb; für-ad; gal-va-nom-eter; in-duc-shun; om; re-o-stat; sole-noid; vol-ta-lk; po-ten-shal; ko-here-er; e-lek-tro-lite; e-lec-tri-shun.

If a coil of wire is wrapped about a piece of Babbitt metal, does the metal become per-

If a coil of wire is wrapped about a piece of Babbitt metal, does the metal become permanently magnetized for a short time? If not, I would like to cast field pieces for a dynamo. Where can Babbitt metal he procured, and how much can be purchased for a certain sum?

H. S. C., Detroit, Mich.

certain sum? H. S. C., Detroit, Mich.
Ans. Babbitt metal cannot be magnetized and will not do for the field castings of either dynamos or motors. It may be procured at metal stores in the large cities and the prices will vary from thirty to seventy cents per pound, depending upon the quality. If you contemplate making a dynamo, use cast iron or cast steel for the fields.

# How to Keep Tools

It is always best when buying tools, to purchase really good ones, as they last much longer, save trouble, and, if properly used, result in good work.

When the tools have been obtained, it is advisable to make a box for them; this should be a little longer than the length of your longest saw, and about one foot high by one and a half feet wide.

wide.
When not in use, all steel tools should

wide.

When not in use, all steel tools should be rubbed over with vaseline, and sharp tools, such as chisels, should be wrapped up in flannel, not all in a heap but each o'e in a fold by itself; if packed away like this, they will be none the worse if left for some years, and will only require the vaseline rubbing off before they are again ready for use. It is a good plan (if the place where the box is kept is not quite dry) to raise the box from the ground by means of four small pieces of wood, so as to allow the air to pass underneath.

When the tools are in the workshop, each one should have its place; the saws should hang from nails driven into the walls, the planes should have shelves fixed up for them, and for the chisels it is advisable to bore some holes with a brace in a long strip of wood so that they fall in up to the "hilt," or rather handle. As for bits, they can be kept in a tray or small box, and all other tools that will not hang up can be placed on shelves. It is a good plan to make a box with divisions for the nails, screws, hinges, etc., or failing this, they can be kept in labeled tin canisters, so that it is possible to know the length of the mails and whether they are cut or wire ones without removing the lid. Do not keep tools on the bench when you are not using them, as ten to one some of them will quietly fall into the shavings and be thrown away next time you sweep the workshop out. When you buy your ollstone, if it has not a wooden case, be sure to make one with a lid, as this often saves it from breaking and keeps the dirt from gathering on the top. With respect to the oil which is used, nearly any kind will do, unless it is sticky, like linseed oil, or too thin like paraffin; oilve oil is very suitable. When sharpening tools, hold the iron at about an angle of 45 degrees with the very big, but should be firm and fairly heavy. At one end should be fastened a stop to hold the wood whilst planing, and a vise should be fixed to one of the sides. It is not necessary for the amateur carp a stop to hold the wood whilst planing, and a vise should be fixed to one of the sides. It is not necessary for the amateur carpenter to have all the tools to begin with; in fact, a start can be made with only a 24-inch saw, a smoothing plane, a hammer and three chisels (1/4-in., 1/4-in. and 1-in). These can be added to whenever practicable whenever practicable.

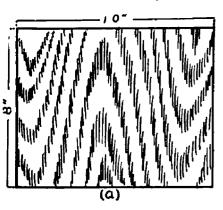
# Beveridge is Glad He Laughed

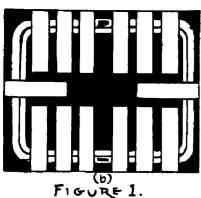
"The direction of my career was completely changed." said United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge to the writer, "by a careless laugh. When I was a youth in Illinois I heard that the Congressman from our district intended to hold an examination to determine what young man he should appoint to West Point. I pitched in and studied hard for that examination, and found it easy when I came to take it. Most of the other fellows seemed to be still struggling with it when I had finished, and I was so confident that I had made few mistakes that I was in a pretty cheerful frame of mind. This is why I laughed when one of the strugglers asked a rather foolish question of the professor in charge. The latter evidentasked a rather foolish question of the professor in charge. The latter evidently felt that the dignity of the occasion had been trified with, for he scored one per cent against me. When the papers came to be corrected this loss caused me to fail one-fifth of one per cent below the boy who stood highest on the list. He is a captain in the army now, where I suppose I should be had it not been for that laugh. I believe in the power of cheerfulness. Looking back, I am rather glad that I laughed."—Success.

#### CLEVER WORK WITH THE POCKET KNIFE JOHN L. DOUCHENY

No. 10—A Basket

IF, IN THE AMERICAN BOY'S vast family of readers, there is one who has followed these articles steadily, he will have realized before this the magnificent, we might almost say, infinite, possibilities of this most fascinating art, problem whittling. THE AMERICAN BOY is the first paper in the world to give its readers a chance to become initiated to the mysteries of this art. No series even faintly resembling this one has ever been published before. Each article is like a materialized problem in algebra and has the double advantage of training both hand and brain. The original proposition seems quite impossible of execution; the finished job is as simple as "A-B-C." Take this month's for example. Who would think it possible. tion seems quite impossible of execution; the finished job is as simple as "A-B-C." Take this month's for example. Who would think it possible to whittle the basket (a—Fig. 4) with its sides, bottom and swinging handle out of one flat, solid piece of wood (h—Fig. 1). First get a good clear piece of any





soft wood, such as basswood, poplar, white pine, or pulp wood, size 10x8x1 inch. The work proper starts with the important task of drawing the diagram. The wood, which has been soaking in

water for two days or more, may be sur-face dried before beginning. On the cen-ter make a round cornered oblong as in Fig. 2, which is to be the bottom of the basket.

Fig. 2, which is to be the bottom of the basket.

The grain of the wood is at right angles to the long side of the oblong, as indicated by (a, Fig. 1). This is very essential to the success of the work. Radiating in all directions you will notice fourteen small strips. These will be the sides of the basket. The outside or larger oblong is to be the top rim. Ponder over this until you see clearly what is meant. After marking the piece exactly as shown in Fig 1 carve away all the parts shaded black. It should be marked the same on both sides. Next the two oblongs or parts outside the strips are cut down (from both sides) to a depth of one-half inch. The looks of the block after this cutting has been done is clearly shown in (b, Fig. 2). The utmost care must be taken in doing this work, for a slight slip or jar would work, for a slight slip or jar would necessitate beginning all over again. Whenever possible do your carving with the wood lying flat on a hard unyielding substance. It is well to have an oil



have with the first and you will see that it is to be a very natural looking basket after all. One thing may surprise you. While the imitation seems good enough in other respects it certainly lacks a handle. Now the top rim, which has been purposely left big and bulky, will come to our rescue. All we have to do is to whittle it into two movable inseparable parts, one of which will be the handle. Fig. 4 shows the rim removed with the necessary guide lines to begin work. First devote all attention to the arable parts, one of which will be the handle. Fig. 4 shows the rim removed with the necessary guide lines to begin work. First devote all attention to the making of holes by means of which the handle will be attached. To balance properly they must be placed so as to form the ends of the diameter. It is just another application of the chain principle which has been thoroughly explained several times in our earlier articles. The parts at this time must be outlined at right angles to each other. Leave the ears as thick as possible for they will have to bear considerable strain. Before we do any cutting at all the handle appears like an ordinary basket handle laying as they do when not in use on the top of the rim. This it is, in reality, but before it can be swung up to an upright position it must be carved loose. This particular carving is perhaps the most difficult part of the present job. Carefully hack and pick away with the smallest blade of your knife. Long experience has taught me that this is the shortest way in the long run. Part b, of Fig. 3, shows very clearly how these portions are rendered movable. When you have made the long slit that releases the handle you can remove it and shave the ends to fit into the holes which have been made to receive them. The part of the top rim which has not been utilized as a handle is cut down even with the top surface of the rest of the rim. We may now consider the job complete. I would advise you not to try to smooth it off. A little roughness will only tend to show that it has been laboriously carved out. If the tout. If the tout. If the tout. If the out. If the out. If the out. If the tout. If the out. If the ou If possible soak it in linseed oil or swab

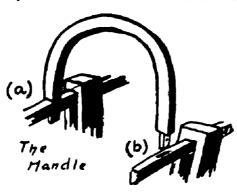
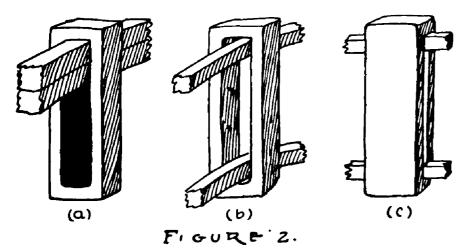


FIGURE 3.

some on with a small brush or feather. This treatment preserves the wood, and by keeping out moisture prevents cracking or warping. The be The best way to go at spells. By working an



stone at hand so you can give the blace at hand so you can give the blace as the wind of the way the serves to release and marked ready to cut. The black central portion is cut away. That's sim
stone at hand so you can give the blace at hand so you can give the blace at the wind of the way the serves to release and marked ready to cut. The black central portion is cut away. That's sim
try last winter, is now accounted one of the masters of the violin. The matter of the violin. The matter of the violin. The matter of the violin of the matters of the violin. The matter of the violin of the way the grain runs. A section of the proposal of the proposal of the proposal



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to know them and drive them back into the bush with blows. The medicine men make the candidates

stand in a row and open their mouths.

Then one of the front upper teeth of each boy is either knocked out or pulled out. If the tooth comes out easy, it is pulled out by being bent upward, but if it resists it is knocked out with a club. After that the boy is a boy no longer, but a young man, and in some tribes leaves the general camp and goes to live in a camp of young men.

## He Still Had the Oranges

Senator Grady tells of the following incident with great delight:
A boy was about to enter the Metropolitan Museum of Art, carrying in his hand

a large bag apparently well filled.
"What have you got in that bag?" said

the doorkeeper.
"Oranges," replied the boy "A dozen
of 'em. Want one?" of 'em. Want one?"
"No; and you can't bring them in

"Why not?"
"It's against the rules; but you can have them checked."
The boy stood thinking for a moment, then slowly went outside. In about fifteen minutes he was back, minus the

'Guess I can go in now, can't I?" he

asked.
"Hold on. Have you got those oranges concealed about your person?"
"Yes, sir; all 'cept the skin. I throwed

The boy got in.

# Guarded Indifference

May C—, the six-year-old daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in a small Georgia village, had a playmate, Jimmy by name, of whom it was her custom to make a special mention in her evening prayer at her mother's knee. One evening after some childish quarrel, Mrs. C— noticed that the hoy's name was omitted from the petition, and said, "May, aren't you going to pray for Jimmy tonight?" "No, mother; he's a mean, hateful boy, and I'm never going to pray for him any more." Her mother made no reply, not wishing to add fuel to the flame and decided to allow the youthful conscience to work out the problem in its own way. In a few moments she fell upon her knees, and said, in a tone of guarded indifference: "God, you can bless Jimmy if you want to, but you needn't do it on my account."—Harper's Weekly.

## Distance of Thunder

It is interesting and useful during thunder to be able to tell the distance of the focus of the storm. This can be done by recollecting that sound travels at the rate of about 1,125 feet a second. If the interval between the flash of lightning and the thunder be one second, then the distance is 1,125 feet and so on. If a minute elapses the storm is thirteen miles away. Thunder, it is said, has never been heard fourteen is thirteen miles away. Thunder, it is said, has never been heard fourteen miles from the flash, although the sound of cannonading may be carried 100 miles

# An Eleven-Year-Old Genius

(Continued from page 373.)

though he played purely as recreation from his work, and it was on his instrument that the small hoy began to pick out tunes almost before he could talk plainly. Education followed such signs of genius, of course, and so it is that the litle fellow, who visited this country last winter, is now accounted one of the masters of the violin.

He has played before King Edward of England, Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany and Nicholas, Czar of All the Russias, and President Roosevelt, and all these concerts have brought him jeweled presents from the royal listeners,



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	\$8.00 Medical Batteries	2
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# The American Boy

Detroit, Mich.

## For Boys Who Love Animals

There has been a suggestion made that There has been a suggestion made that there should be a correspondence club among the boy readers of THE AMERICAN BOY who have animal pets and would like to exchange experiences rewould like to exchange experiences regarding methods of training, etc. In hop. She was promoted to test the matter we invite all boys who have pets and would like to enter a correspondence club on the subject of animals, to write us, saying that they desire to join such a club. If there are enough who indicate such a desire we will start the club.

# The American Boy My Four Years at West Point

(BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER, 1904)

XXIII.

A YEARLING AT LAST.

THE EARLY part of June was devoted to examinations and exhibition drills. Parade took place at 6:15, and the cadets not having any drill for the day were allowed release from quarters after four o'clock. It is not my purpose to describe them, as they were the same as those we had through the entire year. the entire year.

Hundreds of interested spectators were present at every drill and parade, and each cadet in the corps did his best, including even the first-classman in the front rank, who was lugging his gun for the last month of the last year.

month of the last year.

One of the exhibitions that our class gave was in gymnastics and fencing. This came off in the gymnasium, and included club swinging and dumb-bell exercise by the entire class. The crack performers displayed their skill in fencing, antagonistic exercises, and gymnastics on the horizontal bar, and on the parallel bars.

We also gave an exhibition drill at the siege gun battery, and did some good firing at the target placed against the face of Target Hill, over beyond the swimming grounds. Then a barrel was anchored out

of Target Hill, over beyond the swimming grounds. Then a barrel was anchored out in the river and surmounted by a red flag. We banged away at this with mortars and made the water around the barrel splash, but, when we were through, it still floated and the flag waved, as if nothing had happened to disturb them, though we came mighty nigh shattering them more than once.

Earn Money in Secretary and Treasurer.

We had still another drill, illustrating military pyrotechnics. We fired all sorts of combinations of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal that exploded in the air amid prolonged "Ah ——'s!" from the young ladies sitting on the bank and benches behind the battery. The performance concluded by a "Fire by Battery," which resulted in a general explosion of bombs, a thick shower of vari-colored sparks, and another long chorus of "Ah ——'s!"

Graduation day had been fixed for the twelfth of June. Each class, as it finished its examinations, was allowed release from quarters for the day, with certain restrictions, varying with the class. The first received the most privileges, and the fourth the least.

Those last two or three days were halcoyon ones for the first classmen, but they

Those last two or three days were halcyon ones for the first classmen, but they could not speed fast enough for the plebs, who found but little enjoyment in them. On the evening of the lith of June, the graduating hop took place. The mess hall and a room in the rear of the officers' mess "known as Schofield Hall," were thrown open to the dancers. In the mess hall a german was held, where most of the dancers were first and second classmen, while Schofield Hall was mostly patronized by yearlings and plebs—think of it—plebs!

I do not know how the custom of allow-

I do not know how the custom of allow-ing plebs to attend this hop originated. It may have been due to a charitable impulse of the upper classmen, or perhaps it was a

nervous.

In many of these controversies, a good-In many of these controversies, a good-natured upper classman, overhearing the remarks, would say: "Well, you men had better make a break at the graduating hop, or you will never get in the swim." Our old friend from Ohlo, who had became a fixture in the first section in all his studies, and who was convinced that his mental superiority would give him an entree where his conversational powers and polish would not, had declared to his roommate that he was "going down to get something to eat anyhow."

And so, after inquiring what he was to wear, what he was to do, and what he was

In Addi- wear, what he was to do, and what he was to say when asking a young lady to dance, he went into Schofield Hall, arrayed in his tion to your prohest dress-coat, a crimped collar, a pair of new "hop shoes," a pair of high-water white trousers, and a part in his hair over his right ear. In asking for information, however, he had gone to the wrong man. Silkins had gotten hold of him, and stuffed

him, as they say, to the ears.

The youth, after standing around the door for an hour or so, with his hands on his hips, disappeared to come forth later when lunch was served. At the table he did more justice to himself-and the lunch

In several cases a first-classman, sent invitations galore, and had forgotten how near many of the invited ones lived at West Point, was favored (?) with half a dozen scented little notes saying:

"My Dear Mr. Blank: Your kind invitation just received. I will be up to West Point, early in the afternoon of the 11th. I know I shall have a perfectly lovely time at the hop, and you are awfully kind. "Cordially yours,
"MISS DOOFLICKET."

And so there was nothing for the firstclassman to do, but to skip around and take five plebs into his confidence. 'Mr. Dumgood, have you a partner for the hop?"

"No sir."
"Well, I will get you one. Wouldn't you like to take Miss Dooffcet-prime? She's

a spooney girl, and a fine dancer."

This condescension on the part of a firstclassman generally carried the day, and classman generally carried the day, and Miss Dooflicket-prima was disposed of.

I escorted a young lady, whom I had promised long before to take to my first hop. She was pretty and charming, and I felt more flattered than she (which is perhaps saying a great deal) when she was sur-rounded by a little group of yearlings, ask-

The programme consisted of twenty-four

By A GRADUATE

off. I had a delightful time, and my cup of happiness seemed overflowing, when one of my chief yearling tormentors of last

cises were to take place.

The first-classmen had really made their

last appearance as cadets the night before at parade, although the gray was not to be discarded until noon of the 12th. This farewell parade had been strikingly impressive, and there were tears in more than one pair of eyes before it was over.

pair of eyes before it was over.

The first-class privates fell in without guns in the line of file closers, the rest of the battalion being formed in single rank. When the Adjutant gave his last command of "Sound off," the band remained in its place and played "Home, Sweet Home." As soon as the air was finished, it marched to the front, over the usual route, playing "Auld Lang Syne" "Benny Havens, Oh," "Army Blue," etc. On resuming its place, "Home, Sweet Home," was again rendered. The bugler then sounded retreat, and the cannon boomed. As soon as the report of the gun was heard, the adjutant called, "Rear open order." At this command, all the first-class privates assembled on the line with the other officers in the front of the battalion. cers in the front of the battalion.

cers in the front of the battalion.

The adjutant replaced his sword, all the first classinen faced toward the center, and as the adjutant stepped off, closed in on the center. Upon halting in front of the commandant (who presided over parade on this one occasion) they removed their hats, and the commandant delivered a forest? and the commandant delivered a farewell

When he had finished, the first-classmen marched slowly back to barracks, and the marched slowly back to barracks, and the companies were marched in by the first sergeants. When we were about halfway back, I saw the first-classmen draw up in line, and, as each company passed, the graduates removed their hats, their last homage to their comrades in gray. Each first sergeant, as he passed the group, brought his company to "carry arms," and saluted. It was a sad, but still a thrilling that I experienced as I marched

ment, while the sweet strains of the music were ringing in my ears, and the graduates stood there so still and thoughtful, I realized that I was not a man, but an integral part of the corps of cadets. The emotion was too complex to analyze, but it must

of my chief yearling tormentors of last camp brushed by me and thrilled me with the words, "To-day, you are a yearling."
Yes, the hands of the clock pointed to 12:15, and it was time for dinner, which was served in the gymnasium. After dinner, dancing was resumed, and was kept up, without intermission, until 2:30 a.m.
Reveille came at 6 a.m. as usual. After breakfast, the first-classmen and yearlings were busy making their final preparations were strewn with boxes, bales, and rubbish.
Silkins and I, not being interested in their preparations, sauntered toward the chapel, and surveyed the platform and the large canvas canopy where the graduating exercises were to take place.

The data to analyze, but it must have been similar to that which moves the soldier on leaving his home, and native town, to march off to war.

At 10:35 on the 12th, the different companies fell in for the graduating exercises, as at parade the day before. Led by the band, we marched over to the platform, in front of the Library, where we stacked arms and broke ranks. The exercises were delivered, and the class of General Sheridan. I shall not describe these exercises further, because I was only a pleb, and my interest then was that of a spectator.

The exercises being finished, we fell in

The exercises being finished, we fell in behind the line of stacks on the edge of the plain, and marched back to barracks, where we formed on the road, facing the north. The crowd of spectators followed us thither and stood about in recovery the state of the state and stood about in groups in front of us.

The most interesting moment of the day

The most interesting moment of the day arrived when the commandant called upon the adjutant to publish the orders. The latter took his usual place in front of the battalion, and immediately published his last orders as a cadet. These related to the furloughs that were to be given to the third-classmen, and the graduating class. Then came the new "makes," or the roster of officers for the succeeding years. My chief interest was in the new makes for adjutant, first captain my own company officers, and the lance corporals. The last were my own classmates, and the term "lance" was applied because they were on probation until the list of full-fiedged cor-

"lance" was applied because they were on probation until the list of full-fledged corporals should be announced in September. I listened intently, for, to tell the truth. I did "have hopes." Slikins and Corp were both near the top of the list of new corporals, but when the whole twenty were named. I was not among the chevroned crowd. I knew that my only claim was my class-standing (which didn't amount to much)—I had trodden many a path in the area—I had a goodly share of demerits, and was not super-military,—yet I came near feeling disappointed.

We broke ranks shortly after twelve o'clock—then came the miserable business of offering congratulations to the new makes with a lump in the throat and a tongue from which white lies flowed in profusion.

profusion.

There were only two classes to march down to dinner that day under the command of the new first captain. The happy men of the other two classes sauntered into orought his company to carry arms, and men of the other two classes sauntered into saluted. It was a sad, but still a thrilling feeling that I experienced, as I marched tasting their soup, started around the past this line of cadet gray and white. All sense of individuality seemed to be lost in a general "esprit de corps." "My whole bear and yearlings said "good-by" to me, and I must confess that I did not ing was stirred to its inmost depths. Yet I feel very sad when I said to Olcott. "Goodwas only a pleb, a mere drop of water in the change that a day can bring forth.



ALBERT SPALDING TO BECOME A FAMOUS VIOLINIST.

That Albert Spalding, the sixteen-year-old son of Mr, J. W. Spalding, of New York City, is destined to become one of the most famous violinists of the day there seems to be little doubt. Mr. Spalding made his professional debut at the Nouveau Theater, Paris, France, on June 6, and on this occasion his rendition of Saint-Saens' Concerto, Bach's Chaconne, Beethoven's Romance and Sarasate's Zigeunerweisen, a most difficult programme, held the full seating capacity of the theater spellbound. Mr. Spalding is rich in capability, plays with great sentiment and perfection of technique, and at this early date is pronounced a "finished virtuoso."

Mr. Henry Mapleson, of operatic fame (son of Col. Mapleson, who brought out Patti), in a letter to young Spaiding's parents, says: "Let me again express to you my positive conviction that your son Albert is destined to occupy a very prominent position in the musical world. \* \* \* I was delighted with his playing last night and saw at once the brilliant career open to him."

dances, and the hop-cards were made out as complete as possible before the hop came bespeak for him a bright and successful future.

#### XXIV.

THE SECOND SUMMER IN CAMP.

The men who were to go on leave must have been extremely impatient to get away from the Academy, for, although the day-boat did not leave until three o'clock, the procession to the North Dock started be-fore the rest of us had returned from dinner. How odd and brand new all these cadets looked in their "cits." To judge rom the sly looks that many of them bestowed on their civilian clothes, it was apparent that they deemed themselves fashionably dressed. Whether they appeared better than in the cadet gray is an

pen question.

A large number of the visitors left on the same boat. By 2:45 the few cadets that had lingered behind, to pay their farewell calls, on the post, had disappeared from sight down the hill.

I sauntered to Battery Knox and awaited the approach of the boat, as it was off limits to go to the dock. I could see the crowd below me. Pappiness and impatience crowd below me. Pappiness and impatience were in every movement. When at last the Mary Powell came in sight around Gee's Point, she was hailed with the wildest cheers. Several hundred passengers were already on board and they crowded the decks to see the fun. The steamer band added to the excitement by playing

an inspiring air.

The cadets on the dock hardly waited for the boat to land before they begun crowding on board. It did not take long for the furlough men and the graduates to embark, and soon the Powell gave a few hoarse whistles and steamed away, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the "good-bys" from the friends left behind.

I stood in the warm sunlight on the paramet and watched the receding best until

I stood in the warm sunlight on the parapet and watched the receding boat until
the turn in the river concealed her from
view. A strange feeling of loneliness crept
over me, and I hardly found the comfort I
had anticipated in becoming a yearling.
Jumping had almost ceased long before,
and the dropping of the "mister" was a
mere novelty and a poor consolation. If
I were only one of those happy fellows on
the steamboat, going to my home and were drills under a hot sun, two months and a half of dreary camp life, and more studies in September.

When I returned to barracks, this sense of loneliness increased. The rooms, halls and plazza wore a dismal, deserted appearance. Few cadets were visible, and room after room were destitute of all things except rubbish composed of discarded belts, dress hats, boxes, etc. The only person I could have sought for consolation was "Silkins," but he had been made an acting first sergeant, and was too busy with his new duties to give me any of his time. Corp had attained the height of his present ambition, for he was a corp,, and spent of loneliness increased. The rooms, halls ambition, for he was a corp., and spent most of the afternoon in wandering around the post with another corp. Both wore

noons that I had ever spent, and I was ly, and remarked at the end of the recitaglad when supper-time came. At eight tion that he saw no connection between o'clock I went to the small hop in "No. 1," the English sentences that he had given and soon recovered my usual buoyancy of Mr. Henson and the French one on the

We were several days in barracks before the order for going into camp was published. We had lots of "release from quarters," but the days were about equally monotonous. Some diversion was to be found in watching the new cadet officers become rattled at the different formations, and in critically surveying the young genand in critically surveying the young gen-

We brought down all our property at breakfast, and made our formal entry at eleven o'clock.

The list of "found" men had been pub-

lished two or three days after graduation. One second-classman was thus unfortunate, and we lost seven men—among the number my roommate Henson. He was a generous fellow, and by his uniform good humor and joviality had made himself quite popular in his class. We were deeply sorry to see him go. He felt very bad over it, but, honest-hearted hero that he was, strove his best to conceal his disappointment and sorrow. Holding my hand, he said to me that he had one consolation he had done his best. Yes .- he had, and was not his fault that he possessed so little talent for modern languages. He devoted four solid hours a day to that department, and his marks at the end of the week almost invariably added up-'deficient.''

Keetel's French Grammar is divided into

short French sentences. These were given out by the instructors who wrote the translation in English, and we were expected to put them into French again.

Now, as long as these sentences were translated into French that was sufficient, but we soon learned that the French in the book was the best French. When Hendelmann and the sufficient was the sufficient with the sufficient was the s son discovered this fact he did not waste the steamboat, going to my home and any time in translating the sentences for friends! All that I could see before me himself, but by dint of hard labor memorwere drills under a hot sun, two months ized the French by the paragraphs, often with only vague ideas as to the English of the sentences.

One day he was given a paper containing a paragraph lettered "c." But it was a peculiar "c,"—it had been hastily made and resembled an "a." Henson was puzzled for a long time, and finally asked the in-structor if that was an "a" or "c." The instructor replied that that was immaterial, as he would not have to translate the letter.

When my roommate went back to the board, he studied the English sentence for some time, but was unable to gain any needed light. Then he scrutinized the letter and came to the conclusion that it was an "a." So he laid the paper down on the chelle truth and wrote out exercise. their new chevrons, and evidently formed the chalk-trough and wrote out exercise a first-class "mutual admiration society." "a" perfectly correct. When called upon Altogether it was one of the bluest after- to recite the instructor listened very grave-

board. Then, much to my friend's chagrin, the whole matter came out, and his repu-

tation as a French scholar sank below zero. So, having lost Henson, I had to cast about for another tent-mate. Silkins and Corp had gone over to other companies and were out of the question, for I had resolved never to leave my native company of my own free will. However, there was themen of the class below us, who tip- a class mate in another company who tapped around the area with wrinkled in the same section with me in all coats and uncomfortable braces.

Little time was lost in moving into camp. mate. I prevailed upon him to secur a class mate in another company who was studies, and with whom I was quite inti-mate. I prevailed upon him to secure a transfer to my company, and to room with me,

His name was Canville, and we proved to be very congenial, with the exception of the occasional quarrels we had about the washbowl. It was generally my fault, for I own that I was addicted to the untidy habit of washing and not emptying the bowl immediately. When "Canny" wanted to wash and found the used water in the boats he protested so sharply that I genbasin, he protested so sharply that I generally retorted in kind. Then we would not speak to each other, except when necessary, for several hours. A congenial smoke, however, brought us together and we were better friends than ever.

We were kept quite busy during the rest

ao of the month of June, but enjoyed a real He pleasant vacation in the mere relaxation from study.

Troop parade came at eight in the morning, and at nine we went either to the siege battery or to rifle target practice. At twelve we took our dancing lesson. There Reetel's French Grammar is divided into twelve we took our dancing lesson. Inere lessons. In each lesson are a number of was not much to be done in the afternoon paragraphs lettered a, b, c, etc., containing except police duty. As the yearlings were short French sentences. These were given the only men available for this duty it out by the instructors who wrote the translation in English, and we were expected two days "off." Policing the company to put them into French again.

Now, as long as these sentences were pleb days, for the cadet officers treated us ranslated into French that was sufficient. with more consideration. Four o'clock police call, coming as it did in the middle of the afternoon, was enough to break up the whole afternoon.

First-classmen were allowed to walk on First-classmen were allowed to walk on cadet limits between 9 a. m. and retreat, but the third-classmen were confined to camp. The only way by which they were allowed to leave camp was by permit or on O.G.P. A member of the old guard was entitled to old guard privileges. He was excused from all duty and permitted to walk on cadet limits until 1 p. m.

As there were only fifty odd men to walk guard and eighteen were detailed each

guard, and eighteen were detailed each day, guard duty formed no inconsiderable part of our task. It was very tedious work,—this walking guard. The half-hours

work,—this walking guard. The half-hours moved with a snail's pace, especially during the heat of the day and the lonely hours between midnight and reveille. Our only diversion when on guard was the fun afforded by the "Seps," who went on guard for the first time. In some instances they "tied it up" as completely as a pleb sentinel would on his first tour, but after our Sep classmates had perbut after our Sep classmates had per-formed duty two or three times, they knew almost as much about it as the more ex-

amost as much about it as the more experienced June men.

At the outset of this series of articles I advised the reader not to be a Sep, and promised that I would explain why later on. If I have not already brought out this point, I can summarize the disadvantages as follows: first, a Sep must needs be broken in and keep up his studies at the same time; second, he never seems, as a rule, to catch up with the June men until the end of the second year; third, his jumping begins where that of the June men ends; fourth, Seps are very rarely men ends; four made corporals.

All of the corporals were utilized as drillmasters, including several yearling privates. I was among the latter. I took a great deal of pains with this work, and gave my plebs little rest. It is much more fun to drill than to be drilled. While acting as drillmasters we had the privilege of cadet limits the same as first-classmen.

By the time the plebs came into camp the number of drill masters had been so reduced that only several corporals were

Hops and concerts began as soon as w entered camp. There were two hops and one german each week, and the band ren-

dered their concerts on the other evenings of the week except on Sunday.

The plebs came into camp about the middle of July, and we tried to make things interesting for them. Their expension of the was characterized by the same monotony and discomfort as ours: but Istence was characterized by the same monotony and discomfort as ours; but WE WANT nappy as ne. The ney for the "Colonel" had gone. we, for the "Colonel" had gone. The adjutant was not half as particular as our "pleb adjutant," and the first captain treated the plebs with about as much consideration as he did the yearlings. As a result, the third class had to exercise particular vigilance in keeping the plebs well had been shop, Cable Road, Merry Go R may be run with toy Motor, Steam Englished. braced.

I often sat in my tent and watched the procession of plebs passing the first cap-tain's tent at the head of A Company street on their way to the ice-cooler or the shoeblack's tent, and very rarely were they halted. The first captain of my day always kept his weather eye open for slouching plebs. Many a time have I seen one of my classmates start out on a journey to the water-tank, and after carefully surveying the surroundings, reduce his brace perhaps one-half. As he passed the tent of the first captain he furtively gazed in, and observing that worthy in his "back yard," wrapped in a sheet and apparently sound sleep, he reduced his brace another half. Then the inanimate form of another half. Then the inanimate form of the first captain suddenly became animate, and the pleb nearly jumped out of his shoes, as somewhere behind him came in tones of thunder, "You man, come back here!" As the novelists say, let us kindly draw a veil over what followed. It is enough to state that this particular pleb never again slouched by the first captain's tent, whether or not the latter was at

But now all was changed, and Canville and I used to sigh wearily as we watched the plebs slouch unmolested past the first captain's tent. We tried to average up things by bracing the delinquent plebs our selves but the best of us was a poor substitute for a first captain clothed in towering wrath and a sheet.

(To be continued.)



# Pay Day

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# Other Freaks

After seeing the photograph, "A Freak of Nature," in the April number of THE AMERICAN BOY, I thought I would write and tell you that there are several of the same kind not far away from my home. It is said that they were so formed by the Indians bending over a sapling and cutting off all of the branches but one.
This one they let grow straight up.
These trees mark the trail to a certain part of the Great Lakes.

C. W. B.

# Just as He Thought

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained: "On your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is the east. Now, what is behind you?"

The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face and bawled: "I knew it. I told ma you'd see that patch on my pants."-Ladies' Home Journal.

It is estimated by good authorities that school slates will have entirely disap-peared from the schools of the United States within the next ten years,

# THE BOY PATHFINDER Mr. Sprague's New Book for Boys



"Well done, lad!" cried the captain. - Page 37.

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A prize of two dollars will be given for the best lot of original puzzles appropriate for Christmas and December, received by October

A prize of a new book will be given for the best list of answers to the October Tangles, received by October 20.

# Answers to September Tangles

New Tangles

OCTOBER HISTORY.

The pictures on volume 1 represent words of nine letters, whose primals, in numerical order, spell the name of a Revolutionary battle won by the Americans in October. The pictures on volume 2 represent words of seven letters, whose centrals, in numerical order, spell the surname of the British General who commanded at this battle.

15.	(a) (b) (c)	C	H	0	C	T	Λ		
	(d)	N	Α	V	Λ	J	0		_
	(e) (f)							1.	Е
	(g)	ï	R	ö	Q.	Ù	O	1	3

3

4

28.

Numerical trail, Sacajawea. American wo-man speaker, Susan Anthony. National hymn, America Singer's home,

65

ALBANY &

-Osborn J. Dunn.

16. 1. Fumigate
2. Osculate
3. Ultimate
4. Radicate
5. Tertiate
6. Hebetate
7. Ordinate
8. Filtrate
9. Jaculate
10. Undulate
11. Levigate 11. Levigate 12. Yokemate

Initials, Fourth of July. 17. 1. Long ISland BrAndywine BunkeRHill

4. GermAntown 5. STonyPoint 6. CrOwnPoint 7. BenninGton 8. StillwAter

10. E on 1 C
11. G e c k O
12. G l a 1 R
13. A u g e R
14. A 1 b u M
15. M o S e P
16. H o s e A
17. R ! l e Y Alternate initials and finals, Arithmetic, Grammar, Spelling, Geography.

18. 1. A t l a 2. P a p e 3. I m a g 4. L i g h 5. H o t e 6. I d i o 7. E l g i 8. G a m u 9. f c i n

E o

#### Star path, Saratoga.

undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to letters.

Leonard Steburg, Miller, Neb.. wins the prize for the best list of answers to August Tangles.

Osborn J. Dunn, 3530 Laurel St., New Orleans, La., wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the series only. We cannot undertake to return rejected puzzles.

19. Commence in upper left corner: Declaration of Independence, July fourth, seventeen hundred and seventy-six; Thomas Jefferson; John Hancock; 'that these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states'; Richard Henry Lee; thirteen: liberty bell; "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

20. Begin with the second letter of the first word, and take every third letter. Assassina-tion of President McKinley.

21. Begin with J in the upper left corner and take every third letter around to the right: John Paul Jones, Bonhomme Richard.

22. FBOOZMBLAEAQ
CXAENTDWKSGY
LVEUTOTANIFR
VQNRMOZTFIML
Begin with the second B in the top row and ead down: Battle of Antietam.

au	down: Battle of An				Antie	ntietam.								
23.	1.	v	e	a	L		24.	1.	W	i n	n	ip	e g	
	2.	A	b	е	L							gh		
	3.	C	u	b	A							вt		
	4.	A	h	a	В							ia		
	5.	T	1	1	Е							Tia		
	6.	1	b	1	$\mathbf{s}$							a I		
				g								st l		
	8.	N	u	m	В			8,	$\mathbf{c}$	a n	d	ah:	аR	
1 - 1	+10	10	Ve		tion :		- D	laı	n	a l	W	hitti		

finals (up), Base Bali. 1. Buchanan
2. MAdison
3. WaShington
4. HayEs
5. VanBuren
6. Grant
7. CLeveland
8. Lincoin Star path, Base Ball

26. 1. Richardson Mfg. Co. 2. O. A. Smith. 3. Bluine Man-ufacturing Co. 4. E. R. Philo. 5. Railway a 6. The

6. The spondence School of Taxidermy.
7. Frank Z. Maffey.
8. Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
9. Lewis School.
10. Tropical Curio Co.
11. Olds Motor Works.
12. National Advertising Co.
Initials, Robert Fulton.

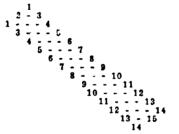
1. He gave us each a seat on the platform.
2. He was one time pastor of a Brooklyn church.
3. This bridge seems to need repairing.
4. This room seems to catch all the sunshine.
5. A new meat market will open near here soon.
6. Which artist has the greater talent?
7. It is a mile either road you take.
8. I went with papa in every one of the hooths.
9. The problem is mere addition of fractions.
10. The western sky looks stormy.
11. Jerusha and Jeremiah will be here to tea.
12. I had Amsterdam to canvabs.

—M. V. D.

# AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The starred letters from the following American surnames, read down in order, spell an October night that American boys

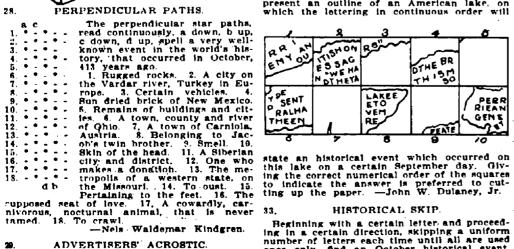
# OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



14
1 and 14, in Ararat. 2 to 3, any female deer. 1 to 4, circular. 3 to 5, to go in. 4 to 6, a railway station. 5 to 7, a city on the Seine. 6 to 8, any dogma held to be true. 7 to 9, at no time. 8 to 10, a state of the Union. 9 to 11, to disentangle. 10 to 12, a certain number, less than ten. 11 to 13, one possessed of a certain loathsome disease. 12 to 14, more recent. 13 to 15, a brilliant color. (Note that the defined words read both across and down, between the numbers designated.)

# MISMATCHED SQUARES.

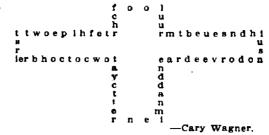
The ten numbered squares rearranged will form a rectangle of the same shape that shall present an outline of an American lake, on which the lettering in continuous order will



state an historical event which occurred on this lake on a certain September day. Giv-ing the correct numerical order of the squares to indicate the answer is preferred to cut-ting up the paper. —John W. Dulaney, Jr.

# HISTORICAL SKIP

Heginning with a certain letter and proceeding in a certain direction, skipping a uniform number of letters each time until all are used once only, find an October historical event, without which having happened there might have been no American boys.



SEARCH THE ATLAS.

The following words are the names of the counties of greatest extent in certain states. The first letters from the names of all of these states, taken in the order given, spell the name of a decisive battle of the Revolutionary war, won by the Americans in October.

1. Butler.

2. Pottawattamie,

3. Socorro.

4. Coffee,

5. Colleton,

6. Custer,

7. Harney,

8. San Juan,

9. Ward,

10. Shelby,

11. Union,

12. Allen,

13. Burlington,

—Osborn J, Dunn.

#### LABYRINTH.

Start at a certain letter in the upper row and move continuously from square to square in any direction until all letters are used once only. Find a president and his early history.

T	Н	G	L	E	E	R	Т
E	I	T	v	R	o	H	0
Y	В	s	E	o	E	D	В
T	F	o	o	C	T	0	E
1	E	R	R	N	0	w	R
F	D	N	D	E	N	E	T
E	E	U	1	N	T	Y	E
N	н	T	Н	G	Е	$\mathbf{v}$	$\overline{\mathbf{s}}$

-Nels Waldemar Kindgren.

#### AleuTian AdelaIde Leinst Er 36 MIXED MONARCHS.

Addelalde
Leinster
CandahaR
Sonal, Whittier.

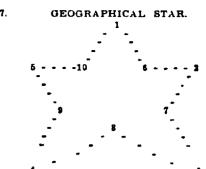
Richardson
Mfg. Co.
C. O. A. Smith
Bluine Manufacturing Co.
E. R. Philo.
Rallway Association.
The Corresity

Ge Co.

The Corresity

Ge Co.

The Corresity



The numbered letters at the points spell the name of a European country; the inside numbered letters, shat country's third city; both in numerical order.

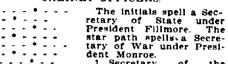
In numerical order.

I to 6, a county of Michigan. 1 to 10, an ocean. 6 to 2, a port and bay of Jamaica.

2 to 7, a town east of Rome. 7 to 3, a town in Ecuador. 8 to 3, a city and province of Spain. 8 to 4, a city of Massachusetts. 9 to 4, a town in Marshall county, Kansas. 5 to 9, a river, county and Indian reservation of Washington. 5 to 10, a river and county of North Carolina.

—An American Boy

CABINET OFFICERS.



#### HALF A POUND.

Eight ounces make half a pound Avoirdu-pois. Here are eight "ounces," Each word defined ends in "ounce," as, Pron-ounce, pro-

defined this in nounce.

1. To castigate. 2. To rebound. 3. An ornamental appendage to a dress-skirt. 4. To fall on suddenly. 5. To make known. 6. To declare. 7. To accuse. 8. To reject.

—Allert Brager.

#### The Puzzle Correspondence Club

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# The Hall of Fame for Great Americans

38

By H. D. MONTGOMERIE

planning their life work, have been influenced to a very great extent by considerations which are bound to work serious harm to themselves and to our national life.

On every hand wealth and its power patriotism, sacrifice for others, the nobeautiful in nature, are lost sight of or deemed unworthy of serious thought.

menace to the continuance of our national prosperity. Search history and you will fail to find that wealth alone ever increased the prestige of a nation; on the contrary, the records show that Fame for Great Americans." the possession of unbounded wealth has invariably resulted in disaster.

variously estimated at from \$200,000 to Grunt and David G Farragut.

INTRODUCTION. \$300,000 a year, to accept the position of Secretary of State at a salary of but writer that the boys of America, in \$8,000 is a glorious example of the sacrifice of personal gain in order to serve his country.

With the desire that the thousands of readers of THE AMERICAN BOY should get away from ungenerous and selfish ambitions, and learn that fame does not mean wealth alone; that even are applauded until the boy is led to feel the greatness of the soldier and the that money is the only thing in the sailor may be equalled by that of the world worth striving for. Other and scientist and the scholar; that being the more worthy ambitions, lofty ideals of son of wealthy parents is not essential to a boy's highest and greatest success bility of labor, love of the good and in life, and that the foundation of an honorable, useful, patriotic life is to be laid during the days of boyhood, we Such a condition of things is a have prepared short sketches of the youthful years of those illustrious men whose words and deeds in behalf of their country have fittingly earned for them a place in America's "Hall of

There are at present in the "Hall of Fame" in New York University twenty-Fortunately, we have still with us nine bronze tablets, each having inmen to whom the amassing of money scribed upon it the name of a great for money's sake is distasteful, men American citizen, together with a sentiwho are actuated by other and higher ment from his writings or addresses. motives than mere money-getting. Beginning in the November number Elihu Root, who recently relinquished there will appear biographical sketches the proud position of foremost lawyer of the boyhood of the men so honored. in the United States and an income The first lives treated will be Ulysses S.

# Three Boys in BLE BUYS IN THE The Mountains MENTAINS

# A SPLENDID BOOK FOR BOYS

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THE story of Western Adventure—clean and inspiring—that ran in The AMERICAN BOY through the greater part of 1901, has been issued by The Sprague Publishing Company in book form. This story is one of the longest and best stories that has yet appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY. Its author is the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY. Its author is the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY. Its sufficient to indicate that it rings true in morals, and that nothing has been allowed to enter the story, that will hurt a boy, but that everything is there that will give interest and dash to the narrative. It brings in the pleasures of the hunt, the chase and the camp, and deals with Indians and animals in plains and mountains. It is a good healthy story that a parent will be glad to have in the hands of his boy.

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN

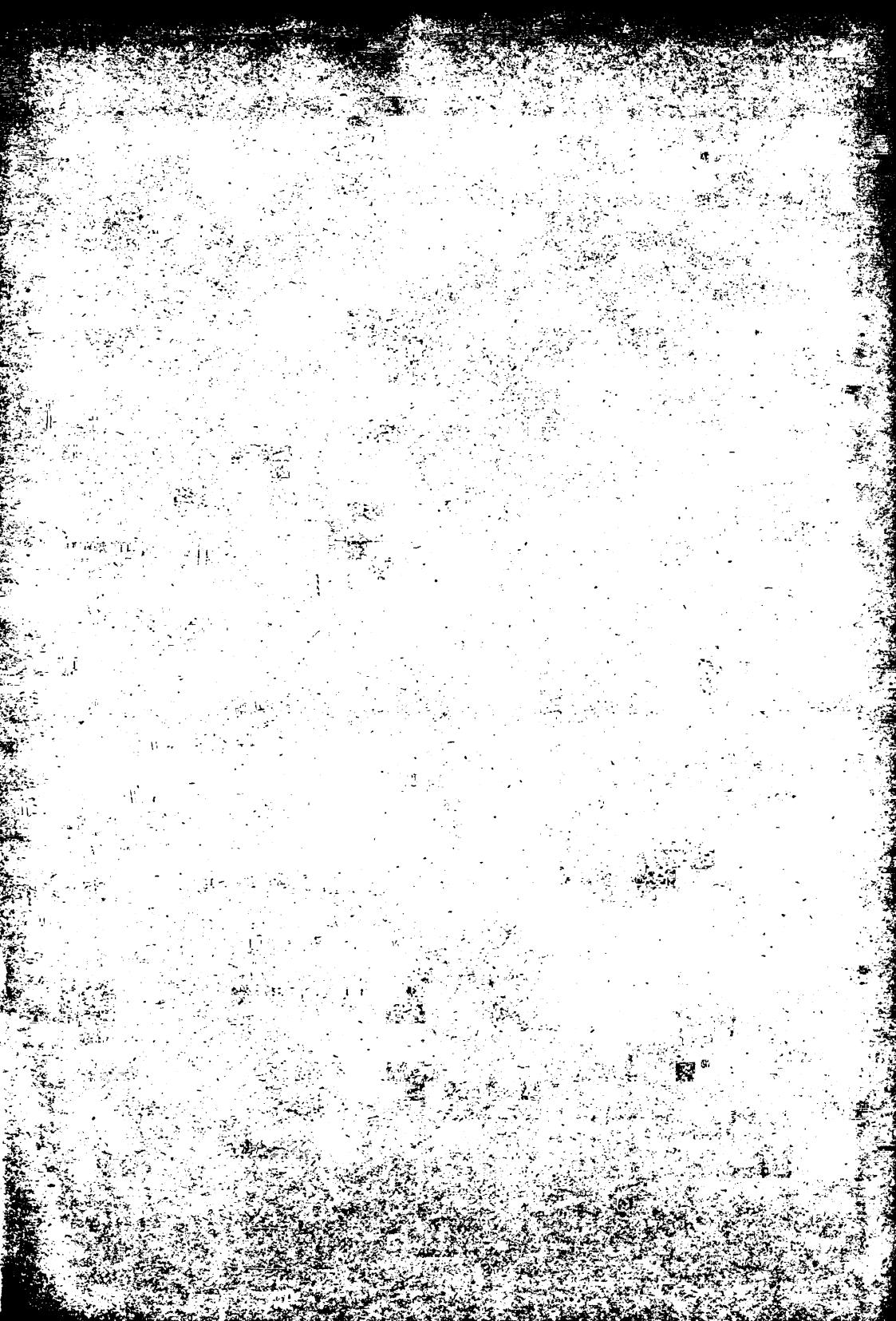
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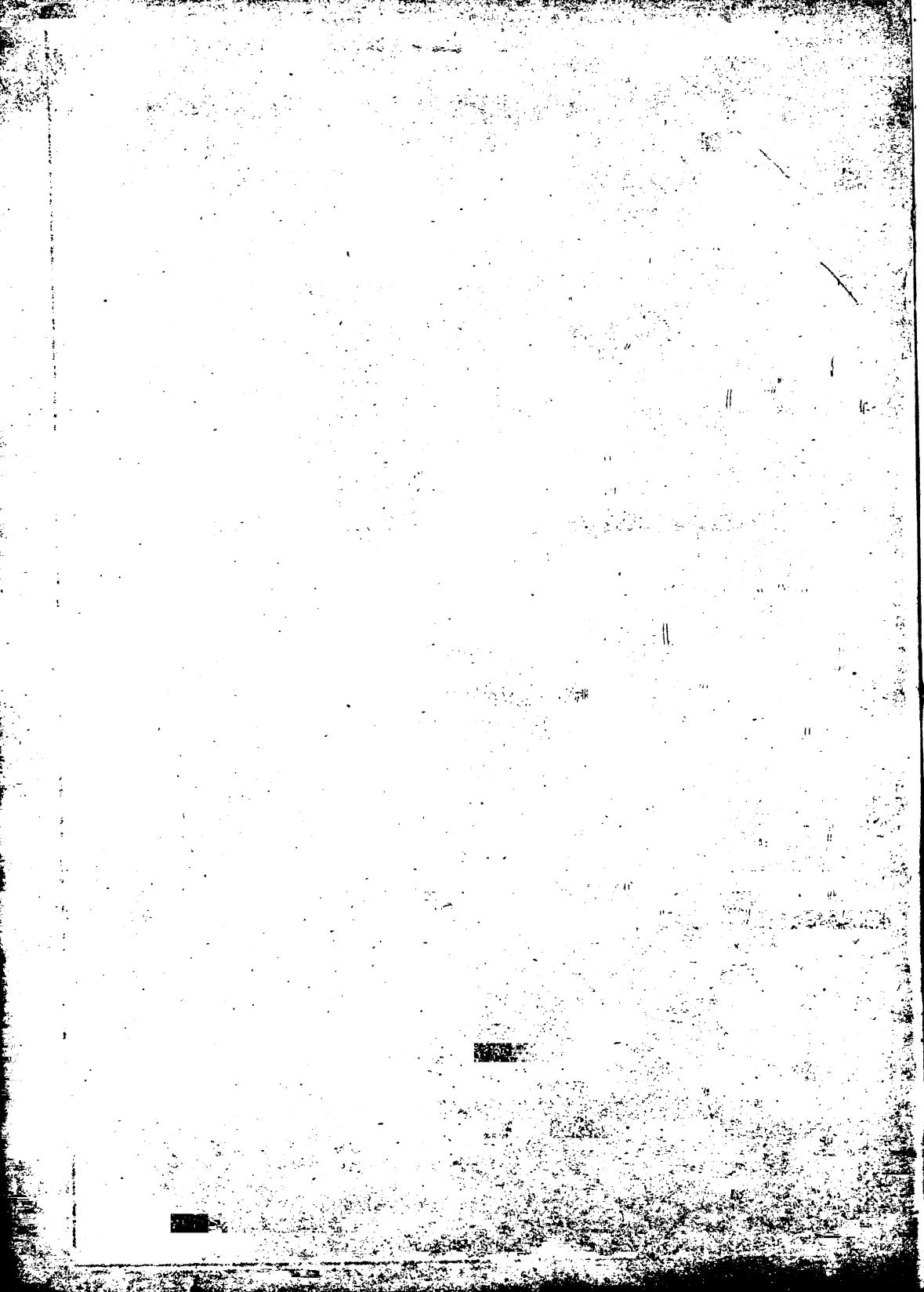
The SPRAGUE PUB'G. CO. DETROIT, MICH.

ADVERTISERS' ACROSTIC. One signer of the Declaration of Independence is concealed in each sentence.

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Brawford 1941



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Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Volume 7

DETROIT, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1905

Number 1



WAS a clear, crisp morning in October, with just chill enough in the air to set the blood tingling and whet the appetite. There had been a hard frost the night before, and along the little watercourses and in other low places there was a white lacework of frost, suggestive of what the cold would do a few weeks later.

Reynard, the red fox, was following a small stream up the wind, looking for his breakfast. This was his favorite way of hunting, for it gave him both the advantage of seeing and smelling, so if the wind had been in the opposite direction he would have hunted down stream instead of up.

His appetite was very keen this morning, and thus far he had merely whetted it with a field mouse. By the side of an old log he had got the scent, and after poking about under the log with his paw he had frightened the little creature out into his open mouth.

If you had told Reynard that it was a fine thing to have a good appetite, he would have replied sarcastically that it depended on how plentiful game was and what luck one had in hunting.

A heavy flight of woodcock had come in the night before from the north, and every now and then he flushed one. This made it interesting. There was little likelihood that he could surprise one as he had done the week before, while boring, but it gave added interest to his hunting to know that game was plenty.

This sleepy old woodcock had been boring for angle worms in the loam and had just located one when Reynard happened along. He had thrust his bill into the mud until the mushy loam came up to his eyes, and so did not see the fox behind him. Just as he pulled the worm up the fox sprang. The worm escaped, but it was quite otherwise with the woodcock.

Once this morning the wary fox had got a slight whist of man-scent at a stony place in the brook. The scent was faint, and after making a thorough examination he had concluded that it was old and had gone on hunting, merely crossing to the other side of the brook as a precaution that was easily taken.

Presently he got a good whiff of game-scent from up stream, and stealthily advanced upon it. His nostrils were extended, his hungry, yellow eves ablaze. and his whole frame quivering with excitement.

As he drew nearer he crouched low to the ground, going almost upon his belly.

Then the wind freshened and he got a strong whiff of bird-scent; there was no mistaking it.

A few more crouching, creeping steps brought the fox out into a small open spot, where the brook broadened into a pool five or six feet across. There, just over the middle of the pool, a foot or so above the water, was a sparrow, hanging head down and quite motionless.

Reynard's first impulse was to spring, but as the bird neither fluttered nor moved, this impulse was checked and he fell to considering.

It was very queer that a bird could sustain itself in mid-air without using its wings. It also was not afraid of him. This, too, was queer. Then the fox noticed a small, straight twig running from the bird's feet up into the branches of the tree that overhung the brook.

The bird was holding to this, or the twig was holding the bird. This seemed more likely, for the bird must be dead, as it neither fluttered nor chirped.

It was a very handy breakfast, almost providential, in fact, but there was something about it that the fox did not like. He was accustomed to working for his board, and this having the meal set before him without price seemed queer.

Then he sniffed the bank up and down the little stream for thirty feet. There seemed to be no manscent. He crossed over and tried the other side. This, too, was untainted. After all, perhaps it was all right.

Once he thought he got a whiff of man-scent off a

broken twig, but finally concluded it was the taint he had gotten farther down the brook that still lingered in his nostrils.

The bird was too far out over the water for him to reach it from shore, but there was a convenient stone, covered with a bit of moss, half way between him and his breakfast. This would make good footing. A fox never wets his feet if he can help it, and he would use this stepping-stone.

He paused a moment with his paw in mid-air, as he reached for the bird. It was all strange, and too easy. He would like it if the bird would flutter, then he would spring upon it and tear it to bits without hesitation.

Pooh! what was the use of questioning the good fortune that had made his breakfast so easy? So he put out his paw and stepped upon the moss.

Then something sprang from the water and caught his paw just above the first joint, so quickly that he knew not how it was done. With a lightning jump he sprang backwards, bringing a long snake-like thing out of the brook after him and a queer clam upon his

Whe-e-e-w! How it bit! He snapped at it and shook his paw, but it still clung. Then he bit at it furiously. It did not bite back, but it was so hard that it hurt his teeth, while he seemed to make no impression upon it. The bones of a rabbit or partridge would have been ground to powder by those strong jaws, but this strange clam did not seem to mind them. But he would soon shake it off, and he spun round and round, snapping and snarling, even crossing to the other side of the brook. But the snake-like thing followed him and the clam bit harder and harder. He would try what effect water had on perhaps he could drown it.

He held it under water for a minute or two, but it still nipped him, and the snake-like thing followed as before.

Perhaps if he would kill this noisy thing that rattled after him everywhere he went the clam would let go his paw, so he attacked the chain furiously, but it was as hard as the strange clam, and only mocked

Then he lay down and licked his throbbing paw and wondered vaguely how it had happened. He many a tuft of moss was painted crimson. was always care-

had been no man scent, but Reynard, the red did fox, not know that the had trapper walked in the brook for several rods to the spot where he had set the trap. and that he had not stepped out of the water all the while he doing it. Was That he had held the bird in a

ful, but it evi-

dently was some strange device to

True, there

kill him.

new pocket handkerchief while he slipped the noose over its feet, so as to leave no scent, and returned the same way he

came. So whatever scent was left in setting the trap the brook had carried down stream.

Reynard had discovered the point where the trapper had left the brook, but it was so far away from the trap and the scent was so faint that he had failed to connect the two. Besides, moss usually grew on stones in the brook, and the whole arrangement fitted together so nicely.

Then a twig snapped in the bushes and a new, wild terror seized Reynard. It was someone connected with this device who was coming to do him further harm. He cowered upon the ground and lay very still. It was only a rabbit hopping through the bushes. Ordinarily he would have crept stealthily after him, but now his own troubles engrossed his attention.

At each rustle of the wind in the leaves his fears increased. The rat-a-tat of a woodpecker in a tree near by made him jump, but now his paw no longer pained him, for it was getting numb. It really felt as though he had no paw below the first joint.

He wriggled and twisted, bit and tore, lay upon the ground and shook his paw, sprang suddenly into the air, crossed from one side of the brook to the other, and tried every stratagem known to fox cunning, but all to no purpose, for the ugly clam still held his paw with a grip like death.

Foam dripped from his lips and his eyes grew wild and bloodshot. His breath came hard and fast, while, in his heart, fear contended with sullen rage for mastery.

He was very thirsty, but did not dare drink in the brook, for he thought it would do him some harm.

The fields and woods had seemed so free and wild an hour before, and now they were filled with terror. This bit of a demon on his paw had changed every-

After one of these wild plunges in which he shook himself, rolled and tumbled, snapped and snarled, he bit at his paw in sheer desperation; it did not hurt as much as he had expected, and a new thought came to him. If he could not get his paw from the strange creature's mouth, he might leave the part it had hold of there and escape on three legs.

He bit at his paw again. This time the teeth sank to the bone and made him cringe.

After all it would not be so funny to deliberately gnaw one's own leg off. For a time he considered, then went at the paw again.

'The flesh was not so bad, for he tore it madly. cringing and trembling at every bite, but the bone would be more difficult.

Soon it gleamed white, and he stopped to rest and get his courage back. He felt sick and queer, and the ground was covered with his own bright blood.

When the pain had lulled he would begin again. It did not cease, but got steadily worse, so in sheer desperation he renewed his efforts at amputating his own member.

He never could gnaw through the bone as he would that of a rabbit; there must be some other way. So he held the hideous clam down with his well paw and bent the torn and bleeding one over backwards. Farther and farther back it went and Reynard set his teeth tightly. Grim desperation was in this bloody act. How supple the bone was. Then it snapped with a loud pop, and he knew the worst was over. He lay down again for a moment to get back his wind and courage, and then with a few sharp crunches of his jaws severed the limb and was free, minus the torn and bleeding forepaw in the trap. Free to hop off on three legs into the woods.

But he left a bloody trail on ferns and leaves, and



It would never do to bleed like this. Already he was getting weak, so he made his way cautiously to a spring that he knew of near by.

Cold water was good to stop bleeding and to draw out fever and pain. He had learned this the summer before, when he had stuck a bramble in his foot. So he dipped his paw in the spring, taking care this time not to step on any mossy stones

When the cold water had partially stopped the bleeding and relieved the pain a little he went away to look for a balsam tree, to apply a favorite remedy that his mother had used on him when he was a young fox and had cut his face on swale grass.

He soon found the desired tree and broke open several of the blisters with his teeth. It was warming up by this time, the sun being two or three hours high, and the balsam flowed freely. This he lapped up with his tongue and applied it to the ragged stump. The balsam was very sticky, and it stuck the ragged ends of skin over the broken bone, which luckily had snapped at the joint, leaving a fairly smooth end.

Besides sticking down the skin over the end of the bone, the balsam helped to stem the bleeding. In half an hour's time he had stopped the blood and made a very respectable stump with these simple remedies. A man with all his knowledge of bandages and splints might have bled to death in the same predicament.

Then he went away into the deep woods to let nature do the rest. He found a scrub spruce with low-hanging branches; this would screen him from curious eyes while he took a nap. He crawled in under the friendly branches and lay down to sleep. For a long time the newly amputated paw throbbed so that he could not rest, but he bore it grimly with set teeth, and finally fell asleep from sheer exhaustion

When he awoke it was night. The stars were shining brightly above him. He could see them winking and blinking through the tree tops, and the night wind was sighing softly in the pine tops.

He was ravenously bungry, and his paw throbbed with renewed energy. He was also lame in every joint from the wrenching that he had got in the trap.

There seemed to be no way of gratifying his appetite, for his lame paw would not permit of his hunting. Usually he would have crossed the mountain and gone into the meadow to hunt mice on so bright a night, but now this was out of the question.

But his aching member and his hunger would not let him rest, and he hobbled painfully about, hoping to find food in some unexpected manner,

Presently he heard a rustling in the underbrush, and two other foxes crept cautiously out into the moonlight, coming directly towards him.

Reynard at once recognized them as his little brother and sister, whom he had not seen for two days.

How lucky it was they had appeared at this time! Here was aid at last.

Reynard greeted his brother and sister with a short bark, expressive of joy and surprise, and they came

of his mutilated paw. The three-legged fox held up his wounded member imploringly, licking it, that they might see his suffering.

But at the sight his own brother and sister drew back and snarled at him. He was different from what they had seen him before. He was maimed, and no longer one of them. He was a crippie, an outcast, and not worthy of their friendship.

Then the wounded fox was reated to a most cruel illustration of the barbaric law of the survival of the fittest, which is carried out so regorously in the woods, and which at once debars maimed and crippled animals from the rights and privileges of their kind.

His own little brother and sister set upon him furiously, snapping and biting at his wounded paw, and showing him plainly that henceforth they would recognize him only as an outcast.

At first great astonishment possessed the fox, then outraged fury, and he backed up against a tree and defended himself in a manner that made his assailants draw away to a respectful distance. He was really much larger than they, and had been something of a bully before his accident, but clearly his day had passed.

From that hour on he was known to both man and beast as the three-legged fox, an outcast and a

This story, The Tripod Fox, is one of the best animal stories I have ever read.

WM. C. SPRAGUE.

vagrant, hated and tormented by his own family, and hunted and dogged by men.

In time he learned to travel very well on three legs, but he never could conceal his identity.

If any boy on his way to school saw a ragged fox track, he would at once tell the other boys that the tripod fox had crossed the night before up in Jenkin's pasture. If the snow was soft one of the paw prints was always deeper than the others, and if it was very deep you could see where the stump dragged in the snow.

Hunters were glad to find this ragged fox track in a new snow, for they always felt sure that their hound would catch the lame fox, within an hour after starting him.

Many stories were told by fox hunters of how they almost bagged the tripod fox, but he wore his hide just the same, and defled them to the end of the chapter.

He never could excel in the long, hard chase, for his lameness prevented that, so his wits had to make up what he lacked in fleetness. There were many kinds of hunting too that he had to forego, but he developed a cunning, and resource, that was not matched by any other fox in the county.

His method was usually the ambush or still hunt.

quickly to him, but drew back, uncertain at the sight and he rarely stalked his game, as other foxes frequently did. His hunting took patience, and long waiting, but he usually got his game.

He would lie for hours in some hollow beside a woodland path, where the autumn winds had piled up leaves until they were deep enough to cover him. His nose and eyes just showing, he could see and not be seen. You might have watched the pile of leaves, that so well matched his own reddish yellow, and not see them move for an hour, but let some luckless rabbit or squirrel come jumping along the path, and he would spring from the pile like a flash and have them before they knew it

At other times he would lie behind an old log for an entire afternoon watching the squirrels playing in the trees, and spying out where they hid their mast. If he saw that a squirrel was hiding his store under the roots of a tree, he would mark the spot in his mind, and taking his place just one spring from the hole, behind the trunk, there he would stand like a statue, his hungry, yellow eyes glued upon the hole. He never shifted his position or seemed to get cramped, for he knew better than you or I do that a motionless object in the woods is very hard to discover.

But when the long-watched-for game appeared he rarely missed it. In the same way he had spied out a cock partridge's drumming log, and by lying close under one side of it, where it was rotten, he surprised this most wary of birds, and pinioned him before he could move a wing.

Mice hunting he also carried on successfully, but his specialty was poultry and other thieving about farm houses, where great caution had to be exercised, and only a fox with wits could go continuously and keep his brush.

There he not only had to guard against traps, but also against the farm dog. And as he was not swift of foot, he would fare badly in a race for life. This being the case, he usually reconnoitered the premises to be robbed, and discovered whether there was a dog upon the place. If he found that it was guarded in that way, he would look for a farm house that had no dog.

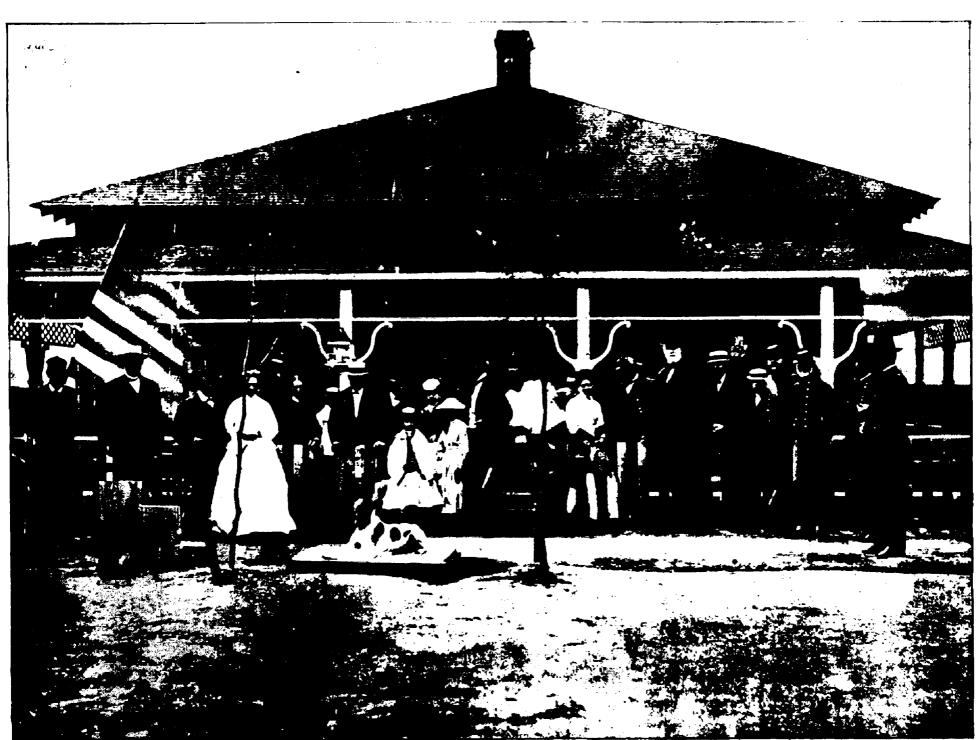
On one occasion he misjudged the premises and was surprised in the very act of robbing a hen-coop, by the canine protector of the place.

It was lucky for him that the dog was a coward. and retreated with a gashed face, before the battle had really begun, or his coat might have suffered.

I have discussed the point with many old fox hunters, and I cannot discover that a dog was ever known to draw first blood in a scrap with a fox.

The fox is so much quicker and more subtle than the domestic animal that he always gets that advantage. I do not think that a dog ever killed a fox. without carrying off a scar or two, to remember the battle by. Of course, a fox when cornered is no match for a gritty dog, but he is game from the quivering tip of his nose to the end of his bushy tail.

(To be continued.)



GEN. U. S. GRANT AND PARTY AT FORT SANDERS, 21/4 MILES SOUTH OF LARAMIE STATION, WYO., ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY-1867. This Picture Should Interest Every American Boy and Every American Boy's Father and Mother. The Leading Figures are, Beginning on the Extreme Left: Maj.-Gen. Greenville M. Dodge, Chief Eng'r U. P. Ry.; Sidney Dillon; Maj.-Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan; Mrs. Petter; Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon; Mrs. Gibbon; Gen. U. S. Grant; Brig.-Gen. Frederick Dent; Katle Gibbon; Allie Potter; Unidentified; Lieut.-Gen. Wm. T. Sherman; Mrs. Kilburn; Unidentified; Maj.-Gen. Wm. C. Harney; Thos. C. Durant, Pres. Cons. Co. U. P. Ry.; Gen. Adam Slemmer; Col. L. Cass Hunt; Brig.-Gen. Adam Kauts; Brig. Gen. Jas. C. Potter.



HAD been asked to play left field for the Hickories, the crack

native town-and one

THEbaseball team of my No. 1--A Con-

of the best teams in the state. The regular left fielder had been disabled and a game was to be played with a nine at Z-, a city some thirty miles away. No greater honor could come to me than that of being asked to "substitute" in the Hickories, and none that could surprise me more. True, I had been, for two seasons, one of the members of the Stars, a club second only to the Hickories in our town, but to be asked to substitute in the famous Hickories was a glory I never dreamt of. But it was a fact. The captain of the Hickories had said it, and, dazed with the honor, I had accepted the appointment.

Soon every fellow in town knew I was to be the substitute player in the game with the up-the-river team the following Saturday, and at once every baseball player in town envied me. I know my hat band at once became too tight and I am sure I took on a high and mighty air about home. But secretly I was frightened. What if I should not play well? What if I should fail in the test? No one knew how nervous I was during the week preceding the game,



A GLORY I HAD NEVER DREAMT OF

for I affected an air of self-confidence that concealed my real feelings. I know that I didn't sleep well, and that my meals were a matter of duty. All my spare time was spent in our backyard practicing at batting balls thrown by my younger brother, who was almost as proud of the distinction suddenly thrust on the family as I was.

You must know that the Hickories were a great club—the greatest at that time in the whole state of Ohio, and I was but seventeen—the youngest lad that had ever worn an "H" on his breast. Everybody man, woman, and child, in our little town, held this in a respect approaching nearly to awe, because it had brought great glory on the little community, and indeed it was a club to be proud ofgood, straight, honest ball players.

True, I was to play in but one game—as a substitute, but that was enough to make me feel a sort of 'cat may look at a king" feeling as, arrayed in the blue uniform with the white "H," I joined the others and marched with a band and a crowd of enthusiastic rooters to the steamboat that was to carry us to

It was a glorious boat ride. Everybody was hopeful and happy. The Hickories, with a string of victories behind them as long as any one could remember, were confident of an easy victory. My own courage was high. The "H" on my breast seemed to inspire me. All my anxiety was gone.

- a large crowd met us and escorted us At Zto a hotel where we ate dinner, and then followed us to the grounds, preceded by our band.

The game was a hot one. I did my share—took every fly that came into my garden, stopped a hot grounder and caught a man on second, by a good throw, ran far out over the foul line and nabbed a twister just on the edge of the crowd; and at bat I was not the worst, though I was never much at the bat, being too slight of build for a heavy hitter. So that when the game was over I had the satisf .ction of having the captain of the Hickories sa, to

"You took everything that came your way. ...ou're

all right."

My fellow-players and the crowd thought so, too, and I never before was prouder and happier than when, on the boat that night returning home, the game was being played over and over by little groups of tired but happy young fellows, and my name was spoken with praise.

I had not disgraced the name of the Hickories. had not been unworthy of the "H" on my breast. The next day everybody in my home town would know that I was able to play alongside of Tom and Ike and Charlie and the rest of the famous nine.

#-6. Sprage

It was my moment of triumph—and my moment of greatest weakness, boys. Strange, isn't it, that when a fellow thinks himself great he is nearest to being small. The greatest temptations follow the greatest victories often-I was about to say always.

I smoked my first cigar that night. I had always prided myself on being clear of this habit. My companions generally smoked. Nearly every young man in our town smoked. The Hickories smoked. But my father did not smoke; nor did his father before him. No near relation of mine used tobacco. I was brought up to think it an unnecessary, wasteful, injurious habit. I never intended to fall into it.

But I was one of the Hickories. We had won a signal victory. I was one of the heroes. I was no longer a common ball-player.

We were sitting on the upper deck of the steamboat in front of the pilot house—some four or five of us. It was a beautiful, moonlit night. water reflected back the moonbeams, the hills rose dark and majestic on either side, the steamer was gay with lights, every heart was light, though limbs

were weary.
"Have a stogle, old man." A thousand times before that I had said no. But say it now, great as I was? That would be playing the baby. I reached for the proffered weed-a long, thin fellow such as we used to know as Wheeling stogles. In a moment a fire burned at its taper end and I was really, in every sense, now one of the Hickories.

It takes a long time for a veteran smoker to smoke up a stogie. It takes a new hand at the weed an incredibly short time, for a new smoker pulis faci and hard. The wind was blowing in my face as I sat facing the bow, so that much of the smoke emitted from my lips found its way at once back into my face. But I enjoyed it and said so, and took another. Not until half of my second stogie was gone did I realize the way the wind was blowing, so I turned my back to the bow; that was better. Then the conversation dragged. The boys were Then the conversation dragged. tired; and so was I. I wondered how far we had come. The water did not give back the same light it did. I thought it looked duller; it certainly sparkled less. The chug, chug of the engines seemed to grow harder and the bo t to quiver more and more as she leaped forward. The air was growing oppressive. The voices o. in, companions seemed far away. They were growing sleepy, I thought. Someone said something about the foul ball I caught on the edge of the crowd. It didn't seem wonderful to me. It was growing oppressively warm.



flannel sort with the "H" on it seemed to choke me. I unputtoned it a litle, took off my cap, and pushed back my hair. My forehead was damp. My stogie had gone out. I wondered if the boys would miss me if I left them for a moment to get a drink of water. Perhaps I had better tell them what I am going awa; for, I said to myself. No, I'll just make a

EDITOR

quering Hero strange enough I did

quiet exit and say nothing. The water was on the deck below, but not go in the direction

of the companionway, but in the very opposite—back to the stern of the boat-back to the railing just over the big wheel that was turning—turning, and oh, that turning! Why did it turn? Then comething else turned. I turned—inside out.

Glory! Oh, the glory of that day! I was one of the Hickories and oh, so proud of it at that moment! Don't you believe it, boys. I would have sold, exchanged, given away without hesitation or question all the giory of that day for a clean conscience and a clean stomach.

I stayed back in the shadows of a big smokestack, gathering all the soot and smut that poured over and around me, sick in mind, in heart, in stomach, as no boy had ever been before. The uniform of the Hickories, the "H' on my breast, were nothing



now. I despised myself, and of all things on earth the least desirable to me now was the praise of friends. I was frightened too lest someone should see me-weak, fallen, disgraced.

At last the boat touched the home wharf. It was midnight. I waited till I knew that all the boys were off the boat, then I crawled out of my dirty hidingplace, staggered weak and trembling to the companionway, clutched at the railing with both hands, tottered down, felt my way uncertainly to the lower deck, and thence to the wharf. I heard the band playing a lively air and the boys shouting as they marched away up the middle of the main street. It sounded awful in my dull ears. volted again at the unseemly disturbance of the midnight quiet. It was a shame and a disgrace to thus arouse a virtuous, sleeping town. I would not join in it. My home was a mile away, at the far end of the town. How could I ever reach there? And I a champion! A Hickory! The thought made me sick again and I sat down on a curbstone to think it over, with my head between my hands.

Then, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, I arose and walked into an alley. I had sense enough to know that if I followed that alley I would reach the back gate of our yard. So up the alley I trudged, and stumbled. The band in the distance was playing "Hail to the Chief." And one of the chiefs was in the alley, trembling, groaning, and wiping the cold, moist drops of dampness from his honored brow, praying for strength to get home and into bed without a single, solitary voice to greet and welcome him.

There must come an end to all things, so there was an end to the alley. With scarce strength enough left to turn the key in the lock I entered the dear, old home, silently sank amid the pillows of a sofa in the sitting room and thanked a kind Providence that the hero was still alive—though very,

very sick. My father was always an early bird, and the next morning he caught the worm—a very humble worm with a dirty "H" on its breast, and a white face streaked with dirt, where it had laid its head in its hands—oh, so often and so long.

Fathers know more than boys give them credit

(Continued on page 11.)

# The Boy Who Thinks He Can't

By J. L. HARBOUR

HE "TOO SMART" boy, the boy who thinks that he "knows it all," the boy who "needs to be taken down a peg or two," is never a very agreeable sort of a boy, but, after all, I really think that he is preferable to the boy who is forever saying "I can't." The "too smart" boy will be sure to get his "come-uppance" and will be set in his proper place so often that the wings of his vaunting spirit will be clipped in time, and he will be willing to keep within his proper limitations. But the "I can't" boy makes his own limitations, and they are so narrow, so restricted that they keep him miles and miles from success in life. Who ever heard of an "I can't" boy amounting to anything in life? I never did. You never did. No one else ever did. At least not until someone gave the boy a real good shaking up and helped him to come to a realizing sense of his unworthiness and his own unmanliness in continually undervaluing the ability God has given him. A boy with the invaluable inheritance of good health and with even an ordinary degree of education should never dare say "I can't" to any ordinary undertaking. In fact, many boys have achieved an extraordinary degree of success with the education left out. Abraham Lincoln did. Booker Washington did. Hundreds of men have made the greatest success in life with only self-education.

Do you happen to have a high school or even a grammar-school diploma hanging in your room at home? You have? Very well. Then don't you dare stand before that diploma and say "I can't" to everything in life. If you have a diploma I have mentioned or, better still, if you have a college diploma, you are better equipped for the battle of life than thousands of men have been who have made their mark in the world. You are so much better qualified to say "I can" than other boys have been who have said it, all the same, and made good their words.

Undervaluing one's self is weakening to character. It is weakening to one's will power. It deadens ambition and prevents the growth of one's powers. The boy who says "I can't," and sticks to it, soon becomes inefficient, and there is no sorrier spectacle in this world than a well and strong man whom people regard as "real good, but inefficient." They are the kind of men whose wives and children have to support them, and a man of that kind never stands high in the community-never.

They are like the men who "mean well," but who never follow up their good intentions by doing well. It was only yesterday that I heard a great, strong, fine-looking man in the prime of life spoken of as being "a good man, but inefficient—one of those men who simply don't seem able to succeed at anything." And I said to myself: "I suspect that he was one of these 'I can't boys,' and I really have no doubt that he was. No real alert, "up-and-coming" boy ever develops into an "inefficient" man. And no "I can't" boy ever becomes a strong and masterful man until he changes his "I can't" for "I can." The world has such an admiration for a masterful man, and even those who are too kind or too polite to give voice to it have a certain contempt for the inefficient man. I know of one whose friends always speak of him as "poor Jones," only that isn't the real name, because he is so helplessly and hopelessly incapable of doing anything for his own support or the support of his family.

Now, you "I can't" boys must look out or in the years to come your friends will be speaking of you as "poor Smith" or "poor Jones" or "poor White," and that will be a very great humiliation indeed.

The boys and the men who are pushing to the front in all lines of high human endeavor are the boys and the men who are not undervaluing the gifts that God has given them. They have a proper pride in their own powers. One can have this without being conceited or boastful, and no wise boy is ever the one or the other. The "I can" boy never says very much about it, while the "I can't" boy is forever voicing his own inefficiency. And he usually does it with a whine, and that is what you boys would be apt to call a "dead give away."

The "I can't" boy who adds whining to his incapacity does "give himself away" dreadfully, but fretfulness and whining are usually to be found with incapacity. They are a part of the general make-up of the "I can't" boy. Now, are you a boy who thinks he can't? Stuff and nonsense! You can, you can, you can! Stand up, brace up, hold up your head, present a brave and manly front to the world and say "I can," and thank God that He has given you the health and strength and the resolution to make good your words. Now let us hear no more of this "I can't" business from any boy who may read this.

# giving was Held

By H. D. M.

HAVE BEEN wondering how many of the thousands of readers of The American Boy who will read the proclamation of the President fixing Thanksgiving Day, 1905, have ever thought of when and where the first American Thanksgiving took place. It is a most interesting story, carrying us back far beyond the momentous days when the people of America fought for freedom against Great Britain, far beyond the incidents of the old colonial times, back 2x5 years to the very beginning of American history when the Pilgrim Fathers, that little handful of brave men and women, first set foot upon "the stern and rock-bound coast" of New England at Plymouth. Did you think it was so long ago?

The boys and girls of America have been taught that July 4th is the greatest day in American history because on that day American independence was born, and that alongside of July 4th should be placed April 19th, the day on which that first shot was fired which was "heard around the world"; but I think that November 21st, the day on which William Bradford, Elder William Brewster, Edward Winslow, John Carver and Miles Standish, with their little following, stepped from their boat on the spot which was to be the settlement of the first American colony, ought to be the foremost and greatest of all cherished days.

It was a dreary, cold and most miserable welcome the little company received. Hunger and cold, insufficient protection, constant fear of the attacks of wild beasts or prowling savages confronted them. No wonder that sickness and death at once appeared Among them. As we read of the awful hardships which they suffered and endured and learn that fortysix of their number died during that first terrible winter, we marvel that any escaped.

Notwithstanding their destitution and their weakness, the survivors toiled and struggled unceasingly, uncomplainingly, hope of better things and better days buoying them up and strengthening their

# When the First Thanks- MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 14-From the Governor of Indiana



WINFIELD T. DURBIN, GOVERNOR OF INDIANA

The boys of the United States have as their own the richest heritage ever handed down to a rising generation in any age or

Manfela T. Durbin

courage. When the Spring of 1621 arrived, with its gentle, life-giving breezes, the little colony, which now only numbered about fifty, started bravely on the work they had before them.

In April the "Mayflower," that little vessel which was the only link connecting the Pilgrims with the outside world, set sail for England. The captain offered free passage to any who wanted to go back, but not one accepted.

During the months that followed the clouds of adversity disappeared for a time, and the sunshine of prosperity brought cheer to the hearts of the little band. A good harvest was gathered in, and they were able to make their dwellings secure and comfortable against the storms of the coming winter, while the health and strength of all were renewed. To these simple and devout men and women, as they compared their present comfort and prosperity with the destitution, want, suffering, and bereavement of the preceding winter, this was a time for special Thanks giving. Governor Bradford gave public expression to this feeling when he made proclamation of a time for a special Feast of Thanksgiving. Preparations were at once commenced. The woods resounded with the crack of rifles; wild turkeys and deer were brought in, and the women folk made appetizing feasts for all. Many tempting dishes filled the roughly hewn tables, savory meat stews, venison pasties, dumplings of barlev flour, bowls of clam chowder with sea biscuit, roasts of all kinds, broiled fish, cakes and plum porridge, and great baskets containing wild grapes. plums and nuts. Massasoit himself, King of the Wampanoag Indians, who had proved a friendly chier, and ninety of his warriors came as invited guests. bringing with them baskets of oysters as their gift. the first ever tasted by the white men.

The feasting and merrymaking began on Thursday, about November 1st, 1621, and ended with what may be termed a State dinner on the following Saturday. All work was suspended during this time, boys and girls romped and played, while the young men engaged in friendly athletic contests with their Indian guests.

Such was the first Thanksgiving. The boys of America should revere the memory of the men and women of that far off time, for through their indomitable courage, their patience, their perseverance and their unquenchable faith, we have in large part the blessings of a free and favored land.

# From Page Boy to Playwright

When Augustus Thomas was born forty-six years ago the American stage was notably enriched, though thirty-four of those years were to pass before any playgoer should see what the profession had gained. In those years Mr. Thomas was running up and down the aisles of the Senate Chamber at Washington, "paging it" for the country's law makers; was serving all sorts of turns on a great railroad, spending six good years learning the practical details of that calling; he was reporting and drawing cartoons for papers in Kansas City and his own native St. Louis, and, later, writing special articles for New York journals, and dabbling'a, little in politics. Then, last of all, he wrote plays.

Here was a career not permitted to he devoted to one foreseen end, for "Gus" Thomas had to do what lay nearest hand and do it well. He did just this, with the result that he saw life at close quarters, mentally jotting down what he saw, so that when, at length, he turned to write his plays, he had real life to put into them—and they succeeded.

"America's foremost playwright" he is today acknowledged, and it is worthy of note that only one of his sixteen dramatic pieces has to do with any country other than this. "Alabama," "In Mizzoura" and "Arizona"—the most popular of the man's output—are American



AUGUSTUS THOMAS

to the backbone, for their author—as page boy, railroader, journalist, or politician—had met their characters, known them, and then drawn them for the rest of the world to meet and know.

# The "Gray Wolf" of Siberia

When Portsmouth's peace news was followed on the plains of Manchuria by the armistice between the facing armies of Japan and Russia one of the world's most thorough generals lost his greatest chance to write his name high up on the page of twentieth century history. This was the leader of the men of the Czar, Lleutenant-General Linevitch, who had played a part in all the eighteen months fighting, climbing at last to supreme command—just too late to fight his own great battle.

His men call him "The old gray wolf."

Ninety-three per cent of all the children of school age in Japan go to school. When the same thing is true in Russia, the Russian generals and admirals may not get beaten every time they fight.

Laurence Solding. Spaulding, Minn., age 13, and his brother, age 10, are the happy possessors of a carpenter and blacksmith shop, 10x12 feet, built by themselves. They have a set, of carpenter tools and also a set of blacksmith tools, and are happy in their work.

Rev. E. C. Romine, of Philadelphia, Pa., says that when he was a boy on his father's farm in New Jersey, he owned a Shepherd dog. This dog one time in bringing up the cows-had a leg broken. His young master carried his pet to the house, carefully set the broken leg, and the dog got well. In after days whenever his master would rub the place where the leg had been broken, the dog always wagged his tail, by this expressing his gratitude. gratitude.

Loftus H. Ward, Pueblo, Colo., age 12, is the youngest boy in the Centennial High School? District No. 1, of that city. He completed the eight grades, including one year's work in Latin and Algebra, in the public schools in less than five years' actual attendance. Loftus is taking extra work in the high school with the view of receiving five points the first year toward the sixteen credits required for graduation. He is organist in the Junior Endeavor Society of the Central Christian church. He is a fifth degree member of the O. A. B. and anxiously awaits the arrival of his paper each month.



GENERAL LINEVITCH, COMMANDER OF THE PIRST (MANCHURIAN) ARMY COEPS

Linevitch has been active—and uniformity successful, which can be said of not another Russian officer upon the field. At Mukden, where he commanded the First Manchurian Corps, "The old gray wolf" repulsed thirteen consecutive Japanese attacks, and then, being recalled, brought his lessened regiments back into the lines in perfect order, bands playing, men singing, and scarcely a straggler missing.

When General "Joe" Wheeler heard this, he said: "That fellow's good enough to be an American."

# A Millionaire in Overalls

The saying that there are but "three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" is exemplified in far from the usual way in the case of Cornelius Vanderbilt 3d. Worth \$300,000 a year from his father's estate, and half as much more from his business connections, he yet has chosen to follow a life almost as truly that of a workingman as was the career of the famous old "Commodore" Cornelius, who laid the broad foundations for the Vanderbilt fortune. Today's Cornelius was a boy of ideas and action from the start, and it was no surprise that he should "find something to do" the first possible minute after he had finished his education at Yale. But finance held no attraction for him; his was the mechanical genius, and in less than a year from graduation The saying that there are but "three



cinders beneath a panting engine. But Vanderbilt wanted to know certain things, and was not afraid or ashamed of learning them—wherefore he did learn. He was an American youth with the right stuff in him.

Bronzed, athletic, curly-haired and clear-eyed, Cornelius 3d has today twenty-three patents to his credit, all in that chosen field of railroad mechanics. There is a tank car and a coal car, improved models, and more widely known is the Vanderbilt firebox, now used on the Baltimore & Ohio and Union Pracific roads as well as on that great "N. Y. C." system, so indelibly identified with the Vanderbilt name. It is a box which economizes not only fuel but power—and Mr. Vanderbilt declares he could never have constructed it had he not crawled under those engines, with inherited wealth forgotten, and his eye single to the goal of achieving something for himself.

# "The Cecil Rhodes of Old Ireland"

Ireland's leaders, in earlier days, sought the end of self-government for their beloved island too often through more or less lawless channels. Not so does John Redmond work; and no man has exerted a stronger influence upon the Nationalist party since the great Parnell. England's parliament is fast



JOHN REDMOND, M. P., "THE CECIL REODES OF OLD IRELAND"

approaching a political crisis that will make history, and Redmond is destined to play too large a part in that battle for American boys not to know somewhat of him

for American boys not to know somewhat of him.

He is 54, thoroughly familiar with the law, has a broad education, won at Dublin's Trinity College, while, above and beyond every other helping trait or attainment is a nature flery yet under perfect control, and a power of oratory which has won the fear of his enemies and the respect of his friends in that legislative body where he has sat since 1891. His nickname of "The Cecil Rhodes of Ireland" fits him exactly, for he has that other British "empire builder's" ability, and power as well as his features.

features.

An Irishman of Irishmen, Redmond is one of the ablest generals in parliamentary tactics in the House of Commons. Ready in debate, he yet knows as well when to sit silent as when to strike swiftly and hard. He has fought many a battle in climbing to his leadership, but the greatest of all, if forecasts prove true, must come before another year dawns. The end of his fighting Redmond himself has summed up best:

great battle.

His men call him "The old gray wolf," and the grizzled veteran of 65 "looks the part." But his keen eye is kindly, and his firm mouth can speak with truest feeling; Linevitch's soldiers worship him for his solicitude for their welfare as well as for his magnificent discipline and successful leadership.

Forty-four years ago he began his fighting, and has been at it ever since. First it was in the Caucasus, where there have recently been such fearful riots; then it was the Russo-Turkish society would not have recognized this ampaign of '77-'78, with all of Russia's almost endless little Asiatic wars to follow, and the Boxer Rebellion in China, man in overalls, acquiring technical the first moment of this latest conflict."

His men call him "The old gray wolf," and the grizzled veteran of 65 "looks the has found had. He has fought many a battle in climbing to his leader-ship, but the greatest of all. If forecasts prove true, must come before another year dawns. The end of his fighting Redmond himself has summed up best:

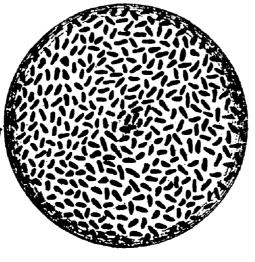
"While I control Ireland's votes," he puts it, "they will always be cast as suits the best interests of the 'ould sod.' My policy is to make English government of the island both difficult and dangerous. I am confident of success, and unhesitatingly predict the day when the first moment of this latest conflict when this meant crawling among the

# Our Pie Puzzle

"Around Thanksgiving we all went down to Aunt Mary'—quite a number of young people went along, and a right merry time we spent that evening. There was fun for everybody—games were played and good things were

eaten.

One of the most interesting events of the evening was the bringing in of a large fruit pie. No ordinary fruit pie, either! It was studded all over with raisins so thickly that one could scarcely see the crust between.



Then Aunt Mary announced that a prize would be awarded to the one who could tell the least number of pieces into which the pie could be cut so that each piece would contain an equal number of raisins. Of course, we first had to find out how many raisins there were. This was no easy matter. Then we had to find what two numbers multiplied together gave that number, and take the lesser number for the pieces.

We have had a sketch made of this interesting fruit pie, and want our readers to tell us the lowest possible number of pieces into which it could be cut, so that each should contain an equal number of raisins.

A good boy's book for the correct solution first received.

From Hon. W. W. Barrett, State Superintendent of Irrigation and Forestry and State Fish Commission of North Dakota

Church's Ferry, N. D., Sept. 27, 1905.

Mr. Wm. C. Sprague, Editor THE AMERICAN BOY.

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir:-I am proud of THE AMERICAN BOY. It is a great light; its moral, intellectual and reformatory teachings tends to the highest development, elevation, welfare and weal of the rising generation.

Yours for the purest and best American civilisation.

W. W. BARRETT.



MILTON BRADLEY Co. 55 Willow Street Springfield, Mass.

Etc.



Just as soon as the ice bears your weight, you will want to join the other fellows who already have

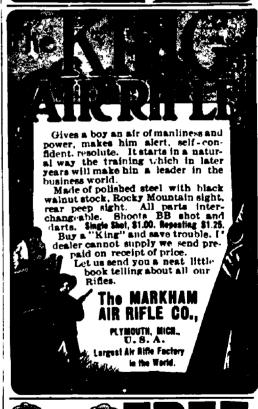
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We will send you free our new illustrated catalogue. It tells how to build an ice rink in your yard and gives the latest Hockey rules.

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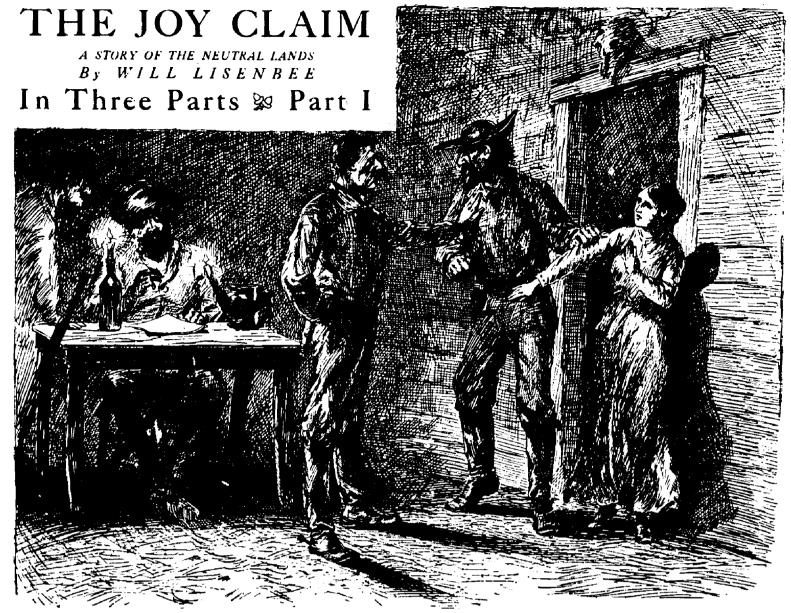


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Dept. 178.



KEEP YER HANDS OFF THE GAL'S DRESS, THEY MIGHT 'SIL IT"

T WAS on an evening in the latter part of July, 1868, that Henry Babbett sat in front of his little sod shanty, calmly smoking a small clay pipe, and gazing across the unbroken prairie, a thoughtful look upon his bearded face.

his bearded face.
In a little brush shed adjoining the shanty, his wife was busily engaged in preparing the evening meal, assisted by her daughter Martha, a tall, paic-faced girl of some sixteen years of age. At one end of the shed, upon the soft grass, lay Joey Babbett, aged seven, fast asleep, the low summer wind toying with his tangled curls and rocking the tops of the sunflowers to and fro as it swept by with a subdued murmur.

A rickety pine table containing a few cracked plates and some tin cups stooil

A rickety pine table containing a few cracked plates and some tin cups stood near at hand, and on this was placed a liberal supply of corn dodger, fried bacon and a cup of sorghum molasses. "Supper's ready, Henry," said the woman, sticking her head around the corner of the house.

"Supper's ready, reflect, woman, sticking her head around the corner of the house.

Mr. Babbett rose with a yawn, and entering the shed, took a scat at the table.

"It's time we heard somethin about the land, ain't it, Henry?" asked airs, is along while settlin' uv the question."

"It's got ter be argied," replied Mr. Babbett was one of those individing sort to be argied, replied Mr. Babbett in a gloomy tone, "an when anything's got to be argied in Congress it takes time; but Congress'il settle."

"Then you don't think that ole Joys goin' to kgit the Neutral Lands?"

"Then we'd as well go back to ole Missoury an' go on rentin' land?"

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"The we'd as well go back to ole Missoury an' go on rentin' land?"

"The we'd as well go back to ole M

"Yes, an' git the leaguers after you," said his wife. "They say they're goin' to git it of the Gover'ment yit, an' if a settler tries to buy his claim of Joy they'll fix him."

they'll fix him."
"I reckon this is a free country," remarked Mr. Babbett with a show of anger, "an' a man ken buy uv whom he pleases—'specially a man that's fit fur years in the war. But 'tain't no use ter worry over the matter. Congress'll settle it—leaguers or no leaguers," and he relapsed into silence.

The Rubbett femily had moved from

The Babbett family had moved from Missouri to southeastern Kansas a month before, and had settled on a quarter-section of prairie in what was known as the Neutral Lands.

This tract, which consisted of 800,000 acres, had been ceded in trust to the United States by the Cherokee Indians nearly two years before.

nearly two years before.

The Secretary of the Interior had been made the agent of the Cherokees to sell the lands. He was authorized to advertise for sealed proposa's, and to sell to the highest bidder for cash, in parcels not exceeding 160 acres each at \$1.25 per acre, or to sell the whole body at not less than one dollar per acre. But, recognizing the difficulty of selling so large a body in parcels of 160 acres each, it was finally decided to sell the whole 800,000 acres in a body, and then it happened that Mr. James F. Joy, of Michigan, became the owner of the Neutral Lands on June 10, 1868, or about a week before the Babbett family had settled on the claim.

However, as there were about one

However. as there were about thousand families on the lands before the period of Joy's purchase, they were permitted to buy their claims at an ap-praised valuation of from one dollar and a half to four dollars per acre, or

about two dollars less than those who

about two dollars less than those who bought under the Joy contract.

A large number of the settlers declared that the Joy transaction was a swindle, and asserted their rights to settle under the homestead and pre-emption laws. Thus began a bitter war between the Joy and anti-Joy factions. Anti-Joy leagues were organized throughout the two counties of Crawford and Cherokee, and intense excitement prevailed.

Meantime, designing politicians, seeing a chance to make themselves popular with a large portion of the misguided settlers, connected themselves with the various leagues, urging the members to resist the claims of Joy to the last, with force of arms if necessary. Some of these politicians were even sent to Washington in the pay of the settlers to try to induce Congress to take some action in the matter.

All kinds of reports were set affoat, and few of the settlers understood the true situation of affairs, and were impatiently waiting for Congressional aid. Thus matters stood when our story leagues the least ter git the neighbors down on us, and they may do us harm."

"If won't be driv inter nothini," replied Mr. Eabbett with a show of feeling, "and they 're through with the job."

"To you suppose they'll come here to harm us, father?" asked Martha, her pale face wearing an anxious look.

"If dunno, Marthy. If they do, let 'em come. I hain't run from nobody yet and a life they do, let 'em come. I hain't run from nobody yet and a life they life they in the recommence now.

The sun, like a great wheel of fire, was fast going down across the level prairie, and a soft wind stole with a subded murnur through the swaying grass. Presently the orb disappeared and night settled rapidly over the plains.

Martha threw a faded shawl over her head and stole from the cabin and out across the prairie in the direction of Peter Davis' cabin. She was going to ford and Cherokee, and intense excitement prevailed.

Meantime, designing politicians, seeing a chance to make themselves popular with a large portion of the misguided settlers, connected themselves with the various leagues, urging the members to resist the claims of Joy to the last, with force of arms if necessary. Some of these politicians were even sent to Washington in the pay of the settlers to try to induce Congress to take some action in the matter.

All kinds of reports were set affoat, and few of the settlers understood the true situation of affairs, and were impatiently waiting for Congressional ald. Thus matters stood when our story opens.

come ter the league meetin' ter night at my house. Thar's important business to he transacted, an' ye'll he thar, I reckon

"Kent say that I will," said Mr. Babbett. "I ain't a member uv the league, an ain't got no business thar."
"That's just why we want ye ter come. At the meetin' last week the chairman

At the meetin' last week the chairman lowed that he might be led ter inquire what ye meant by not j'inin' the league, an' that if ye didn't make yer appearance at the next meetin' thar'd be trouble fer ye."

"I ain't comin', Peter Davis!"—he spoke with a sharp accent in his voice—"an' I may be led to inquire what yer goin' ter do about it?"

"Yer case will be referred ter the committee on ways an means." answered

mittee on ways an means." answered Davis with peculiar significance. "I'm not authorized ter give opinions that belong ter the department uv justice, but I think the usual penalty mentions

somethin' about a rope an' a tree."

Henry Babbett threw out his hand with a gesture of anger and pointed across the prairie in the direction from whence Peter Davis had come.

"Ride!" He uttered the command in the c

"Ride!" He uttered the command in a sharp, imperative tone. "Don't yer ever come back again with any sich word ter me. This is a free country an Kansas! I fit four years in the war fer the privilege uv doin as I please, an I ain't goin' ter let sich a scarecrow as ye air tell me what ter do."

Peter Davis wheeled his horse around with a sharp terk of the rein. As he

with a sharp ferk of the rein. As he rode away he turned in his saddle and said 'It's fer ver own good I told yer, an'

if yer knows what's best fer yer ye'll take my warnin' fore it's too late," and without waiting for any reply, he galloped away.

"Better go to the meetin', Henry," said irs, Babbett from the shed. "It ain't

side

"Mr. Cheerman," said Peter Davis, rising from his seat in the corner of the room, "news has just been brought that ole Joy is goin' ter open a land office under the management uv a man by the name uv John T. Cox. What action aire we ter take in the matter?"

"Hang the agent an' any one that befriends him," said Jim Baker, a muscular claim-holder from Cow Creek Valley. "That's the sort o' treatment we've got ter give, an' the sooner the better."

This sentiment was ratified by a burst of applause that fairly shook the building. 'Mr. Cheerman." said Peter Davis, ris-

committee was then appointed to A committee was then appointed to draft resolutions regarding the Joy land agent, and while these were being prepared, Peter Davis made an elaborate speech in denunciation of the settlers who refused to aid the leaguers in the battle for their "rights."

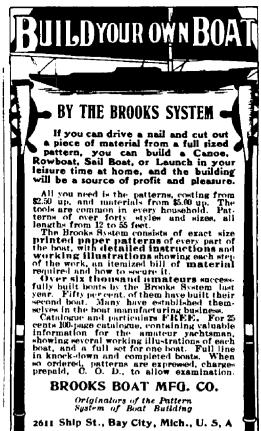
At the close of his speech the committee reported the following resolutions:

First-Resolved, That if John T. Cox does establish an office in this county for the purpose of affording the settlers an opportunity of purchasing under the an opportunity of purchasing under the Joy contract, we will hold the same as a common nuisance, working hurt and doing injury and annoying the people, and we have the right and will abate such nuisance; peaceably if we canforcibly if we must.

"Second—Resolved, That any member of our league who shall argues to again."

of our league who shall refuse to assist in abating said John T. Cox and his office, shall have meted out to him the like treatment that we propose to John

T. Cox.
"Third—Resolved, That any







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living in this township, who shall after Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

this date, 'prove up' under the Joy contract shall have the same or like treatment administered to him.

"Fourth—Resolved, That any one sympathizing with, aiding or abetting said John T. Cox in establishing or maintaining his nuisance, is no better than he is, and deserves like treatment.

"Fifth—Resolved, That any settler belonging to this league, who will remain firm and not 'prove up' shall be protected; and any one 'proving up' or buying said settler's claim shall never enjoy the land—that we piedge ourselves to hang him higher than Haman and without benefit of clergy.

out benefit of clergy.

"Sixth—Resolved, That we mean business, and will put in force the above resolutions, and will make an example of any one who violates any of said resolutions." olutions.

"N. G. COMPTON,
"J. S. ARMSTRONG,
"W. G. CRAKE, 'Committee."

These resolutions were adopted with rousing cheers, and copies of the same were ordered to be sent to John T. Cox and James F. Joy.

"The next business on hand." said Peter Davis, "is the abatin' uv local nuisances in our midst."

"Correct," added Jim Baker, "an' Henry Babbett would come under that head."

"Exactly!"

"Then I move that we 'tend ter him ter-night. Progrustington is a thief my

Babbett would come under that head."

"Exactly!"

"Then I move that we 'tend ter him ter-night. Procrustinatun is a thief uv time."

A stifled sob escaped Martha Babbett's lips as she crouched there in the darkness. The words of the leaguers sent a chill of fear to her heart, and for a moment she sat weak and helpless. Well she knew the stern, relentless character of the men i

moment she sat wea she knew the stern, relentless charac-ter of the men within the cabin, and already reports of their deeds of violence had come from many quar-

violence had come from many quarters. But the thought of her father's life being in danger gave her courage and strength to act.

With a great effort at self control she rose from her place of concealment, and passing noiselessly around the house, boldly entered the open door. door.

Exclamations anger and astonish-

ment broke from the men within.
"A spy! How did she get in here? Where are the guards?" came from a dozen of the dozen of the crowd.

"I am no spy," said Martha, trying to speak calmly. "I

said Martha, trying
to speak calmly. "I
came here to speak
of my father—"
"It's old Babbett's girl," interrupted Peter Davis.
"I place her under
arrest. She's not
hver for any good hyar for any good, an' she orter be ta-ken care uv till we git through our

A look of terror came over her thin, pale face as she staggered back against the wall. Then stepping quickly to one side, she held up her hand as if to signify that she had something to say. She tried to speak but her voice failed her. "Hold on till we larn what she's got to say," said Jack Baggs. Then addressing the girl he added: "Go on an' tell us what ye're doin' hyar this time o' night."
"I'm no spy," began Martha, speaking with an effort. "Mr. Davis said you were going to harm my father. What has he ever done to any of you that you should mistreat him? We are poor folks come to Kansas to get a home. Is this

come to Kansas to get a home. Is this the way Kansas people treat their neigh-

"Sissy," said Davis, laying his hand on the girl's arm, "yer pa has disobeyed the injunctions uv the league—a very grave offense, the punishment fer which has jist been under discussion. It will be

jist been under discussion. It will be necessary ter detain ye till the lergue takes some action in the case."
"Peter Davis," remarked Jack Baggs in a calm but firm tone, "jist take yer hands off uv the gal."
"Who says so!" blurted Davis, turning upon the speaker, but still holding fast

to Marthas arm.

"I do!"

"Then I reckon I'll do as I please,"
returned Davis in a contemptuous tone.
"I ain't in the habit uv noticin' the bark-

in' uv a puppy!"

Jack Baggs stepped forward, and with a quick movement pushed Davis aside.

"Keep yer hands off uv the gal's dress," he said, "they might sile it. If ye want ter put yer hands on anybody, list put 'em on a man!"

With an exclamation of rage Peter Davis drew a revolver, but before he could use it, it was knocked from his hand by Jack Baggs, who picked up the fallen weapon and placed it in his own belt. uv a puppy!

belt.
"Take care, Peter Davis!" he warned, a dangerous glitter in his eye. "You may be a murderer as well as a cowardly bully."

In a moment all was excitement in the room.

the room.

"I denounce him as a traiter ter the league!" cried Peter Davis in baffled rage. "He deserves ter be hung and I'm in fer doin' it!"

"Silence!" commanded the chairman in a loud, imperative tone. "We hain't come hyar ter be fussin' among ourselves, but fer business."

"That's the idea exactly," came from Jim Baker.

That's the idea exactly, came from Jim Baker.

In a few moments order was restored. Then, as they turned to where Martha Babbett had been standing, they found that she had disappeared.

As soon as Martha Babbett escaped from the cabin, she crept around to the back of the building so as to avoid the guards, and fled in the direction of home. "O father!" she cried as she entered the shanty almost out of breath, "they are coming! let us leave here—quick.

father!"

"What's the matter, child? aire ye gone crazy?" asked Mr. Babbett, sitting up in the bed.

"I have just been up to Davis' cabin and heard them plannig to—to—kill you!" cried Martha with a sob.

"Mercy on us, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Babbett in a terrified voice. "What on earth are we goin' to do?"

"Do?" cried Mr. Babbett, "I ain't goin' ter do nothin' but stay hyar an' fill some uv 'em full uv lead if they bother me." As he spoke he rose from the bed, and hastily pulling on his clothes, took down a rifle from the rack in the corner and began to examine it by the dim light of a kerosene lamp. a kerosene lamp.

a kerosene lamp.

"For goodness' sake, Henry, let's git out of here," exclaimed Mrs. Babbett, trembling with fear. "They are a set of murderers and we'll all be killed!"

"I reckon they'll hafter git us first," observed Mr. Babbett coolly. "A man's house is his castle, even if it is made uy sod, an' they're goin' ter have trouble before they git in hyar."

Just then the gound of rapidly and

You'd better git out o' this unless ye want ter have a heap o' trouble.' Then, without waiting for a reply, he wheeled his horse around and galloped off.

"We'd better go, Henry," preaded Mrs. Babbett.
"They'll kill us all

They'll kill us all

if we stay here."
But Mr. Babbett refused to move, and began to make preparations to de-fend his house. He barred the door se-curely, and then collected his ammunition and placed it within easy reach.

A few minutes passed and then the tramp of hoofs could be heard, and a large squad of horsemen gal-loped up and drew rein a short dis-tance from the shanty.

"Hallo thar! what do ye want?" called out Mr. Babbet through the small hole that served as a win-

One of the horsemen dismounted and approached the

cabin.
"Halt!" command-

ken care uv till we git through our "Halt!" commandbusiness with the ole man." As he "OH PATHER, THEY ARE COMING!" the stranger was a 
spoke he advanced to the girl's side and laid his hand upon her shoulder. "I'm Roger Simpkins, captain uv the 
A look of terror came over her thin, Green Valley League," replied the 
pale face as she staggered back against stranger, "an' I'm out hyar with a com-(Continued on page 14.)

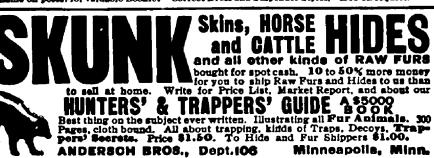


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# My Four Years at West Point

(BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER, 1904)

XXV.

THIRD CLASS YEAR.

NEW PROGRAMME of drills went NEW PROGRAMME of drills went into effect immediately after the Fourth of July. The only change for us, however, was the substitution of light battery drill for slegg gun practice. The new artillery drill was rather exciting and we all enjoyed it. The light battery consisted of six sections, and the third-classmen acted as cannoneers. Four horses were allotted to each piece and to each caisson, and we maneuvered all over the cavalry plain.

After the piebs ioned the battailon in

maneuvered all over the cavalry plain.

After the plebs joined the battallon in August, an infantry company drill was added in the afternoon at 4:30. It was very tedious, lugging a gun around under the flaming sun, and listening to the timeworn commands of, "Fours right," "right shoulder arm," etc. The only diversion we poor fellows in ranks could find was in listening to the babel of volces that proceeded from the line of file-closers, and now aimed at the fourth-classmen.

now aimed at the fourth-classmen.

Finally the 28th of August arrived, and with it the return of another furlough class. We fell in for dancing, just as the furlough men came in sight at the top of

furlough men came in sight at the top of the hill near the library, and were debarred from taking any active part in the reception, although we could see the hilarious proceedings as we marched by.

The 1st of September found us back in barracks ready for another year's work. The course before us included analytical geometry, French and drawing. The upper sections had made a start in analytics in the latter part of pleb year, but at the beginning of the new year we began again in that study. So in French, we started our Keetel's grammar and went started our Keetel's grammar and went through it once more. In translation, we had two volumes of Roemer's "Cours de Lecture and Traduction." After finishing

had two volumes of Roemer's "Cours de Lecture and Traduction." After finishing analytical geometry, we took up Church's Descriptive Geometry, and by January went as far as shades and shadows.

Many members of the class had studied algebra, geometry, and trigonometry before coming to the Point, and possessed, therefore, some advantage over the rest of their classmates. But in this new course in mathematics, most of us were on the same level, and it was a long pull and a hard pull. The January examination showed a few decided changes in class standing. few decided changes in class standing. Many cadets who stood high in January were second rate men, and in some cases cadets who in our opinion the year before were candidates for civil life, were now forging up to the first section.

forging up to the first section.

As we looked back on the mathematics of the year before, it seemed but childish play. We were getting what I thought then, and what I think now, the hardest part of the four years' course.

How the "immortals" boned in those days! I remember one man in my class who could not "comprehend" the analytical problems at all. He studied the little paper on which the math problems were given out, and learned that B-23 meant the 23d problem in that particular subject under consideration in Bowser's Analytics, T-16 meant the 16th problem in Todhunter's Analytics, etc. So he purchased all these books at his own expense, pored over all the problems for each day's lesson, and in many cases memorized the answers. and in many cases memorized the answers. It was a standing joke in the class to go up to his man and say, "Hello, Sep, what's the answer to B-17?"

However, I would not advise any one to try the system, for it closely resembles the study of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to fit one's-self for an examination in spelling. The better to point a moral to this tale, I will add that that Sep said good-by

As for drawing, that included, for the first half of the year, construction of the various problems in descriptive geometry.

various problems in descriptive geometry. At the January examinations we lost six more men, five found in mathematics, and one in mathematics, French, and discipline. Discipline is as much of a study at the Point as mathematics, and counts the same. A cadet is allowed 125 demerits from June to January, and 90 from January to June. If he passes that limit, the Academic Board find him deficient and act upon his case, the same as if it were a deficiency in one of his studies. One-third of the number of demerits that the plebs receive each month is removed which is a mercieach month is removed, which is a merciful provision made by the authorities, who recognize the fact that plebs are reported by the cadet officers for offenses which are overlooked when the upper classmen are concerned.

are concerned.
You sometimes hear it said that a certain graduate went through West Point without receiving any demerits. In point of fact this is well-nigh impossible, though it may be that now and then an absolutely perfect man enters the U. S. Military Academy. Cases are not unknown of graduating without demerits, but that was due to the credit assist.

to the credit system.

If, in the total demerit for any month, a If, in the total demerit for any month, a cadet receives less than eight demerits, he is credited with the difference between the number he actually receives and eight, which difference is subtracted from the total number for the term. To illustrate, suppose that for the first three months of a year, I have a total of seventeen demerits. In April, I receive two demerits. I am then charged with six, and my total is thirteen. If in May I receive eight my total is twenty-one.

The number of demerits given for an

The number of demerits given for an offense depends upon the gravity, and ranges from 10, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2 to 1. A breach of confinement is ten demerits, smoking is five, an absence is three, a solled gun is two, and a late is one,—at least this was

two, and a late is one,—at least this was the rule in my time.

From January to June we studied shades, shadows, and perspective, differential and integral calculus. In modern languages, we took up Borel's Grammaire Francaise, and Bocher's college series of French plays, and Volume II. of Roemer's "Cours, etc." Borel's grammar is really a French grammar in a double sense, for it has not a word of English between the two covers.

two covers. Drawing included topography and plot-

We were required to make a colored-fin-ished map of our survey.

As for drills, we had battallon infantry drill in September. In October we had light battery drill, and target practice with

In November, however, we entered upon a new era in the way of drills. I refer to cavalry exercises.

The class was separated into two equal divisions. With each, riding alternated dally with drawing. Each one of these divisions was divided into two sections, one section attending from 2 to 3, and the other from 3 to 4.

I had ridden a horse only a few times before I went to West Point, and then I bestrode a rickety white steed, aged thirty years, that had been turned out in the fields to die. Thrilling stories about feats and accidents in the riding had prepared us for what was coming to the riding had prepared us for what was coming.

We were told by wise upper classmen that the cavalry instructor would put us on our horses bareback at the outset, and keep the whole squad at a "measly dog-trot" until every man had bitten the tanbark. Then there were Sweet, Hannibal, and Napoleon, vicious brutes, who reared and plunged in the most frightful manner, and who were so wicked that if they and who were so wicked that if they could not reach you with their rear heels, would not reach you with their rear neers, would paw at unwary cadets with their front feet. We wanted to look out for MacDonald, who had been known to walk in a perpendicular attitude from one end of the hall to the other, so evenly balanced in this dreadful posture that if the rider even thought of anything behind him

anced in this dreadful posture that if the rider even thought of anything behind him, the horse was sure to fall over backwards. As a result of these awful tales, I went down to the riding-hall confident of taking a bath in the tan-bark and spoiling my new riding-sult. The riding academy is at the turn of the road leading from the south dock up to the plateau on which West Point stands. It is dear to the heart of every cadet, not only on account of the south dock up to the plateau on which West Point stands. It is dear to the heart of every cadet, not only on account of the fun and excitement that he has had there, but because it is the first building to come into sight, when sailing up the Hudson, and the last one to fade from view as he turns the bend in the river on his way to New York. How many heroes, dead these long years, have looked lovingly on the ivy-clad walls of the riding-hall and said farewell forever to West Point!

We were marched into the riding-hall, and, to our surprise, found each steed saddled. The instructor, after explaining how to mount, gave the command, "Stand to horse," when each man faced about and took the horse directly to the rear of him. After counting fours, the command was given, "troopers, prepare to mount—mount!" Considerable time was spent in mounting, for it was new to many of us. After we had executed

to mount—mount!" Considerable time was spent in mounting, for it was new to many of us. After we had executed this preliminary satisfactorily our instructor commanded, "By file, by the right flank!" and we started off in turn on a procession around the hall. We walked at first, trotted a little, executed a few simple movements by the flank and that was all. No one fell off, and none of the horses attacked his rider. At the next two drills, we were taught the simple exercises of leaning back, extending the arms in different directions, reaching over either side of the horse's neck, and using either hand in managing the steed.

When I went to the hall for the fourth time, I saw that it had come at last. The horses were standing in line, and in place of the saddle there was nothing but a plain gray blanket strapped to the animal's back.

After standing to horse, it did not take

By A GRADUATE

me long to find that I was the proprietor for the time of the dreaded Hannibal. I kept the squad waiting several minutes for me to mount, and narrowly escaped to stick or three miles around the country, brought up at the starting-place again. We were required to make a colored-finished map of country.

or not, and, as a consequence of this indif-ference I learned to stick to my horse equally well with the rest of my mates. We made rapid progress in horseman-

ship. Before the year's course was finished in April, we had learned to pick up heads from low posts, while the steed was run-ning, to jump hurdles, and to dismount. vault the horse, and remount while he was at a gallop.

nishing goods' men came up to the Point, and by submitting permits, we were allowed to order suits of clothing. When these suits were brought up for our inspec-

tnese suits were brought up for our inspection, furlough did not seem so very far off. As June approached, we celebrated on every possible occasion as only yearlings know how to celebrate.

When at last we want down to reveille, and every man told some other man that it was the first of June, we found examinations and a long series of exhibition drills staring us in the face.

#### XXVI.

The examination in mathematics was oral and was as usual held in the library. French was oral and written The examination in drawing consisted in a scrutiny of the drawings and the marks by the Academic Board.

We gave an exhibition in light battery drill, but played a minor part, as the first-classmen, who acted as officers, bed the

visions of furlough ever before us. After the examinations were concluded

we had a great deal of time to ourselves, which was devoted to the young ladies and

graduating and the furlough classes. The battalion was as usual formed in single rank, and we could hardly wait to get in the line, so impatient were we to hear the

the breast of his coat we had to listen to a long string of first-class standings before ours was published. These orders were the first official notification of the result of the examination, and if a cadet did not find

(Continued on page 31)



HERB IS A PICTURE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT POLICEMAN OF THE LONDON PORCE. HE ACCOMPANIES THE KING ON ALL HIS JOUNNYS THROUGH LONDON, AND IS A WELL KNOWN FIGURE IN ALL PROCESS. JNS

when we struck a trot the trouble began. I had not learned the secret of the true cavalry seat—a firm grasp of the horse's flanks by means of the thighs. I balanced myself until I became tired and could hold on no longer. I prayed for the command, "Gallop!" but it came not, so waiting until I observed a soft pile of tan-bark, I tumbled off in as dignified style as possible. I got through the day with only one more fall.

The next time, with my usual luck. I drew that other equine imp, Napoleon, and had three falls. At the third bareback drill, Hannibal again fell to my lot, and I went off but once. After this last experience, I cared little whether I was thrown or not, and, as a consequence of this indif-

at a gallop.

The last half of March being quite mild, and with clear weather as a rule, we received a good dose of infantry company drill. In April, we had another turn at light battery drill and target practice, and May was devoted to battalion drill.

We were all so impatient for the approach of June, that we began counting the intervening days while it was yet December. My class did its part in making the "Hundredth Night Celebration" a success. In the month of March, the tailors and furnishing goods' men came up to the Point,

#### SECOND CLASS YEAR.

classmen, who acted as officers, had the most prominent work. We escaped this year with only two reviews.

These early days in June passed slowly indeed, and it was hard work to study with

laying plans 'or furlouth.

The graduating parade had more interest for us now than the previous one, for it is customary to read out the standing of the

standings.

When the adjutant drew the orders from



# THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT

OU remember how it was yourself when you were a child—how your father or big brother or perhaps grandpa, made you a "lovely" little wagon out of a soap box and a plank and two old wheels—maybe it had four wheels. Anyway, you'll never forget how happy that little wagon made you.

The most acceptable birthday or holiday gift you could make to your boy or girl is a Studebaker Junior wagon—the finest and strongest miniature wagon in the market.

a Studebaker Junior wagon—the finest and strongest miniature wagon in the market. It is built after the style of the regular Studebaker—oak frame, farm wagon gearing with bent hounds and adjustable reach, all parts strongly ironed and braced, welded tires, staggered spokes, hub boxes and caps, oak shafts (or pole if desired) handsomely painted throughout. Call on your Studebaker agent or order direct.

#### PRICE, \$10.00

Write for our beautiful new "Studebaker Junior" wagon booklet.

Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co. SOUTH BEND,

P. S.-Any first class TOY DEALER will order one for you, if you so desire.



Baltimore Arms Co's Double Barrel Hammerless SHOT GUN, heavy canvas COVER and jointed CLEANING ROD, \$19.50.

and jointed CLEANING ROD, \$19.50.

Description—Raltimore Hammerless Grade
A. Factory Price \$33.00. Monumental Blued
Steel barrels, 12 or 16 gauge, 28. 30 or 32 inch
choke bored, guaranteed for black or smokeless powders. A high grade American gun
built for hard, close shooting.

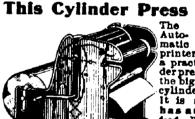
The cover is Victoria shape made from
heavy canvas, flannel lined which will prevent scratching and marring the gun.
Regular Price \$1.25.

The cleaning rod is made in three sections
of hard wood, and has scratch brush, swab
and slotted end to use rag.

nard wood, and has screen brush, swab and slotted end to use rag. Regular price 50 cents, SPECIAL OFFER. We will ship the above Shot Gun, Cover and Cleaning Rod to any address upon receipt of \$2.00 deposit and C. O. D. for balance and charges, privilege to examine.

Send three cents for 48 page Illustrated Catalog and large Bargain Sheet of Sporting Goods.

CHAS. J. GODFREY COMPANY, 4 Warren St., NEW YORK.



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a practical cylinder pressbuilt like
the big newspaper
cylinder presses.
It is self-inking,
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has automatic feed. Easily operated. Prints circulars, price lists, letter heads, propagars, cards, bills of fare, window bulletins, paper bags, dodgers, etc. With an Automatic Printer you can run a business at home. The Automatic is made in sizes from \$1.00 to \$10.00. A complete outfit of type, ink, bronze, bronzing puff, visiting cards, pair type tweezers and roll of paper is included with each press.

Write to-day for free catalogue and specimens of work.

The Automatic Printing Machine Co., 535 Symmore St., Cincinnati,



# Buy a Home Gym

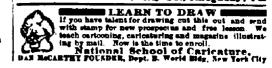
\$5.00. Either for children or adults. You save the money on doctor bills. tor bills. To put up everywhere.

J. A. Willig, 71 W. Washington, Chicago, III. Gymnasium Outfittor.

Stang's Tooth-ache Drops

# give quick relief in all cases of tooth-ache. Every home should have a bottle. By mail, 15 cents. The Stang Chemical Company, 115 W. Jackson St., Muncle, Indiana

Fun for Boys and Girls! Puzzle Pencil Sharpener. You carry it on your pencil, and it looks just like an eraser. You astonish everybody when you sharpen your pencil with it. By mail, 16c. Agents wanted. Good Luck Novelty Co., Allegheny, Pa.



# BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS

# One Way to Raise Money

A novel way for boys to raise money is nere described by one of the boys from a Sunday School in Oak Park, Ill., which had undertaken to raise \$500 toward a

had undertaken to raise \$500 toward a good enterprise.

In January, 1904, a committee prepared a list of forty boys, to help in the collection of old newspapers and magazines. A squad of ten boys was to accompany the wagon on its trip every Saturday afternon, the services of each boy being called for but once in four weeks.

The families in Oak Park were asked to save their old newspapers and maga-

The families in Oak Park were asked to save their old newspapers and magazines and when the wagon made its weekly trip, people in most cases, had a quantity of old newspapers and magazines saved up. The wagon would stop about once in each block to allow the boys to fold, bundle and load the papers collected in that block. This is where boys to fold, bundle and load the papers collected in that block. This is where most of the time and labor was expended, as the newspapers had to be folded so as to form a half-sheet size, and tied into bundles not less than twenty-five pounds in weight, and not too heavy for convenience in handling. The magazines were bundled separately. The wagon loads were stored each Saturday in one of four "receiving stations." When a sufficient quantity had been collected to fill a small car, an afternoon was set aside for this purpose and a party deleaside for this purpose and a party delegated to assist in the work. The car was shipped to the Howe & Davidson Co., paper box manufacturers, at Marseilles. Illinois.

The figures relating to the sale of the papers are as follows:

22,000 lbs of paper at \$11 a ton ......\$121.00 Less 3 per cent cash..... 3.63 \$117.37 22,000 lbs of paper at \$11 a Hire of wagons ..... \$ 5.00 Twine for binding, etc..... 5.00

With the exception noted above, the wagons were loaned every Saturday afternoon by business firms, and no storage was paid. The work of collecting, bundling, hauling and loading; was done entirely by the boys.—Association Boys.

Net proceeds .....\$107.37

# As a Bait

A gentleman who recently moved to a suburb of London declares that for tact and diplomacy he knows nobody to equal his neighbors there. He had scarcely settled himself in his new home when one day he heard a hen proudly cackling in his backyard. He went out to see what could have brought a strange hen into the yard, and found that the fowl had just laid an egg in the woodbox outside the kitchen door. While the gentleman was still wondering where on earth the creature had come from, the shock head of a thin and tall boy of twelve years rose from the yard of the house next door.

"Hullo!" said the youngster.

"Good morning," answered the gentleman.

"We got plenty o' eggs." remarked the

man.
"We got plenty o' eggs," remarked the boy. "Ma says you can have that one our hen jes' laid in that wood-box o'

yourn."
"Thank you, very much."
The boy still hung on the fence.
"We ain't goin' to charge you for it," he went on.
"That's very kind, indeed," answered

the new neighbor.
"It's a gift." remarked the boy.
Then there was silence for a few mo-

ments.
The boy still clung to his side of the

fence.
"I say," he said finally, "ma says now you're acquainted with us she'd like to know if you would lend her your sofa, as we've got a party to-night!"

# The Most Productive Thing

Charles A. Carlisle in "Business World." The most productive thing in the world, in fact, is not a dollar, or two dollars, or a million dollars; but it is something which is not material. It is the germ of that power, which moves

GINSENG \$25,000 made from one-half acre Easily grown throughout the U. N and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars worth Room and seeds for sale. Send de for postage and get our bush let A. C. telling all about it. McDowell Ginseng Garden.



Sample Butt-in, Devil,
Billionaire, and Calling Facorito area, Something New, Genuine
Cards with Agents Big Outst and Fine
Sample book all fer 2c. AUFIN WARTED.
W. A. BODE, 27th St., Pittsburg, S. S., Penna.

#### MEN WANTED -GOOD PAY-

WANTED Men everywhere—to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs, etc. No canyaming, Address NATIONAL ADVERTISING CO., 6 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**Cample Pint Black Ink (powder) I Oc.** Boys and girls earn money in spare time. Agents Wanted. CUI BONO, 88 Stanley Place, Hackensack, N. J.

BOYS! Here's Sport - Profit! Trap animals for game market, hides or bounty. Make your own traps. I show you how. It's easy, inexpensive and instructive, and they're the best yet. Are you interested? Send portal. T. E. BARKER, 2531 Ontario St., Chicago.

GET WISE and send for our big factory-to-sgent money colner; a whirlwind success; we trust you, give big pay and extra presents. Address factory measure you.

COLONIAL CO., 730 Honnepin Av., Minnespells, Minn., 35 Bank St., Wellsville, N.Y.

BOYS WANTED TO RELL EVERSWEET also Agent's Outfit Free.—Rim Strainer, fits any pan. Agents make a to a dollars per day. Larke catalogue new goods free.

RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. 13, BATH, N.Y

ships and trains, navies which builds empires and populates con-tinents; which converts the prariries from their wilderness and deserts from from their wilderness and deserts from their waste, and changes them into the rich grain fields of the world; which fashions the clay into brick, quarries the granite and builds cities, great and glorious in their enterprise, achievement and spiendor. It is something which gives no promise in appearance, but it is alive and bristling with energy and power. and power.

It is a young man! and, above all, an "American boy."

## Presidents of the Future

Upon the general doctrine of probabilities, said the statistician, there are now living and 16 years of age or over nine persons who will serve as President of the United States within the next

40 years.

This is upon the supposition that no man shall be elected President more than twice, and that the average of the last 116 years shall be maintained as to the

number of re-elections and the number of deaths in office.

The chances are that the Presidents after 1932 and up to 1944 are now preparing for college. It would take a very farseeing man to guess who will be President at any election between 1928 and 1944, or even to name the probable candidate of a single party after 1924.—New York Sun.

# Accomplished by Boys

Apropos of the number of boy prodi-Apropos of the number of boy prodigies that are springing up in all parts of the world, it is interesting to note that many famous writers mad? their names when quite young.

Alexander Pope, for instance, wrotehis famous "Ode to Solitude" when he was twelve years old.

Macaulay wrote his first volume, the "Primitiae," which took the literary world by storm, before he was in his teens.

Charles Dickens did his "Sketches by Charles Dickens did his "Sketches by Boz" so well that before he was twenty-two his name was known far and wide. Lord Palmerston, England's great statesman, was admired while at school for his brilliant work, and wrote letters in English, French and Italian that are models of composition today.

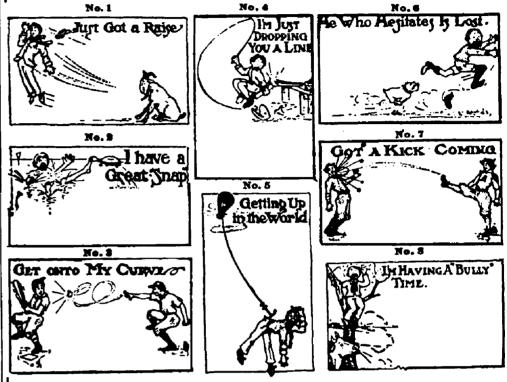
# A Cellar Workshop

Lindsley E. Gay, Stockbridge, Mich., age 15, sends a picture and description of his workshop. This workshop is fitted up in the cellar of his home; it is light and warm so that he can work in it all the year round. It is fitted up with an assortment of tools including a steam engine. The steam engine is a second-hand one and was obtained from a man for whom the boy engine is a second-hand one and was obtained from a man for whom the boy did some work. Lindsley took it apart, cleaned and painted it and then set it up in his workshop. It runs a churn, a scroll saw or anything that requires light power. The young workman has a telegraph instrument, and together with a friend has put up a telegraph plant, making their own batteries and connections. They can talk to each other, although they live at opposite ends of the

# American Boy Post Cards

# Printed in three colors—red, yellow and black

THIRTY THOUSAND of these humorous and artistic cards have been sold within the last 30 days. The boys are well pleased with them. Some buy them to mail to friends, others to paste in their post card albums, and other boys buy them in quantities and act as selling agents. Here are the cards in miniature.



The cards are regular postal card size, and printed in three colors.

1000 Assorted Cards for \$8.00

the Prices:

1 Set of 8 Cards for 20 cents, postpaid 100 Assorted Cards for \$1.00 500 Assorted Cards for \$4.50

Cash with order.

Dealers sell these cards at 3c. apiece or 2 cards for 5c. A handsome profit can be made by enterprising boys by buying and selling these in quantities. Orders filled promptly.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY Publishers "THE AMERICAN BOY": :: DETROIT, MICHIGAN

## For a Trifle

For the lack of a nail the shoe was lost. For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost.

For the lack of the rider the message was lost.

For the lack of the message the battle



LINDSLEY R. GAY IN HIS SHOP

town. The young mechanic has a "sparker" with quite a large coil, and a six-wire switch. These things, together with an assortment of first-class tools, give the young man apparatus with which to do many things.

## Tommy Couldn't Leave

An old lady, who is very much of a bore, paid a visit to a family of her acquaintance. She prolonged her stay, and finally said to one of the children: "I am going away directly, Tommy, and I want you to go a part of the way with me."

me."
"Can't do it. We are going to have dinner as soon as you leave," replied Tommy.

# The Talent of Success

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought

# The Cute Boy

"When you stepped upon that gentle-man's foot, Tommy, I hope you apologised."
"Oh. yes; indeed I did." said Tommy.

"and he gave me ten cents for being such

a good boy."
"Did he? And what did you do then?"
"Stepped on the other and apologized.
but it didn't work."

# A CONQUERING HERO

(Continued from page 5.)

for knowing. I did not need to tell my father of the glorious victory and of my triumphant entry into the town during the night. His eyes and nose were both good in those days. He did not punish me. He did not need to.

In the moment of my pride in the my pride in t

me. He did not need to.

In the moment of my pride, in the moment of my success, in the moment of my glory, I had been defeated, degraded, disgraced.

Personne of the day of proposition while

Boys! Make Money PRINTING AT HOME You can earn \$5 to \$10 a week after school at easy and fascinating work with a Model Press. Not a toy. Leader for 30 years. Provides him with home. Costs from \$5.00 up. Free m-struction and criticism of work. Soon pays for itself. Send today for booklet "How to Make Money Printing at Home".

Model Printing at Home". Model Printing Press Co.

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Former experience unnecessary. If you are honest, active and mubitious, write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you this business thoroughly by mail; appoint you special representative of my company, start you in an exceedingly profitable business of your own and help

you in an exceedingly profitable business of your own and help you make a large, permanent income Unusual opportunity for men without capi-tal to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars Free. Write today. Edwin R. Marden, Prest. 100 Atheneum Bldg., CHICAGO

# Calendars for 1906

We want a bright boy in every town to sell our adver-tising Calendars and Post Cards. These are the best months of the year to make sales. We pay a liberal Cash commission on orders. Write us for samples.

THE BECKWITH CO., - NORWICH, CONN

# Boys Earn Cash!

It's lots better than premiums. Our Al-DO-HRAPH, a scientific fon-maker, puzzle and puzzle-solver pulls the dimes. Everybody buys. Test them. For 15 cents we will send you five, sell them for 50 cents and order more. H. B. HERZOG & CO., Station N., Cincinnati, O.

# Be Your Own Boss!

Many Make \$2000 A Year Tou have the same chance. Starts Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FRFE particulars. A. M. Krueger Co., 16 Washington St., Chicago.



# Good American Dollars For the East

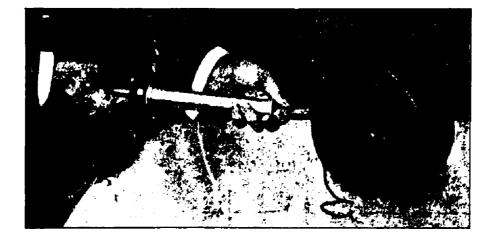
You get Cash and Handsome Premium also, for just an hour's Beware of the day of prosperity. This work. It's Great!! Best offer ever made you. Write today.

F. H. R. CO., 9 Warren Street, N. Y. C. lesson every boy must learn as every mun has learned it.

# HOW TO INFLATE A FOOTBALL

CHARLES HORNER









To AN ARDENT footballer there is probably nothing under the sun more irritating than the gradual deflation of a football soon after the game starts. The writer has a very vivid recollection of an inter-school match last sea son. The kick-off was inevitably postponed one evening an hour and a half before dusk. The teams had lined up, but when the ba'l was brought on to the ground it was discovered to be half deflated, and no reserve ball was available!

After unlacing the case the bladder is placed inside, with the tube protruding through the hole in the tongue or flap. This is clearly shown in the second photograph. Of course, the soundness of the bladder must be assured. A slight bunct ire may be the cause of gradual deflation in an old bladder; while a new one, bought at a shop which has no good name to lose, may be more or less perished. But it is not a difficult matter to blow up and place the bladder under water, as with a bicycle tire.

bladder under water, as with a bicycle tire.

Push the flap inside the case and insert the nozzle of the pump in the tube. An ordinary bicycle-pump may, of course, be used, but a proper football inflator is naturally preferable. Adaptors may be obtained, however, for a few cents to fit on to a bicycle-pump, which then serves equally as well as the proper instrument. Pinching the tube against the nozzle to prevent it from being blown off, the handle is then worked with the right hand until the ball is blown up sufficiently hard.

so far, it is possible to proceed with-out any assistance, but the final stages of tying up the tube are better done with

assurance doubly sure the tube is doubled over on itself and tied once more. While inflating a ball without assistance it is sometimes difficult to avoid loss of air at this stage when the pump is withdrawn, and hence it is often a wise plan to blow the ball up a little harder than necessary, to allow for a slight loss. Having assurance doubly

sary, to allow for a slight loss. Having then, finally tied the tube, it must be tucked inside the case and the latter laced up. Now, it is practically impossible to lace up a football without a proper awl made specially for the purpose and costing but a few cents; otherwise, sore fingers, broken nails, and a ball with a prominent bulge will be the final result. The awl, which is conveniently curved, is thrust through one of the holes in the case; the lace is then threaded through the eye at the end of the awl, and the instrument drawn back of tying up the tube are better done with the aid of another pair of hands.

A stout piece of string, neither too thick, nor yet thin enough to cut into the rubber, is now tied round the tube close to the flap, just it side the case. Tied tightly, this might be sufficient to prevent the escape of air, but to make ball with a prominent bulge will be the face wound during the game.

The awl, which is conventioned through one of the holes in the case; the lace is then threaded through the eye at the end of the awl, and the instrument drawn back will want to renew quick in bringing the lace with it. In this way

the lace may be drawn as tightly as desired, even to the breaking point, and with the hardest bails. Finally, after tying, thread the end of the lace (using the awi for the purpose) under the crosspices, not only to give it a neat appearance but to prevent a possible ugly face wound during the game.

Has your subscription expired? You will want to renew quick in order not

# The Thoroughbred Boy

scrub, but sometimes yells "scrub third base"; (g) a boy who will be neat and clean, and blacken his heels whether there's going to be an inspection or not; (h) a boy who can tell a good story and be cheerful without "blow," and "brag" and "banter"; (i) a boy who isn't dis-



couraged by a puncture, whether he gets it far away from home, or in the school room, or on the ball field, or in the store where he works, but who sets to work mending that puncture, and then pedals on to new paths of knowledge and duty.—W. N. P. D. in Trinity.

# Essay on the Fly

Here is a small boy's essay on the fly:
"The fli is a little animile that gets in
the butter in the good ole summer time.
It haz eight legs; 4 to walk on; two to
shuffle together an to to tickle with. shuffle together an' to to tickle with. Files found all over Amerky, but mostly on baid heds. He are the cause of much cussing by folks what he pesters with his tickling legs. The fli cannot be snuck up fer he has eyes in his back rite behind the shoulder blades. The fli loves to get on a baby's nose and shuffle his feet. It is fun to leave him bee on the baby's nose ef yer mother ain t eroun' to land on you fer it. The fli is commonly called a fli, but he has another name. Pop calls him a helluvanuisance."

# A Hand-Reared Boy

An old farmer in Nemaha County re an old farmer in Nemana County remarks that a home-grown, hand-spanked barefooted and hard-fisted country boy makes a much better fighter in the battles of life than does the pampered, high-collared, creased-trousered youth of our towns and cities, whose clothes have always been dusted with a whisk broom instead of a shingle.—Kansas City Journal.

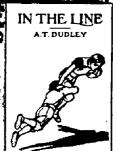


When a boy I always used "U" (U. M. C.) cartridges, because I knew they would not misfire. When I got a shotgun and a highpower rifle I stuck to U.M.C. ammunition and found it equally perfect.—A Sportsman.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.,

Factory: Bridgeport

# THE GREAT FOOT BALL STORY OF THE YEAR



# In the Line

By A. T. DUDLEY

Author of Following the Ball

Making the Nine

Illustrated **\$1.2**5

As "Pollowing the Ball" gave the fortunes of a player in the back field in connection with his general school life, so "In the Line" tells how a stalwart young student won his position at guard and developed manliness at the same time. The fine point of the game are brought out as only an expert can, and the story is a good and jolly one.

'As in the case of the former books of this series, the boys will like it for its good fellowship and accurate presentation of athletic information, and their older finder will become a

older friends will approve of it for the inherent man-liness which is never lacking in Mr. Dudley's books."

Philadelphia Inquirer.
 At the Bookstores, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
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is one of the largest, best, brightest and most practical magazines published for women and the home. Each issue contains from 36 to 44 large pages, size of Ladies' Home Journal, enclosed in a handsome cover, printed in colors. Its departments embrace Fiction, Poetry, Housekeeping, Out-of-Doors, Artistic Needlework, Fashions, Hygiene, Boys and Girls, Mothers' Corner, Illustrated Feature Articles, Home Decoration, etc. It numbers among its contributors many of the best up-to-date magazine writers. It is profusely and handsomely illustrated. In order to introduce

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including the special Thanksgiving and Christmas issues to any address, prepaid for only 10 cents in stamps. Being so firmly convinced that you will want it continued if you give it a trial, we make this extremely liberal introductory offer. The issues we shall send you will be rich in literary by the popular author, Juliet Wilber Tompkins, commences in the November number. Send along the postage stamps and give our magazine a trial. A prompt order will bring you an extra copy of a recent issue free, which we will include for good measure. Address Dept. X.
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Provides exactly the right amount of exercise for all muscies. Hilarious fun for boy or girl. A smart, sporty little car built on hygienic lines. Rubber-sired, light, strong. Perfectly safe. If your dealer hasn't it, order direct from us.

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Save ONLY at ONE PLACE, for we correct the CAUSE, unknown to all others. The failures from these come to us; and get what they pay for.
After one lesson you stammer no more. Come
and investigate at our expense. The FON-LIN
METHOD—the only one not like the rest. Show this to others and send us their addresses to this one phace. THE CARSWELL INSTITUTE, 2315-2317 M. 7ft St., Phila.



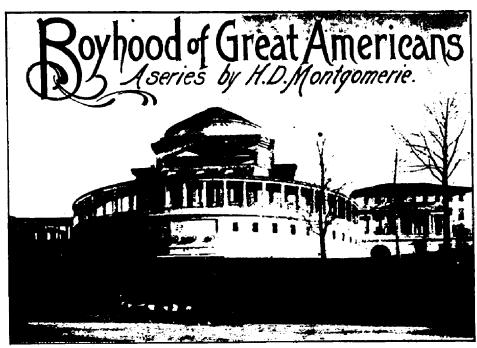
# **Magic Tricks**

Five good tricks, complete apparatus, full directions, 15c. Illustrated catalog of all kinds of **Magical Apparatus Free.** BAILEY & TRIPP CO.,

# NTRILOQUISM

Learned by anyone at home. Small cost, Hend 2c stamp for particulars and proof.

O. A. SMITH, Set & 2540 Knewills ave., Peoria, Ill.



THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

By deed of gift, in 1900, the Council of New York University accepted from one whose name was not revealed, the sum of \$100,000, subsequently increased to \$250,000, for the purpose of building on University Heights. "The Hall of Fame for Great Americans." The structure was completed by the close of 1900. It is semi-circular in form, 506 feet long, 15 feet wide and 170 feet high. Within the colonnade there are 150 panels, each 2 by 8 feet, which are to bear the names of Americans deemed the greatest in their respective fields.

The Council drew up certain rules, of which the most important are:

Only those born in United States territory and have been dead at least 10 years to be eligible.

Only those born in United States territory and have been dead at least 10 years to be eligible.

Consideration of the following classes of citizens was recommended: Authors and editors, business men, educators, inventors, missionaries and explorers, philanthropists and reformers, preachers and theologians, scientists, engineers and architects, lawyers and judges, musicians, painters and sculptors, physicians and surgeons, rulers and statesmen, soldiers and saliors.

Fifty names to be inscribed on tablets in the panels at the beginning and five additional names every fifth year thereafter, the full number of 150 thus being completed in the year 2000.

The public to be invited to send in nominations. Every nomination seconded by a member of the University Senate to be submitted to the judgment of 100 eminent citizens chosen by the Council, each of whom should vote for 50 candidates.

In October, 1900, the ballots of the judges were laid before the University Senate. The names submitted numbered 234. The result showed that 29 candidates had received the requisite number of votes and these were chosen. Owing to unforeseen delays, it was resolved to elect the remaining 21 and also the 5 additional nams in 1905. The 29 names so honored are: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David G. Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Ell Whitney, John J. Audubon, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William E. Channing, Gilbert Stuart, Asa Gray.

# No. 1--Ulysses Simpson Grant

Ferry.

In the west, during the opening years of the nineteenth century. years of the nineteenth century, when the population of the country was small and widely scattered, the boy who wished to obtain an education had a particularly hard row to hoe. In fact the whole period that Ulysses Grant's father spent in school was only six months. As he grew up, however, and realized the advantages which education gives a boy, he ever, and realized the advantages which education gives a boy, he set earnestly to work to educate himself. By hard and persevering study, ofttimes under great difficulties, he became not only a good English scholar, but an able debater on politics and many other subjects, frequently penning articles which were published in the local newspaers. While he was fond of books and reading, he was also noted as a steady and industrious workman. These things brought the young tanner to the notice of a gentleman whose son

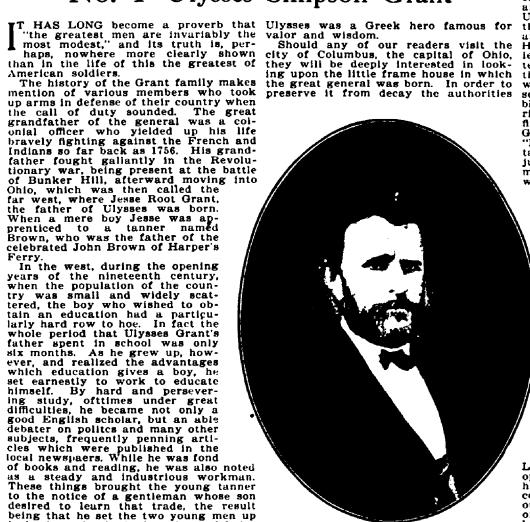
to the notice of a gentleman whose son desired to learn that trade, the result being that he set the two young men up in business in the little village of Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. Here, in a little story and a half frame house on the banks of the Ohio, on April 27th,

on the banks of the Onio, on April 27th, 1822, the future great soldier-president of the United States was born.

Of Grant's mother there is very little of importance recorded. We do know, however, that she was a devoted wife and a loving mother, ably and untiringly assisting her husband to bring up thereformly worthly. Her moiden name was family worthly. Her maiden name was Hannah Simpson, being the daughter of

one John Simpson, a farmer in the neigh-borhood of Point Pleasant.

The great and momentous subject of choosing an appropriate name for their first born was earnestly discussed by the fond parents, but failing to agree they resolved to submit the matter to the grandparents and other relatives of the child. At a family council it was decided that the name should be chosen by ballot. The first name drawn from the hat was Ulysses which was declared to be the child's christian name. As the grandfather, who had written the word Hiram was much disappointed that his choice had not been drawn, the boy's mother declared that Hiram should be a part of her son's name, and so the baby was christened Hiram Ulysses Grant. A curious way of paning a baby surely was christened Hiram Ulysses Grant. A says he never saw an alg curious way of naming a baby, surely. But looking at the whole life of this boy, it seems us if there was something prophetic in the names and the manner of their choice. Hiram, you boys who have a considerable part of a read your Bible will know, was the king and we are told of the of Tyre. He greatly helped King Solomon to build the temple at Jerusalem and was wise as was the king of Israel.



ULYSEES SIMPSON GRANT

have erected a large structure of brick and iron called the Grant Memorial Building and placed the little house within it.

Before Ulvsses was a year old his parents moved with him to the little town of Georgetown, about twenty miles east of Point Pleasant, where his father had secured a larger tannery to meet his increased business. Here, General Grant says, he attended school from the time he was five until he was seventeen years of age without being absent a single quarter.

From all that we can learn Ulysses

From all that we can learn Ulysses would have willingly given up schooling much sooner than he did, if he had had his own way, for he did not care for school.

Country schools in those days were of a very humble sort. There was nothing like the system of class grades that we have today, the teachers were by no means first-class, and were continually changing, so that an education had under such conditions was very elementary. In the book that General Grant wrote long after he had become famous he says he never saw an algebra or a book

long after he had become famous he says he never saw an algebra or a book of mathematics until after he received his appointment to West Point.

Those were the days, however, when the free use of the rod was held to be a considerable part of a boy's education, and we are told of the bundles which were cut from the beech trees near the schoolhouse, and how young Grant

But there were many things that this short, sturdy, freckle-faced, blue-eyed boy did like. He liked to play, to fish, to go swimming in summer and to take part in snowball fights and skating matches in the winter. Above all things he loved horses nerhans he was willing matches in the winter. Above all things he loved horses, perhaps he was willing to do the chores around his father's farm because he could, in this work, be with the horses. He early showed his father that he was not only skillful in driving horses, but also careful and kind to them, so he was allowed to haul the wood for the stoyed and do other work.

driving horses, but also careful and kind to them, so he was allowed to haul the wood for the stoves and do other work around the farm when quite young. Before he was eleven he was a good plowman, and after that age he did all the work of the farm at which horses werrequired. This was splendid training for a healthy, vigorous manhood.

The boy's home life was the happiest possible. He was allowed the fullest liberty that a boy of his age should have provided his tasks were done. He was allowed to go long drives to Cincinnati, Louisville, Chillicothe and other towns, to visit friends. At home he was generally the leader in fun and sport. The boys liked him, because he was goodnatured, never a boaster and always willing to give the other boys a fair show; but they knew better than to try him too far, for he would stick to his point and never give in if he believed he was right. He was a boy also who could be trusted and who betted a lie. I rether

him too far, for he would stick to his point and never give in if he believed he was right. He was a boy also who could be trusted and who hated a lie. I rather think that was a good beginning.

Jesse Grant had great faith in his son's judgment of horses and allowed him to buy, sell or trade whenever he saw a good opportunity. Two stories are told of his youthful horse dealing experiences. A neighboring farmer had a colt which Ulysses very much desired and his father, after much coaxing allowed him to make the purchase. Proud of his commission the boy told the farmer he wanted to buy the colt. The farmer asked him how much his father told him to pay. "He told me," replied the truthful Ulysses, "to offer you \$20.00, and if you wouldn't take that, to offer you \$22.50, and if that was not enough, then \$25.00, but not a cent more." This example of the boy's simplicity was too good to keep and it was long before he heard the last of it.

Another of his horse trades took place

Another of his horse trades took place when he was about fifteen. He and another boy had driven to Flat Rock, Kentucky, to visit friends and while there traded one of his carriage horses for a young colt, receiving ten dollars to boot. With much difficulty the boys got the new horse harnessed to the carriage and started for home. On the way a ferocious dog jumped at the horses' heads and they immediately bolted. Before Ulysses could get them under control they were on the edge of an embankment and within a step of falling twenty feet. His companion took fright and ran off leaving Ulysses alone to manage the terrified animals. Again they bolted and the boy was almost in despair, but he was determined to take the horses home, so taking his large, red handkerchief he blindfolded the flery colt and finally arrived at his uncle's with this queer outfit. Do you remember the words that General Grant wrote from Spottsylvania. "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Well, he showed just the same grit, patience, and determination in conquering the balky colt when a boy.

During school vacations Grant young colt, receiving ten dollars to boot

when a boy.

During school vacations Grant did quite a little business hauling and trucking for neighbors, and got quite a reputation for making

and saving money.

It is more than probable that young Grant, if he thought about his life work at all, imagined that it would be that of a farmer, cer-It would be that of a farmer, certainly not that of a tanner; so we can imagine the boy's surprise when his father said to him one day: "Ulysses, I believe you're going to get an appointment to West ont. I wrote to Senator Mason and it looks as if you'd get it."

"To West Point." exclaimed the amazed boy, "Why, I don't want to go there."
"But," said his father, "I want you to go, and I guess you'll go if I say so."

"Well," said his son, very slowly, "If you say so, I'll have to go, but

"Well," said his son, very slowly." "If you say so, I'll have to go, but I know I don't want to."

When the appointment came it surprised the Georgetown folks, as they thought that little "Lyss Grant" was not smart enough, and Lyss himself was very much of the same opinion, for the boy was modest as to his ability. However, the papers had come, so on May 15th, 1839, Ulysses set out for West Point, using all the means of transportation then available, steamboat, canal boat and rallroad. Journeying very leisurely, he did not reach West Point until the 31st, when he reported at the Academy for the entrance examiat the Academy for the entrance exami-

You will remember that Grant was christened Hiram Ulysses Grant. He detested the initials, for the boys of Georgetown persisted in calling him H. U. G.; but Congressman Hamer in filling out the West Point application coning out the West Point application confused him with his younger brother Simpson and wrote his name Ulysses Simpson Grant. The name was so recorded on his appointment and in the Academy books. Grant protested, but it was of no use and Ulysses Simpson Grant it was for ever. Of course his brother cadets "caught on" to the initials and he was at once nicknamed Uncie Sam. He passed the entrance examination and "Sam Grant," as his chums called him, became a West Point cadet, altho' he disliked the idea of becoming a soldier.

As a cadet Grant never exhibited any

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the boy's education,
bundles which
trees near the
young Grant

Jas a cadet Grant never exhibited any
great brilliancy. Aitho' neither duil nor
stupid, he just managed to pass the
various exams. The novels of Scott.
Dickens. Marryatt, Cooper and others
were more attentively read by him than
were tactics or languages. Muthematics,
however, interested him greatly, and
this was an important subject at West
Point. Riding drill, he loved best of all.
His famous leap on the big horse York
with pride by the cadets.
Perhaps the traits of character in
frant which his comrades remembered
best was his moral cleanliness and his
(Continued on page 17.)

(Continued on page 17.)

# ¶10 Copies of "The American Boy" Free!

**Un request we** 

will send free, all charges prepaid, 10 copies of the current issue of "The American Boy." These you can sell at 10 cents each and keep the money. This will give you \$1.00 with which to buy your next month's supply of papers at a price that will let you make money. It will be very easy for you to work up a permanent list of customers to whom you can deliver the best boys magazine in the world regularly each month as issued.

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Groveport, O., Oct. 12th, 1905. "The American Boy" Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:-Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me my next month's supply of ten (10) AMERICAN BOYS. I want to thank you for those ten copies you sent me for October. I received them at noon, and before school had taken up I had sold them all. Easy, wasn't it? When I send for December's supply I

will remit the money for my own subscrip-Yours truly,

LESTER C. PETERMAN.



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# New Companies Organized

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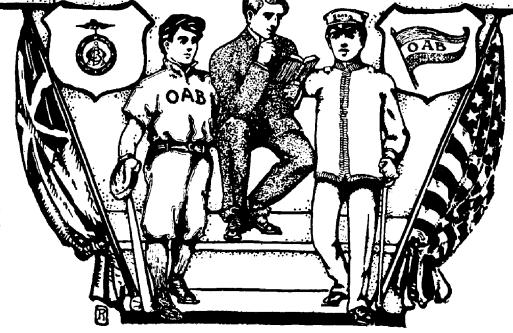
## Company News

ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY, No. 41, Peru, III,—There seems to have been some politicis introduced in this company's election of officers, as the report says the ballot box was stuffed in the election of captain. However, it evidently turned out all right and the following officers were elected: Liszt J. Lenzen, Capt.; Ernest Roth, V. C.; Otto Castendyck, Secty. Arthur Zimmerman, Treas.; Verdi Lenzen, S. A. The membership has almost doubled and the members are going to have their pictures taken and send us a photo. The members are busy also preparing for good fall and winter work and will have their semi-annual entertainment about Thanksgiving. Any person can decline nomination for office. The ex-captain sends us the report of his administration and it is a very good one. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its 35th report. We note that during August five meetings were held and were very successful, notwithstanding the absence of many members. Bicycle trips were taken to places of interest and thoroughly enjoyed. September saw the taking up of company work again and as the members are enthusiastic and the club house is in good shape, there is every hope of a most successful season. The members are greatly interested in history and literature, and intend to inaugurate educational contests with other companies. This is a first-class idea and we trust to have interesting reports. The Boston American Boy Day was abandoned this year on account of circumstances we could not control, but next year we are certain to have a splendid celebration at the "Hub." JAMES LICK COMPANY, No. 30, Campbell, California, intends to give an entertainment soon and the members are busy rehearsing. They have been also purchasing furniture, such as chairs and a lamp for their club room. The



DR. SEARLE, OF PARIS, TEXAS Who Gave Great Attention to O. A. B. Boys at the Decarter (III.) Chautauqua in July

charter has been framed. WHITE LILY COMPANY, No. 27, South Milwaukee, Wis, has the following officers: Connie Jack, Capt.; Ely McClellan, V. C.; John Lacy, Secty; Earl Whittmore, Treas.; Sidney Hirshburg, Libn. The treasury is enriched to the extent of 69 cents, with more to come in. GARDEN CITY COMPANY, No. 12, Walla Walla, Wash., is progressing nicely. The Vice-Captain writes that he is persuading the members of the company to become members of the Y. M. C. A. A good thing to do. THE BOYS' CLUB COMPANY, No. 10, Sylacauga, Ala., has now the following officers: Nail McLeod, Capt.; Evan Howard, V. C.; Rea Roberts, Secty. and Treas.; French Craddock, Libn. The club room is on the second floor of the First National Bank and meetings are held there each Friday night. The members take quite a number of magasines and have between 50 and 60 books in their library. It is their 27, South Milwaukee, Friday night. The members take quite a number of magasines and have between 50 and 60 books in their library. It is their ambition to have the best company in the Order, and they are trying hard for the honor. WORTH BAGLEY COMPANY, No. 1, Concord, N. C., has 5 new members and has erected a gym 40 feet by 20 feet and fitted it up with trapeze, rope ladder, punching bag, wrestling mat, dumb bells and swinging rings. It has also 40 books in the library and over a dollar in the treasury. The officers are: Linwood Fink, Capt.; John Boger, Lleut, and Treas.; Sam Kennett, Secty.; Eugene Fink, Libn., and Jos. C. Fink, C. C. It has a bail team and is providing suits of blue duck with the letters O. A. B. in white, HONEST ABE COMPANY, No. 38, Freeport, Long Island, N. Y., returns thanks for the "fine prizes we received for increased membership." The following officers were recently elected: Harry Gunning, Capt.; Hilbert Johnson, V. C.: Harold Wilson, Treas.; Elliot Ross, Secty. We are promised a picture of the members in the near future. GENESEE VALIEY COMPANY, No. 53, Wellsville, N. Y., held its election of officers Sept. 21 and the following was the result: Jay Fuller, Capt.; Charles Fuller, V. C.; Donald Wilson, Secty.; Harley Wight, Treas. This company is progressing nicely, having 11 members and a fine club room. The members intend having a good time this win-



# 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.

ter. THE SANGAMON BAY LEAF COM-PANY, No. 45, Decatur, III., in its September report mentions quite a few changes in the company. It has a fine club room at the captain's home. This is a company which believes that "keeping everlastingly at it brings success." and is a good example of the proverb. It has done quite a lot of good and the members are being educated to be kind and unselfish in their dealings with others less pleasantly situated. LEWIS & CLARK COMPANY, No. 15, Clarkston, Washington, added \$10.84 to its treasury by selling candy popcorn and lemonade on July 4th. The business men of the 'own are taking an interest in the company. On Sept. 23rd the members went on a picnic and had a jolly time. THEODORE ROOSEVELT COMPANY, No. 51, Nashville, III., has the following officers: the number of our subscribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in the seribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in the scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in the scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in the scribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new friends. Now while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new filends. Now while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new filends. Now while you huve helped us in this scribers and gaining many new filends.

# A Most Successful Company

The Sangamon Bay Leaf Company No. 45, of Decatur, Ill., deserves more than passing mention for the success which has attended its efforts along various lines during its official year. From the report of the Company Counsel, who has been the Nestor of the organization, we learn that it has increased in membership from eleven to thirty-four; that it has a fine clubroom with quite a large number of books, etc., in its library; that in addition to providing for its own expenses the members have given to assist others the sum of \$15.00. Among those whom they helped was a woman who was ordered to a milder climate; a boy who was accidentally shot, another boy who was in need, and they also subscribed to the equipment fund of the new another boy who was in need, and they also subscribed to the equipment fund of the new Y. M. C. A. building. This meant self-sacrifice on the part of the boys and they deserve the greatest credit. We are glad to recognize such generosity and kindness on the part of the companies of our Order, and trust more will take up such work.

# November Company Letter

My Dear Captains and Brothers of our

The month of November in each year brings around an important anniversary to the Headquarters of THE AMERICAN BOY, and also, I think to the army of our Order as well as to the other over 110,000 boys who read and enjoy the paper from month to month. It was in November, 1899, that the first number of THE AMERICAN BOY was published with 5,000 subscribers. To obtain another 5,000 subscribers then looked to be a very difficult matter, but my business associates and myself believed we could make a paper that would catch the hearts of the boys, and the intervening years have only served to strengthen that belief. This month the number of copies printed will be nearly 130,000. Surely a wonderful growth in the very short space of six years. Of course this great increase has been mainly due to the efforts of my associates and myself in showing the boys of America that THE AMERICAN BOY could and would be of the greatest help to them in everything worthy; but credit is also due to those boys, both to the O. A. B. and those who are not members, for their loyalty and their helpful enthusiasm in bringing before their companions and acquaintances the merits of the paper, The month of November in each year

thus increasing the number of our subscribers and gaining many new friends. Now, while you have helped us in this matter, we at Headquarters have also helped you, not only by giving you the best boys' paper ever published, but by substantial rewards in the shape of handsome and useful premiums, and when I ask you to continue your efforts to help obtain 200 more companies before January 1st, 1906, I am sure of a hearty response. The premiums listed in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY are well worth striving for, as they are just the things which boys want and are the very best of their kind. The money which the boys can earn in addition by taking an agency for the sale of the paper will be very handy at the approaching Christmas season, and I would advise you to begin at once.

## THANKSGIVING.

I am sure every one of you is looking forward to a bright, jolly Thanksgiving, and to visions of turkey, pudding, pie and the other good things to be disposed of at that time. Well, don't forget in the midst of your feasting and fun that there are homes where boys will not be able to celebrate Thanksgiving as you are able to, and that the best and most enjoyable Thanksgiving any one can have comes from helping others. Wishing you all the pleasures of this Thanksgiving season, giving season,
Yours for M. M. M. M.,
WM. C. SPRAGUE,
President General.

# The American Boy Legion of Honor (Open to all Boys Everywhere)

The American Boy Legion of Honor Badge is awarded (1) to boys who do heroic acts, (2) to boys who, in any term of school, ending on a date since September 1st, 1905, have received the highest average term grade in their classes in all studies and (3) to boys of ten years of age or over whose record for school attendance is perfect for the time they have been in school, or for the last five years.



LEGION OF HONGR ROLL.

LESLIE MILLER Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record.

LOUIS SARETSKY,
Benton Harbor, Mich., Heroism.
HARRY GUSTAFSON,
Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record.

## THE JOY CLAIM

(Continued from page 9.)

mitte uv the leaguers ter ask ye to sur-

mitte uv the leaguers ter ask ye to surrender."

"You be? Well, I'm Henry Babbett, corporal uv the Home Guards, an' I'm in hyar with a gun an' a bucketful of ammunition ter ask yer ter go away an' 'tend ter yer own business!"

"No foolishness, ole man; do ye intend ter jine the League or not?"

"Do you intend to 'tend ter my business er am I ter do it myself?"

"None uv yer sass!" exclaimed Simpkins angrily. "We're hyar ter bring yeter terms, an' we're goin' ter do it. Duye mean to jine the League? If not, you can consider yourself under arrest."

"Do ye want ter git hurt? If not, ye'd better keep away from my house."

"Am I ter understand that ye refuse ter surrender ter the League?"

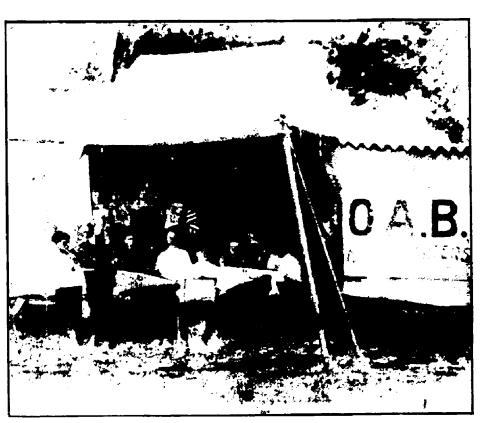
"Yer hain't seen me give up this gun yit, have ye?"

"Then we'll haf ter take ye by force."

"All right—come on. I reckon I can stand a little skirmish about as well as any man that ever came from Clay County."

(To be continued.)

At this season of the year we should have an average of one new company  $\mu$  day for the O,~A,~B,



THE SANGAMON BAY LEAF CO., No. 45, DECATUR, ILL., AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS AT THE DECATUR CHAUTAUQUA GROUNDS



REAT NEWS." Parker!" whispered Jack Salt to the fat powder-monkey, who was busily polishing one of the guns of the little brig Never Despair. "We're bound to Malta with despatches from Lord Nelson to Admiral Collingwood, and Lieutenant Merryweather says he won't be surprised if we're chased by a French frigate before long. You see, although Nelson is blocking up the French fleet in Toulon harbor, the enemy knows that he sent Collingwood with six ships to Malta to refit, and if they can rake up enough stray vessels at Marseilles, they'd try to prevent Collingwood from rejoining his chief. Anyhow, the lieutenant says we shall be lucky to get to Malta. We're on a dangerous errand—worse than that Barbary pirate one."

"Well, sir," responded Parker, "so long as I ain't blowed up again on a empty stomach I don't much care. Once in a lifetime is enough, and I ain't anxious to lose my arms and my eyes like Admiral 'Oratio! As I've said before, there he times when I wish I was 'ome with mother: but I suppose we shan't get back to Merridew again until 'Oratio licks that French fleet into smithereens."

"I'm afraid not," replied Jack.

"I should like to be 'ome by the autumn," said Parker.

"Why?" asked Jack.

"Because of the apples, sir," replied the powder-monkey. "There was a speshul tree in the squire's orchard that I used to look on as my own, and now my young brother, Peter Nathaniel, 'Il cat 'em all. But thanks be, I brought a good store aboard with me, and I've got a few left now, Master Jack."

"Better eat 'em at once, then, before the French capture us," said the midship-in.

then, before the French cap-ture us," said the midship-

"So I will, sir. Never thought of that," returned Parker. "But do you really mean that the Never Despair

mean that the Never Despair will have to fight her way to Malta?"
"Well," said Jack, "a tengun brig like the Never Despair can't expect to beat off a French line-o'-battle ship or a couple of frigates, but we can show a clean pair

or a couple of frigates, but we can show a clean pair of heels and crack away at our pursuers. I oughtn't to have told you that we carried despatches. Nobody knows it except the lieutenant and ourselves, so don't you squeak."

"Not me," replied the powder-monkey. "I only opes that something will occur to give me a chance of distinguishing myself, that's all. I want to be brought before 'Oratio, I do! I want him to say: 'Parker, my boy, you're a man after my own 'eart. I loves yer. Parker. You're a 'ero of 'eroes, and I'll introduce you to the king at the first oportunity, and beg him to appoint you my second in command."

"'ifa, ha!" laughed Jack. "And what would you really Parker?"

mand."
"Ha, ha!" laughed Jack. "And what would you reply. Parker?"
The powder-monkey struck an atvitude and puffed out his fat cheeks.
"Reply?" he said. "I would say: 'My Lord 'Oratio, give us your flipper! You're the boy for me!"
Sail ho!" sang out the look-out so suddenly that Jack Salt jumped, and, plinning round, ran and joined Lieutenant Merryweather on the poop of the

nt Merryweather on the poop of the

brig.
"Is she French, do you think, sir?"

brig.

"Is she French, do you think, sir?" he asked.

"Can't say," replied the little commander of the Never Despair; "but we must be prepared for squalis, Salt. I wish we had a bigger crew. What can forty do against a frigate's crew of four or five hundred? We shall have to run, of course, if this ship's an enemy, and he content to let off our long Tom in the stern in the hope of bringing down some spars. Lucky we've got Squint-Eye Bill aboard. He's one of the best gunners of the fleet; and Captain Brace-bridge was a brick to pass him on to me from the Firebrand."

Ten minutes passed—twenty; and then, gazing through his telescope, Merry-weather gave a low whistle.

"A corvette!" he said softly.

"French, sir?" asked Jack Salt.

"Yes," returned the lieutenant. "A fine vessel. Forty guns, by the look of her, and probably a crew of three hundred men. She's been scouting between Sicily and the coast of Africa in the hope of spotting us. The French would guess that a despatch vessel would be sent from Lord Nelson to Admiral Colling-wood ere the ships at Manta would put to sea. Anyhow, here we are, and there is, the corvette."

to sea. Anyhow, here we are, and there is the corvette."

Then his voice rang out

"Clear for action?"

The boatswain's whistle sounded shrilly, the seamen and the gunners, laughing and 'cheering, ran to their posts, the eight guns, four to starboard

On and on came the corvette—a beautiful sight. She heeled slightly under the strong breeze, and the spray was like snow about her hows as she plunged along. The skles were as blue as could be, not a cloud was to be seen, and the seas danced as though for joy. Bang!

The corvette had fired a shot across the brig's bows, but the Never Despair dushed on.

dashed on.
"We're in for it now," said Merryweather. "We shall slip past the corvette, but she'll overhaul us unless we
can damage her rigging.
He turned to Squint-Eye Bill.
"When she comes round in pursuit,
bring down her foremast, Bill!" he cried.
"You understand?"
The gunner grinned.
"Ay, ay, sir!" he answered.

The Never Despair raced past the cor-

"Slipped her!" cried Merryweather, rubbing his hands. "Ah! here she comes after us! My word, Salt, this old brig can sail, though! If only Squint-Eye Bill shoots straight, we may escape yet. Look, there's land!"

Jack gazed at the dim, irregular outline.

line.
"What is it, sir?" he asked.
"The coast of Sicily," replied the lieu-

"Sail, ho!" again yelled the look-out.
For a moment Merryweather was silent, but his brown scarred face grew very grim as he clapped his telescope to his eye and swept the horizon.

Presently he said
"A frigate, Salt, or I'm a Dutchman.
We're fairly caught. I'm afraid."
A gruff voice from behind him
growled

growled
"Shall I fire, sir?"
"Yes, bluze away, Bill," said Merryweather; and the squint-eyed gunner,
training his weapon, carefully applied the match.

Bang! went the long Tom, and the round shot tore through the corvette's

"Too high!" sang out the lieutenant.
"Take the foremast low down, Billy!"
"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the gunner,

Britons the world over have just celebrated the 100th anniversary of the greatest British naval victory of the Napoleonic wars, which was fought off Cape Trafalgar Oct. 21, 1805. The British fleet numbered 27 ships of the line and 4 frigates under Nelson; the French-Spanish fleet numbered 33 ships of the line and 5 frigates under the French admiral, Villeneuve, and two Spanish admirals. The French and Spanish lost 19 ships. Villeneuve was taken prisoner and Nelson was killed. On going into this famous battle Nelson flew the signal from his masthead, \*England expects every man to do his duty." His last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty." The English people erected a noble column to Nelson's memory in the most important center of London, which they called Trafalgar Square, and numerous other monuments were erected to his memory throughout the empire.

> and again the long Tom roared. time it seemed as though the shot shaved the mast by but a hair's breadth, and there was a commotion in the corvette.

there was a commotion in the corvette. It was plain that the Frenchmen were in terror lest their ship should be crippled and the brig escape.

"Everything depends on Bill," said Merryweather. "Ah, the corvette has started firing her long how-chasers! Herecomes a shot!"

Whize! came the ball, and whistled harmlessly through the rigging of the Never Despair.

Never Despair.

Never Despair.

Bang!
For the third time the brig's long Tom bellowed, and Squint-Eye Bill roared with joy and began to dance a horn-pipe. For the shot had struck the corvette's foremast just above the foreyard. It was tottering! Hurrah! it was falling! Crash! Down it came, burying the crew of the French ship in a hopeless mass of canvas and tangled rigging.

What a cheer arose! The seamen of the Never Despair yelled themselves hoarse and the brig sped upon her way. But although the corvette was shaken off, there was still the frigate, which was coming up hand over hand.

"We can't escape her," said Merry-weather. "Salt, I'm going to run the brig right in close to the Sicilian coust, and send you ashore. You may have to swim for it, but you'll have to go."

"You must carry the despatches to Palermo," replied the lieutenant. "You will find there an Englishman whose life I once saved. He is a merchant, and owns shire. I will explain to you how to find him, and I am sure that somehow or other he will smuggle you safely to Multa with the despatches for Admiral Collingwood."

"And what of yourself, sir, and the Never Despair?" replied Jack. Bang!

"And what of yourself, sir, and the Never Desnair?" replied Jack.
"Oh, never mind me," returned the lieutenant. "You'll have enough to do to look after yourself!"

An hour later Jack Salt was standing on the beach of a little cove about seven miles from Palermo, gazing at the Never Despair that, with the dear old cross of Saint George fluttering proudly over her stood out from the shore to meet the French frigute and to fight her last

and four to port, were run out, and the long weapons in the bow and stern of the brig were carefully londed with round shot. By the great gun in the stern stood a huge, grinning, ugly man, arrayed in nothing but a pair of trousers. He was Squint-Eye Bill, the famous gunner.

On and on came the corvette—a beaument. She heeled slightly under the sight, which is the despatches, with orders to go first to the Englishman at Palermo, carrying a letter from Merryweather, which, it was sight, and the spray was like the spray was like the midshipman watched and the midshipman watched watche

Malta.
Yet the midshipman watched and watched the battle until the two ships drifted round a headland and out of sight, when he turned, and hastened towards Palermo.
Merryweather, who knew Sicily well, had given him full directions, and aithough night was drawing near, he was in hopes of reaching the Englishman's house soon after dark.
For a while he kept to the cliffs, until he came upon a track leading apparently down into a valley, and so on to a high roud which would probably take him straight to Palermo. Scarce, however, had he entered upon this track, which ran between great boulders and wooden slopes, then a whistle sounded, and suddenly he was surrounded by a savage band of Sicilians.

Luck tugged his dirk from its sheath.

band of Sicilians.

Jack tugged his dirk from its sheath, but a huge ruffian lifted a club and dashed him senseless to the ground. He was captured by brigands!

When he awoke from his swoon it was midnight, and the stars were glittering in their myriads in the blue-black heavens. He gazed around him. To the right roared a great fire, and around it were seated a dozen brigands—fierce, swarthy ruffians, armed to the teeth. Jack's arms and legs were cightly bound and the cords were cutting cruelly into his flesh. So great was his agony that he could not stiffe a groan, whereupon the brigands rose, and coming round him, dragged him nearer to the fire.

One of them spoke broken English, and kicking Salt's legs, this fellow asked him who he was.

him who he was. Jack was silent.

"You English sailor!" said the brigand kicking him again. "What you do here? I was sailor once, on Engleesh trading ship. That why I speak English. You come from brig that fought French ship off coast, eh?"

Jack nodded. Merryweather had made him sew the despatches maide the lining of his jacket so that, although the brigands had robbed him of his dirk, his
watch, and the few coins that were in
his pockets, the precious packet of orders from Lord Nelson to
Collingwood were still safe.
"Why you leave brig?" demanded the man. "Desert,
eh?"

Jack shook his head.

"Why you come ashore, then? Coward, eh?" Again the midshipman

then? Coward, eh?"
Again the midshipman shook his head.
"Water!" he implored.
The brigand laughed.
"No water till you answer me who you are," he said,
"I'm a midshipman from the brig Never Despair," said Jack. "I'm here because you brought me here. If

to do his said Jack. "I'm here because you brought me here. If you hadn't caught me I should have been safe in Palermo by now."

"Why you want to go Palermo?" demanded his inquisitor, while the other brigands stood around, watching and waiting. "Why you want to go Palermo? You is sy! Ah, you Engleesh want conquer Sicily—to make it like Malta—to build forts, eh, and have harbors for ships, so to sail forth and fight French. You is spy. I say, and shall die spy's death!"

Jack made no reply. There had been

Jack made no reply. There had been some talk in the English fleet about taking possession of Sicily. It had great strategic advantages, and if the French made an attempt to conquer it, there was no doubt but the English result. no doubt but that the English would step in and strive to wrest it from them. Jack Salt saw that this brigand knew

of this, and he also knew that whether the French or English took Sicily, brigandage would be stamped out, and the gandage would be stamped out, and the inhabitants governed with a rod of iron. No longer would it have the name of being a nest of robbers. If, therefore, these rufflans decided that Jack was a spy, he was doomed.
The English-speaking brigand turned

to his comrades and chattered flercely to them in their own tongue. They an-

no doubt at all, for the frigate carried nigh five hundred men and four-and-fifty guns, but nevertheless the gallant little commander of the brig opened fire at his great antagonist and actually strove to run alongside and to bourd her.

The noise of the guns was deafening: fight. That she was doomed there was Jack could scarce see the ships for smoke, but his heart thrilled and the blood ran hot in his veins as he heard selves into a line. commander of this great antagonist and action run alongside and to bourd her.

The noise of the guns was deafening: fight. That she was doomed there was Jack could scarce see the ships for smoke, but his heart thrilled and the blood ran hot in his veins as he heard the shouts and cheers of the little brig's crew.

He would have given worlds to be age and looked again at his tormentors. Then he summoned up all his courage and looked again at his tormentors what were they going to do?

He was not kept long in suspense One and all drew their long knives, and at the command of their chief, the man at the command of their chief, the man midshipman. It whizsed midshipman. It whizsed

one and all drew their long knives, and at the command of their chief, the man at one end of the line flung his keen weapon at the midshipman. It whizsed past his head. Another rufflan threw, and this time a sharp pain in the right arm told Jack that the knife had grazed him.

him.

Again he shut his eyes. The cords cut into his wrists and caused him terrible pain, but what was this to the death that was now so near. Another knife came straight at him, its haft striking his face a horrid blow. He was nearly blinded by the blood that flowed from his forehead, and in his misery he gave vent to a long, ringing shout for help—yet with no hope or dream that help was near.

But it was!

help was near.

But it was!

A loud command, a resounding British cheer, and then all at once into the glade rushed a crowd of British seamen, headed by none other than Merryweather. Cutlass in hand they fell upon the brigands. gands.

gands.

It was Merryweather who cut down the chief, and it was fat Parker, the powder-monkey, who selzed a flaming brand from the fire and dashed it in the face of the English-speaking ruffian who had questioned Jack Salt. Down he went, and a pistol bullet finished him, while the seamen cut Jack's cords and tenderly laid him on the ground.

"Lie still, and drink!" said the lieuten-

(Continued on page 25.)

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SHERIDAN
ELEVEN, its
subs and its
scrubs, were
gathered together in the
gyn. awaiting
Coach Balley's
left half, was relating over again the
tragle story of defeat last year at the
hands of Van Arsdale. A greater portion of
Brand's audience had either played of
watched that harrowing game, but there
were four husky freshmen on the tean
this fall and that these might be entlightened and reinforced the great game was ened and reinforced the great game was recalled. "The worst of it was, Van Arsdale

"The worst of it was, Van Arsdale came here and the five thousand people were friendly to Sheridan, except the little bunch of rooters that came down from Van. It was Thanksgiving day, but hot—too hot for football. "Member, Bobbie?" Brand turned to Bobbie Wicks, the captain and fullback, a broad-shouldered bright-eyed boy of eighten dered, bright-eyed boy of eighteen.
"Yep," said Bobby mournfully.
"The heat took the tuck out of all of

us. Our tongues were hanging out a yard at the end of the first half and neither goal had been touched. You know neither goal had been touched. You know how it feels when you're so hot you can't breathe right? During the intermission Bailey talked the grit back into us, and we went to the scratch hot for a winning. Mind you, it was the hast game of the season, and we had whipped our whole schedule—just like this year. At the end of ten minutes we had the ball on their twenty-yard line—and then Bobby Wicks here got his collarbone broken—had to quit—"

"I wanted to stick, but Bailey wouldn't let me," Bobby said, shaken with memories.

with memories.
"That's a fact, fellows," Brand went "He had to be dragged from the But everybody knows if Wicks field. But everybody knows if Wicks had one foot in the gym and the other in the lab, he'd play out a game on his knees. We began to lose our margin. Lane, the sub fullback, was a good player and all that, but vith Bobby out—well, we felt wring, that's all. Van Arsdale was on our ten-yard line with only a couple of minutes' play left. Green, their right half, got by Banks, got by me. We all looked to Lane, standing there between our goal posts, and just a little this side. And then—and then—"

Brand couldn't get the rest out. He sat there, hammering his helmet upon the matting. "And Lane tackled short

and Green dove over the line with the ball, and we were cooked," added Wicks, as one would speak of violent death. "All ready, boys,"

11

1

neither had a monopoly upon courage or ambition, and each had a single primary thought—victory.

Two minutes before Sheridan took the field on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day Coach Bailey had the following to

Two minutes before Sheridan took the field on the afternoon of Thanksglving day Coach Bailey had the following to say:

"Boys, we're away from home and the crowd is with Van Arsdale. Don't let noise make it an uphill game. You'll have no time to listen to rooters, anyway. You're all in condition. So far as I know there's not a sore spot nor a weak spot in the team. You ought to bring back honor to old Sheridan.

\* \* Remember, boys, that no part of school spirit has to do with hate: the fundamental spirit is good nature. Play

hard; play fair; don't fumble, but if you do fumble for a loss, if you do make a mistake-forget it at once, forget it remotely. This is the test of courage. Worrying about a mistake weakens calls for repetition—"

"Are you all ready, Sheridan?" a voice

shouted.
"All ready, responded Bailey.
There was a roar from the stands outside and the players of Sheridan knew that the favorites were running on to



"All ready, boys," sang
Coach Balley, thrusting his head through
the door of the gym. The squads noved
out to the field. It was Tuesday afternoon—the last real practice day before
the Van Arsdale game on Thanksgiving.
"All I've got to say," finished Rand,
"is that next Thursday night there'll be
a different story to tell, or I'll wint to
drop into some quiet lake."

"And all I've got to say," muttered
Captain Wicks, thoughtfully, "is that
Bailey will neve; know again wiether
I've got a pain in the shoulder or not."
"Cheer up, fellows," said little Remey,
the quarter. "We'll scalp 'em this time."

Among the eastern iestitutions for college preparation, the Sheridan Military

Agriculture of the field by Green. Thus the
center of the field by Green. Thus the
forty-yard kick-off was erased in one
play—a beautiful run, a beautiful tackle.
For fifteen mortal minutes the play
and again the bail changed hands, because no gains were made. Then Gaylord, right half for Van Arsdale, and the
heaviest player on the field, dashed
around Sheridan's end, eluding Brand,
and aimed like a comet at the goal, fifty
yards away. The sound of a hurricane
at sea arose from the grand stands. Bobby Wicks, the only barrier between Gaylord and the goal, made for the runner.

pered strangely to Brand: "I wish this

There was a roar from the stands outside and the players of Sheridan knew that the favorites were running on to the field.

"Go after them, boys," was the last order from Bailey.

Little Remey was whistling. Had you asked him the tune, he would have been unable to tell you.

A cold, dull, windy day—gray, fastilying clouds above, a dry, hard, white barred gridiron below—and in the midst of contrasting silence, Sheridan of the blue trotted into the arena and faced the orange of Van Arsdale.

The home team kicked off. The ball fell into the arms of Brand on Sheridan's ilfteen-yard line. Interference closed about him, with Remey the point of the wedge. Running low, they sped over the white ribs of the gridiron, each white line passed meaning a gain of five yards. Remey was knocked aside. Brand swung like a pendulum behind his two

battle-lines.

Van Arsdale's ball; a line-up ten yards from the center of the field, in Sheridan's territory; signal, and big Gaylord plows about the end; Brand throws him like a lariat on the gridiron rim after a ten-yard gain; the force of the tuckle whips the ball from Gaylord's hands; Bobby Wicks seizes it, while Remey, Keeler and others break a hole for him. Keeler and others break a hole for him. All are passed but the lanky Rooke, Van Arsdale's fullback. Rooke smashes the interference and downs his man, making the prettiest tackle of the day, but Bobby Wicks has made forty yards! It may have been Bobby's big gain; it may have been utter weakness. At all events, Van Arsdale held Sheridan but we downs work. It the last two min-

two downs more. In the last two min-utes of play Brand, the final of a criss-cross signal, slipped by Green and Gaylord, and the grandstands arose as one man to see the splendid Rooke dodged— and Brand fall—inside of Van Arsdale's

Bobby Wicks, back with the others, arose from his knees. He scarcely knew why he had been upon his knees. He rubbed his eyes and prepared to kick goal for the extra point. He was numbed from head to foot; could see but vaguely the goal posts and the crossbar. His toe met the ball and the latter sailed grandly between the posts. Then Bobby Wicks fell to his knees again. Coach Bailey bore him from the field.

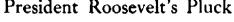
In the thirty seconds of play which remained, vanquished Van Arsdale did not succeed in passing Sheridan's ends, and there was a substitute in the place of Bobby Wicks.

Six to nothing in Sheridan's favor was the season's history.
Ten minutes after the last whistle sounded Wicks opened his eyes in the gym. Bailey and a physician were bending over him. Brand was holding his hand.

widting was over."
"I wish I were an iron man like you,"

not founded upon strength, but upon the sheer grit which outlasts strength; both knew that the line which held up a minute longer than the other would win the laurels; both momentarily expected a crash. \* \* By strength alone these players would have been unable to regain their feet after the scrimmages. They staggered a little while reaching their places! And the spirit that enabled them is the invincible spirit of victorious them is the invincible spirit of victorious

Bobby Wicks.



President Roosevelt has succeeded entirely by his own manly energy and pluck, and by a perseverance that knows no obstacles. He first came prominently

no obstacles. He first came prominently before public notice on account of an incident in which his courage and grit drew forth the admiration of all.

When a young man he went out to the Far West ranching, and as is generally known, horse thieves are the bane and pest of all pioneering communities. Teddy Roosevelt's ranch was cut in two by a wide stream, and, for crossing this, he had a fine little skiff that he had brought out from New York. Apparently the horse thieves had a good opinion of it, for having been at their old game and being pursued by a band of irate ranchers, they appropriated the skiff one night and went off down stream.

and went off down stream.

Roosevelt was furlous the next morniing when he found out what had hap-pened, and he determined to set of after them, accompanied by a couple of his cowboys. But the difficulty was how to follow the thieves. No saddle horses were

tollow the thieves. No saddle horses were available on that side of the stream, and the river could not be crossed, owing to the absence of the boat.

It was here that the future President's determination and resource stood him in good stead. With the aid of his two men he built a rough flat-bottomed boat, and Russ so prompt in this that he come men he built a rough flat-bottomed boat, and was so prompt in this that he came up with the desperadoes' camp, while two of them were out foraging for food. One man kept the camp, and he was captured without a shot. The others returned later and were easily caught, Roosevelt covering them with his revolver, while one of his men relieved them of their weapons.

The whole party, captors and captives.

The whole party, captors and captives, supped together that night, and the next morning they set out in the skiff for the rearest town three hundred i dies away. For eight days they kept to the stream, and then, sending his men back, young Roosevelt undertook to see the prisoners safely in gaol himself. A cart was hired and placing the thieves in this their guardian followed on foot, revolver in hand, at some distance behind. The men made no attempt to escape, for they knew that it would be instant death if they did.
A frontiersman who drove the cart was

A frontiersman who drove the cart was suspiciously friendly with the thieves, and so during one halt Roosevelt had to keep watch the whole night himself, knowing that if he was once drowsy or off his guard he would be killed. Eventually he landed his prisoners safely at Dickerson, and received as a reward fifty dollars from the Government. Such as Such ar dollars from the Government. exploit was naturally much talked of all over that part of the West, and the future President became for the first time a public man.

# A Short Story

A tail girl named Short long loved a certain big Mr Little, while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's short-comings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query: Did tail Short love big Little less because Little loved Long?

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained: "On your right is south, your left the north, and in front of you is east. Now, what is behind you?"

The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face and bawled: "I told Ma you'd see that patch on my

told Ma you'd see that patch on my pants."

Parent: "When that boy called you those names I hope you didn't call him any back?"
Son: "Me? No. I only said one word. father."

Parent: "And what was that, my Son: "Ditto!"



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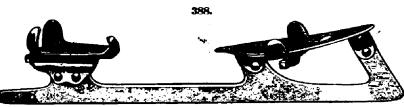
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# Parlor Football

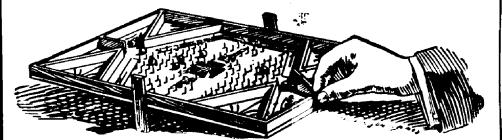


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This game has the most life, the most action, of all game boards. Requires quick sight, quicker decision, quickest action. Any number, anybody from grandma to grandpa, can play it. Can be adjusted to any degree of skill. Everybody in the room is interested and amused. Size 10x16. Requires

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65c postpaid.

Wide Runner Skates



With Lever Clamps Length of top, 9, 10 or 11 inch.



With Straps

Length of top, 7, 8, 9 or 10 inch.

Specially designed for use on snow covered streets, walks and elsewhere and the most perfect article yet devised for coasting.

Made of special high quality steel, extra strong to resist hard usage and handsomely finished.

Price of either style, any size, \$1.25 per pair. We prepay the express to any office in the United States or Canada.

DO NOT FAIL TO STATE THE STYLE AND SIZE YOU DESIRE. Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions, or for 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

# Flexible Flyer

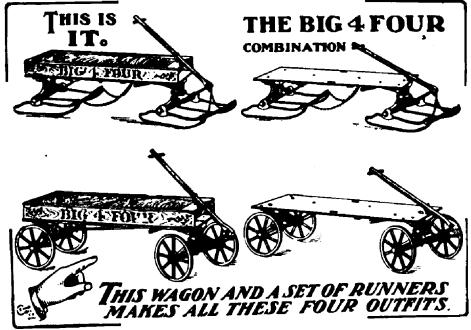


The Flexible Flyer is the invention of a grown-up boy. The device that makes it steer is patented, and no other sled is made that compares with it. Made of the finest materials, in a large and perfectly equipped factory, with spring steel in the runners, pressed steel supports, straight grained hardwood frame and seat. It is light, yet practically indestructible, and handsomely finished. It is lighter and at the same time much stronger than ordinary sleds, and the strictly parallel runners make it easier to pull and faster in coasting. Length, 40 in.; width, 13 in., and weight, 9½ lbs. Shipped from Philadelphia by express, the receiver to pay the express charges whether it is awarded as a premium or purchased. Manufacturers say shipping charges run from 50c to 75c, according to distance.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 5 new yearly subscriptions; or for 4 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 3 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.00; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.70; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$2.00. Price \$2.50 by express, at receiver's expense.

# Coaster - Express

COASTING ON WHEELS. GREAT SPORT!!!



A SUMMER EXPRESS

A WINTER EXPRESS

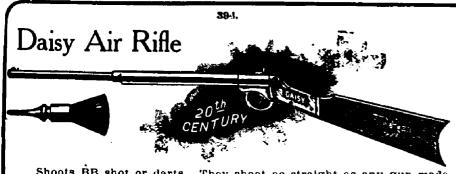
A SUMMER COASTER A WINTER COASTER

Handier than a wheelbar-row for most purposes round anybody's house, store, farm or factory, be-sides furnishing great sport for the youngsters.

For real healthy pleasure and practical usefulness we know of nothing that will give such unbounded satisfaction as a Coaster-Express. It has perfect Steering Mechanism and can be governed equally well with the Express Box on or off. Express Box can be removed or replaced in one minute. The White Ash Springboard Bottom is 36 in long and 14½ in. wide. Axies are Rock Maple, 1½x3½ in., having tapered Malleable Iron Thimble Skeins. The 11 in. Wheels have Iron Hubs, ¾ in. Rock Maple Spokes. Rock Elm Rims, ½x¾ in., bent in one piece. Steel Tires, ¾ in. wide and ¾ in. thick, welded and shrunk on. Malleable Iron Hounds, Rock Maple Pole, large and strong Iron Fifth Wheel, ¼ in. Kingbolt, strong Iron Braces on front and rear Axies. Made from selected stock throughout and attractively finished. Weight 30 lbs.

The prices quoted below do not include Runners. If a pair of Runners is wanted add \$1.50 to your remittance. The Runners are of round, flexible steel.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 6 new yearly subscriptions; or for 5 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 4 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.00; or for 3 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.50; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and \$2,00; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$2.50. Price \$8.25 by express from Sheboygan Falls, Wis., express charges at receiver's expense.



Shoots BB shot or darts. They shoot as straight as any gun made, and are entirely free from danger, smoke and noise. With a little practice any boy can become a crack shot. Shoots BB shot or darts.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 35c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 70c. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

# Hamilton Rifle

The Hamilton rifle is a perfect firearm, absolutely accurate, strong and durable, and weighs only two pounds. Take down, and length over all 221/2 inches. Automatic extractor. Adjustable rear peep sights. Shoots 22 calibre short or long-rim fire cartridges. Nothing better for all kinds of small game and target practice.

**39**5.

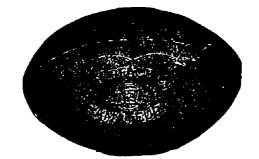
Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 4 new yearly subscriptions; or for 3 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.00; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$1.50. Price \$2.00. By express at receiver's expense.

Reach Men's Boxing Gloves

Made of Olive Tan Leather, Le a ther, Brown Tan Palms, well stuffed with hair. Elastic Wrist. Palm Grip. Four gloves to full set.

Given to Boy" nub-scribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for new yearly nubscrip-tions and 35c; or for I new year-ly nubscripion and Oc. Price postpaid.

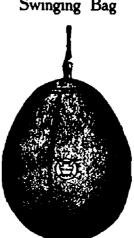
Reach Imitation Pig-skin Football



Made of fine Pebble Leather, Canvas Lined, and warranted to hold their shape. Complete with bladder. Regulation size.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

Reach Swinging Bag



Made of Olive Tan Leather, Red Tan Top. Combladder, etc.

Given to "American Воу" #ubscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and S5c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 70c. Price 81.25 pestpaid.

Football Shin Guards

Men's Size



Best material, finest workmanship. Good quality canvas, cane ribs, well padded, extra strong, color brown, tape strap.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 75c per pair, postpaid.



REACH PROFESSIONAL

Made regulation size and weight, of good material, good quality Horse Hide Cover. A first-class ball for amateurs.

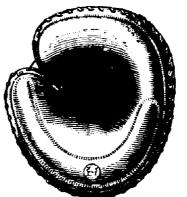
Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly andscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price 85c, postpaid.



REACH LACED YOUTH'S CATCHER'S MITT.

Is made of fine Buck Dressed Drab Leather, Patent Hump, Patent Laced Thumb and Patent Deep Pocket.

Given to "American Boy" aubscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c post402



REACH LACED CATCHER'S MITT.

Made of fine Olive Tan Leather, face and finger, brown tan back and strip. Patent hump, patent laced thumb, and patent deep pocket, strap and buckle at laced thumb, and patent d pocket, strap and buckle wrist. Something extra fine.

Given to "American Boy" sub scribers for 2 new yearly sub-scriptions, or for only 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price \$1.25, postpaid.



403.

REACH LACED FIRST BASE-MAN'S MITT.

Is made of fine Craven Leather, Well Padded, Patent Laced Thumb, Patent Hump and Patent Deep Pocket, Patent Buckle at Wrist.

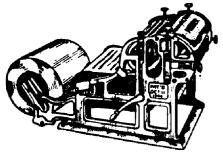
Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions, or for 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price \$1.25 postpaid.



REACH BOYS' FIELDERS' GLOVE.

Is made of Fine Drab Asbestos Buck, Well Padded, Patent Hump, Web Thumb and Patent Deep Pocket.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 65c post-



# The Automatic Printer

A new invention. A boy's press built like a Big Newspaper Cylinder Press. An instructive, amusing toy and a practical press as well. Boys make money with it printing programs, circulars, paper bags, price lists, bills of fare, letter heads, etc., for grocers, druggists, churches

price lists, bills of fare, letter heads, etc., for grocers, druggists, churches and societies.

This press is entirely new this season. They represent the latest and best improvements that the manufacturers have been able to add to their previous line of presses. The merit of these improvements will be instantly recognized by the printer.

By the use of an ingenious locking device, they have been able to make the grooves in the type cylinder of this press independent and detachable and therefore grooves of varied sizes can be used and spaced on the cylinder at will. Thus the individual metal groove is held in the hand while that line of type is being set. It is then adjusted to the cylinder and a second line taken up and so on until the necessary number of lines are set up.

Two ink cylinders are also used—one to hold the supply and the other a standard composition cylinder to distribute over the type. A more uniform distribution of the ink is assured, and, consequently, better printing.

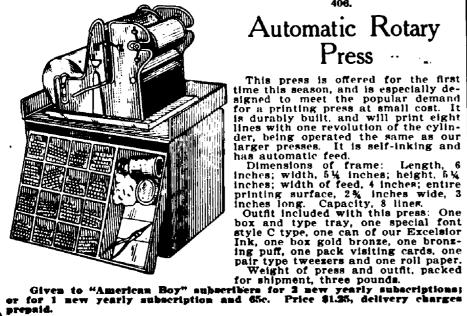
This press is also equipped with an automatic card gauge, insuring rapid and accurate feeding of cards, postals and other flat matter.

Dimensions of frame: Length, 14% inches; width, 10 inches; height, 8% inches: width of feed a inches.

Dimensions of frame: Length, 14% inches; width, 10 inches; height, 8% inches; width of feed, 9 inches. Entire printing surface 6% inches wide and 8 inches long. Capacity from 20 to 25 lines. Weight, 26 pounds.

The outfit consists of: One 4-tray type cabinet, one font style C type, one font style F type, one font style E type, one font style G type, one font style K type; one roll paper 9 inches wide, weight 3% lbs.; one combination can and distributor filled with our Excelsior black ink; one extra can of our Excelsior black ink; one box gold bronze; one box silver bronze; two packs visiting cards; one pack business cards; one pair type tweezers; one bronzing puff; eighteen No. 9X type grooves; four No. 9Y type grooves; three No. 9Z type grooves.

Given to "American Boy" subscriber for 15 new yearly subscriptions; or for 10 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.00; or for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$4.00. Price \$9.00 by express or freight from Cincinnati, Ohio, at receiver's expense.



# Automatic Rotary Press -

This press is offered for the first time this season, and is especially designed to meet the popular demand for a printing press at small cost. It is durably built, and will print eight lines with one revolution of the cylinger where are our der, being operated the same as our larger presses. It is self-inking and has automatic feed.

Long Distance

# Telephone The Long Distance Tel-

The Long Distance Telephone is practical, and much enjoyment can be had by boys in connecting their homes with this Telephone, or it can be used by families for practical purposes, such as telephoning to their barn or store or neighbors. It is not a cheap toy, but a well constructed telephone, through ed telephone, through which you can hear the faintest whisper. The complete outfit consisting of two transmitters and receivers, insulating wire hanger insulators, book of instructions, etc., packed neatly in wooden

NO BATTERIES. NOTHING TO GET OUT OF ORDER.



15 NOT AFFECTED BY THE WEATHER. CAN BE PUT UP BY ANY ONE.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions, or for 1 new yearly subscription and 50c. Price \$1.00 postpaid.



MAGNETO.

This machine has recently been improved, mounted on a polished base, brass parts nickeled, and presents a better appearance than when in a Cabinet. This Little Shocking Machine is a surprise in Mechanical perfection, finish and cheapness. Can be manipulated to make a giant tremble or not to injure a child.

Every boy wants one for instruction and experiment. It is a veritable Fun Factory and in a group, side splitting laughter is created by the many amusements and tricks the machine is capable of produc-

ing.

It strengthens the nervous system, costs nothing to run, can be applied without aid and supersedes Induction Coils and Medical Batteries.

Furnished complete with Hand Electrodes, Crank, multiplying gear, etc., etc.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 85c. Price \$1.00 postpaid.



Millions of these watches have been sold, and for six years the Ingersoll watch has been one of our most popular premiums. With each watch there goes the manufacturers' parchment guarantee, so that if anything goes wrong with the watch the manufacturers will make it good. In the great essential, timing quality, it is first-class, and because of its absolute simplicity in winding and setting, it is free from the llability to derangement that is common to stem winding watches.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for I new yearly subscription and 35c. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

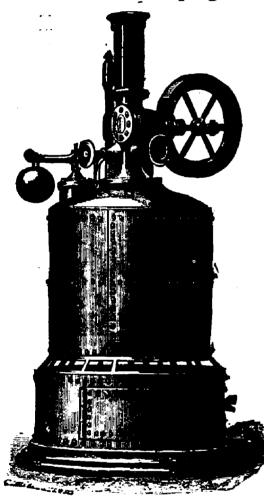
# The Little Hustler Motor



This motor has been greatly improved. This motor has been greatly improved. It is mounted on a neat and highly nolished base. Trimmings are nickel plated. The armature has three poles, causing motor to start without assistance when the current is applied. It will drive a five inch fan at a high rate of speed, and is fitted with a pulley for running toys, etc. Any battery from the cheapest up, that will run any motor, will drive the "Little Hustler."

3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 35c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 70c. Price \$1.10 postpaid. Given to "American Boy" subscribers for

# Weeden Upright Engine



This Engine still retains its popularity, and still continues to be easily the best dollar engine in the market.

In construction it is simple and sensible, and in ail its parts strong and durable. Unlike other dollar engines it has no steam pipes to get filled with rust and dirt. The steam chest, steam and exhaust ports, whistle, whistle valve and throttle valve seats are all cast in one piece, and locked steam tight to top of boiler. It is made throughout of well tempered polished sheet brass. It exhausts

brass. It exhausts steam through the smoke stack as shown in cut; which no other engine does.

The safety valve is the lever and ball pattern. The valve seat is made large in order that the boiler may be the boiler may be easily filled easily through it.

Every engine is thoroughly tested before packing, and

All parts of the engine are interchangeable, and we have always on hand duplicate parts with which to supply our customers.

Each engine is packed securely in a wooden, locked-corner box suitable for mailing or expressing. Full directions for running the engine will be found in each box, with the price of duplicate parts.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

14k Solid Gold Diamond Point

# **Fountain** Pen

These pens are made of the very best quality hard rubber fitted with 14k guaranteed gold "Diamond Point" Pens, They are of the simplest construction and cannot get out of order, overflow or fail to write, as the feeds are made exactly the same as now used by all the standard Fountain Pen Manufacturers, having a deep ink channei, reinforced by two lateral slots, thereby keeping the ink always in contact with the contact with the point of the pen, and always wet and ready to write. This Fountain Pen is fully tain Pen is fully guaranteed, and in the event of its proving unsatisfactory in any particular, can be returned to the manufacturers and a new one will be a new one will be a new one will be sent. A printed guarantee slip will be found in every box. We firmly believe that this Pen will give better satisfaction then most \$100 than most \$1.00 and \$1.50 Pcus now on the market.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 75e postpaid.

# Torpedo Steamboat



This Steamboat has a nicely modeled hull (torpedo type) well put together, and is very attractive in appearance. It has a polished brass boiler firmly secured to the thwarts; steam chest mounted on an inclined frame, to which the cylinder is adjusted.

Length of Hull, 151/2 inches; of Boiler, 33/4 inches.

A small balance wheel is connected to the cylinder and propeller shaft, and to the latter is fixed a three bladed

brass propeller.

The lamp is securely soldered in the bottom of the boat to prevent it sliding about while the boat is in motion.

The whole is finely decorated in colors, and each one is tested and guaranteed.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 40c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 80c. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

# The Practical Typewriter--No. 2



This is a very complete machine, having key for each letter, roller feed, automatic inking and spacing, sight writing. Will take a small letter head, and can be easily and rapidly operated. By reversing the carriage the machine can be used for addressing packages or writing in books. Has feed roller as shown.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 45c; or for I new yearly subscription and 99c. Price \$1.70 postpold-

# Eureka Scroll Saw Outfit

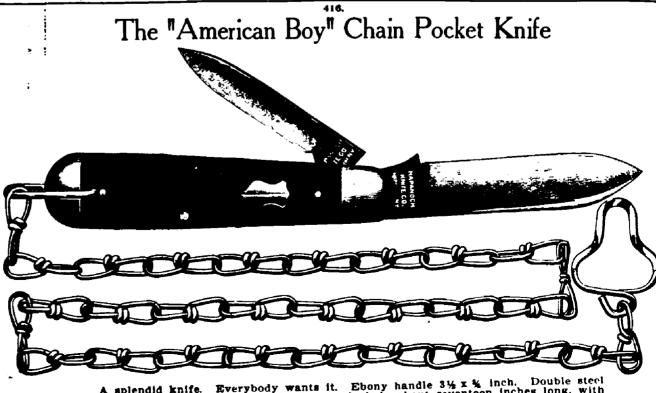


Just the thing for Boys and Girls. With this outfit any boy or girl can have endless amusement and

at the same time earn money by making and selling Brackets, Card Cases, Handkerchief Boxes, Jewel Cases, Easels, Photo Frames, Doll Furniture and hundreds. of other useful and ornamental articles out of cigar boxes or other thin boards. No experience or skill required. Anyone can use it.

Contains 16 pieces as follows: 1 Saw Frame, 3 Saw Blades, 1 Awl, 6 Patterns, 1 Sheet Impression Paper, 1 Sheet Sand Paper, 1 V Strip, 2

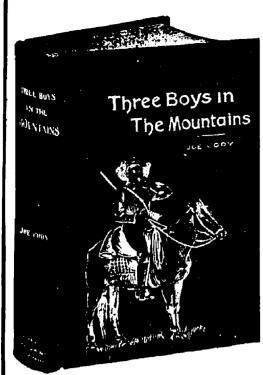
Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c postpaid.



A splendid knife. Everybody wants it. Ebony handle 3½ x % inch. Double steel bolster, brass lined, two best steel blades, steel chain about seventeen inches long, with loop to fasten to button on pants or cost. Nest and handy. You always know where your knife is Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c postpaid.

A SPLENDID BOOK

# Three Boys in the Mountains"



HAMMONDS DICTORIAL ATLAS

WORLD

The story of Western Adventure—clean and inspiring—that ran in THE AMERICAN BOY

through the greater part of 1901, has been issued by The Sprague Publishing Company in book form. This story is one of the longest and best stories that has yet appeared in "THE AMERICAN BOY." Its author is the editor of "THE AMERI-CAN BOY," under the assumed name of Joe Cody. This is sufficient to indicate that it rings true in morals, and that nothing has been allowed to enter the story that will hurt a boy, but that everything is there that will give interest and dash to the narrative. It brings in the pleasures of the hunt, the chase and the camp, and deals with Indians and animals in plains and mountains. It is a good, healthy story that a parent will be glad to have in the hands of his boy.

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH AND ILLUSTRATED.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price 75c postpaid.

# "On the Field of Honor"

Second of the Series of Books for American Boys, by Annah Robinson Watson.

Twenty-five sketches of young heroes make up this little volume of 226 pages, the heroes being those who displayed valor on the battlefields of the Civil War. Here are told true stories of daring and devotion to duty that may well stir the blood of old and young, and make each of us proud to say "These were my countrymen."

Mrs. Watson's style is of the very best-clear, plain, straightforward; there is no straining after effect, but there is pathos and soul-moving on every page. Her theme is a noble and lofty one, and she has been fully equal to every demand. "On the Field of Honor" is a book of inspiration for the young; a setting out of the glorious heritage that is shared alike by every Ameri-can. No praise is too high for it.

Given to "American Boy" subecribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 85c. Price 75c postpaid.



STORIES OF YOUNG

AMERICAN HEROES

THE NEWEST BY FIVE YEARS!!

# Hammond's Pictorial Atlas and Gazetteer of the World

A WEALTH OF FINE MAPS AND BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

Here is a new work of more than ordinary interest and value—an atlas and gazetteer, presenting so many distinctive features as to place it in a class entirely by itself. The publishers have just completed it at great labor and expense and now offer it with some pardonable pride.

In the first place, it is the only modern work of this type in five years. That is a long time in atlas making! The world has moved forward more swiftly in that time than in any previous decade, bringing changes of vital importance into our national life. A new work of this sort is therefore indispensable.

EVERYBODY NEEDS AN ATLAS. And it should be the very best obtainable. An out-of-date or mediocre work will not answer. This series of maps is not a rehash or revision; the censuses and other gazetteer data are absolutely the latest and most accurate in every instance. The volume is a marvel of compact, usable knowledge.

IN THE OFFICE, the careful business man needs to krow the size of towns as they are to-day. Thousands of new towns have sprung up within the last year, and it is essential for him to know about them. Not only do the maps in this work show railroads completed during the present year, but the marginal index gives towns in the order of their size, and the index-gazetteer shows all places in this country of over 500 inhabitants as well as the important foreign cities.

IN THE LIBRARY AND SCHOOL-ROOM, old maps which tell only half truths are worse than useless. For example, in looking up Panama, you want to find the exact limits of the new republic, and the canal as it stands jo-day. This Atlas alone, shows the latest work here; also the new cable lines in the Philippines, the new cable to Alaska, and many other of the most recent developments on the globe.

IN THE HOME, this splendid work will prove a constant delight to children. The multitude of fine half-tone illustrations, many of them quite large, will prove a constant incentive to study, while the work itself will answer a hundred and one questions which come up in the course of ordinary reading.

In a word, no matter what the need The Pictorial Atlas will meet it and will prove to be the Most Convenient, Compact and Recent of all!

TYPE AND BINDING.—The type throughout is large and clear; the bindings are both attractive and durable. The book measures 10 ½ x 13 ½ inches, contains two hundred and fifty-six pages, and will be found light and easy to handle, opening out flat. In brief, its whole appearance inside and out is both sumptuous and tasteful. Every feature of editing and manufacture has improved on past experience.

The Pictorial Atlan is a volume you will be proud to own. The regular price, bound in cloth, with embellished side stamps, is \$5.00, but by special arrangement we are able to sell it at \$2.50, delivered.

# Our Special Fishing Outfit

Consists of everything herewith described and illustrated. In adding this Fishing Outfit we felt sure of immediate success, and we have not been disappointed.

The articles in this Outfit were selected with great care and are good for regular fresh water fishing. This is what we supply: A three-piece Natural Wood Rod; 1 All-Brass Reel, strongly riveted; 9 Fishing Lines of assorted sizes; 6 Trout and Bass Flies, popular styles; ½ doz. Snelled Hooks; 2 doz. Kirby Hooks, assorted sizes; 1 Kidney Bait; 3 three-foot Leaders; 1 Float, 1% inches; 1 Patent Adjustable Sinker; 2 doz. Split Shot and 3 Swivels.

We send everything herewith set forth. Sent securely packed by mail.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly authoriptions; or for 2 new yearly authoriptions and 45c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 90c. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 5 new yearly subscriptions; or for 4 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 3 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.00; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.50; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$2.00. Price \$2.50, delivery charges prepaid.

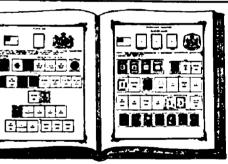
Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue



This is the edition for 1905-C and gives the date of issue, color, shape and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any Government in the world, with illustrations of nearly every stamp, and giving the prices at which most of them can be purchased used or unused. It is the \$2d edition and thoroughly revised and corrected, and fully brought up to the day of going to press. It has 729 pages and is nicely bound in cloth.

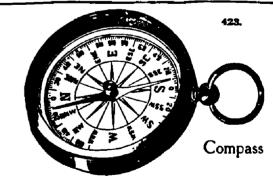
Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price, 50 cents, post-paid.

International Postage Stamp Album



This is the large 19th Century edition. Measures 9½x 12 inches, and has 680 pages. It contains spaces for all varieties of postage stamps issued in any country of the world during the 19th Century, also Portraits of the Ruiers, Flags and Arms of every Nation, together with full statistical information regarding their size, population, capitals, etc., etc. Illustrated with over 4,000 engravings and with maps of all countries of the world.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 50 cents; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$1.06. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.



This Compass is open face, nickeled back with ring handle. Dial is 1% inches and very fine. Needle very sensitive, and it is guaranteed to be first-class in every partic

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. 50c, postpaid.

We have made a contract with the publishers of "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 we have more than one thousand copies of each to sell to American boys. "The American Boy March and Two-Step" was composed especially for THE AMERICAN BOY, and has never been placed on the with "The Jolly Student." The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY was recently at a meeting of the Detroit Newsboys Association where were gathered together five hundred of the newsboys of Detroit. At this meeting the writer of the music, Harry Zickel, author of "Black America," played the accompaniment to the song "The Jolly Student," and it was sung by a prominent Detroit singer. The boys went wild over it, and by the time the third verse was sung they were joining in the chorus, spontaneously, and without invitation. "The American Boy March and Two-Step" is a piece of instrumental music, while the "Jolly Student" is a song. It is a song that is being adopted by the schools throughout the country as a patriotic song for boys, and it is bound to create a furore among old and young wherever it is heard. The price of each of these pieces of music is 25 cents. "The American Boy March and Two-Step" can only be purchased of THE AMERICAN BOY. We hope to have your order for one or both, and we guarantee that you will be pleased.

Both pieces given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price for both 50c; or 25c for one, postpaid.

How to Send Money

There are four ways in which money can be sent at our risk—by Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or by Bank Check or Draft;

and, when none of these can be procured, send Registered Letter. If you send money by mail in any other way, it must be at your own risk.

ORDER PREMIUMS BY

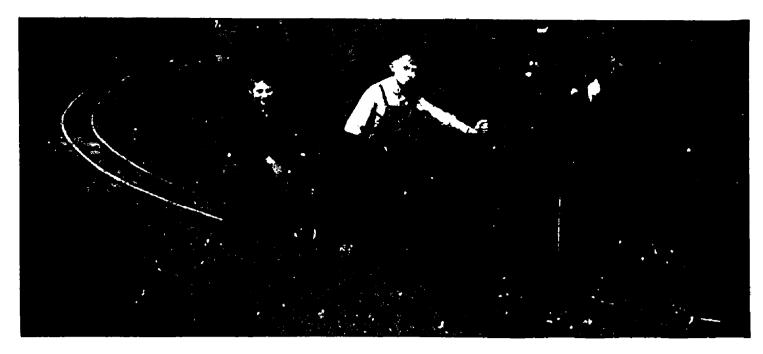
NUMBER. Any article can be purchased at the selling price as given above. We wish our friends "hustling American Boys" success. RE
MEMBER, WE DO NOT GIVE PREMIUMS ON YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION

The Sprague Publishing Company

Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY

Detroit, Michigan

# MELVINE HOWDEN'S BELT LINE



Here is Melvine Howden, son of Editor Judson Howden, of Fillmore, N. Y., sitting in his motor car which runs on a ten-inch track. The car is propelled by a one and one-quirter horse-power Barker marine gasoline engine, and was built for Melvine by William Foote, a machinist of Fillmore.

This auto-car or "locomotive" is four and one-half feet in length and twenty inches in width, the engine and the tanks for water and gasoline being on the front end. At the rear is the seat for the little engineer. Under the seat are the batteries that furnish the "spark;" the "switch" can be seen close to the upper part of the seat. The power is applied to the rear axie by means of two sets of sprocket wheels with chains connecting with the shaft of the motor, there being a clutch on the axie with which the "lever" is connected. The wheels are six inches in diameter, with a one and one-half inch face.

The track is made of planed oak strips, one by one and one-half inches in size, laid flat-ways and nailed to the ties, which are slabs of wood sixteen inches in length, taken from the woodpile at a sawmill. The railroad is three hundred feet in length, and circles the back yard and garden at Editor Howden's residence. There is also a "spur" or side-track of seventy-five feet, provided with a switch.

The car or "trailer" on which the other boy is sitting, is three feet long and sixteen inches wide; it will comfortably hold two small passengers. Melvine runs his "train" at about a six miles an hour speed, and has carried as many as five children at a time—three on the car and one beside him on the "engine."

At one place on the "Belt Line," as Melvine calls his railroad, there is a steep grade, and the curves are quite sharp, but the little "Barker" has no difficulty in propelling its trainload, except when the track is wet from rain, and then the rails have to be sanded to keep the drivers from slipping.



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#### THE BOYHOOD OF GREAT **AMERICANS**

(Continued from page 15.)

hatred of hypocrisy. He would not tell, neither would he listen to, an unclean story. His word too was conclusive. "Did Sam Grant say that? Well, if he said so, it's right," was the unanimous opinion of those who came in contact with him.

Grant graduated from West Point in June, 1843, number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine, and became at once brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth U. S. Infantry. He had wished to join the cavalry, but before his number was reached the vacancies in that branch were filled up. The training at West Point had been of the utmost benefit; it had taught him obedience, attention, order and the laws of health.

of health.

After his ninety days furlough he was ordered to join his regiment at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis. Soon thereafter war was declared against Mexico, and among those who marched into Texas was Second Lieutenant U. S. Grant to undergo his baptism of fire. Here, at the threshold of his career we leave him to follow out the path of duty, to endure many discouragements, to meet with many difficulties, but with simple earnestness and modesty, with patience and dogged determination, to overcome all obstacles and win a high and enduring place not only in history, but in the hearts of the American people.

#### SYNOPSIS OF GENERAL GRANT'S CAREER.

1847-Appointed first-lieutenant during Mex-

ican war. 1848—Married Miss Julia Dent of St. Louis. 1852—Made captain and ordered to Pacific Coast.

1854—Resigned commission and became farmer

1854—Resigned commission and became farmer and real estate dealer in St. Louis.
1860—Worked in his father's tannery at Galena, Ill.
1861—Returned to the army as mustering officer under Governor Yates. Made Colonel of 21st Illinois infantry. Brigadiergeneral of volunteers. Selzed Paducah and fought Confederates at Belmont.
1862—Forced capitulation of Fort Henry. Captured Fort Donelson. Major-general of volunteers. Fought at Shiloh. Captured Vicksburg. Major-general of regulars. Presented with gold medal by

tured vicksburg, Major-general of reg-ulars. Presented with gold medal by Congress, 1864—Received commission from President

Lincoln as Lieutenant-General, March | 9th. Battles of the Wilderness and | Cold Harbor. | 1865—Captured Petersburg and entered Rich-

Cold Hardor.

-Captured Petersburg and entered Richmond. Received General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, April 9th.

-Elected President of the United States.

-Alabama claims settled, Great Britain paid \$15,500,000 in settlement. Relected President.

-Sailed on tour round the world, visiting England and other countries and principal cities of Europe, also Egypt, Palestine, India, China and Japan, returning to America 1879.

-Settled in New York City. Entered into banking business. Dishonesty of partners almost ruined him. Wrote his memoirs to provide for his family.

-Died at Mount MacGregor, near Saratogs, July 23. Mausoleum, where his body now rests, on Riverside Drive, New York.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GRANT TABLET IN THE HALL OF FAME:

> ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT. 1822-1885.

I determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable; second, to hammer continuously against the enemy until by mere at-trition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but submission.

Editor's Note: Next month will appear in this series The Boyhood of Admiral Farragut.

# Prompt Answer

A school inspector, explaining to his class that the land of the world was not continuous, said to the boy who happened to be standing nearest to him:
"Now, could your father walk around the world?"
"No, sir," was the prompt reply.
"Why not?"
"Because he's broken his leg," was the altogether unlooked for response.

# Jim's Hair

Wish there was a way to swim
That wouldn't wet your hair.
Us fellers can dry all the rest
Right out in the air.
But the folks look at our heads
And scream, "I do declare!
Hurry, father. Look at Jim!
He's been in to have a swim!"

"Optimism wins! Optimism always ins!" recently declared Chauncey wins! Depew.

Brown—"I am afraid my boy will never amount to much; he is always at the foot of his class."

Jones—"Oh, don't be alarmed. Why not make him a chiropodist?"

#### Some of the Good Things for The December American Boy

Recovering Historic War Ships Near Detroit, by J. Olivier Curwood; "A Fight With a Panther," by a Cavalry Officer; "How to Make a Sailomobile: "How Ships Talk to One An-Sailomobile;" "How Ships Talk to One Another;" "Training Methods of Boy Athletes;"
"A Sneak Cat," by Hopkins J. Moorhouse;
"How to Make a Small Pavilion;" The Bearding of the Lion," an Exploit of Paul Jones;
"Chinese Boys and Their Ways;" "Hank and the Walnuts," by the Editor; "Famous Charity Dogs of London;" "Hunting His First Job;"
"On the Wings of the Wind." "Further charters of the continued stories now running. chapters of the continued stories now running, ¶ All the usual departments full of good things. ¶ A hundred short items of great interest to boys. ¶ Nearly a hundred splendid pictures.



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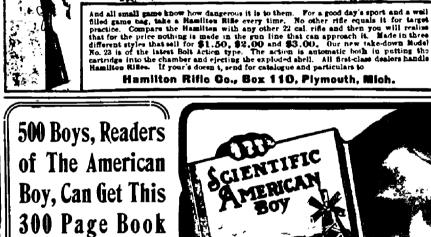
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tents. It is sufficient for us to say that full and and complete instructions are given on how to build tents, boats and canoes. Information is given on appliances is something of interest in this huge volume for every boy as well as the boy's grandfather. After its perusal you should be able to increase your income or earn extra money after school hours. It tells about bridge-building, cave houses, wig-wagging, telegraphing and many other subjects which are dear to the hearts of the representative American boy.

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#### A FRENCH FROG AND A N FLEXIBLE FLYER The Steet that Steers

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY—By E. S. TYLEE



BEGUN IN MARCH

CHAPTER XIII. A DUEL.

THE HOLIDAYS OVER we returned to good old Crosscombe in high spirits, very well satisfied with our vacation for we had indeed, as young Washington remarked, had "a bully time." The latter was more attached than ever to René, and the French boy had also succeeded in making a great friend of Mrs. Pickens, whom we had found to be an amiable but exceedingly nervous lady desperately afraid of a breath of fresh air and, consequently, a martyr to neuralgia. Her bolsterous son and her breezy, business-like husband were often too much for her weak nerves, but Briant, with his pretty speeches and finikin foreign ways, suited her exactly. She declared that he must spend some part of every future vacation at their house, and as Pizarro told me "Whatever momma says, goes."

Of course we found that the Pickens family lived in great state and splendior, and this more than anything reconciled me to returning to school. Some people, I believe, rather fancy having a tall footman behind their chairs. It gives me the jumps.

"A Bloater toasted at the school-room fire,

fire, A loaf of bread, a flask of currant wine, A faithful friend to touch his glass with mine; What more can Allah grant or boy de-

The lines are Crikey's, translated, he

rhe lines are Crikey's, translated, he says, from the works of a Persian poet with whom he has hobnobbed many a time in past years. The sentiment is one to which I heartily subscribe, though I think Crikey must be wrong about the author, for, if I remember rightly, he told me another time that the verse was by Homer. However it does not matter.

rightly, he told me another time that the verse was by Homer. However it does not matter.

We found no particular changes at Crosscombe after the summer holidays were over. Contrary to general expectation Ascott came back, his people having apparently found the necessary tin after all. This was a good thing for the school Rugger team, which could ill spare its heaviest forward. Now with all the last year's team available and a new three-quarter back with such a reputation as Anstruther, we could look forward with confidence to the coming season, and especially to the match with Yeobridge Town in the second week of term. The Yeobridge men were generally reckoned the most formidable team that we encountered, and to win our match with them was always taken as a sign that we were to be victorious in most of the remaining contests.

Now from time immemorial it had Now from time immemorial it had been the custom at Crosscombe to elect the new football captain at the beginning of the autumn term. For the last two seasons Carclough, the captain of the School, had had a walk-over, but on this occasion a strong opposition party had nominated Anstruther and were urging his claims with much party had nominated Anstruther and were urging his claims with much vigor. "We want new blood," declared Mainwaring, who had constituted himself Anstruther's Election Agent, at an influential and highly enthusiastic meeting in the gymnasium. "The captaincy of Crosscombe Football Club has been too long the appanage of an effete autocracy!" The sentiment was received with thunders of applause. Several fellows consulted me shortly afterwards as to its meaning.

with thunders of applause. Several fellows consulted me shortly afterwards as to its meaning.

The gymnasium had been liberally "billed" on behalf of the rival candidates. We do as we like there, subject to the periodical supervision of that smart non-com Flanagan. Thus Carclough's blue placards sentimentally pleaded with voters: "Electors of Crosscombe Football Club, stick to your old friends who have served you well. Carclough and Constitution." The red lines of Anstruther's posters took up a libelous attitude in reply: "Members of the C. F. C! Why these continual Deficits? Vote for Anstruther and Investigation. No more little Suppers to the Committee." This regrettable hostility on the part of the opposition was excused or palliated by the cynical audacity with which the other side had apparently sought the aid of corruntion; for one shy little notice announced "Free Sherbet at Poploy's, for all Friends of the Captain." Standing grievances were largely made use of: "Plump for Anstruther and Liberty for Juniors to punt about in Lower Field during Matches." "Vote for Carclough, and no more Selling of old Balls." It is worthy of observation that several of these placards were posted upside down, in order that free and independent vorthese placards were posted upside down, in order that free and independent voters might be able to peruse them while hanging head downwards (a posture doubtless most stimulating to the be-

wildered brain of a waverer) to the rings and horizontal bar.

The election was very good fun, but there seemed to be growing, in connection with it, a most deplorable division in the ranks of our hitherto united Gang. It was certainly not the captain's fault. Carclough was of far too generous a disposition to let any petty jealousy of the new-comer influence him against Anstruther. But it was evident that there was a strong and growing party who made the latter their leader, and whose watchword seemed to be distrust and hostillty against the two foreigners and especially René Briant, who was regarded as being the captain's favorite and protege.

An incident which occurred after drill on one of the first days of term brought this feeling to a head. We had justifished the usual ten minutes singlestick exercise, and as usual the fellows after the word to "disperse" had been given, proceeded to amuse themselves by engaging in a series of mock duels. Briant was standing idly watching one of these, in company with our wild shighlander Lamont. René had received

straint grinned good-humoredly at the control of the growing party who made the latter their leader, and whose watchword seemed to distinst and hostility against the two for-tigners and especially René Briant, on the combat came to a dramatic building favorite and protege.

An incident which occurred after drill in order the first days of term brought this feeling to the first days of term brought this feeling to the first days of term brought this feeling to the first days of term brought this feeling to the first days of term brought this feeling to the first days of term brought this feeling to the first days of term brought this feeling to the first days of term brought this feeling to the first days of the first days

From Stereograph, Copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT GREETING PROMINENT YOUNG AMERICAN LADIES AT MANILA Miss Wright, Daughter of the Governor-General, at Her Right (full face). Bishop Brent of the Episcopal Church Second to Miss Roccevelt's Left, Gen. Corbin in the Distance.

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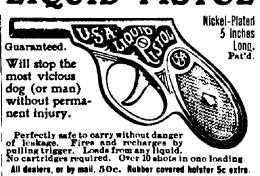
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HOW THE BULE THAT PROHIBITS PRESHMEN FROM JOINING A COLLEGE TEAM WORKED IN ONE CASE

-Record Herald.

detecting any unlawful copying. On the two or three occasions when he happened to be called away from the room for awhile he returned so hastily, and burst the door open with such awful suddenness, as to cause a temporary stoppage of the busy pens, while a dozen eyes were turned inquiringly upon him. The truth is that he has done the thing so often, buoyed up by the perpetual hope of discovering crime, that it has now become a habit; and if the king were to be such a flat as to invite him to Windsor Castle, he would do it there. We did not see much of Mr. Lane, the lecturer from Owens College, with the exception of one or two chance glimpses. He seemed to be a natty little man, very carefully dressed, and chiefly noticeable for the quantity of jewelry about him. He wore a diamond breast pin, several handsome rings, and a gold watch chain that looked massive enough to hold a yacht. He was in Henderson's rooms which Cuckoo had vacated in his favor, and dined with the doctor every evening.

Anstruther met Ascott as he was go-

vacated in his favor, and dined with the doctor every evening.

Anstruther met Ascott as he was going in for the afternoon paper.

"Well, how have you done, old man?" he asked, "Were you in form?"

'So, so," Ascott answered. "Not so well as I could wish, but better than I expected. But I have very little hope, all the same. Briant has been going strong for the whole morning, and as he is far ahead of me in the practical, there is not the ghost of a chance for me. I don't fancy that Postlethwaite has done much."

The last named joined them at that

The last named joined them at that moment wearing a despondent air.
"I am going to scratch," he said. "Did
you ever see a more rotten paper than
they gave us this morning? I don't believe I made one-third marks on it. And Briant says it suited him down to the ground!"

ground!"

"Oh! I vote we play the game out!" said Ascott. "The Doctor won't like it if we chuck the thing now. And perhaps you'll have better luck this afternoon."

Anstruther gave a sort of snort, for Briant approached the door of the annex looking aggressively radiant. In answer to his rivals' inquiries he agreed that he had thought the first paper "ver' nice," as if it were a jam tart. He would not admit, however, that he felt at all confident, and indeed, at the conclusion of the afternoon session it appeared, on the competitors again comparing notes, that Ascott had undoubtedly done slightly better than Briant on the second paper. The final result might still be regarded as a fairly open question.

still be regarded as a fairly open question.

But alas! in the rigid practical examination of the following day the English boys showed to very poor advantage by the side of the neat handed Frenchman, Postlethwaite, whom misfortune still pursued unrelenting, broke a test tube; and though no such disaster overtook Ascott, the latter's experiments compared very unfavorably with Rene's rapid and accurate work. It was easy to gather from Henderson's countenance which way his own decision would go, when he finally dismissed the boys and went to make his report to Dr. Hardress.

The School Debating Society was to meet on the following Friday evening, and Anstruther was to open the discussion. When first approached by Carclough the president, with a request that he would bring forward a motion Anstruther had excused himself with reasons that in number and variety resembled those of the famous Irishman who was sued for demograps a horrowed.

Anstruther had excused himself with reasons that in number and variety resembled those of the famous Irishman who was sued for damaging a borrowed lawn mower. The latter, it will be remembered, pleaded firstly, that the mower had been returned in perfectly good condition; secondly, that it was broken when he had it; and finally, instructed his counsel to establish an alibi. Even so Anstruther, in answer to Carclough's application, alleged in the first instance that he was utterly unable to make a speech, then that he lacked time to prepare one, and lastly that he had no subject and that debates were rot. It was with some surprise, therefore, that the president received the following note, on the day after the conclusion of the examination for the Pickens scholarship: scholarship:

"Dear Carclough:

"On second thoughts, I shall be pleased to open a debate on Friday, and to move the following resolution: That the constant immigration of greedy and destitute aliens is a source of danger and decay to the British Empire and its great and glorious constitution'

"Yours sincerely.

"Yours sincerely,
"AUSTIN BENTLEY ANSTRUTHER,

"P. S.—I suppose it is not against the rules of the society for me to read my speech."

Much disturbed by the truculent tone of the above missive, Carclough hastened to remonstrate with the writer. He found Anstruther in his study, surrounded by a sort of fortification of huge folios, including a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and steeped in ink to his very eyebrows. The student greeted his friend with enthusiasm. "Take a pew!" he cried, motioning Carclough to the best arm chair. "I've been stewing over this thing for the last six hours. Now listen and tell me how it goes!"

"Try it on a dog!" suggested the president. "Look he e, old man, it will never do to move that resolution of yours as it stands. Why it is a flush hit at Briant, and fearfully bad form considering that he is the only Frenchman among us."

"Thank goodness!" interposed Anstruther.

"Thank goodness!" interposed Anstruther.

struther.

"Besides..." the president continued,
"I don't believe you will get a seconder
among the seniors!"

"Oh, I have one already!" answered
Anstruther. "Adams agreed to support
it at once when I asked him."

"My word!" said Carclouth. "You'll
have weight on your side, at any rate.
I tell you what I shall do, if you insist on moving such a resolution as you
sent me. I'll get Crikey to oppose, and sist on moving such a resolution as you sent me. I'll get Crikey to oppose, and if he doesn't get you and Adams on toast, why I'm a greedy and destitute allen myself." And the captain swung out of the study in a greater state of ill-humor than he would have cared to confess

The events of Friday evening did not tend to render the trouble less acute. tend to render the trouble less acute. Carclough had insisted on modifying

Here is a New Optical Illusion

was longer than it was broad. As a matter of fact the horizontal measurement along the dotted line is about the same as that along the vertical dotted

Pictorial Riddle

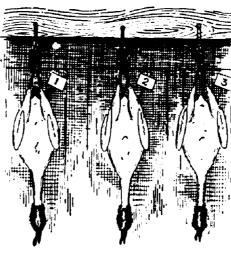
the terms of the motion, but even as it stood it was taken by the school generally as a direct challenge to the foreigner, and the friends of both parties assembled in strong force. There was a great deal of disorder among the juniors on the back benches, where blues and reds (for the partisans of Carclough and Anstruther mounted their colors for the occasion) punched and hustled each other with loyal enthusiasm. So but little was heard of Anstruther's speech, which was delivered in a series of short barks, for the great athlete was no orator, and it was only here and there one distinguished the phrases "glorious constitution," "alarming invasion," and "necessary precautions" As for Adams, he was guyed from the first, and getting into a personal altercation with one of his interrupters became abusive, was called to order by the chair, and sat down covered with ignominy. So that Crickhowell had an easy task; and though the reds kept up a steady booling during his speech, he had no difficulty in turning the arguments of his opponents into ridicule and compelling the laughter of even their own supporters. The motion was rejected by a large majority; but it was a fatal victory for the blues, for their exasperated rivals straightway commenced a campaign in the lower school which bid fair, at no distant date, to convert their minority into a majority. The delightful concord which formerly prevailed in the evening had completely disappeared, and the harmony of its meetings seriously disturbed. I forget what ancient Greek it was who declared that orators were the ruin of a State. Whoever it was he deserved a monument to his memory for saying such a sensible thing. the terms of the motion, but even as it

(To be continued.)

# What Do They Weigh?

On asking the weight of some turkeys, on one occasion, a poulterer replied:
"The first weighs 9½ lbs. and half its own

Mr. P. J. Glauz, an engineer of the United States Lighthouse Department, stationed on the Pacific coast, has discovered a new and interesting optical illusion. It takes the form of a cross.



"And the third's weight comes midway between that of the first and second birds."
What are the respective weights of the three turkeys?

knife for the first correct solution

WHAT BUBBY DREAMED AFTER HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER

H. H. Seerley, President of the State Normal School of Iowa, gives the following as a recipe for success: Good preparation, hard work after being well prepared, and absolute adherence to some one plan; not trying one kind of work for awhile and then taking up another, and so on.

# Dog That Saved Thirty-four Lives Killed on Mt. St. Bernard

Word comes from Geneva that Barry II, the best dog ever owned by the St. Bernard Hospice, is dead from a fall. It was reported some time ago that Barry had been stolen, but he was really killed while in the performance of his duty. Three men who were climbing the Alps from the Italian side probably would have perished but for the appearance of Barry. He conducted them safely to within two hyndred words of the hear Barry. He conducted them safely to within two hundred yards of the hospice, when he slipped and fell sixty feet into a new opened crevice. His skull was crushed.

Barry saved thirty-four lives. Once he brought a baby in his mouth to the hospice and then returned to aid its parents, who were saved by his agency. He was twice swept away by avalanches. The monks sang a special Te Deum in his memory, and every person shed tears. tears.

In this connection boys will be interested in reading the following:

#### SONG OF THE TRAVELERS OVER THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

St. Bernard is a mountain grand As any there is in Switzerland; And many a legend of it is told, How Hannibal with his legions bold Came over its pass in the days of old. But what care we for that bygone age. For better subjects our hearts engage in the noble monks of St. Bernard, Who o'er the snow region keep watch and ward.

#### Chorus.

Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks.

And the dogs of St. Bernard, Who over the regions of ice and snow Keep vigilant watch and ward.

St. Bernard owns a convent old, Its prior and monks are as good as gold. Nine hundred years or more it has stood, And noble the deeds of its brotherhood, And noble the deeds of its servants good—

Its servants, the grand old dogs whose

All over the world is known to fame. Whose service asks no greater reward. Than the love of the monks of St. Bernard.

# Chorus.

Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble

monks,
And the dogs of St. Bernard,
Who over the regions of ice and snow
Keep vigilant watch and ward.

# A Warm Heart in a Dirty Jacket

A man who sells cut flowers at a stand downtown was waiting for trade the other afternoon, when a newsboy, dirty and ragged.

afternoon, when a newsboy, dirty and ragged. came running up.
"Say," said the boy, "whot's the price uf them red flowers?"
"Those carnations, you mean? They're two cents aplece," said the man.
"I'll trade you a paper for one," said the boy. The flower seller accepted the offer and the boy ran away with his carnation. A few minutes later he returned.
"Say," he said, "I just sold a paper. Gimme another uf them red flowers. Here's the two cents."

ents." The man at the stand handed him another ernation and accepted the pennies with a ranation and accepted the pennies with a smile. As the boy started away the man became curious. "Say, kid." he said, "what you going to do with those flowers?"

The boy took a better hold on his papers "Give 'em to the ol' lady," he said, "She's sick in bed."

sick in bed."

Then he left on the run, yelling: "Pape! Pape! All about—"."—Kansas City Times.

We hope that boy will live a hundred years and get everything that ought to and generally does come to the fellow whose heart is in the right place.

# To a Broader Field

Farmer Blank's son had left school barely a year when he began to chafe under the irksome routine of farm life. "Father." he cried, pausing in the act of rendering assistance in the cabbage-patch, "not a day passes but I feel the need of a change from the limitations we mark under here to one of the more expense. tensive scope—to a broader field of la-

"We-ell, I guess I can find it fer ye," observed his practical old father. "We're goin' ter begin on th' hay in thet twenty-acre field next week."

# Higher Education

The teacher was trying to draw from the pupils some of the uses to which ivery is put. She asked, "Now, who can tell me what is made of ivery?"

Up went a score of little hands.
"You may tell, Glen."

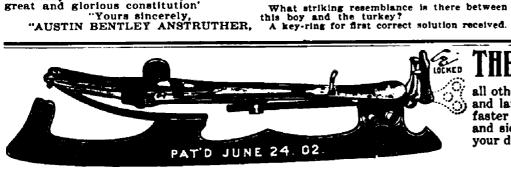
And Glen confidently shouted, "Soap!"

-Lippincott's.

## To Save a Sparrow

A kind-hearted motorman, on a Fields Corner car, stopped the car the other day, to give a little sparrow with a broken wing time to get off the track.—Boston Globe.

Is there a man living who would not have done the same thing? God forbid'



#### THE BROWNIE SPRING SKATES are fast becoming popular for fancy and pleasure skating. The BROWNIE has merit over

all other skates in its new Lock Lever Clamp and SPRING. The spring prevents soreness and lame ankles; makes skating a greater pleasure; produces longer stroke, therefore faster and with less effort than one gets from the common or rigid skate. Made in Hockey and side lever styles, ladies or gents, in 2 nickel, satin and polished bright finishes. If your dealer will not supply you, send direct to

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ELLO, Bluecoat! Blong to the Regulars?"
"My Pa is needin'
a row-boat; reckon I
could trade for those
shoes?"

"Cow feed is mighty high this fail; I hear the price of shucks is way

An applauding guffaw greeted these sallies.
The boy from Poplar
Cove pulled his shuck hat down a little lower, set his broganned Cove pulled his shuck hat down a little lower, set his broganned feet fiercely into the gravel walk of the campus, but that was all. He had not walked twenty miles to be present at the opening of Ridgedale Boys' School to be deterred by jibes and jeers. Yet he was stung to the quick. He had felt so proud of his new suit of blue jeans, woven and made by his mother's hands, and now the glamour was all dispelled. He realized that his clothes were as different from the clothes worn by these boys as the log house where he had spent the sixteen years of his life was different from the modern homes he saw about him. He realized that his trousers were either too short or too long—he was not quite certain which; that his shoes were hig and clumsy, and that his shock hat was suggestive of "cow-feed."

But beneath the tingling mortification and indignant pangs of hurt pride, he realized a something which could not be reached by jibes and jeers; a sense of power to make these well-groomed boys feel him, Erastus Martin! He did not know whether the feeling was mental or physical—he only knew it was there and must be worked out.

"I'll make 'em duck, if I have to lick the whole gang o' dudes to do it," he told himself, as, in answer to the bell, the fifty or sixty boys filed into the academy.

Most of them were old pupils, and

academy.

Most of them were old pupils, and their classification was an easy matter. When it came to Erastus' turn the principal asked:

"Where were you in school last year?"
"Nowheres," was the answer; "I steddied at home of nights, an' between crappin' seasons."
"Let me see your books."
Erastus drew forth a blue-back speller, a geography and an arithmetic, on the fly-leaf of which was written a girl's name and dated twenty years before

name and dated twenty years before.
"Whose were these?" asked the teacher, trying to hide a kindly smile that had crept to his lips at sight of these time-worn relics.

"Mam's—mother's," the boy corrected himself hastily.
"I shall have to ask you a few questions so as to be able to classify you, Erastus."

Erastus.

Erastus."

"All right," answered Erastus, wholly unconscious that his words would scarcely be considered respectful from pupil to teacher in this tallor-made world where he found himself.

The old pupils began to nudge each other and whisper.

"Now the fun will begin."
But smiles and nudges turned to looks of respectful attention as the jeans-clad boy stood up and passed such an examination in his three books as not one of them would have dared to hope for in his own case.

his own case.
"That's fine, Erastus; you may take your seat. I will give you a list of books you will need at recess," and, as the principal's eye swept over the school-room it said as plainly as words: "There's something better than his clothes about

After school was over the principal detained Erastus upon the plea of arranging his list of books. Gradually he drew the boy out to speak of his hopes and

"I've got twenty dollars," said Erastus. "I've got twenty dollars," said Erastus, proudly drawing a wallet from his pocket; "I lowed to stay as long as that would keep me. I thought mebbe I could sorter work my way, somehow. I've heard o' boys doin' that."

"Have you a boarding place?"
"No, sir; I just got in this mornin' in time for school."

time for school."
"How did you come? There's no railroad to Poplar Cove."

Meanwhile, he tried to remember all he had learned from the old books while grasping the secrets of the new, as well as those other things that can only be "Oh, I just walked; it ain't much of a step; not more'n twenty mile, I reckon." The teacher smiled. What would most of his pupils think of a "step" of twenty miles!

How would you like to take care of schoolroom, Erastus? We usually the schoolroom, Erastus? give some boy his tuition for that.

.. I'm a "I'd like that, master, well. I'm a pretty good sweeper; mother taught me

"Very good; we'll consider that set-tled. I have a friend that told me the other day to look out for a smart boy to help around the place out of school hours, for his board. Maybe you would like that, too."

"Now, wouldn't I? Then mebbe I could send the twenty dollars back to mother." "Send the twenty dollars back?"

"Well, you see, mother she 'lowed there warn't no use in 'spectin' to get ahead on craps—the land is that poor around the Cove; an' she were bent on my comin' here this year. So she sold Blossom—she's a powerful good cow, Blos- as the time for final examinations drew som is; mother raised 'er from a calf. near every student was on his mettle. The man 'at bought 'er said he'd give us "I tell you, fellows," said Ralph Basix months to buy 'er back in. Wouldn't con, president of the Kappa Phi, as he

it be fine of I could send the twenty dollars back, an' let 'em have Blossom through the winter? The children are plum foolish after milk."

As in a magic mirror, all the struggle and self-denial that stood behind this boy's coming to school showed itself to Professor Doggett. How many boys in his school thought it a hardship to get an education when the path was made smooth for them!

Inch by inch the boy from Poplar Cove gained ground in the school. The ath-

gained ground in the school. The athletic students soon found that there was not a boy among them who could run and swim and box like 'Ras Martin, and there is nothing that so soon wins among boys as courage and muscle. When Erastus had given a sound drubbing to the school bully for imposing on a smaller boy, he was at once made gained ground in the school. a smaller boy, he was at once made captain of the baseball team. And when, at the end of the quarter his name was read out in chapel as having the best grade in school, the very boys who had laughed at his shuck hat and brogan shoes were stirred into genuine enthusiasm.

Of course, there were purse-proud and blood-proud students who still stood aloof from the boy who swept and made fires for his tuition, and did odd jobs out of school hours for his board. A out of school hours for his board. A school is only a little world, after all, and a world without bigots or snobs would be no world. Yet, altogether, the boy from Poplar Cove was happy and full of courage. He was young and strong—he had love and hope with him, and many whom the world calls "rich" cannot boast so much.

A WOMAN CAME TO THE DOOR

he told that comforting other self with whom it is such joy to share our day dreams; "an' Sissy shall take music lessons, an' when I get real rich, mebbe have a peanner."

ing, to the student who made the highest grade in his studies, and had, in addition, "never been guilty of dishonorable conduct." To win this scholarship was considered the highest honor a slu-

dent could attain; for it was not only a test of industry and intellect, but of character and manly worth. For two successive years it had been won by a member of the Kappa Phi, a fraternity

member of the Kappa Phi, a fraternity which, in the opinion of its members, represented all that was "tiptop" in school life. Its president was the son of a wealthy banker, and all its members were boys of good birth and social standing. It was not because they needed the scholarship, but because they wanted the honor for their "frat" that every Kappa Phi felt the deepest interest

every Kappa Phi felt the deepest interest in the outcome. Month by month they kept tally of all the leading boys, and,

learned from contact with our kind. At the close of every school year the directors of Ridgedale Academy offered a free scholarship, with board and cloth-

and a bevy of students stood on the campus discussing school matters one afternoon in April, "something has got to be done or we're going to lose out this year. Shelby, our best man, has an average of 96 and 'Cow Feed' has 97½, the best I can figure it."

"He may lose out on the final exams," suggested a student.
"Of course, he may, and then again he

"Of course, he may, and then again he may not. Dick Curtis, where 'Ras boards, says he sits up till twelve o'clock every night studying. I'm afraid that's more than you are doing, eh, Shel?"

"It would be a perfect shame for a country hoosler like old 'Cow Feed' to come here and get the highest honor in the school—snatch it bodily from the Kappa Phis, too! Boys, we must rustle around and do something to prevent it."

'How about that question of character; that's got to come in, too," said another; "surely as between the two nobody would give it to 'Cow Feed' over Shelby."

Well, there's this about it, fellows, well, there's this about it, lenows, said Guy Roberts, sturdily, "of course we wouldn't look at 'Ras when Shelby was on deck; but it's not a question of good clothes, or even good manners, in this contest. It's a question of plain

in this contest. It's a question of plain honor—just being straight goods, you know, and you're all bound to admit that old Poplar Cove is as square as a brick, if he is a clodhopper."

"That's a fact," they all admitted, as the group dispersed.

A few weeks before the close of school several members of the advanced class in several members of the advanced class in geology went on a three days' walking tour into the "Ridges." Shelby, the Kappa Phi champion, was in the party. In his enthusiasm for "specimens" he wandered away from the others, and tried in vain to rejoin them. No answering "Halloo!" responded to his call. Nightfall was coming on, and zigzag lightning in the sky showed that one of those sharp thunder

in the sky showed that one of those sharp thunder storms of spring was impending. As he plodded along in the gloom Shelby suddenly heard the bark of a dog, then a door opened, and he realized that he was near a dwelling. A thrill of relief passed over him, for the prospect of spending the night out of doors, in a thunder storm, too, was not cheering. In answer to Shelby's knock a woman came to the door, screening a tal-low candle from the wind with her hand. When he told her his plight and asked for a night's lodging she said, without a moment's hesita-

"Sartainly; we're not very well fixed to keep strangers; but I couldn't turn a person off to sleep in the woods a night like this—and ther's not another house in miles." It was only a log cabin, but everything was as neat as a pin; and there was about the woman's face and manner something that seemed different from—above—her surroundings. After a supper of fried bacon and corn bread, which Sheland corn bread, which Shel-by ate with unalloyed relish, he chanced to mention Ridgedale School. His hos-tess started, and exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"Why, my boy is there! Erastus Martin - do you

Nature 1 of you know him?"

Of course he knew him, and Shelby's heart warmed to the eager pride in the mother's face, and he found himself telling with generous truthfulness all the good things that he knew of Erastus.

His mother wrote that the twenty dollars had bought Blossom back, and that the children were "peart"—so the thought of his home brought him only pleasure. He built sunny castles of the time when he, Erastus Martin, should lift the heavy load from his mother's shoulders, and give to the younger children advantages he had never had. "Tilly shall wear shoes all the year round, that she shall, and mother shall have a new alpacker dress whenever she wants it," he told that comforting other self with "Yes, he's a good boy, is 'Rassy; and if I can manage to keep him at his books a few years he'll be a credit to us all." Shelby knew he was not mistaken in thinking the mother sighed. The next morning, when he insisted upon paying

morning, when he insisted upon paying for his night's lodging, it was refused with perfect simplicity, but firmness:
"Pay? Why, I couldn't look my own boy in the face if I took pay for a little thing like this, and especially from one of his friends and schoolmates. I am sure you are just as welcome as can be, and we're glad to have had you. Tell Rassy howdy for us all."
Shelby felt himself hot from head to

Shelby felt himself hot from head to bot at thought of how little "friend-nip" he and others like him had bestowed upon the struggling boy.

On his way home he met a searching party in quest of the lost geologist, and together they returned merrily to Ridge-

The last week of school had come The final examinations were ove the boys breathed freely again. thing—perhaps it was over-a over-spriety caused Erastus to drop back a trifle on the final test; so that, in the summing up, he and Shelby stood exactly together, with an average grade of 97.

"A fine grade, and I am proud of you both," said Professor Doggett, when he announced the grades, and that the two boys would draw for the scholarship.
"Hurrah for the Kappa Phis!" shout-

ed the fraternity boys.
"Three cheers and a winner for Poplar Cove gave back the champions of Eras tus Martin.

During the two days of commencement the Kappa Phis were in a fever of excitement lest their representative should not win in the final outcome

(Continued on vage \$1.)

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Public Life



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ISN'T THIS A LOAD TO MAKE A BOY'S HEART GLAD?

#### THE BOY FROM POPLAR COVE

(Continued from page 20.)

"Here's a rabbit foot for you, old fel,"

"Here's a rabbit foot for you, old fel," said one of them, slipping the emblem of good luck into Shelby's pocket.

"Got a horseshoe over your door. Shel?" called another. But the champion was passing through a contest yet more vital, although unseen. The glimpse he had had into that cabin home, of the poverty, the self-denial, yet cleanliness and self-respect, had stirred all that was genuine and manly in the breast of the boy. To him the scholarship meant naught but the gratification of personal boy. To him the scholarship meant naught but the gratification of personal and fraternity pride; to this other boy it probably meant the unfolding of all

it probably meant the unfolding of all his future.
"I tell you, boys, I feel as mean as a dog about this business," he confessed to his fraternity fellows; "if you had seen the face of that boy's mother when I told her how well 'Ras stood in school, you'd think it was worth giving up this scholarship to put that chap on his feet for a year."

scholarship to put that chap on his feet for a year."

"Give up nothing!" came in quick response; "what's one country Jake to the honor of old Kappa Phi? Brace up, Shel; you're getting too, too soft in your diaphragm! Don't let us hear any more of such Sunday school talk! A fellow's entitled to his winnings, and you're no Kappa Phi if you don't take all the honor that comes your way."

It was the last day, and the last hour of commencement. The orations were all over and, flower-laden, the speakers had retired, feeling that they had covered themselves with glory. Professor Doggett arose and said:

"There are two of our pupils who

"There are two of our pupils who have won exactly the same grade, so they will have to draw for the trustees' scholarship, which is deemed the highest honor we can bestow. Mr. Richard

Shelby and Erastus Martin will please step to the front."

There was rapturous applause from the There was rapturous applause from the Kappa Phis, but their champion sat motionless with a pale, resolute face, while Erastus went bashfully forward.

"Please come to the front, Mr. Shelby," reiterated Professor Doggett.

"Kappa Phi! Kappa Phi! Shelby! Shelby!" cried the fraternity boys, unmindful of discipline.

The young man rose and stood for an instant, then said in a somewhat unsteady voice:

"Professor, may I say a few words?"

"Certainly," was the principal's reply, with a surprised look.

with a surprised look.
"Professor, schoolfellows," Shelby went
on, his voice growing firmer, and a look
of fine resolution marking his handsome or nne resolution marking his handsome young face, "as I understand it, this scholarship is to go to the fellow that not only wins the highest marks in class, but is the best all-around man. Professor, all my life things have come my way; I have had opportunities and advantages fairly thrust upon me, and I would have been a chump if I had not tried to be something. But the fellow that struggles through hardships and difficulties and wins, is more of a man than the one who has never known a want or a care. So I say that 97 for Martin means a hundred times more of krit and real stuff than 97 for Shelby. I refuse to draw for this scholarship. Martin has won it, and I want him to have it:"

have it!"

For an instant there was a pause—a hush, and over the faces of the Kappa Phis swept a cloud of chagrin and disappointment. But the real heart of boys is always in the right place, and before the disappointment found utterance the fruth that sometimes renunciation is grander than attainment flashed upon them. Uproarious cheers for "Shelby," for "Martin," for "Kappa Phi," mingled in triumphant chorus, and to the resounding echoes of "Three cheers for Poplar Cove." Erastus Martin was awarded the scholarship that was to open for him new doors of possibility.

# A Boy's Composition That Pleased the President

When a train bearing President Roosevelt passed through Wooster, Ohio, last May, the pupils of the schools of the city were at the depot to see the chief magistrate. Later the school children were were at the depot to see the trate. Later the school children were naked by their teachers to write compositions descriptive of the event. Dominic Lucci wrote the following letter, which was forwarded to the President:

"There was a presidential went thru on a train he was a white man he was a soldier his name was President Roosea soldier his name was President Roosevelt he was out on the Rockie Mountings. He was in Chicago to strike the teamsters six men was killed and some injered. The President to see about such things. The President is strong when he was a little boy he was week once he runned out west and was a ruff rider. Finely he was tamed down and got to be vice pres. It was 9 o'clock when the passenger came a past when Teddy went thru he laff and show his Teddy went thru he laff and show his teef they was white and shinnie he look just like the pitcher in the paper. He was standin on the tale end of the car was washed up in gold so it would look was washed up in gold so it would look nice. He had his specs on his face en he looked just the same. The kids was glad when the President was a coming to Wooster, O. The pres. is a good man, the people was a crowd they wave and holler when Teddy come thrue. The President had his handchieft wavin and laffin. There was 4 cars full of Secreturies, the butler of the car was a colored man. The Pres. will not get off at Wooster, O., he will get off in Washington then he will go to his office when Mr. Roos would want to work in his office he would work on when he would want a vacashun he would have one. The Pres. like the children, he lots of hoys in his house, one of them is a girl this is all

this is all the end Wooster. Ohio, May, 1905.
Dominic Lucci."

On receipt of this letter President Roosevelt wrote to the gentleman who forwarded it to him, "Not many of the letters that come in my mail amuse me as much as the enclosure contained in yours. I am really obliged to you for sending it to me. Good for Dominic Lucci."

The Ravenswood. Chicago, Epworth League recently debated the following: "Resolved, That a City Boy in the Coun-try is Greener than a Country Boy in the City.'

# Horses Taught to Swim

"Just like the men, our cavalry horses are taught to swim," remarked an officer in a mounted regiment. "And, as is the case with the riders, some horses soon become quite at home in the water, whilst others always swim with difficulty and dislike the work thoroughly. Provided, however, you can get two or three horses to take to the water without hesitation, the others will be sure to follow, and it is a peculiar fact that horses can be got more quickly across a river if there be a man on the other side sounding calls on a hugh. sounding calls on a bugle.

"How are they taught to swim? From a boat, one at a time, and with a line attached to them. It is well always to do this teaching in deep water, because, as long as he can, the pupil keeps on his legs, dropping his back legs down and down, till at last he is standing up in the water, going along on his hind hoofs.

"Some horses naturally swim with their bodies approaching the perpendic-ular; the best swimmers, however, are those that keep fairly level with the water, and whose backs are only parti-

ally submerged.
"When the horse has learned to swim When the horse has learned to swim by himself, he is taught to do so with a soldier on his back, both with and with-out a saddle. The training all through is gentle and kind; the whip would soon make a horse so fearful of the sight of water that he would be useless as a soldier's mount.

"The men are practiced in swimming with the horses, grasping the mane with one hand. In this way also swimming horses take over men who cannot swim

harness, saddle, etc., a good horse say, thrown overboard in a calm sea, may be able to swim even seven or eight miles to get to land."

and who, floating as much as possible on the water, are towed behind.
"I have never tested the accuracy of the fact, but it is currently reported that, without a rider and unimpeded by



BROWN HAS JIU-JITSUED HIS MAN IN GOOD STYLE, BUT HAS FORGOTTEN WHAT HE SHOULD DO NEXT

# AMATEUR JOURNAL-ISM DEPARTMENT # Edited by W. R. MURPHY &

# Current Doings in Amateurdom

An Atlantic Coast Amateur Press Association has been organized to promote the publication of amateur papers in the region designated. The first convention will be held on New Year's Day next at Baitimore, Md. Foremost in the organization of the new association are C. Albert Haugh, Baltimore; Vincent Haggerty, Bridgeport, Conn.; W. B. Dillon, Jersey City; D. A. Newton, Newark, N. J. C. H. Russell, Philadelphia; M. Beulah Ferguson. Baltimore, and Hilda Doyle, New York. This association ought to be able to accomplish great good.

Baltimore, and Hilda Doyle, New York. This association ought to be able to accomplish great good.

The St. Louis Amateur Journalists' Club has sent out a fine "Year Book," containing contributions by the club members. This shows enterprise; it is said that the club will publish several papers as well.

The dissatisfaction at several so-called unconstitutional acts at the Kansas City convention of the United Amateur Press Association, culminated in a new election by mail, at which about two-thirds of the actual members voted. The officers elected are: President, John W. Smith (Amateurist), Philadelphia, Vice-President, Harry E. Martin (The Fairy Amateur), Shadyside, O.; Secretary, Cornelius M. Smith (Commentator), Baltimore, Md. Treasurer, Paul H. Appleby (The Chum), Sedalia, Mo.; Official Editor, Lee B. Chase (Amateur World), Chicago; Historian, Vincent Haggerty (Pilgrim), Bridgeport, Conn.; E. Manuscript Manager, A. M. Hamilton (The Southerner), Newport News, Va. W. Manuscript Manager, Louis G. Brechler (The Coyote), Fennimore, Wis.; Directors, W. R. Murphy (Ploneer), Philadciphia; J. A. Clerkik (Conspictus), Jersey City; F. D. Murphy (Liberal), Brantford, Ontario. The next convention seat will be New York City.

On September 13th the annual convention of the International Amateur Press Association was held at Albany, N. Y.

On September 13th the annual convention of the International Amateur Press Association was held at Albany, N. Y. The Amateurs are "getting busy" after the pleasures and rest of the summer vacation, and a good year's work is looked for from all.

#### The Interstate Amateur Press Association

The third annual convention of the Inter-

Association

The third annual convention of the Interstate Amateur Press Association, held on Labor Day at the Hailem Central Hotel, New York, N. Y., was a brilliant and successful meeting. Despite the youth of the organization, its convention compared favorably in attendance, enthusiasm and achievement, with the gatherings of the older societies.

The day before the convention the delegates made a pilgrimage to the grave of Washington Irving at Tarrytown, where the Gotham Press I'lub held a meeting, at which papers and poems relating to the famous author formed the program. The gathering was representative, fifty per cent of the members being in attendance. The following were present at one or more sessions of the convention: Boston, Mass., Walter H. Sharpe, Chas. A. A. Parker (Literary Gem), Edith Miniter (Aftermath): Philadelphia, Pa., W. R. Murphy (Ploneer), J. Ray Spink (Ploneer), Chas. H. Russell (Good Things), John W. Smith (The Amateurist); Washington, D. C., Eleanor H. Dowden; Perth Amboy, N. J., Lester M. Ayres (Amateur Arena); Jersey City, N. J., Walter B. Dillon (Le Diable); Newark, N. J., Harry M. Konwiser (Bomb), James C. Bresnahan (Caprice); Newburgh, N. Y., Will R. Moscow (East); Brooklyn, N. Y., A. M. Adams, Harold Pratt, Eleanor Keating (Home); Washington, Jas. F. Morton, Jr.; New York, N. Y., C. Fred Crosby, Alice M. Heins, Millie Gregory, Rose Kempner, Earl H. Shinn, Louis Perlomski, Charles M. Heins, Edwin B. Swift, Franklin M. Ayres, Robert R. Gregory, Louis Kempner, W. A. Ogilvie, A. H. Delano.

The Interstate Amateur Press Association is noted for the harmony which exists in its ranks. There was no political strife in the election of officers. The following were elected: President, Edwin Booth Swift, New York, N. Y.; Vice-President, John J. Cleary, Boston; Treasurer, J. Ray Spink, Philadelphia; Official Editor, Edith Miniter, Boston.

The Interstate Association is very strenuous in its literary and activity requirements; so

Seat.
The Interstate Association is very strenuous The Interstate Association is very strenuous in its literary and activity requirements; so the membership is limited. A. M. Adams, Alice M. Heins and Robert R. Gregory were elected to membership, and W. R. V. Moscow was proposed, subject to action of the next convention. Several members who had not contributed the requisite number of articles to the Amateur Press during the preceding year, were dropped from the rolls.

Since the organization of the Interstate, it has been asserted that it was antisconistic to the old established National, but most of the Interstate members affiliated with the National showed their loyalty by steady and enthusi-

nas been asserted that it was antigonistic to the linerstate members affiliated with the National showed their loyalty by steady and enthusiastic work, and five Interstate members were elected to office at the recent Cleveland convention of the National. To allay reports of disloyalty, some members tried to pass amendments to the Interstate constitution, making membership therein contingent on membership in the National. Their amendments were defeated, but resolutions showing the Interstate sympathy and faithfulness were adopted. The new president is a former executive of the National Amateur Press Association. Past President W. R. Murphy conducted the convention deliberations. The Gotham Press Club acted as entertainers.

The convention was notable for three banquets. The first, held at a station restaurant, took place after the trip to Sleepy Hollow. The second was a dinner between the sessions, and the third was the formal closing banquet. After a choice menu had been discussed, oratory of an eloquent and an entertaining order was delivered in response to the following toasts: "Reminiscences," C. Fred Croshy; "Our Authors," W. R. Murphy; "The Gentlemen," Alice M. Heins; "Tales Out of School," Edith Miniter; "The Politician," Charles M. Heins; "The I. A. P. A.," John W. Smith: "Philadelphia, 1906," J. Ray Spink; "The Ladies," A. M. Adams; "Local Clubs," Robert R. Gregory, and "Our Talkers," Jas. F. Morton, Jr. Edwin B. Swift acted as toastmaster.

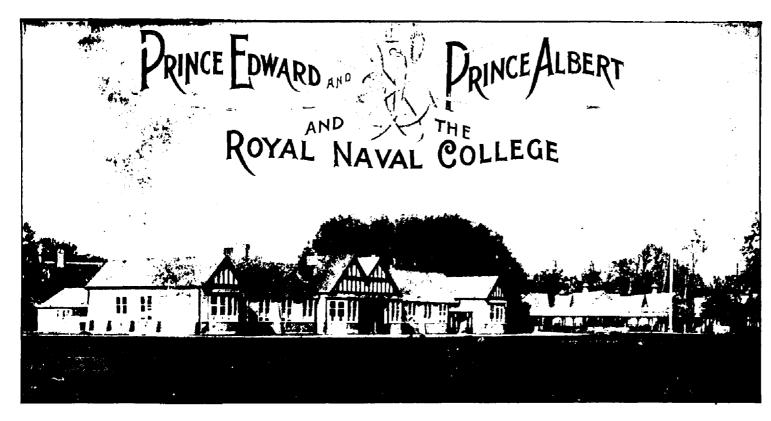
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\$1,000,000.00, and just say, "I want a Dollar Yale for 10 days' free trial." That's all you have to do. Our part is



THE MOST wholesome, healthy, happy life is lived at the Royal Naval College, at Osborn, on the Isle of Wight.

Here are trained the young boys that make the British navy, and the boys enter at very early ages, some at eight and ten years of age, and others at twelve and fourteen.

In the autumn of this year the two sons of the Prince of Wales, Prince Ed
boys, and they will wear the same uniform and sit at the same common mess. No American boys could be more democratic than these two young princes will be.

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You can easily measure the width of a river or stream by making use of an ordinary hat.

dinary hat. This is the way to do

Select a part of the river bank where ground runs back level, and, standat the ing water's edge, fix your eyes Your on the op-posite bank. Now move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exon wit



SEAMANSHIP ROOM

ward and Prince Albert, aged eight and seven years, are to enter this naval school for their enter this naval school for their education and training, and although Prince Edward is to be one day King of England and Emperor of India, he will be treated just like any of the common boys who attend. He will be shown no favor whatever, and will come out as "hard as nails," as they say in England.

THE GYMNASIUM

The life in this naval college is pre-eminently healthy, both for mind and body. The embryo officer is turned out of bed at 6:30 and his first duty is to bathe. Unless he can swim sixty yards he is not allowed to use about and any this is so of the a boat, and, as this is one of the ambitions of the Osborn boy, the radets soon master the feat. There is a routine of sports. football, hockey and cricket, hesides the drills in the elaborately fitted

rymnasium.
They begin with things that pertain to the common sailor's knowledge, and are taught the most humble things per-taining to a life on the ocean wave. They splice ropes, sew sails, mend their stockings and clothing, wash down decks and do all the other mental tasks that make up a sail-or's life at sea. Then later come

Then later come the finishing touches that belong with gold lace and an officer's cap.

It is very wise of the Prince of Wales to send his sons to such a finely disci-plined school. They will be well trained to be leaders of a great kingdom. Kings nowadays are like presidents, and must be taught to understand what hardship

stand what hardship and work are, and to be great they must be sturdy and understand the life of those they rule.

The two princes are very enthusiastic about their new life, and talk of it incessantly. They are fine, healthy boys, who love outdoor sports, and they will not flinch at anything that belongs to the life at Osborn.

They will sleep in a large dormitory with lots of other



RODNEY DORMITORY



PRINCE ALBERT FRINCE ROWARD

and turn slowly round until your

back is toward the river.
Now take careful note of where Now take careful note of where your hat-brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look out over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river—a distance that may readily be measured by walking. If you are careful in all these details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.

# A Wise Solomon Tells the Origin of Baseball

Ivan Solomon, of Helena, Ark., sends us the following, which he says is the true origin of base-

The Devil was the first coacher.
He coached Eve. She stole first.
Adam stole second.
When Isaac met Rebecca she was walking with the pitcher.
Samson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The produced ham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a homerun. David was a long-distance thrower, and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.

A Maritette (Wis.)

boy asks: Which boy will be Which boy will be ahead in the end, the boy that walks the streets after supper, "making dates" with the girls, and reading those 5 and 10-cent novels and all hooks which deal with criminal or hed with criminal or bad doings, or the boy that stays at home and has a workshop for himself which for himself which contains wood-working machinery, electrical experiments and mechanics, in which he puts his spare time whenever he can also reading hooks on shows subhooks on above sub-jects, and despises the books of the first

The editor's answer to this question seems superfluous. The boy last described, of





Largest and Best Lanua...
magnificent pictures which will deligh
you and those at home, and make pictures a
large and beautiful that you can easily
shows, to which all the boys and siris wil
glad to come. Many boys have made as his
for in one evening. Send us your name and
for in one evening.

BIC MACIC

FOR BOYS





#### A Long Fight With Wolves

By LIDDALL ARMITAGE



A CRITICAL MOMENT

THAT ANCIENT ENEMY of man, the wolf, against whose ravages our early forefathers were compelled to combine to protect themselves, air families, flocks, and herds, has, although the fastnesses of the slath mountains afforded these savage asts shelter for some time after Engral that been cleared of their welcome presence. Everybody knows the way in which elr extinction was brought about in a principality during the reign of Ed-HAT ANCIENT ENEMY of man, the wolf, against whose ravages our early forefathers were compelled to combine to protect themselves, their families, flocks, and herds, has, fortunately, long been extinct in these islands, although the fastnesses of the Welsh mountains afforded these savage beasts shelter for some time after England itself had been cleared of their unwelcome presence.

Everybody knows the way in which their extinction was brought about in the principality during the reign of Edward I. through the long exacted annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads. In Scotland the last wolf was killed in 1680 by Cameron of Lochiel.

But still, in our days, every severe winter brings them, in packs, ranging across the European continent, over the frozen rivers, from Russia and the Carpathians, even to the forests of the Ardennes and Fontainebleau.

In the disastrous retreat of the French, under Napoleon, from Moscow, immense packs of wolves followed the routed forces into Italy and France. Having once tasted human flesh they preferred it to any other.

In North America the cattle and sheep of ranch-holders in mountainous districts suffer severely.

The recorded stories of wolf adventures would fill books, but the subject of our illustration, "A Long Fight with Wolves," is an actual experience with these demons of the woods which stands apart from any other; indeed, few men could expect to come unharmed through the terrible ordeal undergone by Mr. M. A. Mahoney, of Fairbanks, Alaska, near Dawson City, on the Yukon River.

The ex-mayor of Seattle died at Fairbanks, having previously expressed a

The ex-mayor of Seattle died at Fairbanks, having previously expressed a wish to be buried at Seattle, and with this object Mr. Mahoney undertook to transport the body to that place.

Accordingly, with a sledge drawn by

BOOKS REVIEWED HERE MAY BE

ten dogs, he commenced, unaccompanied, his courageous journey by the Valdes trail.

For the first day he traveled his lonely way unmolested, the soft, regular sound of the sledge skidding over the frozen snow ever in his ears, and the howling of wolves in the adjoining thickets alone breaking the monotony of the dreary

journey.

These ominous distant noises kept him These ominous distant noises kept him alert and watchful, and with good reason, for hardly had he prepared for the night by kindling a big fire, when the wolves, now assembled in force, began a persistent attack upon the little camp as darkness fell. Keeping the fire well replenished, he seated himself as close to its blaze as possible, and commenced a vigil lasting through all the long hours of the wintry night, watching intently the slinking forms of the wolves against the shadowy background, their eyes gleaming savagely in the firelight, which helped to keep them at bay.

When morning broke he harnessed up, and resumed the lonely road, not meeting with a single person throughout his long journey, the trail being but little frequented in summer, and still less in winter.

in winter.

All day his determined enemies, the truculent wolves, followed the trail, hovering on either side, every now and then attempting an attack upon the dogs or himself. With nightfall, his camp being pitched again and a blazing fire set going, the ordeal he had to face was still worse than the preceding night; for the savage heasts, exasperated by repeated

when several wolves came at him at once and it proved the beginning of a hand-to-hand fight with the whole horde, lasting the night. Once, during a lull in the combat, he tried to take some food; but while sipping some tea from a pannikin the wolves renewed the attack, and he was obliged to leave his supper unfinished.

Life itself depended upon keeping awake, though sleep almost overcame the exhausted man even as he stood fighting his determined enemies with the resinous, flaming branches, one in each hand, stabbing at the eyes, and thrusting in the throats of the foremost and most reckless of his foes. The burnt and blinded creatures drew back while other; sprang on in their place.

hile others sprang on in their place.
Dawn at last dispelled the seemingly Dawn at last dispelled the seemingly endless night; with daylight the wolves became less threatening, and Mr. Mahoney was able once more to harness up and resume his journey. He reached Valdez by noon, ready to collapse from utter exhaustion; and his three days' continuous fight was ended. Here in safety he slept for eighteen hours, after which he seemed none the worse for his dangerous adventure, except that his hair had turned grey from the prolonged strain.

PURCHASED OF THE AMERICAN BOY

HOW TO BE SELF-SUPPORTING AT COL-LEGE, by J. Melvin Lee. The boy or young man who is desirous of a college education, but for lack of the necessary funds is hesi-tating and doubtful as to accomplishing his object will find much to encourage him in this little booklet. Mr. Lee speaks with authority and experience. The almost num-berless sources by the help of which one can work his way through college and often graduate in better financial circumstances than when he entered are concisely set forth. The booklet is handsomely gotten up. 33 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. EXCURSIONS AND LESSONS IN HOME

33 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

EXCURSIONS AND LESSONS IN HOME GEOGRAPHY, by Charles A. McMurry, Ph. D. Teachers of grades from the third to the eighth will find this book of inestimable value in teaching the geography of the district around the school. From a necessarily hasty reading we find it covers a very wide variety of subjects. Among the excursions treated are: Local Scenery and Views; Excursions to Shops and Factories; Commercial Topics; Garden, Farm and Dairy, and Government, including the various City Departments. 152 pages. Price 75 cents net. The Macmillan Co.

Marian W. Wildman. A nice little book for younger folks. Father and mother called away, the hired girl's mother sick at a distance and requiring her attention, four young people resolve to row to an island, which they name Loyalty Island in honor of a boy chum. The drifting away of their boat and their adventures on the Island form a pleasing story for mother to read aloud just before bed time. The book is prettily illustrated. 30 pages. Price 50 cents. L. C. Page & Co.

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Price \$1.50. Isaac Pitman & Sons.

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works. Price of each volume, paper cover, 10 cents. American Sports Publishing Co. THE PHYSICAL CULTURE LIFE, by H. Irving Hancock, author of a number of useful bnoks on the Japanese method of physical training. The aim of the author in the present volume is: "To present a treatise that shall explain all the essential and ascertained facts of physical culture, and to induce every reader to begin to be his own safe physical custodian." In the sixteen chapters of this book Mr. Hancock sets forth fully and piainly without unnecessary verbiage simple and sensible rules whereby one can find and continue in the possession of normal health. We believe that to the student, office worker or those engaged in sedentary pusuits this book should be invaluable, and the boy by the application of the rules here laid down may not only ward off disease, but build up a strong, sturdy manhood. The illustrations will help the reader greatly in understanding the various forms of exercise. 229 pages. Price, \$1.25 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

forms of exercise. 229 pages. Price, \$1.25 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

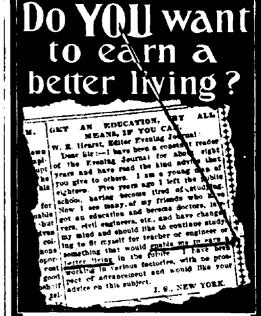
HOMOPHONIC VOCABULARY, compiled by Charles B. Walte, A. M. This book contains over 2,000 words having a like sound and like signification in ten languages. The preface states that: "The question of a common language is of the greatest importance to the human race, and is now more than ever engaging the attention of the civilized world." and the purpose of the book is to "show that a vast body of words are common to nearly all of the Indo-Germanic languages" in sound and signification, and that these words must form the root words for any common language to these people. In addition to the vocabulary, there is an article fully setting forth the views of the compiler as to the steps to be taken in the preparation of a common language. Altogether it is a work showing great research and a clear, intelligent grasp of an important subject. 162 pages. Price, \$2.00 net. C. V. Waite & Co.

TOR, A STREET BOY OF JERUSALEM, by FOR, A STREET BOY OF JERUSALEM, by Florence Morse Kingsley. For the children's library in the home and the Sunday school library this will prove an interesting book. It is a vivid description of a little street boy in Jerusalem in the time of our Savior, and it also makes very real to the boy or girl reader the events which took place in the last days of the Master's sojourn on earth, from the triumphal entry into Jerusalem until the ascension. From cover to cover it is worth reading. The illustrations by F. A. Eckman add to the general attractiveness of the little volume. 190 pages. Price \$1.00. The "VANISHING SWEDE" A Tale of

THE "VANISHING SWEDE," A Tale of Adventure and Pluck in the Pine Forests of Oregon, by Mary Hamilton O'Connor. This is a well-written, breezy tale of the Northwest. Two young folk take up a clain and Jack and Gerrie Lewis go to visit them. Incidentally Jack Lewis is to become a government surveyor. The party have all sorts of adventures from frustrating the efforts of a claim jumper to finding the much-soughtafter "Vanishing Swede" silver mine. The story is nicely told and the boy reader will find it extremely interesting. 209 pages Robert Gries Cooke.

Robert Gries Cooke.

A LITTLE COOK BOOK FOR A LITTLE GIRL, by the author of "Gala Day Luncheons." The boy who does not love cookies and cakes and ples and jellies and preserves and all the other good things to eat, is a curious freak of a boy. This little book ought to interest the boy so much, that even from a selfish motive, he will tell his sister about it, then she is bound to get it. The little girl in the book wanted, like all little girls, to be a little housekeeper and she wanted to learn to cook. She tried very hard, but her efforts only resulted in burningers, holes in dresses and unsightly hard, but her efforts only resulted in burnt fingers, holes in dresses and unsightly messes. Finally her mother, her grand-mother and her aunts came to her rescue and helped her. On her birthday she received all the things necessary for her kitchen and she began at once to cook. The dishes she cooked for breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper are all set forth so plainly that any other little girl can after reading make them herself. Mothers who like to help, their little girls do things for themselves will find this little volume a delightful assistant, 179 pages. Price 75 cents. Dana Estes & Co.



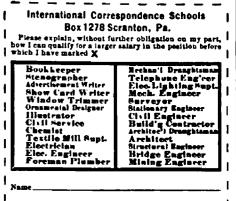
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JONES MANUFACTURING CO., 1843 Washington Soulevard, CHICAGO.



HEN THE king made Edward Percival a knight of his court—that is to say, when the senior partner formally promoted Ned Percival to be a traveler, or, in the picturesque phrase, a Knight of the Gripsack, in the service of Rice, Barton & Rice, Teddy Purcell nearly shook his hand off when he marched upstairs from the office, swelling with the sense of his new importance. Then Percival forgot his dignity, and danced an amazing measure among the counters of printed cloths and many-colored calicoes, aided and abetted by Teddy (whose full name was Edmund, but whom nobody ever called so). HEN THE king made Edward Per-

Edmund, but whom nobody ever called so).

"Good, good for you, Ned, good enough, old man!" cried Teddy. "I knew you'd get it this time, I was sure of it! What did the qld man say to you?"

Percival repeated, with a carelessness and with a matter-of-fact air palpably forced, the complimentary phrases used by the Old Man when informing him of his promotion. The Old Man was the senior partner. He was also a United States Senator. He seldom troubled the settled routine of his business, from the active management of which he had long ago retired, but he made a point of personally announcing all changes and appointments among the large staff of employees, giving such affairs a flavor of old time ceremony that materially heightened the pleasure of those upon whom preferment fell.

Rice, Barton & Rice was an old, rich, strongly established and conservative concern. They paid low wages until you showed your value and then you received payment for the whole worth of it. There were few vacancles with them. You entered their service as a boy and ran errands or looked after the stock, and stayed with them if you were able to climb; if not you made way for some other boy, for Rice, Barton & Rice wanted none but those that were climbers.

"Well, Ned, you've certainly got your

ers.
"Well, Ned, you've certainly got your chance now," went on the delighted Teddy. "You'll show the old hands how to get orders!"

Teddy. "You'll show the old hands how to get orders!"

But this rather sobered young Percival, and brought back the thought of the veterans and proved men in the sample room upstairs. He had won his spurs, sure enough, but he felt that he should have to ply them vigorously to keep up with his new companions. This, however, was but a fleeting impression, as glimpses of truth are often apt to be. "Good-by for a time, Teddy," he said blithely; "I must get up to the sample room and look over my trunks. I make my first trip next week."

Throwing out his chest, which rather gave him the air of a proud little bantam, for he was but a scant five foot four, Percival marched upstairs, whilst Teddy, suddenly sobered, turned to his work amongst the calicoes.

The excitement of unaffectedly rejoicing over his friend's success faded away, and the thought of his own defeat, as really Percival's promotion meant to him, had room to enter his mind, and somehow Percival himself had now opened the door for this thought to enter, and it was an uncomfortable tenant. He was not envious of Percival, indeed he was sincerely glad for his sake; but he could not help but remember that in length of service they were equal and was sincerely glad for his sake; but he could not help but remember that in length of service they were equal and that Percival had been chosen for promotion, proving that in their value to their employers they were not equal.

And the thought stung him deeply, and it mocked his deep-seated ambition.

and it mocked his deep-seated ambition. Somehow, deep in his heart, he had considered himself a better workman than his chum. Percival was very clever, alert and lively, but he was, Teddy thought, somewhat erratic; he was like a runner upon whom you could not always rely to do his best, who often lagged indifferently behind, and as often surprised you with some brilliant spurt. Well, he had certainly spurted ahead now and won the race for the coveted preferment. And Teddy felt that somehow Percival had not behaved altogether fairly towards him, that is, altogether fairly towards him, that is, that he had not seemed to give thought to his, Teddy's, natural disappointment. Probably had Percival acted a somewhat different part in the little scene of congratulation, he would not have, as I have put it, opened the door for the thought of his own defeat to enter Teddy's mind and spoil all the pleasure of the event for him.

the event for him.

Teddy was a young man of imagination. He had the faculty of pleasingly anticipating events in thought, living them, mentally, before they occurred—it must be added that his anticipations very often were wrong. When he had waited by the stairway for Percival's return from the office he had rehearsed, in this imaginative way of his, the coming scene of congratulation. And the imaginary dialogue would end, he had felt sure, with Percival saying something to this effect

"Well, Teddy, you'll be on the road yourself before long, you know; an-



other vacancy will soon arrive for you, and I shall not have much of a start, now you see!"

Unfortunately, it had not occurred to Percival to speak so, and Teddy chafed at the thought of the little, significant neglect, and for a while the big sunny room, as bright and as bizarre in effect as some oriental market-place

chafed at the thought of the little, significant neglect, and for a while the big sunny room, as bright and as bizarre in effect as some oriental market-place with the great heaps of many-colored cotton cloths, seemed very cheerless to him, and very lonely.

Percival, our rueful young man thought, was clear of the monotonous stock-room duties now; dusting and arranging goods, opening and emptying bales and cases, waiting upon minor customers: and he himself was still tied to them; soon, no doubt, he would be picking out goods to fill Percival's orders—Percival a traveler and he still a stock-room clerk.

The sound of the electric call bell broke into Teddy's ruminations; it rang three times, a signal that his presence was required in the office. He hastened down stairs in obedience. "Mr. Rice wants you," said a clerk and Teddy entered the private office of the Senator, the retired great head of the firm.

"Ah, so this is Mr. Purcell, eh?" said the dignified old gentleman. smiling. "Sit down, sir." Teddy complied, wondering what was coming. He was not kept long in suspense.

"Mr. Purcell," said the Senator, "I am pieased to inform you that you have by your consistent and faithful good work shown that you are worthy of advancement in the service of this house, which is, as you no doubt know, one of the oldest and most honorable in America—it is my cherished design, sir, to execute, when public labors relax sufficiently, a monograph devoted to the history of the house, which will show, Mr. Purcell, how long and how intimately its rise and progress have been associated with that of our beloved country." A dignified

#### WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

To the Massachusetts boy who sends us before November 15th the best letter of not over five hundred words telling us why he is proud of his state — Massachusetts, we will give \$5.00; in addition, we will print his letter in an early number of The American Boy.

gesture lent emphasis to the words, and Teddy fancied that the oid Senator had difficulty in keeping "Mr. Speaker," out of his rolling sentences; however, he now came to the point.

"As you are aware." he said, "a vacancy has been caused by the death of a member of our traveling staff, and after due consideration of the claims of all the juniors, you have been chosen, and to the post, sir, I now appoint you. I trust, sir——"

and to the post, sir, a now and trust, sir—"

Teddy did not hear, at least to understand, a word of the sonorous little speech of congratulation and admonition that followed—his mind was flooded with pieasure, and surprise, and hewilderment. What did all this mean? Had Percival made a mistake; or was one being made now; or were they both appointed to the traveling staff? Surely the latter must be the case, and the thought sent reloicing through him.

The Senator's next words brought him

The Senator's next words brought him to attention with a shock.

"When you report in the sample room will you please to ask Mr. Edward Percival to come to me? I have an unpleasant duty to perform. I—I—made a little mistake——" Here the rotund old gentleman reddened a little, he was not accustomed to making little mistakes; it would appear. "From the similarity in names between you and Mr. Percival I, who am kept by my senatorial duties in names between you and Mr. Percival I, who am kept by my senatorial duties from as close a knowledge with the doings of the firm as I could wish for, fell into an error, and confounded his name with the one chosen by my active associates for promotion."

Teddy struggled hard to suitably express his thanks and sense of apprecia-

press his thanks and sense of apprecia-tion of his preferment, and doubtless succeeded well enough, for the Senator succeeded well enough, for the Senator was smiling cordially as he bowed him out, but within, our friend was in no happy frame of mind. He walked slowly upstairs. Poor, poor Ned, he thought, what a fall from his high estate, to be raised to it only to be dashed down again in what, to Percival's sensitive spirit, would be a humiliating fashion. It would hurt him, too; he would feel it so keenly; and it might conceivably do him irreparable mischief, knock his ambition out of him. Reduced thus to the him irreparable mischief, knock his ambition out of him. Reduced thus to the ranks, Teddy felt, Percival might abandon further effort, or show his resentment so plainly as to lose all prestige with his superiors. Teddy knew his friend's lovable, yet mutable nature. On the other hand, given his present flattering advance he was capable of pushing ing advance he was capable of pushing

enthusiastically ahead in his encourage-

ment.

He had reached his own floor now, and
the sample room. He had reached his own floor now, and paused on his ascent to the sample room. He looked about the big room. No more need he dust and arrange and pick out orders; Percival and the others would do that; it was over for him—and would his friendship for Ned be over, too? Ah, it was very, very possible! "Oh, how am I going to tell him and make him understand!" Teddy almost groaned, and suddenly he realized completely that he could do neither, and he turned his back and shut his mouth tight and his long legs carried him downstairs again three steps at a time.

long legs carried him downstairs again three steps at a time.

He strode up to the Senator's door and knocked, and was told to enter. In he marched, with his head up—you would have thought the genial Senator's snug office a fortress which this big young man had orders to assault and carry. The rubicund old gentleman peered over his spectacles in surprise.

A precise relation of the interview was never made public by either party to it, so, this being a true tale, I cannot set it forth; but it is common knowledge that as Teddy left the office the Senator took and grasped his hand and said, "It shall be as you wished, Mr. Purcell."

senator took and grasped his hand and said, "It shall be as you wished, Mr. Purcell."

Then the Senator called his partners and said to them, in his finest, that is to say, his most combative senatorial manner, as though to drown all opposition before it showed head: "I have decided to keep Mr. Percival in the position I mistakenly appointed him to."

Then in another tone he said: "Keep your eyes on that young Purcell—he will go far, or I am much mistaken."

Teddy marched resolutely upstairs, and as resolutely refrained from further thought. He plunged like a race horse at his work.

A piece of dimity was doubled up in an unseemly way under a huge pile of others as some careless salesman had left it—it was one of Teddy's pet grievances, this careless treatment of his goods. He stooped and lifted the whole heavy mass in one great armful and straightened out the misused piece. Teddy was a stalwart athlete, the pride of the militia gymnasium.

"What muscle you have, Ted," said Percival's somewhat wistful voice from the staircase. He was feeling a bit lonely after his first dip into his new environment, and in his heart he was already missing his friend. He leaned across the banister.

"Teddy," he said, "do get a move on, will you? And get into the sample room with me—and I bet you soon will, too."

The words were as some cordial to Teddy, they warmed and cheered and

The words were as some cordial to reddy, they warmed and cheered and revivified him. They were just what he had imagined, just what he knew Ned Percival thought, after all. He jumped to the stairs, and the two young men

shook hands.

I have only to add that the Senator's prophecy was true prophecy—Teddy did "go far"—he went to a partnership with the Senator, in time.

He Lost His Cocoanut



Little Monk-Boo-hoo! I've lost my cokernut! 'Ave you seen it about?

Mr. Ostrich-Cokernut? No, sonny, no!

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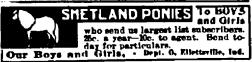
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PUBLIC SCHOOL 46 BASEBALL TEAM, 1905 CHAMPIONS OF GREATER NEW YORK

#### MONEY BAG THE LOST

FROM THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE ELIOT

to steal the money which Silas Marner had hoarded during the fifteen years of his life in Raveloe.

WHEN Dunstan Cass turned his back on the cottage, Silas Marner was not more than a hundred yards away from it, plodding along from the village with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an overcoat, and with a horn lantern in his hand. His legs were weary, but his mind was at ease, free from the presentment of change. The sense of security more frequently springs from habit than from conviction, and for this reason it often subsists after such a change in the conditions as might have been expected to suggest alarm. \* \* This influence of habit was necessarily strong in a man whose life was so monotonous as Marner's—who saw no new people and heard of no new events to keep alive in him the idea of the unexpected and the changeful; and it explains simply enough why his mind could be at ease, though he had left his house and his treasure more defenseless than usual. Silas was thinking with double complacency of his supper; first, because it would be hot and savory; and secondly, because it would cost him nothing. For the little bit of pork was a present from that excellent housewife, Miss Priscilla Lammeter, to whom he had this day carried home a handsome piece of linen; and it was only on occusion of a present like this, that Silas indulged himself with roast meat. Supper was his favorite meal, because it came at his time of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold; whenever he had roast meat, he always chose to have it for supper. But this evening, he had no sooner ingeniously knotted his string fast around his bit of pork, twisted the string according to rule over his doorkey, passed it through the handle, and made it fast on the hanger, than he remembered that a piece of very line twine was indispensable to his "setting up a new biece of work in his loom early in made it fast on the hanger, than he remembered that a piece of very line twine was indispensable to his "setting up onew piece of work in his loom early in the morning. It had slipped his memory, because, in coming from Mr. Lammeter's he had not had to pass through the village; but to lose time by going on errands in the morning was out of the question. It was a nasty fog to turn out into, but there were things Slias loved better than his own comfort; so, drawing his pork to the extremity of the hanger, and arming himself with his lantern and his old sack, he set out on what in ordinary weather would have here a twenty minutes errand. He could not have locked his door without undoing his well-knotted string and retarding his supper; it was not worth his while to make that sacrifice.

He reached his door in much satisfa

Dunstan Cass is Squire Cass' worthless son His reckless life and numerous debts lead him to steal the money which Silas Marner had hoarded during the fifteen years of his life in Raveloe.

WHEN Dunstan Cass turned his back on the cottage, Silas Marner was not more than a hundred yards away from it, plodding along from the village with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an overcoat, and with a horn lantern in his hand. His legs were weary, but his mind was at ease, free from the presentment of change. The sense of security more frequently springs from habit than from conviction, and for this died to the the hole and examined it curiousing to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head trying to steady himself, that he night think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man failing into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silasby acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it and kneaded it, he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled dow; again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

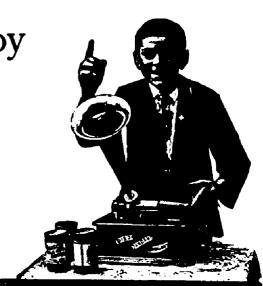
truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering pussion, it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table; didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him—looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible ap-pearance of the bags where he had al-ready sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage—and his

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done; he opened it, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. He trod about the floor while jutting by his lantern and throwing aside his hat and sack, so as to merge the marks of Dunstan's feet on the sand in the marks of his own nailed boots. Then he moved his pork nearer to the fire, and sat down to the agreeable business of tending the meat and warming himself at the same time.

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper to draw out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them

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remarks, or asked any questions which he might now regard as a ground of sus-picion. There was Jem Rodney, a known poacher, and otherwise disreputable; he had often met Marner in his journeys across the fields, and had said something icetingly about the weaver's money; hay. across the fields, and had said something jestingly about the weaver's money; nay, he had once irritated Marner, by lingering at the fire when he called to light his pipe, instead of going about his business. Jem Rodney was the man—there was ease in the thought. Jem could be found and made to restore the money.

\* \* He rushed out in the rain, under the stimulus of this hope, forgetting to cover his head, not caring to fasten his door; for he felt as if he had nothing left to lose.

#### UNDER NELSON'S FLAG

(Continued from page 15.)

ant, clapping the mouth of a flask betwixt lack's lips. "You wonder how we got here, eh? Well, round the headland the Never Despair struck on a reef of rocks. So did the frigate. We escaped in our boats to the shore, for the brig was sinking, but the frigate is still on the rocks, her crew working like mad to get her off again. We were making for Palermo when we heard your shout, and here we are."

"Yes, 'ere we are, Master Jack," said Parker, "and thank 'eaven, I've found something to eat," and he flourished the carcass of a fat fowl which the brigands had been roasting over their fire.

carcass of a fat fowl which the brigands had been roasting over their fire.

"Pick up Mr. Salt," cried Merryweather, "and we'll go on to Palermo."

The English merchant at Palermo was a true Briton. He smuggled the crew of the Never Despair, dressed as Sicilians, aboard one of his trading ships, and away they sailed for Malta. Here they all went aboard the Admiral's ship, and next day, as ordered by his dispatches Collingwood set sail for Toulon, capturing on the way not only the French frigate, which had got off from the reef without much damage, but also the corvette and a line-o'-battle ship, all three of which went as prizes to Lord Nelson see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild, ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless, but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered towards his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, insvinctively seeking this as the strongest assura ce of reality.

And now the all his false hopes had vanished, and the first shock of certainty was past, the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The thought brought some new strength with

brought me all the credit that I 'oped for!

President Roosevelt is a great believer in open-air life, and thinks that every American father should take his sons out, if possible, at least once a year to camp in the woods or country. He sets a good example in this respect, and not lorg ago went on a camping expedition with his sons and three boy friends of They started off by boat, the theirs. President steering, and landed in the woods, where they did their own cooking, and slept in blankets.

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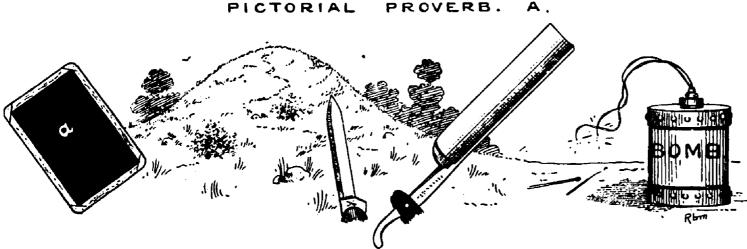
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#### New S. A. Issue

To commemorate the visit of the British Association to Rhodesia, and also the opening of the bridge across the Zambesi river, the Chartered Company of British South Africa have issued a special series of stamps, illustrating the famous Victoria Falls. There are six values, as follows: 1d., brick red; 2½d., blue, 5d., lake; 1s., green; 2s. 6d., black; and 5s., purple. It is certain that these new additions to British South Africa's list will not elicit a very warm welcome from philatelists. There can be no sort of excuse for producing a set of stamps of the total face value of 9s. 2½d. as a celebration even of such im-



portant events as those mentioned above. The late President Kruger, of whom so many hard things were said, would not allow the issue of more than a single penny stamp at the time of the opening of the Transvaai Railway in 1895, and it would have better become the B. S. A. authorities to observe equal moderation. As it is, the many philatelists who collect British colonial stamps in unused condition will find themselves called upon either to contribute 9s. 2½d. to the funds of the Chartered Company, or to ignore the issue altogether.—Hobbies. portant events as those mentioned above.

#### The Stamps of Tonga

There is talk of a new issue for Tonga. Certainly the present series has enjoyed a fairly long run. Issued in 1897, the stamps have remained in use until the present day without any alteration or modification whatever. An interesting error, perhaps the most interesting in a country remarkable for its many postage stamp errors, is the 7½d. stamp of the current series with the head of King George of Tonga turned topsy-turvy. The 3d. stamp of the same series shows a picture of what may be called the Stonehenge of Tonga. This is situated at the eastern part of the principal situated at the eastern part of the principal



island, and consists of two huge upright stones, surmounted by another as a crossplece. It appears that the Tongans, like the Maoris, have Maul as one of their delties, and credit the delty with carrying the stones and placing them where they are found. The spot is known as "Roohamoga o Maul." The natives have a tradition that they were brought in a large double canoe from an island called Uvea (Wallis Island), about 400 miles distant from Nukualofa. The stones are of coral formation. The whole issue, in fact, is one of the most interesting of the world's pictorial postage stamp sets. The watermark of turties is appropriate, too, for the coasts of Tongatabu swarm with these curious amphibians at certain seasons of the year.

But, handsome as they are, the Tongan island, and consists of two huge upright

if he were a busy man, he would speedily become as full of gum as a healthy plum tree. If, however, new stamps are to be supplied, it the horizontal period and the supplied, it is becomes an interesting question what design they will bear, for it is generally understood that the Friendly Islands—another name for Tongatabu—have been formally annexed to Great Britain; and it would seem the only fitcircat Britain; and it would seem the only fitting course that the archipelago should be placed under crown colony government and supplied with stamps bearing the head of King Edward VII. There is still nominally a king in Tonga, however, and one who is generally credited with taking himself and his kingship very seriously.—Hobbles.

#### The Eagle on the Dollar

The figure of the eagle on the dollars of 1836, 1838 and 1839 are exact portraits of a famous American eagle. "Peter, the mint bird," he was called by everybody in Philadelphia, and during his life his fame was equally as great as that of "Old Abe," the Wisconsin war eagle, the latter being really a spring chicken when compared with Peter. Peter was the pet of the Philadelphia mint for many years. Finally he was caught in some coining machinery and had the life jerked out of his body in a jiffy. The figure on the coins named above is an exact reproduction of a portrait taken of Peter after he had been stuffed and placed in a glass case in the mint cabinet.

#### Of Interest to Stamp Collectors

Stamp collectors will profit by the separation of Norway from Sweden. All the stamps that hear the portrait of King Oscar ceased to be valid on July 30.

A palæolithic flint arrow-head in good preservation has just been found by a London tourist upon the cliffs at Poldhu, Cornwall, near the Marconi wireless telegraphic station.

A coin bearing the date 858, and identified as of the reign of Ethelwuif, son of Egbert, first king of England, was recently found at Casterton, New Zealand, by a navvy engaged road-making

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THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve mouths 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 photographic 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.

#### Too Late

A number of Brownie photographs reached us too late for consideration in the special contest that closed September 1. But it may afford some consolation to those who sent them to know that they did not contain any print that was superior to the photographs to which the prizes were awarded.

#### The Letter Box

Carl V. Eddy—Your photograph of the solar eclipse of August 30th is exceedingly interesting, but cannot be reproduced on account of its small size. We would advise you to have an enlargement made by one of the professional photographers of your city and to submit it to the editor of the Scientific American, New York.



ALLEE SAMEE MELICAN MAN oond Prize Photograph, by Howard Mulhall, Dorchester, Mass.

#### Later. Feats of the Photographer

Photography has caught the fastest express train in motion by means of the cinematograph, and it also shows the growth of a flower. A bud which bursts into bloom in, say, 16 days, is exposed to a camera every 15 minutes during the 16 days, and when the pictures developed from the films are assembled in order in the moving picture machine the observer may see to his delight, all in a minute or two, the gradual breaking of the bud—the blossoms open, close by night, and reopen in the morning, the leaves grow under the eye, the stamens peep from cover, and, finally, the full-blown flower.—Ex. Photography has caught the fastest express

#### "Little Miss Wise"

Under the above title Thomas Bradley, an Ohio boy, submits a photograph of the front-door o. his home, showing a cat in the act of ringing the electric bell by touching the button with one of her forepaws, while standing with her hind legs upon a chair. We regret that the photograph is not suitable for half-tone reproduction, but hope he may submit a larger one in one of our coming contests. In the letter that accompanied the print, the photographer says: "This cat learned the use of the bell herself. I think it was by watching people ring the bell, when we would let them in. So the cat thought, if she rang it, we would let her in, too. If we do not come at once, she rings again."

Julius Potter Jr., Elvin Boydstun, J. Alfred Lynd, Kurt Stolberg, Charles Miller, Mervyn Michael, Jos. Harbison, Roland Bachman, Carl E. Ericson, Lee Sanborn, David J. McGrath, and Miner C. Purdy.

#### Our Prize Pictures

"The Young Electrician," to which first prize was awarded, was taken by Don Walter Dunkle, of Washington, Pa., who is 15 years of age. Unfortunately he has given us no particulars in regard to either the print or the negative, although we have repeatedly requested competitors to do so. "Allee Samee Melican Man" is the work of Howard Mulhall, a Dorchester, Mass., lad. He, too, has neglected to give us the information desired, enabling us to inform our readers of particulars that would be of interest to them. Hereafte, we must insist upon a memorandum on the lack of every print entered in our contests gi 'in; the name of camera, plate, and developer used, length of exposure and stop empleyet, and name of paper print was made on.

#### A Valuable Hint

Ernest Stifel, one of our subscribers in the Keystone state, writes: "A few days ago, I made eight prints on developing paper. When I put them in the water to wash, they were all right, but when I took them out to dry I noticed they were covered with blisters. I did not like to throw them away, so I thought for a while and concluded that the blisters were caused by air or water getting under the emulsion and I did not see why I could not take them out. So I put the prints face down upon a piece of clean glass, took a towel and formed it into a sort of a ball and pressed the places where the blisters were. I then examined the other side of the pane to see if all the blisters had disappeared. They had. After drying, the prints were as good as if they never had blisters."

#### Current Comments

Current Comments

Arthur Pirsons—If you had confined yourself to the tree and had not attempted to take in so much of the surrounding field, your picture would have been very much improved B. J. Olsi; ord—Your photograph of an apple orchard in bloom shows the folly of attempting such a large subject with so small a camera; a single tree, or better yet, a single spray of blossoms, would have been far more pleasing. Leon H. Beach—In your "Where Earth Meets Sky and Water" you have sacrificed detail in the landscape to the cloud effects. In order to produce a satisfactory photograph of this character, it should be taken with a ray filter. H. S.—Generally anonymous communications go into the waste basket, but we will make an exception in your case. It is impossible to tell what is wrong with your film. Closely follow the printed directions that come with every package and you will have no trouble. Red and orange light does not affect plates, because it is non-actinic.

#### Coloring Stereoscopic Views

Coloring Stereoscopic Views

A good way to obtain the best results in coloring stereoscopic views is first not to make the print quite as dark as usual; when the color is applied it strengthens the print and brings the view up to the proper shade. Always color both views at the same time; for instance, if there was a barn in the distance and you wanted to color it a faint red, mix plenty of color so you don't run short and have to mix arain; then color both views at the same time, and so on. In this way you get an even shade of color, which otherwise would be harder to accomplish. In putting on flesh tints care must be taken to keep your color very weak, for if you get your color too strong you will soon spoil the print. It is much easier to strengthen the color than it is to take it off after too much has been applied. The materials that are most necessary in coloring photographs are as follows: Camel's hair brushes. Nos. 3 and 5; sheet of blotting paper, small sponge, piece of clean, white cloth; cake of Chinese white, a divided slant or rest of small dishes for holding the color when mixed, box of transparent liquid water colors, stick of India ink, box of pumice stone, and two tumblers of water.

#### Bromide Toning

In an instructive article on the toning of bromide prints in the "Bromide Monthly," directions are given for toning in different colors the various parts of a single print. The image is first bleached into chloride or bromide of silver, and re-developed as far as possible with a metol-hydroquinone developer, allowing five minutes! immersion after developer. Nothing pleases "ye editor" of this department so much as a large mail, for it evinces the interest his boy friends throughout the world are taking in photography. This month's letter pile was rather large and contained many photographs of excellence, which accounts for the fact that the following roll of honor is rather longer than usual: M. P. Stiles, Ralph S. Brothers, Spenser Hunter, Irwin Jervis, R. A. Rogers, W. J. Glichrist, Verne W. Mackay, Albert Gardner, Donald V. Williamson, David J. McGrath, E. R. Walker,



THE YOUNG ELECTRICIAN First Prize Photograph, by Don Walter Dunkle, Washington, Pa.



BALANCED ROCK IN COLORADO Photograph by Arthur A. Beach, Blackwell, Okla-

action is stopped when the proper color is obtained, and the print washed until the bluish tint is removed; further washing will change the green to an oilve tint, and later still will remove it altogether. We shall now have a reddish-brown flower with green leaves, etc., and these colors will be permanent if dried at the proper stage.

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# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

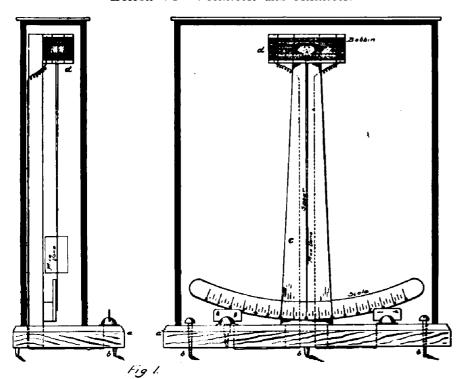
A Permanent Department

Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by hoys, be answered in these columns.

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

#### Experimental Lessons in Electricity

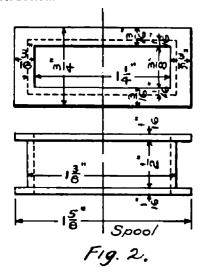
Lesson VI-Voltmeter and Ammeter



P TO this point we have constructed only apparatus for the generation of the electric current, but in this lesson we will take up the construction of two measuring instruments, with which the strength and pressure struction of two measuring instruments, with which the strength and pressure of the current may be measured. These instruments are known as the voltmeter, an instrument for registering the pressure of the current in volts, and the other an ammeter, an instrument for measuring the strength of the current in suppress. in amperes.

in amperes.

These two instruments have many different forms, but they all depend on the same principle of action, that of the attraction and repulsion between two magnetic bodies. And at this point it may be well to state that every electrical measuring instrument in practical use, with very few exceptions, operates upon the same principle. The instruments described in this chapter are very sensitive, accurate, but exceedingly simple in construction.



ment may be leveled and the spear brought to zero.

Over the entire instrument is placed a glass case to prevent draughts of air affecting the readings. This case is made of five pieces of common window glass, fastened together at the edges by strips of black paper glued to them. The strips of paper used for making passe partouts are excellent for this purpose as they come already gummed.

A wood column c is fitted into the base by making a tenon to fit in the hole provided and gluing the end before it is driven in. To the top of this column is secured by gluing, the hobbin d. This hobbin or spool is shown in detail in Fig. 2, and is cut from a piece of cherry or mahogany.

or mahogany This hobbin is wound with No. 36 double silk-covered magnet wire, of which it will require less than an ounce. This wire should be wound carefully and in even layers so that the outer layer will

even layers so that the outer layer will present a neat appearance. Enough wire is left on either end of the winding to pass down through the base and to the binding posts outside the glass case.

Inside the bobbin two bearing strips are secured as shown in Fig. 3, A, one on each side. These are made of thin sheet brass bent as shown, and a small V is filed in the upper edge of each to prevent the knife edge slipping about. These two strips are fastened in place by shellac varnish, which, when dry cements them securely to the wood. The bobbin is then secured in place at the top of the column by a liberal coat of glue and allowed to become thoroughly dry. The free ends of the wire are then led down behind the column through holes in the base to the binding screw

washers, to which they should be sol-

washers, to which they should be soldered.

Now for the moving part of the voltmeter. The armature is mounted on a knife-edge journal shown in Fig. 3 B which is cut from a piece of steel wire and the ends are filed to a sharp knife edge. It is this fine edge that allows the spear to swing freely without friction, and considerable care should be used to make this edge perfect.

The armature shown in Fig. 3 C is made of a piece of flat steel about 1-16" thick, 1" long and 4" wide. After a hole is drilled through its center that will just fit the journal, it is heated to a red heat and dropped into a glass of water, after which it is magnetized as described in Lesson 1. If one piece of steel of the size given cannot be obtained, two thin pieces cut from a corset steel may be used and mounted side by side.

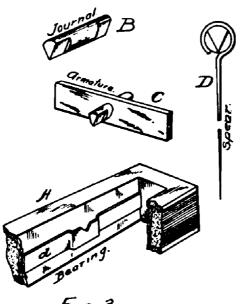
The spear D. Fig. 3 is made of a

The spear D, Fig. 3, is made of a piece of brass wire, or better still a piece of No. 18 aluminum wire, the end of which is filed to a long, tapering point. The upper end is bent into an eye which is slipped over the journal and owing to its spring grips it very firmly, doing away with the necessity of soldering. This is shown very clearly in Fig. 3 D. The journal should be about 11-32" long so as not to touch the sides of the bobbin which would affect its swinging. A very thin square of mica is fastened to the lower end of the spear by a drop of shellac to form a damping vane. This vane prevents the spear swinging to and fro for a long time, and causes it to

of shellac to form a damping vane. This vane prevents the spear swinging to and fro for a long time, and causes it to come to rest at its reading quickly. The scale shown in Fig. 1 is cut from a piece of cardboard and glued to a small block, also glued to the foot of the column. The graduations are marked on this scale after the instrument is made and callbrated (pronounced cal-e-bra-ted). All voltmeters are callbrated by comparing them with standard instruments and if the reader had another standard voltmeter with which to compare this one, it would be an easy matter, but as many of you will not have such an instrument at hand, a method will be described which will give you an approximately accurate scale, but of course its accuracy could only be determined by comparing it with the readings. This base stands upon three leveling screws bbb, one of which, however in the rear, may be a stationary point such as a brass nail. The two front screws should be round headed brass screws with the point filed flat so as not to mar the table upon which the instrument stands. By screwing these in or out the instrument ment may be leveled and the spear brought to zero.

Over the entire instrument is placed

voltmeter, which means to mark the scale divisions so that when we measure another current we may read off the value directly from the scale readings. If we were comparing it with a standard voltmeter, all we would have to do would be to connect the two instruments in parallel between two points with wires



of exactly the same size and length, as shown in Fig. 4. Then as we switched one or more cells into the circuit by the switch a, the various readings shown on the scale of the standard instrument b could be marked on the blank scale of the instrument c. Now this is exactly the method we will pursue with the exception that we will use a cell that gives almost a constant known voltage instead of the second voltneter.

Now the cell that we made in Lesson No. 4, out of a strip of copper and one of zinc when sulphuric acid is used for the electrolyte, generates about .9 volt (nine-tenths of a volt). This electromotive force is fairly constant and we may therefore use it in this work.

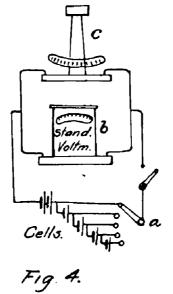
Cut from a sheet of zinc eight (8) strips 1" wide by 4" in length, and a similar number of strips of the same size from a sheet of copper. Amalgamate the strips of zinc as directed in Lesson 5. Then secure eight ordinary glass tumblers and mix sufficient solution to fill each about two-thirds full. This solution is made by mixing one part of sulphuric acid with five parts of water. While this cell polarizes rapidly, there, is so little current used that it will not materially affect the readings.

Now solder a stout copper wire, say No. 14, to one end of a copper and zinc

will not materially affect the readings.

Now solder a stout copper wire, say No. 14, to one end of a copper and zinc strip with which to connect the cell to the voltmeter, and then solder the remaining seven pairs of strips together as shown in Fig. 5, having the edges of a copper and a zinc strip fastened together so as to make one pair. They may be soldered together while flat and bent into the U shape afterwards.

Now have all your tumblers in readiness with the solution in them. Place one tumbler in front of the voltmeter which has been leveled, making sure that the spear swings freely, and connect one of the wires to the binding post, say that leading from the copper strip. Do not have these wires longer than necessary or convenient, about twelve or fifteen inches being ample. Now have a pencil



sharpened to a fine point and mark the position of the end of the spear on the scale with a fine line. Then place the copper and zinc strips in a tumbler, and while touching the free binding post with the wire from the zinc (that from the copper having been connected securely to one post) mark the point to which the spear springs and comes to rest on the scale. Try this several times to make sure that the deflection is correctly marked. This deflection is caused by the E. M. F. (electromotive force) of one cell which is very nearly nine-tenths (.9) of a volt.

(.9) of a volt. Then place another tumbler beside the first, remove the zinc from the first tumbler and place it in the second, and then place one of the U shaped pairs over the adjoining edges of the tumblers with the zinc end dipping into the first tumbler containing the copper strip. first tumbler containing the copper strip, and the copper end dipping into the second tumbler. We then have two cells connected and the voltage of these two cells will be about 1.8 volts, just twice that of a single cell. After marking the deflection caused by this pressure on the scale, add the third tumbler and su on, repeating the process until the entire eight cells have been used. The succesthe scale markings will then represent the following voltages: .9 1.8, 2.7, 3.6 4.5, 5.4, 6.3 and 7.2 and we will want the scale divided still further so as to be able to read any of the intermediate

On another sheet of paper carefully lay off the divisions marked on the scale and divide each division into exactly nine and divide each division into exactly nine parts, each part representing one-tenth of a volt. The scale may now be removed from the voltmeter, after carefully marking the exact position so that it may be replaced in exactly the same spot, and the divisions laid off on it. Make the small divisions about 1-16" long, and the fifth division \( \frac{1}{2} \)" long. Then every tenth division should be 3-16" long and this will give a scale that can Then every tenth division should be 3-16" long and this will give a scale that can be very easily read. Now mark every tenth or long division as shown in Fig. 1, starting with the middle one as 0 and following in consecutive order, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. 8. The same divisions may then be laid off on the other side of the 0 mark as the spear should swing just as far to one side of the 0 as the other with the same pressure.

Replace the Scale, cover the instrument with the glass case, carefully leveling it so that the spear stands exactly over the 0, and your instrument is ready for work. If this calibration has been carefully performed, the instrument should be fairly correct but there is always an element of doubt exists, so that whenever a standard instrument.

that whenever a standard instrument can be procured it will be well to re-cali-brate your own, when you will feel



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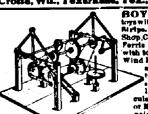
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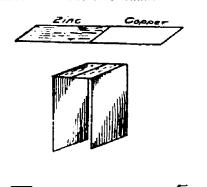
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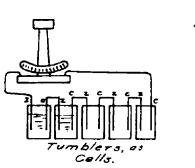
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reasonably sure that it is correct. The shall be glad to hear more of his except of this instrument is of high resistance so that very little current passes, being in the neighborhood of 75 tory of Master Willie Caldwell, which is

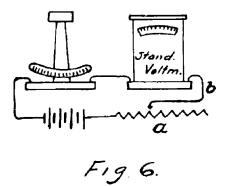
ohms.

The ammeter is made exactly the same in every particular with the exception of the coil, which is made of much larger wire and less turns. When building the voltmeter make every part in duplicate so that you will have two instruments. The coil of the ammeter is wrapped with three layers of No. 16 double cotton covered magnet wire, of which it will require about nine (9) feet having a resistance of about .041 ohms.





Owing to certain difficulties that would the met by the novice in calibrating an ammeter until he was better equipped we will leave the description of this work until a later chapter in which we describe the construction of the Wheatdescribe the construction of the Wheat-stone Bridge and the measurement of re-sistance. If, however, it is possible to secure an ammeter, the reader may cali-brate his instrument by the comparison method, exactly as in the case of the voltmeter. In Fig. 6 is given a sketch of the method of connecting the instru-ments in series with a variable resist-



ance a consisting of a long coil of fine iron wire, contact with any turn of which is made by the free end of the wire b. Contact is made at various points and the readings of the standard instrument marked on the scale of the new instrument.

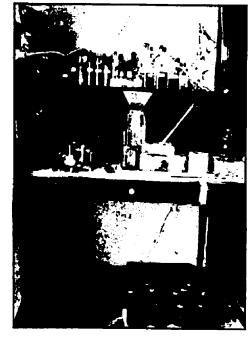
#### The Prize Award

Dear American Boys:

experimenter.

Two others especially appeal to me and to Master Johnson I would accord "Honorable Mention." His work is certainly of a very high order and shows considerable skill. For a boy of thirteen he is doing remarkable work and we

And the other is the chemical labora-tory of Master Willie Caldwell, which is of especial interest as we have never heard from any of our friends interested



WILLIE CALDWELL'S LABORATORY

in chemistry. Perhaps there are many of you and if so we shall be glad to hear from you. This department is open to all boys interested in technical subjects, and if you would like an occasional

talk on some chemical experiments, we shall be glad to please you.

Three letters were received withouthe photographs mentioned, but every letter was original and interesting. We ture. Very sincerely yours,
ROBERT G. GRISWOLD,
Department Editor.

#### The Boy Mechanic and Electrician Prize Contest No. 1

SUCCESSFUL CONTESTANT, Harry K. Plumb, No. 1921 N St., Lincoln, Neb.

Prize: One set of castings for 52 Watt Dynamo-Motor.

My shop is fifteen feet long by four are on the same base, and one-half feet wide, containing a Directly behind it is



This Ingersoll Dollar Watch came to us through the regular mails after five years' faithful service—not wrapped, but tagged, running smoothly, and on time to a dot. It was sent in as an unsolicited restimonial—not for repairs. There are ten million other Ingersoll Watches in daily use, and eight thousand more being sold every dav—all giving the same return of honest time-keeping on the one-dollar investment.

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needle mounted on a knife edge pivot in the center of two coils and carries a fine wire for a pointer. The rheostat has five resistance coils with a total resistance of twenty ohms.

It has seven notches, one of which is a dead notch.

dead notch.

The cut-out I shall not describe as I dld not make it.

The switches, which are made out of broken parts of other switches, are all single pole. The switchboard governs the four twenty-live volt lamps shown hanging from above. The battery consists of forty second-hand dry cells, connected in series-multiple. nected in series-multiple.

The Wheatstone bridge shown on the

bench is self contained; the three known resistances and the astatic galvanometer

Directly behind it is a "Little Hustler



#### **Xmas Electrics**

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sult in serious trouble. All of the wires are iniaid in the bottom of the baseboard. My relay contains two miles of No. 36 E & S. magnet wire, and the action of the relay is very fine. I sendem have to look for any tro-ble when I am sending a message over my wireless telegraph, but what trouble does occur is mostly in my decherer or tapper. This is generally caused by too many batteries being connected on the coherer circuit. My wireless apparatus will send a message 15 miles and more.

A battery box is very necessary for every boy's shop, including a switch. I have one, in which I can turn on from I to 100 cells at will.

I also have a telephone from my mother's kitchen to my shop, so that she can call me by pressing a button.

I also am building an X-Ray apparatus, but it is not yet complete.

A. BEAUMONT JOHNSON, Age 13.

table, and to a two-candle power lamp above the table. The switch and push button are connected in shunt. The wires leading to the light run into an electric light receptacle and this is connected by means of an attachment plug and flexible cord with the light. If the current is wanted on the table, all that is wanted is to unscrew the light plug and insert another. I also have a gas light above my table.

In my chemical apparatus I have most of the common chemicals, glass apparatus, Bunsen burner, etc. Back of the table I have a shelf, and on this I keep my chemicals, test tubes, glass tubing rubber tubing and scales. I made a Bunsen burner from an old gas burner. I have not been able to find any store that sells glass retorts, so I use bottles. In the picture I have a still fixed up for refining crude petroleum. In the five small vials sitting in front of my other chemicals are samples of two grades of gasoline, one of benzine, and two of kerosene that I made with this still. I have made a large zinc tray and I always disgasoline, one of benzine, and two of kerosene that I made with this still. I have made a large zinc tray and I always distill things over this so that if the retort should break it could not do much damage. I make a good many of the chemicals I use myself.

WILLIE CALDWELL, Age 16.

# Dear American Boys: Seldom have I had a more difficult task to perform than the selection of the prize winner of this contest from the number of photographs and articles received. This is partly because I know that you have tried to do your best and if possible, I should like to reward each one with a prize. As stated in the conditions of the contest, only the display of mechanical ingenuity and inventive skill would determine the winner. Master Henry K. Plumb, the successful contestant, has shown in his picture considerable mechanical skill and his electric instruments display great interest in experimental work. And while not at all "firsy" there is a certain neatness about the arrangement of his tools and apparatus that marks him as a careful experimenter. Two others especially appeal to me and to Master Johnson I would accord and the server of the prize window shown, containing a combined volt- and ammeter, a line the large window shown consists of a board carry-frame from lead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead. The telegraph instrument is one of the light run into an electric from tead

ing a combined volt- and ammeter, a rheostat or regulator, a cut-out, four single pole switches, one main single-pole switch, and wiring.

The volt-am-meter has a magnetized



HARRY PLUMB AT WORK

frame from lead.

The telegraph instrument is one of four instruments on a line. Two of the instruments are at my end of the line, one in the house and one in the shop, the latter being of my own construction. It is copied from another instrument, some of the castings being in lead and others in brass. The two gravity cells shown help to operate the line.

The Ajax motor mounted on top of the ammeter drives a six inch fan. It is one of my inseparable companions. My tool rack is shown in the foreground and set of drills by the window. I have many other things that cannot be described in this short article.

HENRY K. PLUMB, Age 17.

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

My mother gave me a room on the third floor for my workshop. It is the most interesting place I can find when I have any spare time. All of my experiments in this shop are with electricity, and my tools are all arranged and numbered so that I can reach them at

any time.

THE AMERICAN BOY has given me a

number of ideas and experiments to try. all of which have been quite interesting and valuable to me in my work.

My induction coil was the first real hard task. It took me several weeks to make it, as I worked on it only after school hours. The baseboard is of black walnut, polished and shellacked. It has two and a half miles of wire and will throw a spark 2½ inches. The coil is 3½ inches in diameter, and all of the terminals of the primary and secondary coils are taken down through the head of the coil instead of the hare wires coming directly through. The bare wires coming through the head sometimes reing directly through. The bare wires coming through the head sometimes re-

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this department, Uncle Tangler, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich. Rules to be observed: Write in 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 on the page of the path. zles nor to reply personally letters.

George Murdock Jackson, 4400 Morgan St St. Louis, Mo., wins the prize for the best list of answers to September Tangles.

S. John McCarthy, Brasher Falls, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

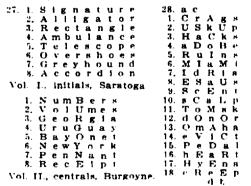
lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Vernor Lovett, Cleary Bullard, The Duet, Dudley B. Kimball, Sidney Wilkinson, Lenora B. V. Wallace, Osborn J. Dunn. Peggy O'Neal, The Wolverine, Arthur L. Schieber, Harry Berg, Harry Stern, Albert E. Schmidt, Joseph A. Hepp, Mildred Gray, Harry J. Button, L. Roy Engle, William R. Frick, Arthur L. Diamond, Claude Kavanaugh, Oscar A. Olson, Benjamin L. Miller, Mrs. S. E. Draper, Acheson Callaghan, John V. Cramer, Allert Brager, Harold J. Westcott, D. Waldo Brown, Nels W. Kindgren, Ralph H. Cronk, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Robt. Knelsel, J. Horace Trumbull, J. Parsons Greenleaf, Carl A. Bottomly, Reuben Hounsell, Ralph H. Cowdery, All who are so fortunate as to secure recognition in this list of honorable mentions each month are on an equal footing as to merit. month are on an equal footing as to merit. The order in which the names are printed is not intended to convey any special distinction to the degrees of quality. as to degrees of quality.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the hest list of answers to the November Tangles received by November 20.

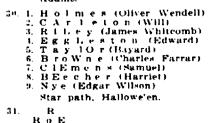
A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of original puzzles suited to January and New Year's, received by November 20.

#### Answers to October Tangles



Star paths, Christo-pher Columbus dis-covered America.

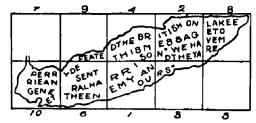
29	1. Chase. 5. Penn.	2. Lynch. 6. Hart.				
	9. Read. Adams.	10. Hew	er.	11.	Rush.	12.





22. Outline, Lake Erie; inscription: Perry ley B. Kimball (10). 5. Morton L. Mitchell defeated the British on Lake Erie and sent (1). 6. Leslie Rees (6). 7. Harold Westcott this message to General Harrison, "We have (7).

—Allert Brager.



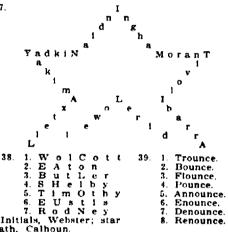
33. Begin with the middle C on the left arm of the cross and proceed to the left, using every other letter: Christopher Columbus discovered America October twelfth, fourteenhundred and ninety-two.

34. 1. Kansas. 2. Iowa. 3. New Mexico. 4. Georgia. 5. South Carolina. 6. Montana. 7. Oregon. 8. Utah. 9. North Dakota. 10. Tennessee. 11. Arkansas. 12. Indiana. 13. New Jersey. Initials, King's Mountain.

35. Start with T in upper right and end the T in upper left: Theodore Roosevelt, orn October twenty-seven, eighteen-hundred fifty-eight.

fifty-eight.

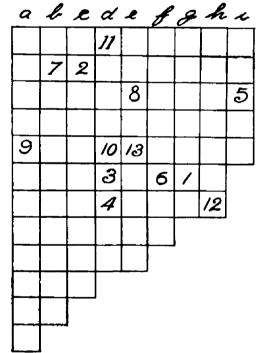
36. 1. Charles I. was belieaded. 2. James II. was dethroned by William and Mary. 3. Victoria reigned during the Boer war. 4. Henry VIII. established the Church of England. 5. Edward VII. is the present king. 6. George III. reigned during the American Revolution. 7. Henry VII. sent out Cabot's expedition. 8. Edward III. reigned when the battle of Crecy was fought. 9. Elizabeth beheaded Mary, Queen of Scots. 10. John granted the Magna Charta. 11. Anne reigned during the war of the Spanish Succession. 12. Richard III. was killed at Bosworth Field. 14. George II. reigned during the war of the Austrian Succession.



#### New Tangles

THANKSGIVING HISTORY.

Write the names of nine states vertically from the top downward, to fill the squares, one letter in a square. The letters that will appear on the numbered squares, in numerical order, from 1 to 13, will spell the name of that one of the American colonies in the people first observed Thanksgiving.



The name of the town in this colony in which Thanksgiving was first kept can be found by taking letters from the state names as follows: From (a), letters 1, 7 and 6; from (h), letters 4 and 5; from (f), letters 5 and 4; from (l), letter 4.

The name of the Governor of this colony at that time can be found by taking the following letters: From (g), letter 4; from (h), letter 3; from (g), letter 5; from (h), letter 4; from (c), letters 5, 6 and 7; from (l), letter 2.

S. John McCarthy.

#### CONCEALED ACROSTIC. 11

Find one five-letter word in each line. The central letters in order will spell a November

holiday. How often I dream of the days that are gone. When mother the holiday feast would prepare. I can hear the brisk tone that her voice

dish and spoon rattled in mixing the

What dainties appeared; how she'd bake, roast and baste: No cross word nor hasty would drop from her

How the spices and sugar, the odor and taste, Return to me now with the whiffs and the sips.

am sure that I never again shall enjoy Such pastry and cake, such spices and cream. But who no remembrance now holds of the boy Has naught in his nature to second my theme. —Sidney Wilkinson.

#### TANGLERS' TOWNS.

Take one letter from each town where these prize-winning Tanglers dwell, in the order here given, and obtain the most widely known city of the United States. The number following each name indicates which letter is to be taken from that Tangler's town.

1. Joseph M. Heinen (6). 2. Harry Dinges (5). 3. Ralph Herbert Cowdery (1). 4. Dud-

THANKSGIVING T.

Write the defined words on the T in the order indicated. All of the 50 numbered letters about the rim of this big T are then to be written in a circle, in numerical order from 1 to 50, thus bringing letter number 1 and letter number 50 side by side. Then commencing at the letter on number 1 in the circle and taking every third letter around to the right until all the letters are used once only, find seven dainties, all of which are common Thanksgiving fare on American tables.



The words making up the T are thus defined: 46 to 7, the usual title for addressing any gentleman. 24 to 34, to mar. 49 to 35, chubby. 47 to 17, a common fruit. 22 to x. a mythological many-headed monster. 36 to y, a city of Delaware, New Hampshire and New Jersey. 4 to z, customary. 10 to 16, tangled, like a negro's hair. 43 to 26, coalition. 11 to 37, a variety of apple. 20 to 45, an unmarried woman. 17 to 16, in good season. 50 to 41, unbind. 9 to 12, men's hose. 28 to 2, a small stream 3 to 40, a disease of children. 21 to 42, a living former vice-president's Christian name. 27 to 18, soil below the surface soil. 30 to 48, a turkey's method of eating. (The latter may be divided and defined thus: 30 to 31, a fraction of a bushel; 31 to 48, the title of a monarch).

—Vernor Lovett.

#### THANKSGIVING ACROSTIC.

All words of uniform length. The central letters read downwards spell a certain historical landing place associated with Thanks-

torical landing place associated with Thanks-giving.

1. A German city where Napoleon was defeated in October, 1813. 2. A character in the Merchant of Venice.

3. A western Mexican seaport.

4. A country of Europe, whose present ruler has an English mother.

5. The present king of Spain.

6. A noted bridge of Virginia.

7. A French prison that was stormed in 1789.

8. The given name of one of the most celebrated Italian painters, whose surname was Santi, but who is universally known, and well-known to you, by the name here required.

9. A Federal general of the civil war, who began the war as a colonel, and was made commander of the army to succeed Grant, in 1869.

10. The first settlement in Oregon.

11. The large American city whose motto is "I Will."

12. The middle one of the nine Presidents to be elected for two terms.

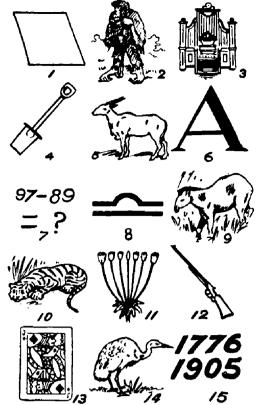
#### PICTURED PRIMALS.

The pictures are to be interpreted by words of uniform length. Their initials in numerical order will spell the surname of the man who will issue the proclamation setting apart Thanksgiving day this year, and also the name of a certain fowl usually associated with the day. with the day.

\*\*

FING

DE



—Dudley B. Kimball.

#### NOVEMBER SKIP.

Beginning with a certain letter and proceed-ing in a certain direction, skipping a uniform number of letters each time, find a battle that occurred in November and its date.



#### TANGLED TANGLERS.

Using each initial and name once only, re-

Using each initial and name once only, rearrange the following lot of tangled cognomens into the more familiar names that appeared appended to the several Tangles in November, 1904.

Charles L. Zero. Ernest Kent. Walter N. Nuttycomb. Bryan M. Allert. G. H. McMillan. Harold S. Mitchell, Jr. J. D. McGann. Clarence Butler. Spurrier Freyman. Stewart F. Stiles, C. Case Sherman. Banker Morton, Frank Queen. Brooklyn Brager. Robinson Fentress Credon.

—Aunt Plexy.

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#### MY FOUR YEARS AT WEST POINT

(Continued from page 10.)

his name on the list, it was safe to conclude that he was found.

clude that he was found.

The cadet next to me in ranks was an "immortal" in math, and with good cause feared that his furlough would be an indefinite one. Still, when his name did not appear in the math list he trembled like a leaf, and leaned heavily against me for support. Poor fellow! He had prayed for months, but his prayers were not answered as he hoped. as he hoped.

as he hoped.

If this unfortunate cadet had only listened to the advice of his roommate, he might have fared betier. This counsel, although sounding rather sacrilegious, had a grain of solid sense in it. "Now, Jones, if you will pray less and study more you may get through. God has little to do with the deliberation of the Academic Board, but helps those that help themselves."

With true Christian resignation, Jones said with a sigh, "Perhaps it is all for the best," and to comfort him, Silkins told him that there was no doubt of it.

I came out of the "exams" unscathed, while Silkins and Fletcher emerged very near the top.

near the top.

The graduating exercises were held the

next day, and when the battalion had been formed in front of barracks, after the exer-cises, we found that three of my class-mates had to stay behind from one to three days for having more than two hundred de-merits during the two years. When the roster of officers for the new year was published. I found that Silkins had been "made" a first sergeant, Fletcher a high ranking line sergeant, and I was doomed

to another year in the ranks.

After breaking ranks, we all made a rush to our rooms and jumped into our "cits" as quickly as possible. There was the usual untouched dinner, the good-bys, and then the hour or so of waiting at the dock. The time geomed almost interminable to us imtime seemed almost interminable, to us impatient yearlings, before we boarded the day-boat and were looking back at the riding-hall with sighs that were surely not of

Almost the whole class went down on the hoat, although most of the graduates took the train. Every cadet on board sported a cane, and high silk hats bloomed everywhere. The yearlings gathered on the upper deck, cheered themselves hoarse, and gave the riding-hall three deep groans as it

disappeared from view.

It soon appeared that two members of the class had composed West Point versions of popular college songs, and had memorized verse after verse of the endless "Benny Havens" and of "Army Blue." One of these geniuses demonstrated that the words of "Mary's Lamb" could be injected into many songs dear to the heart of every

Then the member of the duet who had no idea of music, but whose natural timidity vanished in the fumes of a strong Henry Clay, led the rest of the class in singing. Quite a crowd of passengers gathered around, and the cadets entered into the sport heart and soul.

Some one proposed a dress parade. We prevailed upon a first-classman to act as officer-in-charge, and the rest of us fell in. We used canes for muskets, and had a real military parade, with several minor exceptions such as smoking and talking in ranks. Leaving the boat at last, we separated for the different hotels, but all met in the evening at the —— house for a class supper. All the members were present including the "found" ones.

It would be hard to describe our complacent pleasure as we sat down at the table

cent pleasure as we sat down at the table and gazed about the banquet hall. Every-thing was ahead except study and worry, and they were left far behind. We could and they were left far behind. We could rise in the morning at any hour we pleased and were on our way to meet friends and the loved ones at home, not to mention the "nearer and dearer ones." Immediately before us was a pleasant evening in the company of our classmates, with a feast of soul and wit. Toasts were drunk to the Alma Mater, the ladies, the class of '8—, furlough, the found men, etc., etc.

There was nothing to mar the happiness of the occasion except the presence of the

of the occasion except the presence of the occasion except the presence of the "found" men, but we applauded and treated them with every consideration, and strove to make them forget their sorrow for the time. After all, it is much easier to bear the trials of our friends than our

We separated the next morning for our homes. Although the days that followed were among the happiest of my lite, they cannot be of interest to the reader, so I will pass them over until we, after our return, began assembling at the hotel where

we held our class supper.

By general agreement, when we parted in June, we went back to the Point on the 9 a. m. boat from New York. The men who had raised embryo mustaches had to be on the alert to prevent the crowd, that had armed itself with a pair of scissors, shaving off the down without ceremony. Then, too, there was an ambition for smashing stiff hats. Only one man escaped, and he was a muscular fellow who held his silk tile over the railing where the eager canes could not reach it.

When the riding-hall rose to view, a sudden hush fell on the boisterous proceedings. For the moment, no one seemed to know whether to greet the sight with a cheer or a groan, until the musical genius of the class began to sing the favorite funeral march, when every one joined in.

We landed at North Dock about noon, and fell in line preparatory to our march up the hill. We were a rather dilapidated crowd, with dusty clothes and smashed hats. Several first-classmen were stationed at the summit, at the very verge of cadet limits, as a kind of vanguard. The first cadet we could reach was hugged and rolled on the grass until he looked as for-lorn as the rest of us. We received the usual cordial welcome from the corps on

our arrival in camp.

As soon as possible, we "shed" our "cits" and donned the gray and white, and marched to dinner with the battalion. Nearly the whole class attended the furlough hop that night, and it proved to be a lough hop that night, and it proved to be a

President ROOSEVELT Strongly Endorses Rifle Practise oys and Girls

From MEW YORK HERALD August 26 1905

Mr. Roosevelt Accepts the Vice Presidency of Public Schools Athletic League.

#### PRAISES TARGET WORK

Fully Approves of the Clean Methods Employed in Training the Young Men of America.,

GIRLS NEED EXERCISE, TOO

OTSTER BAY, L. I., Friday.-President Reconveit has accepted the office of honorary vice president of the Public Schools Athletic League, with headquarters in New York city. In Ms letter to General George W. Wingate, president of the league, President Roosevelt expresses his cordial approval of the objects of the league.

Following is President Roosevelt's letter accepting the tender of the honorary vice presidency:-

"OYSTER BAY, August 19, 1905. "My dear GENERAL WINGATE:-In answering your letter I beg to say that it will give me the greatest pleasure to accept the office of honorary vice president of the Public Schools Athletic League of which you are President.

Praises Rifle Practice.

"I am glad that you have installed in each of four high schools a sub target rifle practice and are teaching the boys to shoot with the Krag, and I am pleased with the great success that you have met in this effort.

in this effort.

"I'm also particularly pleased that you are about to organize a woman's auxiliary branch, for the girls need exercise quite as much as do the boys.

"The demands such a movement make upon the time and the money of those engaged therein are very heavy. You are doing one of the greatest and most patriotic services that can be done, and you are entitled to the heartlest backing in every way from all who appreciate the vital need of having the rising generation of Americans sound in body, mind and soul. Sincerely yours.

"THEODORD ROOSEVELT."

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change from the freedom of furiough to the constraint of cadet life.

The course of study before us for the ensuing term was as follows: Michie's Mechanics, Bloxam's Chemistry, Tillman's Elementary Lessons in Heat, Chemical Philosophy, Brown's Eclectic Physiology (this last with particular reference to the baneful effect of stimulants), and Drawing

It was customary for the professors in the chemical and the philosophical de-partment to give lectures from time to time, and we were required to write up the lecture in philosophy. The announcement that we were to have a lecture was an occasion for general rejoicing, especially to those men who did not know the lesson for the day any too well. Philosophy was the first recitation of the day, and the sol-dier in charge of the "Phil" Academy dier in charge of the "Phil" Academy generally came over at about 7:30 a.m., to notify the officer of the day of a lecture, but he never reached the guardhouse without being observed by some watchful second-classman, who immediately pro-claimed that "Rinkleman had just gone

claimed that "Rinkleman had just gone into the guardhouse."

Then, before the O. D. had a chance to get around through the divisions with his shout of: "Second class philosophy turn out at 9:30," the second-classmen began to "celebrate. Some stood around in the area and chaffed each other, while a few hilarious spirits gathered in one of the hilarious required by chemical and were required by chemical and were required by chemical and were required by chemical great success.

"celebrate. Some stood around in the alogy, and Thompson's Electricity.

The next day we began moving into bar- area and chaffed each other, while a few racks. Then came two or three days be- bilarious spirits gathered in one of the fore recitations began. I was in "con" as rooms, and made the day hideous with minerals and were required by chemical an inspired writer's word.

Chemistry and Geology by Data & Minerals & Mi

was my room-mate Canville, and two their yells and songs. Perhaps a wash-bluer men never lived. It was a striking bowl was filled with commissary bay rum, change from the freedom of furlough to the match applied, and a wild fetich dance the match applied, and a wild fetich dance inaugurated. One cadet was stationed at the door whose business it was to "drag in" any second-classman who passed that in" any second-classman who passed that way. One of our members was a Jerseyman, remarkable for his dignity. He used to say that he did not approve of such childish proceedings, and that we were not boys any more, but men. It was one of our chief delights to send a detachment out after "Old Dignity," bring him and the continuous form a ring around him and ment out after "Old Dignity, bring film in a captive, form a ring around him, and dance in time to a grotesque song, dedi-cated to "Old Dig." by our musical prod-igy. The captive, overwhelmed by num-bers, could do nothing but submit.

bers, could do nothing but submit.

I recall one occasion when we were out in force "celebrating." We were singing "Mary's Lamb." to the tune of "Army Blue." Just as we turned a corner, we came face to face with the instructor of the "goats." The song died away simultaneously on every one's lips, and "Old Dignity," who happened to be playing the role of "Old Dog Tray," declared that he would now be "found" beyond all question. tion.

tests and inspection to determine what

they were.

Wave motion, mathematically treated, is one of the most difficult and intricate subjects that modern science furnishes. It

jects that modern science furnishes. It deals with the nature of sound and light and the method of their propagation.

The philosophical department possesses a complete and costly set of apparatus, and many of the experiments in sound an light are as wonderful as they are delicate and instructive.

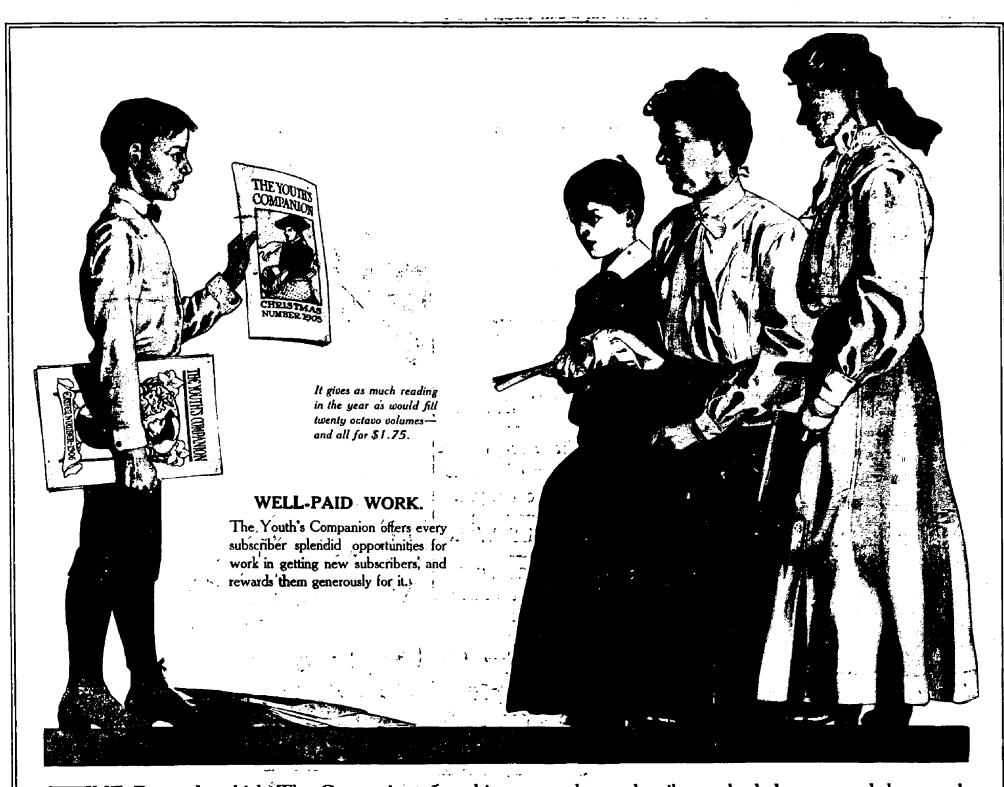
As for drills, we kept up our riding until June. In May, we drilled with the firstclassmen on the cavalry plain, and each Saturday we were given a "ride" on the

roe J."
In October, we drilled at the immense sea-coast guns or attended pontoon-bridge building with the first-classmen. The drills in April were the same as those in

And so the year glided away much sooner than I had anticipated, and, almost before I realized it, the examination had passed, the graduating parade and the graduation exercises were over, and I found myself at last a first-classman.

Of course the day on which two impatient and happy classes left us was rather blue for those who staved behind but

hlue for those who stayed behind, but there was the usual amount of fun at dress parade for us fellows in ranks who watched the new cadet officers "tie it up."



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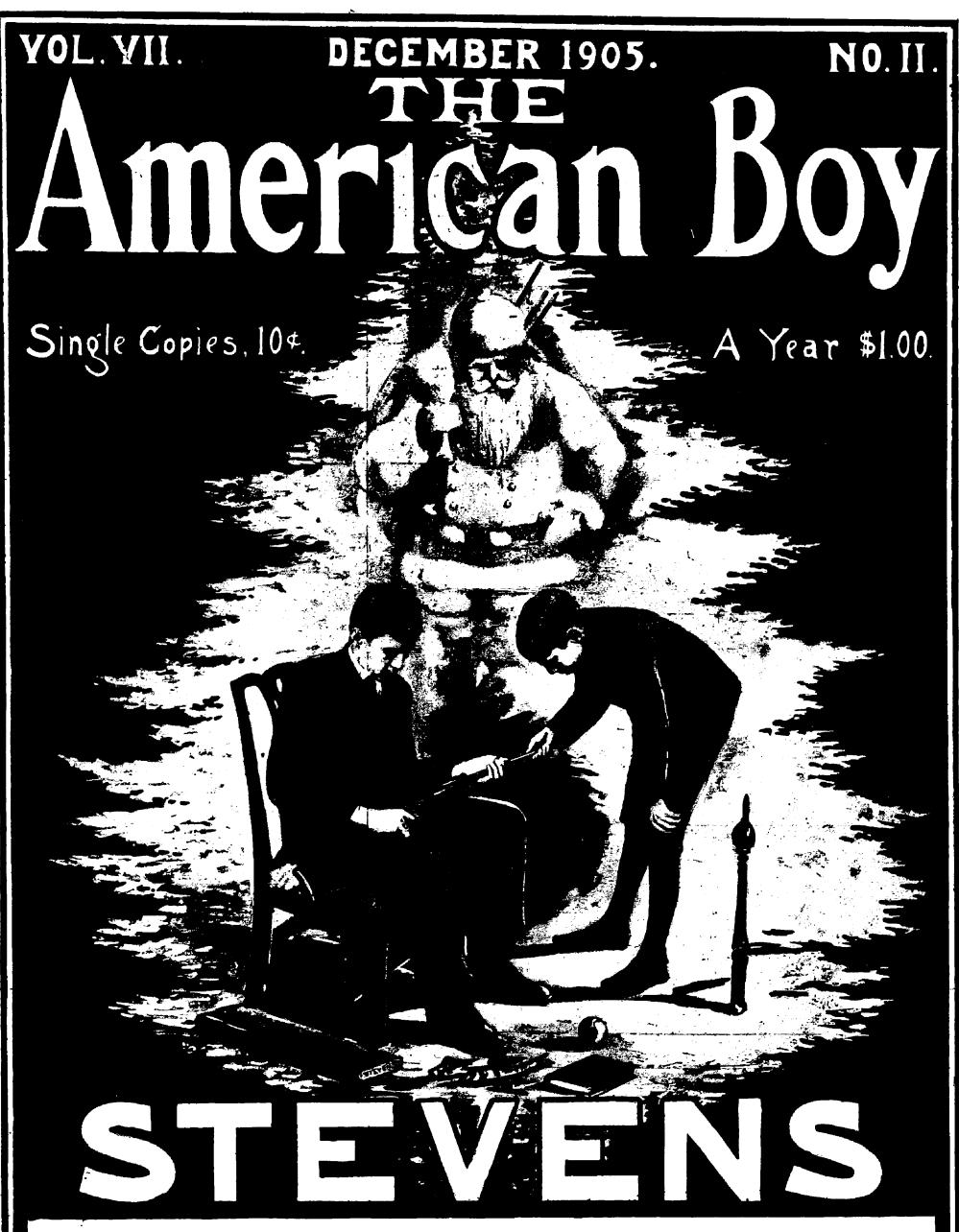
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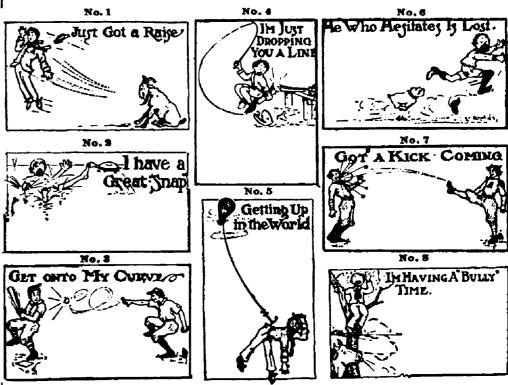
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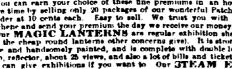
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AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7

DETROIT, MICH., DECEMBER, 1905

NUMBER 2



VERY SPRING the meadows at the eastern side of the mountain where the tripod fox made his headquarters were covered with water. The river at the foot of the mountain being swollen, then Reynard would indulge in his most exciting sport, which was duck hunting.

He would sit upon a convenient point about twenty rods up the side of the mountain, and watch the waters below, until he was able to mark down some ducks in a position, that suited his purpose. He wanted them near shore, preferably with some point or bush that would cover his approach, then he would slip swiftly down the mountain side and enter the water twenty rods or so from the game.

If he could keep a floating tree, or some other object, between himself and the feeding ducks, so much the better. Otherwise he would have to swim very slowly, with just the point of his nose showing above the water. He had to be careful not to make ripples, for the ducks were wary.

When he had reached the bush or point as near as he could get, with the greatest caution, he would stop a few seconds to get a good deep breath, for the final swim took good lung power, and he might have to hold his nose entirely under water for the last two or three rods.

The ducks were usually busy feeding, diving and bobbing about, so that when one of their number suddenly went under they thought nothing of it if there was no splash or squawk, and Reynard took care that there should not be. Once under water he crushed the life out of his victim with a powerful crunch of his jaws, and went noiselessly away to the point to hide the first kill and return for another. He rarely got the second duck, but it was worth the try, for the tripod fox was a hunter, and delighted in the chase. Besides losing his right fore paw in the trap, the tripod fox had two other trying experiences during this eventful autumn, both of which tended to confirm him in the cynicism that was rapidly growing upon him. The first of these events was as follows:

One evening just at dusk Reynard came to a spring which was his favorite drinking place. The water was always cold and fresh, and never tasted swampy as some springs did.

He was hungry as well as thirsty. The rabbit plague had done its deadly work among the cottontails the year before, and they would not be very plentiful again until the second or third year after the plague. Reynard did not know this, but he knew that rabbits were scarce, and it was not as easy hunting them as it would be after the deep snows came.

This evening he found both meat and drink at the spring, for there were several generous pieces of meat strewed about, but his suspicions were at once aroused. The meat had not been there the night before, and it was quite strong of man scent. He could also see where each piece had been slit, and here the scent was strongest. There was also another rank odor at each of the slits.

With his trap experience so fresh in his mind he would have passed the alluring feast by had he not been so hungry. For a while he considered, nosing the pieces of meat about. Then he selected the one which had the least taint about it, ate it and went quickly away as though he dared not trust himself longer near the meat.

He had no sooner swallowed the tempting bit than he was filled with misgivings. There did not seem to be any immediate injury from it, but he felt instinctively that some subtle danger lurked near anything that had man scent about it.

He knew of a pungent plant that would cause him to throw up the meat if he could only find some of it, but he searched the woods in vain.

He could find it any day when he did not want it,

but now it seemed to have suddenly disappeared.

By this time an hour had elapsed since tasting the forbidden fruit, and he began to feel sick.

The meat was burning him up, and making him dizzy. He then knew that his cunning enemy man had again got him in his clutches.

He rushed hurriedly to the brook and drank until he could hold no more. His thirst could not be satisfied, and the deadly sickness grew upon him.

Then by some good fortune or inspiration he thought of a very old remedy, and began eating grass ravenously.

The relief was not immediate, but this simple emetic took effect in half an hour, and the brook water and the meat came up, but enough of the poison had gotten into his system to make him thoroughly sick for the rest of the day, which he spent quietly lying under a bush.

But this was one more of the hard lessons he was learning, never again would he touch meat with man scent upon it, not even if he starved.

The other experience from which he learned new caution, was not so much his fault, but merely one of those accidents that will frequently come into the best ordered life of a fox.

He was crossing a laurel swamp one morning. The snows had come and bushes and boughs were bending under their load. He was following a rabbit path, which was the rabbits' principal highway through the swamp, their main traveled road, as one might say, with lesser thoroughfares branching out in every direction. Reynard was quite absorbed in the rabbit scent which was fresh, and was not exercising his usual precaution, for not even a fox can be interested in several things at a time.

Presently he got a whiff of man scent, that made his nerves start, but he kept very quiet. The scent came to him from down the wind, the object scented must be very near, or he could not notice it against the wind.

Then the woods was startled by a roar that echoed again and again, and a score of horness stung the tripod fox in as many places. There was no need of keeping quiet any longer when such noises were abroad, and the fox broke cover running for his life.

Again the roar resounded through the woods, and again the hornets stung him, but not so freely as before.

Over and under bushes he sprang, running and jumping in a manner that would have done credit to a four-legged fox and soon left the swamp far behind, but he did not stop running until he reached a ledge near the mountain top, where he holed.

This was his first experience with the deadly thunder stick, man's long arm with which he reaches out for the wild things that he cannot catch in any other way.

The hornet stings in his coat continued to smart for the rest of the day, and his hide was sore for some time, but the tripod fox felt that he was lucky to escape even with this inconvenience, and did not mind.

I ater on in the day he heard a strange wild noise like the cry of some animal down in the laurei swamp, but it was faint and far away and as the ledge was close at hand he did not fear it, but he was very cautious for the rest of the winter, when he went into the laurel swamp.

The following year he learned that the weird sounds were the cry of an animal with which men chased both foxes and rabbits, and that the resounding roar was man's voice, with which he said to will creatures: "Stop! I want your hide; it does not belong to you, it is mine."

The hunter had spoken just as loudly to the tripod fox on this occasion as he ever spoke, but the shot had been intended for rabbits instead of foxes, and as they were not large enough to break bones or

pierce his vitals, Reynard had escaped with a score of little pellets in his coat. Had the gun been loaded with number four shot instead of sevens, the eventful life of the tripod fox would probably have been cut short at that time, and the fox club in the village beyond the river saved many a futile chase.

The three-legged fox was always at a disadvantage in a straightaway race for life, and this he never attempted, unless there was a crust just hard enough to bear him, and let the hounds through.

No one who has not seen Reynard divested of his fine reddish yellow overcoat, knows what a slight fellow he is. The leanest greyhound is fat compared with him. His legs are not larger than those of a cat, while his body at the largest girth, is not much larger around than a man's fore arm. Seeing him with his coat on, the novice estimates the Fox's weight from twenty to thirty pounds, while really it ranges from eight to twelve pounds.

The closest call that the tripod fox ever had and one that was long talked of by the club, happened in this way.

There was a heavy snow on the ground, and the three-legged fox was down in the valley prowling about some corn stacks that had been left out by a shiftless farmer. He had found mice very plenty there all the fall, and he wanted one for breakfast.

The club was out, too, this morning, and the pack took his track at the foot of the mountains and came on across the field at full cry. The cunning fellow usually would have put for the mountain and holed in one of half-a-dozen ledges that he had selected carefully during his residence there.

Ledges where he could not be dug out and was comparatively safe, but to day the pack was between him and the mountain and he was gradually pressed farther and farther from his stronghold.

The snow was deep and moist making his coat heavy and his one forepaw slumped badly. He was getting winded and all the time the pack was gaining on him. At last he reached some spruces covering an acre or two of pasture. He might snarl the track a bit here, and gain a few rods, so he gave it some of his most scientific twists, and came out of the other side just as the pack entered, thirty rods behind him.

He stopped a moment to consider. There was safety in the mountain a mile away. He could never reach it in this snow without being caught.

Then there was a noise in the road, and he slunk back behind a bush, but all the time the cries of the hounds came nearer.

While he stood uncertain and desperate, a log team passed in the road, within a rod or two of him. This was the noise he had heard.

There was one log at the bottom of the load longer than the rest, making just such a seat as boys like to ride to school on without having the driver, who is perched high on the load at the front, know they are there.

The desperate fox saw his chance and took it.

He sprang into the road behind the team and three or four of his three-legged jumps landed him on the long log. There he crouched, his reddish coat matching the color of the spruce log nicely.

Just as the pack of hounds broke into the open the log team rounded a bend in the road, and a moment later the air was filled with perplexed howls from the baffled pack.

A small boy, dinner pail in hand, was trudging to school, and came into the road behind the log team from a cross path. He saw what he thought to be a collie dog, riding upon the log at the back of the load. Almost at the same instant the dog raised his head and saw the boy. Then he jumped lightly off and disappeared in the bushes and the boy saw that the collie was a fox.

It was not until his fifth year that the tripod fox met Fuzzy, the one oasis in his desert life.

He had not mated up to that time, as his crippled condition made him an outcast in the fox family, and this was another thing that made him morose.

Fuzzy was three years old, and she too had never mated before. She was under size, weighing only seven pounds as the fox club ascertained later.

Their litter of four kit foxes came in March, and the tripod fox was the proudest sire for many miles around.

He made longer excursions into the valley than he ever had before, for he had to hunt for the family, and many a henhouse paid tribute to the little fox family up in the mountain.

One of the young foxes died during its kittenhood, but the rest grew finely and were well favored young foxes when the first frosts toughened their hides and made them fit for the fox club's taking.

It happened about the first of November, on the occasion of the annual fox hunt which was followed by a banquet in the evening.

A horseman with a bugle had awakened the fox hunters at four o'clock that morning, and the men and the pack were off at five.

Fuzzy and the youngsters had gone into the meadows, to look for quail that morning at about three o'clock. They could occasionally find a bevy where they had spent the night, sleeping in a cute bunch,

and they had made several good meals this autumn that way.

They trailed the quail, but the pack trailed them and at five thirty the hounds were in full cry.

In some way the young foxes got separated from their mother, and ran recklessly about without any other purpose than to keep out of reach of the noisy pack. As the club said, "they were just old enough to play nicely."

By seven o'clock two of their pelts were dangling from the pockets of lucky hunters, and the third, who had also been shot at, bolted the country and the hounds went out of hearing. They came back after about two hours, for a pack will not follow a fox as far straight across country as a single hound. But the young fox, who had been badly scared, was never seen in that part of the country again.

Once more the tripod fox felt himself an Ishmaelite in the land of his fathers, and something of his old moroseness came back to him. But he still had Fuzzy and she alone was the joy of his lonely life.

December and January crawled by. It was a very hard winter, and the fox family had all they could do to keep down the pangs of hunger that gnawed at their vitals

Rabbits were scarce, and there were no sudden thaws and freezes that caught partridges under the crust, where the foxes could find and dig them out,

They did occasionally get one that had plunged under the soft snow to keep warm, some bitter night, but one partridge would not keep a couple of hungry foves long

They were finally obliged to go to neighboring farmhouses more frequently than they liked to.

There they would occasionally find a dead hen that had been thrown upon a compost heap or a calf that had been dragged into the lots for the crows and foxes.

By the first of February there was again promise of a litter of foxes in the spring, and the tripod fox forgot his loss in the new hope.

About this time came the January thaw which was late, and after it a hard freeze, and a fine crust.

One morning Fuzzy went into the meadows to feast upon a dead horse. She was heavy with young, and this made her ravenous with hunger.

The fox club had drawn the dead horse into the meadows as a decoy, where they could start a fox without so much trouble as they would otherwise have to take.

The club got an early start the same morning that Fuzzy made her trip to the dead horse, and the pack at once took her track.

Seven members of the fox club were out, each posted at some crossroad, or likely spot for a fox to cross, so they patrolled the meadows thoroughly.

It was a cold, crisp morning, and each hunter had stamped out a spot two or

three feet square to stand in, and kicked the snow off his feet to keep them from getting cold. They wore fur caps and gloves and carried shot guns. They all waited impatiently for the cry of the pack, and whenever it came near a waiting hunter he would draw the glove from his right hand, and cock his gun.

Halfway back to the mountain Fuzzy ran upon one of the hunters, and had a close call. Her coming had not been announced by the pack, and he was not ready for her. His glove fumbled the trigger, and as the fox was on low ground he shot over her but the roar of the gun rolled across the meadows, and echoed from hilltop to hilltop. The tripod fox heard it on the mountainside and was anxious, so came out at the top of the cliff under a small spruce to watch and listen.

Presently he heard the pack in full cry and saw a small yellow speck coming straight for the mountain about half a mile away.

It was Fuzzy. She was running well, and the pack were fifty rods behind. She would make the mountains nicely if no unseen hunter intervened.

The tripod fox strained every nerve to watch the race of his mate for life. The pack did not gain upon her and he felt sure that she would make it. It was fine running for both dog and fox and the pack swept

across the meadows like the wind.

Fuzzy was now within a quarter of a mile of the foot of the mountain. Her mate from his hiding place under the spruce saw nothing but clear fields before her and smiled broadly at the thought of her triumph. Then he saw a team driving rapidly across the meadows, the horses going at a gallop. On the seat beside the driver was a tall, gaunt hound that

the tripod fox did not remember seeing before.

The team was driving to head off the pack where it would cross the road forty rods from the foot of the mountain. The man was holding the hound by the collar, and it was straining and tugging to get

Then the pack crossed the road just ahead of the team and the man let go the bound.

With great bounds that ate up distance like an express train he came after the pack, overtook them and drew nearer and nearer to the flying fox. The tripod fox saw the new danger, and gritted his teeth and strained his sight that no movement might escape him.

Fuzzy redoubled her efforts, and drew away from the pack, but the gaunt hound drew rapidly in upon her. Only four or five rods now separated them.

The watching fox cast caution to the wind and came out of his cover and peered over the cliff to see how it ended, for he felt sure that it would end in a few seconds.

Twice Fuzzy doubled and the gaunt monster ran by her, but the third time he reached over and closed his lank jaws upon her back and threw her over backwards. There she lay limp upon the snow. She

did not rise again for her back had been broken as though it had been a reed.

The team came up just in time to save the fox pelt from the pack that came thundering up to congratulate the greyhound on his quick run and brilliant finish.

All were glad but the red fox on the mountain who went sullenly back to his den, which henceforth should know no litter of small foxes.

Four times during the same week the tripod for witnessed the same tragedy in the valley below, that he had seen this morning. The pack in full cry, the flying fox, and the hideous monster that came in at the finish and picked up the fox with ease.

The hunter who carried the tall hound in the team lived at the end of the tunnel over the river. The watching fox saw them go there each day after the hunt. It was something to know where his enemy lived, for he could be on the lookout for him.

About the last of February the tripod fox found some small pieces of meat strewed about a spring. It was very strong of man scent, and he knew it would not be good for him to eat it. He had never forgotten the lesson of the meat that made him sick. But after considering for a while he carefully took two of the largest pieces and trotted off through the dark.

He skirted the river until he came to the long dark tunnel that man always used in crossing. Ordinarily he would not have dreamed of crossing in this way, but would have crossed on the ice, but tonight he was filled with a reckless daring, and a wild exultation that feared nothing.

He trotted across the bridge to the house at the farther end, where the great hound lived.

he he had he he had he

He had reconnoitred the premises a few nights before when the moon was up, and knew the lay of the land. He even knew where his enemy slept.

There was a little house under an open sned. It had a swing door and the chain rattled when the hound moved. The wary fox had found out all this by standing upon the wall across the road and giving a couple of sharp barks. The door in the little house had suddenly been pushed up, and the head of the lank hound thrust out, while the chain rattled. This was all the fox wanted to know so he had gone quietly away.

Tonight he crept carefully into the shed and laid the two pieces of meat that he had carried so gingerly, as near the dog house as he dared to.

He went so near that he could even hear his enemy breathing. He was quite aware of the risk he ran, but did not care. It would be as well to die, in a hazardous enterprise, as to be picked up on the meadows some morning where there was no chance

When he had placed the meat by the door of the kennel, he went back into the road and gave two or three sharp barks as he had done before.

He heard the door of the little house come up with a bang and the chain rattle, but it was so dark that he could not see anything of his enemy.

he could not see anything of his enemy.

He had done all he could, and so trotted quietly away, this time crossing on the ice, instead of by the

The greyhound was never seen again in the chase upon the plains, and with him went all the good luck that the club had known this season. They had

taken fifteen foxes, of which he had caught twelve.

He had only failed in one instance to catch the fox when he got sight of him and this one had gone under the ice at an open spot in the river and did not

come out again.

The tripod fox saw from his mountain cliff that the greyhound was missing at the next hunt, and

smiled broadly and licked his chops. He also saw the pursued fox scurry away across the meadow, and go out of hearing with the pack in full pursuit. It gave him delight to know that if the greyhound had been there the fox would have been picked up in the open. Now, he would escape.

This revenge was very sweet to the three-legged fox, and he wanted more of it. They had not paid the price of Fuzzy's death yet, so he schemed and bided his time.

The first of March was exceptionally warm, and brought rain, and then a sharp freeze, which left a crust as glare as ice. This was what the tripod fox was waiting for. So he went into the valley early one morning and left his trail in all the likely places and then came back to the foot of the mountain and waited. One hour, two hours went by, and still he sat there upon his haunches waiting.

Just as the sun was peeping over the eastern hills he heard the cry of the pack and again that broad smile overspread his crafty countenance.

It was to be the last hunt of the season, so the club had planned, and there would be a great banquet in the evening to wind up the year's hunt.

The club was out for pelts today. The red fox sitting on his haunches at the foot of the mountain was also out for business.

He waited until the pack got within twenty or thirty rods of him, then slowly began the ascent, the hounds slipping, sliding on the crust, but the fox picked out the best path up the mountainside that he could find for them. By keeping under the trees, where icicles had fallen and frozen to the crust and where the rain had not fallen so freely, he found them very good footing. Up, up, they went, the fox leading a few rods ahead, and the pack following

eagerly. Occasionally the hounds caught sight of the fox leisurely climbing a few rods ahead of them and the valley below echoed with their full-throated cry. The walting hunters on the cross roads wondered. A fox had never taken the dogs up into the mountain in that way before, and they wondered how they could follow him, up the steep mountain on such a crust.

Halfway up Reynard stopped and waited, to give the pack a good look at him, and to encourage them in the ascent.

This time he let them get within four or five rods of him. He did not climb any higher, but ran along the side of the mountain, for a short distance.

Just opposite a small scrub spruce by which he marked the place, he stopped and again waited for the pack. From where he sat he could not see what was beyond the little spruce, but half a mile away was the meadow and the broad river.

On came the pack bellowing wildly, but the red fox sat quietly waiting their coming. The climb had been slow and the pack were nicely together and swept along the mountain side to the waiting fox, almost in a bunch.

There he sat like a statue, grimly inviting them on. With yelps and snarls of eagerness they rushed upon him but aluded them glipping and gliding just

he barely eluded them, slipping and sliding just ahead of them toward the scrub spruce, the pack following him excitedly, in fact they could do nothing else, once they were started slipping and sliding down this toboggan chute.

One of the hunters in the valley below who was nearer the mountain than the rest, saw the pack following along the side of the mountain, but just at the scrub spruce, which looked like a bush from that distance, he lost sight of them and waited for their reappearance.

Although he could not see the dogs he knew by their cries that they were close upon the fox and he fully expected them to catch him if he did not hole, which foxes occasionally did in the mountains.

nd. He even knew where his enemy slept.

There was a little house under an open shed. It and a swing door and the chain rattled when the bound moved. The wary fox had found out all this cliff, and fell three hundred feet, upon the rock below.

It was still in the air, when a white object much larger followed it. This had not struck when a black and white form fell. The hunter gasped, but was too thunderstruck to speak. Then two more dogs shot over the cliff simultaneously, a fifth followed and a second later the entire pack, of five dogs, valued by the valley fox hunters' league at two hundred dollars, was lying upon the rocks, most of them too mangled to even kick in their death moments.

The reddish yellow pelt of the tripod fox was among the black and white of the pack, but never before had a paltry dollar and a half pelt cost such an astonishing price as that which the fox league paid for the life of the tripod fox.

#### Denny, a Mule Driver

Next month we print the first chapter of "Denny, a Mule Driver," a new continued story different in its nature from any that has heretofore appeared in the pages of The American Boy. It is a story of the Pennsylvania coal mines. It illustrates what a boy can do amid the most discouraging conditions, and how the faithfulness and heroism of a humble life may teach a lesson that affects a whole community for good. The story also strikingly illustrates how kindness to animals does more in making them docile, ob-dient, and willing servants of man than do harshness and cruelty. The story will run through three or four numbers of The American Boy, and is just the kind of a story that hoys will like and profit by.



HAD ALWAYS been

school teacher, who was

a hero in my eyes (because he had fought in the Civil War from '61 to '65 and had seen many great battles which he loved to tell about)—I had been told by these good people and by numerous Sunday-school books that it was not good for me to associate with "bad boys." I half believed that these good and wellmeaning advisers were prejudiced, and unjust to a lot of good fellows who only had bad habits. It always seemed to me, too, that the bad boys had a much better time than the good ones. When I was dressed till I was stiff, marching reluctantly to church with my good father, who was a constant and regular attendant at all church services, where, at the end of the pew flanked by his entire family, he dozed happily through every sermon, I often met the bad boys going barefooted to the river to fish and swim, or with ball bats across their shoulders, wending their way to the commons for a game of ball.

It seemed to me that somehow or other my parents misunderstood bad boys and that I was the sufferer thereby. I am sure I didn't understand the preacher, wide-awake as I was, any more than father did, asleep as he was. My feet scarcely touched the floor and the hard board seat with its straight back did not fit my youthful anatomy. My younger brother and I were separated by the width of my good mother, so that congenial companionship was out of the question. We sat so far forward I couldn't see anything but the preacher, who stood in so high a

I WENT ANGRY AND DIRTY TO BED

pulpit I had to look up to see him and he wasn't much to look at anyway. And if I dared turn around I looked square into the face of a big, frowning woman who appeared always as if she were dying to choke little boys.

No wonder. then, my mind ran off out the windows beyond the hard. frozen stillness

of the sanctuary to the beautiful river with its shady nooks where fishes bite, and its swimming holes with smooth rock bottom, and to the green sward of the public com-

mons where nature called with a million voices right into my listening, longing ears. No wonder, I say, that I thought God loved the bad boys and shut the good boys up in prison.

The time came finally when I rebelled. I would no longer be checked. I was as much entitled to enjoy life as anybody, and I proposed to exercise my right.

Of course, I selected a time for declaring my independence when my father was away from home. It was too much to expect me to conquer both father and mother at one and the same time. Mother was the weaker, and I would try her first. Once I got her broken to the new order of things I could tackle father; but not the two together.

Father was to be gone over Sunday. So Sunday was to see my emancipation. Saturday night was tub night. A big tub of lukewarm water and an all over bath from me, the oldest, to the little sister, the youngest.

I intended to go walnutting the next morning-Sunday morning—and whoever heard of a fellow taking a bath to go walnutting!

I rebelled against the bath and went angry and dirty to bed. I had overcome in the preliminary skir-

It was all arranged. Hank Jennings-bad Hankof bad family, bad name, bad morals, bad everything -but Hank Jennings, good ball player, good swimmer, good diver, good fisherman, had suggested that we go walnutting up the river some six miles where his uncle had a farm and a dandy lot of walnut trees just raining walnuts. It was then I made my declaration of independence. I was flattered by being asked by Hank Jennings. He and I didn't associate regularly. I was so good he didn't like me much, and he was so bad I stood in sort of awe of him. But he must have read my mind that Saturday. Maybe I looked sort of wistful when he talked about his uncle's walnuts and maybe he suggested Sunday to scare me. Anyway, I boldly accepted his offer, recalling that father was not at home and the only

opposition would be that of a sweet, pure-faced, little mother who was not nearly so big or strong as I was. Hank was to get a boat-borrow one, he said, though I think he really knew where he could get one more easily than by borrowing.

Sunday morning I was awake early, ate my breakfast bravely, replied haughtily to my mother's anxious question as to why I had not put on my clean clothes, all spread so nicely on the chair at the foot of my bed as usual Sunday mornings, by saying that I hated clean clothes and anyhow I could put them on later; then I stalked out of the dining-room, out of the back door into the yard, and thence to the alley by which I made a bee-line for Hank Jennings' home in the lower part of town on the bank of the

It was a beautiful morning. The town was quiet, so early. I was glad of it, for brave as I was I didn't care particularly to be seen walking down the alley to the river in my week-day clothes on Sunday morning-I. who always went to Sunday-school and church in the morning and the cemetery in the afternoon and then to call on my dear old grandmothernever quite so dear as when in after years I look back on her aged, wrinkled face, her withered hands, her helpless form propped in pillows, surrounded by her children and grandchildren who met regularly every Sunday evening in her room to hear her few words of affectionate greeting and carry away into their lives the benediction of her smiles-I, who was counted a good boy. No, I wasn't quite up to being seen just yet in my new character. But I would grow into it.

Hank was ready, and together we found the boat. Hank had to break a lock to get it, for someone had locked it to a stake, and Hank was put to some inconvenience, for, as he said with a grin, the owner forgot to give him the key.

It was a long row up the river. I did the most of the rowing. I preferred to. It was an honor to row Hank. He sprawled in the stern of the boat and told lies; I can't call them anything else—just plain lies about himself and other fellows of his set. I was interested. I didn't know then that they were lies. Hank chewed and smoked. I did neither. He offered to teach me but I wasn't equal to that yet.

Listening to Hank and handling the oars kept me busy, but we hadn't got a half-mile up the river ere I heard the church bells ringing for Sunday school. But Hank was in the middle of telling how his gang cleaned up the gang in the town across the river in a fight on the bridge, and the bells just gave me a little glimpse of mother and my younger brother and little sister starting for Sunday-school all spick and span and wondering and perhaps worrying over me, and then the story got exciting and I forgot them.

Out of sight, out of mind. The town was now far away around a bend in the beautiful old river and I was pulling hard against its strong current where, compressed between high hills, its waters piled deep. The farther we went the more rugged grew the scenery, the stronger the current, the harder the pull; then Hank took the oars, rolled up his dirty sleeves, bared his knotted arms, and fairly lifted the boat over the waters. How big and strong he was! How powerful to overcome things! How different from me with my pale skin, my thin, weak muscles, my limp, tired body. It was all because Hank did as he pleased and I did as the Sundayschool books told me all good boys must do-go to bed early never use tobacco, never use profane language, observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy, mind your parents, be good.

But now it was over! I could from this time on lead a life of independence, come and go as I liked, grow tough and strong and know things like Hank Jennings. I was tired of being good. From now on I would be-not exactly bad, but bad enough to be worthy of Hank Jennings' friendship and esteem.

By noon we sighted Hank's uncle's farm, stretching along the river bottom and up over the hills. It was near noon and I

our dinner, Hank?" asked timidly for somehow my voice sounded to me like I was inviting myself to Hank's uncle's dinner table.
"Dun know," said Hank, with a grin.
"Won't your uncle take us in?" I asked, a little sur-

"Where shall we get

"Not on your life," said Hank. "The old man's no friend of mine. If he catches us on his premises, look out for dogs.

"But he's your uncle, Hank. Surely your uncle wouldn't treat you like that."

"Uncle! Say, kid, let's drop the uncle. I hain't got no uncle. I was just stringin' you."
"But the walnuts! Whose are they?" I asked, be-

ginning to catch the drift of things.

They're ours, if we get 'em," said Hank. "Must we steal them?" I whispered, for I had not

yet become brave enough to steal. "No, of course not, you ninny. Walnuts isn't prop-

If they was hangin' on the trees and you knocked 'em it would be stealin', but if you picked 'en up off the ground it wouldn't. If you was going 'long over a man's land and you picked up a stone and put it in your pocket it wouldn't be stealin.' would it?" "No, I suppose not," I said feebly.

"Well, walnuts on the ground is no better'n stones. Old man Cooley don't use 'em. They're goin' to

"Then, why not ask for them?" I inquired, seeing a way out.

"Well, if you want them walnuts you'd better not ask. Jest go and take 'em. I tell you right now if you want to back out, just say so, and you set in the boat and say your prayers and I'll get the walnuts, but remember there ain't none of 'em your'n. If I'd known you'd turn chicken liver I'd come alone, or got some other feller. There's lots of 'em that'd been glad to come. But I always kinder liked you. I thought you had stuff in you. I always stood up for you when the fellows was for leavin' you out of things and I said you was all right only your old man was down on you. I picked you out for a winner against the odds. Now, you're goin' back on me."

"I am not going back on you, Hank. I am kind of kept down. This is new business to me; but I'll get used to it. I'll show your friends you didn't make any mistake. I am a good fellow, all right, and I'm with you now and for good. I'll shake hands with you on that."

"All right, pard," replied Hank, not stopping his rowing to take my outstretched hand. "I'll take your word. A word between two gentlemen is as good as a writin'."

We were now at the lower edge of the farm. The farm house was hidden behind an orchard. The walnut trees were halfway up the hill back of the house.

Carrying each an empty coffee sack Hank and I sneaked along a fence that ran up the hill, then crawled among the bushes till we reached the trees. Hank knew the spot well. He had been there before, and on one occasion had left as a souvenir with one



of Farmer Cooley's dogs a piece of his trousers. So Hank was cautious. His story of his race with the dog and his ignominious surrender of a part of his trousers and a little of his leg made me cautious,

An hour we spent in hulling the dead ripe fruit that lay in prodigal abundance about us, and piling them in little hillocks ready for the sacks.

All this time we had not had a bite to eat, though the excitement of the adventure and the glorious abundance of the "game" for a time made us forget

To drag the heavy sacks among the bushes and down the hill to the boat was no easy job, but it was accomplished without our being discovered. Two trips to the trees resulted in our boat, which was a small flat-bottomed affair, being filled half to the rim, so that when I took my seat at the rudder and Hank shoved her off into deep water and leaped on to the bow, she settled to within a few inches of the edge and for a moment I thought she was going down.

"Sit still and she'll float all right," called Hank exultingly, as he clambered to the oar seat and with a few vigorous but careful strokes sent the boat bow first into and down the current.

It was now the middle of the afternoon. sun set early in the valley, for the hills rose high from near the water's edge, and already dark shadows lay across the stream, warning us that, with six miles to go and a heavy boat, we had work before us if we would reach town by nighttail.

For a time Hank and I were silent. The shadows rapidly deepened on the water. The dead silence of nature, save for the measured stroke of Hank's oars. the spectral outlines of trees on the ridges of the hills, the chill in the evening air, and the gradual sinking of our heavily laden boat as the water seeped through her deep-sunk sides, oppressed me. Hank's silence was ominous, but I laid it to his being tired. as I was. I tried to whistle but my lips refused to pucker. I shifted my position and a little water splashed in over the rim of the boat.

"Sit still, you fool. Don't you see we're almost under water now?"

Yes, I did see it and it scared me speechless. From that moment I scarcely moved a muscle—I feared to breathe hard.

"Sit over that way. You're not in the middle of the boat. If you want to get home to your mother, quit loppin' over to one side," yelled Hank.

No soldier ever stood stiffer and straighter than I sat for the next half hour.

It was now quite dark. Only by peering intently could I make out the shore on either side. Hank had stopped rowing, for the motion of rowing endangered our safety; we were just drifting.

"How many of these walnuts do you think you're goin' to get?" asked Hank after a long silence.

I had been asking myself that question. Nothing had been said up to that time about a division. I didn't know, and said so.

"I'll leave it to you, Hank," I said humbly.
"Then you won't get any," he replied shortly.
"Oh, I guess I will." This was my reply in words but my tone of voice meant that I hoped I would or that surely Hank wouldn't be mean enough to keep them all.

"Well, you'd better guess again, for you're wrong. I've been sittin' here thinkin'. I proposed this trip, I found the boat, I did most o' the rowin', I found the walnuts, I made you pick 'em, and as far as I see you didn't do nothin' but grumble, and now you're sittin' here thinkin' as how you made Hank Jennings steal for you, and tomorrow you won't speak to me.

"Why, Hank-" I began.

"Thunderation! What's that!" broke in Hank before I had time to say another word.

For a moment each of us held his breath. Our boat was slowly circling around, as on a pivot.
"We're on a snag!" whispered Hank. "Quick, or

she'll go down. Out with the load, lighten her.'

The walnuts had been emptied from the sacks into the bed of the boat more than half filling her. Try as we could with two pairs of hands it was slow work throwing the nuts overboard, and every movement of our bodies caused her to ship water. Then to add horror to horror, for both of us were now badly frightened, the measured chug! chug! of a stern wheeler could be heard coming down the river. Then it occurred to Hank and to me at the same moment that it was the time for the night packet.

It took no prophet to tell us that no boat like ours

could live in the big boat's waves.

'Can you swim?" asked Hank, after a futile effort to lighten the boat in which I joined with an eagerness born of of desperation.

"Yes," I said feebly, "but not much. How far is it to land?"

"We're opposite Brokaw's farm as near as I can tell, but I don't know which bank is the nearest. We may be nearer one side than the other and a fellow is as likely to strike out for the one that's farthest off. It's a good quarter-mile to shore, prob'bly."

Hank was taking off his shoes. His coat had been laid aside at starting.

"Come, get ready, you ninny," he cried, seeing me stting helpless and making no move to save myself. "Get off your duds. We're in for it. It's sink or

"But I can't swim that far," I wailed. I knew it. for I had tried. I had never been a good swimmer. "Then stay with the walnuts. You can have 'em all," was Hank's reply.

The steamboat was now rounding the bend above. Her chug! chug! as now a fearful choo! choo! I could hear the swash of waters at her bow and the blow of her paddles and a moment later the lashing of the waves against the shores. "Good bye, little boy," shouted Hank, "I'll tell your

mother you'll be along some day," and with this he threw himself overboard and struck out for shore.

"Hank! Hank!" I called. "Save me, Hank, come back. I can't swim. Hank! Hank!"

I thought I heard an answer as I listened with my heart in my throat, but it was only a laugh that came back to me over the water.

Then I turned my attention to the steamer which seemed to be bearing down directly on me. Her furnace doors were thrown open. I could hear men shoveling coal and see two great blazes of light as if from two monster flery eyes. I had read that when the first steamboat went down the Mississippi the little pickaninnies on the shore thought it was the devil coming, and ran and hid themselves. They couldn't have been more frightened than I was just

In the alarm I felt I had not noticed that my boat, relieved of part of its load by Hank's jumping overboard, had swung off the snag and was drifting. It was not till jumping for one of the oars (for Hank had taken the other) and preparing to leap into the water that I noticed the boat give a lunge as if free. I knew now that it was only left for me to seize the oar and paddle for all that was in me out of the path of the oncoming steamer.

Throwing myself on to the stern seat I paddled first on one side and then on the other, my eyes fixed on the big engine of destruction that was drawing near-To my immense relief I saw the steamer bearing off to one side and felt that now I should not be run down. But the waves! Often 1 had rowed out behind the stern-wheelers in a stout skiff and had had the fun of bobbing up and down in the trough of the waves from the big stern-wheel, but this was different. My boat was half full of water and nuts. I had but one oar. It was inky dark. I was tired and weak from excitement and an empty stomach, not to speak of the labors of the long day.

In a moment I felt the swell lift the boat and then she sank into the hollow of the big, bow wave. Up she came again and then down, taking in at the same time, it seemed to me, a half a barrel of water. Another such deluge would sink her. I shouted.

"Hello! Hello! Help! Help!" but no help came. The steamer kept on her way, for a moment lighting up the river about me and giving me a glimpse of t. e shore, fifty yards away. The sight gave me courage. If worst came to worst I could swim that distance, but I would stick to the boat as long as she floated.

The stern-wheel of the steamer plowed deep into the water and sent away to either shore a succession of big waves into which I now plunged. There was no use of my rowing now. My weakened strength could not hold the bow across the crest of the waves. So rolling sideways into the first trough and then lifted to be plunged again my sinking craft obeyed her own sweet will, while I waited ready to leap, should she sink. It was a wait of but a moment when with a plunge she failed to mount an oncoming wave and I was knee-deep, then waist-deep in the water. I had taken everything off but my shirt and trousers, so grasping my oar in one hand I threw myself into the water and made a dash for shore. The water was cold, my teeth chattered, my arms and legs seemed numb and lifeless, the oar scarce floated its own weight and could not bear mine in addition. Was I then to drown?

Then it was I saw myself a coward. I had been afraid of my father's displeasure, but I had been

#### MESSAGES OF THE GOVERNORS TO AMERICAN BOYS

No. 15- From the Governor of South Dakota



HON, CHARLES N. HERREID GOVERNOR OF SOUTH DAEOTA

The American boy, God bless him! He is the best specimen of the twentieth century civilization. He is the sentinel guarding the cross roads of human progress and in him centers the hopes of our country's future. Charles V. Herreid

ready to break my mother's heart because she was weak and a woman, and alone. I had been afraid of Hank Jennings because he was big and had no one to boss him. I had been afraid to stand up for what I knew was right when it came to a question of how to get the walnuts. I had been afraid to stand up for my father against the evil words of this young bully. I had been afraid to claim my share of the walnuts because it was Hank Jennings that disputed my right. I was a miserable coward and deserved to drown right there and then. But I would like to see my mother once more and my brother and sister. I would like to ask their forgiveness. But it could not be. I was going down-down in the black waters. then my feet touched bottom and I walked-rather tumbled, splashed, and floundered like a frightened animal, till I stood dripping on the shore and shivering like one with a bad attack of the ague.

The rest is soon told. How far I was from home I did not know, but I knew the river road and the direction. There was no moon and no stars, but for this I cared nothing. I was safe and soon I would be home.

I had gone some two miles when a lantern shone in the distance, and then came the sound of wheels.

The alarm had been given. My distracted mother had waited for me at dinner and then her Sunday tea had gone untasted. Neighbors had come in to inquire and go out wondering to search for me. Such a thing was hard to understand, "for I was such a good boy." Night fell and the whole town refused to go to bed till some explanation of my disappearance could be had and some relief brought to a distracted household. A telegram was sent my father and he was hastening home. Then Hank Jennings brought his story to town. I had been drowned! The news was kept from my mother. Men made ready to go by road and river to search for me. The men with the lantern I now met were some of the searchers.

Another hour and I was in my home. My mother lay prostrate on her bed. Kind women were minis tering to her. My little brother and sister had long before cried themselves to sleep.

It was the dearest, best home a boy ever had. I had gone out of it in the morning a rebel against all that is best and dearest in life, and had come back to it at night taught by bitter experience that a good father and a good mother are better masters of a boy's life than any Hank Jennings the world ever saw, and that, after all, a good boy doesn't have such a hard time of it as he sometimes imagines he does.

#### YOU OWE THIS TO YOUR MOTHER

To consult her and ask her advice in regard to whatever you are about to do, even though you have no doubt as to what your course should be.

To be on the lookout for every occasion to make whatever return you can for her years of sacrifice and planning for your happiness and well-being.

To defer to her opinions and treat them with respect, even if they seem antiquated to you in all the smart up-to-dateness of your college education

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by taking pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her

Not to shock or pain her by making fun of her religious prejudices if they happen to be at variance with yours, or if they seem narrow to your advanced views.

To introduce all your young friends to her and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans, so that she may carry her own youth into old age.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read. the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family.

The boy who endeavors to pay back what he owes his mother is the one who will be most sought after by the people who are worth while, and be apt to make the most successful life.-- "Success."

#### YOUR SISTER

One can generally tell what a boy is by the way he treats his sister. It does a lad no good to tease his little sister, and it often does her much harm. especially if she is a nervous child. Perhaps you say: "I like her just the same, even if I do tease her." Then try and like her so much better than you already do that you will not care to tease her at all.

An objectionable paper once came to a boy. He glanced at it, and seeing the firm from which it came, was about to throw it into the stove. "Let me see it?" asked his sister. "I'll not let you see that," he said, and the paper was soon in flames.

Most boys are anxious to have their sisters appear ladylike, even if they are not always gentlemanly themselves. Some girls were behaving rather rudely at a church social and a boy was heard to observe, "I am glad that my sister was not one of them."

George Eliot has said in one of her poems: "And were another childhood's world my share,

I would be born a little sister there." Such a verse from the world's greatest literary woman speaks well for the young brothers-does it

not? I know of a lad who had his sister leave the yard in which the boys who were playing with him were talking in an improper manner.

Do you want to show your appreciation of THE AMERICAN BOY? Then try to get some one of your acquaintances to subscribe, or give him THE AMERICAN Boy as a Christmas present this year.



From Stereograph, Copyright 1905 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN THE BAMBOO AND NIPA PALM AUDITORIUM AND BANQUET HALL, SAN FERNANDO, PANPANGO PROVINCE, P. I.

Beginning from left to right are Gov. Arnado of Panpango Province, Miss Roosevelt, the Governor's Wife, Secretary Taft and Senator Scott. American Delegates and prominent Filipinos standing.

#### A BOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By IDA LUCELIA BROOKS

Miss Leonard had consented the last day of school, to the children's earnest request, for a Christmas box on the plan of the Valentine box.

There were many whispered confidences, subject to frequent interruptions upon the arrival of the favorites, chief among whom was Nellie Owens, whose sweet disposition was her passport to general admiration.

Dexter Harland, the little newsboy, could not be induced to divulge his intentions. Joe Conners, who had bought a five-cent silk handkerchief for Miss Nellie, said he was stingy. The fact of the matter was this: There was another Nellie in the class who was just about as friendless as a child can be. She took offense readily, and her poverty was continually calling forth the taunts of her schoolmates. On this account she early developed into a "spitfire" and refused all advances. It was this little girl whom Dexter intended trying to make a little happler at the festive season.

Often, as he passed with his papers, he noticed how fondly she tended the few plants in her flower bed. Sometimes, unobserved, he dropped a slip of carnation or geranium over the fence, and saw it planted the following day; so he had decided to buy her a pot of freesias.

He made his purchase early on the morning of the last day at school, and as he was leaving the

store, he met Joe Conners. "What y' got?" asked Joe.

"What business is it of yours?" Dexter was angry at having encountered Joe, when he was trying to avoid everybody.

"Oh! it's for Nellie, is it?" the boy continued maliciously, catching sight of the writing on a slip of paper. Dexter turned it quickly before Joe saw the last name.

Before they reached the schoolhouse a number of boys joined them, thanks to Joe's efforts, and Dexter's face was flushed with vexation.

When two o'clock came and the gift box was placed upon the teacher's deak with Dexter's flowerpot beside it, there was not a boy or girl in the room who had not been informed that it was Dexter's and that Nellie Owens was to receive it. The presents were mostly inexpensive and, in many cases, chosen with little regard to taste.

Nellie Owens received all of hers with a pretty grace, from Joe's silk handkerchief to a dainty handpainted glove case. Yet, like the rest, she was impatient for the presentation of the potted plant.

At last, Miss Leonard took it into her hand Nellie involuntarily put her little foot into the aisle. "And this is for Nellie Marshall."

Every face was a study. A prolonged "Oh!" breathed from forty individual throats, added to the little girl's confusion as she walked to the front of

the room. Before she regained her seat, her face was crimson beneath the gaze of forty pairs of eyes, few of them expressing real pleasure in her goodfortune. Dexter was staring out of the window. Nellie Owens showed less disappointment than the rest, and before long felt real satisfaction in the turn affairs had taken.

Nellie set the flowerpot on her desk, opened the wrapper at the top, looked in, then, closing it, settled back in her seat, looking straight ahead with her mouth set defiantly as usual but with an undefinable something in the depths of her eyes.

That evening Dexter had his papers to deliver as usual. He encountered many gibes along the way, but occasionally he would meet a boy who would tell him that he was a "brick" or a "trump" or some other one of those curious names that boys like to he called by. Nellie Owens was in the garden and smiled sweetly as she took the paper.

Dexter had determined to go out of his way to avoid seeing the little girl for whose pleasure he had undergone so much, but, by some boyish impulse, he suddenly decided to take his customary route. He whistled in order to appear at ease, but stopped suddenly, realizing that she might think he was whistling to bring her out. He put his hand in his pocket, then took it out and, for the life of him, could not tell what to do with it.

Nellie was at the gate when at last he reached it. Involuntarily he raised his eyes and instead of dropping them he held them fixed on her face. He had never before seen such a happy expression there.

"Dexter," said the little girl, who seemed almost a woman now, "they are beautiful. I've seen them in the windows and wanted them so often, but I didn't have any idea that they were so sweet."

"I'm glad you like them," the boy replied, fumbling at his remaining papers and starting to move

"I've always liked you better than the other boys," Nellie continued frankly, "but I didn't suppose a boy could be as kind as this."

"It wasn't anything," he said, with an effort to appear indifferent.

"Yes it was. There isn't another boy around that would have put up with what I know you have had to, today-that is, not for me."

"The florist says not to give it much water," Dexter remarked, and hurried on for fear he would say something silly.

#### HIS MANUAL TRAINING

Dr. Andrew Wheatly Edson, one of the associate superintendents of the New York city schools, stepped into one of the manual training rooms of the city schools the other day. He saw the boys working with such vigor and vim that he could not resist the temptation of saying these very encouraging words:

"At your age, my young friends, I, too, had a course in manual training, but not with such pleasant surroundings. My father was my teacher, the tools I worked with were a bucksaw, a sawbuck and a slice of bacon rind. The material I worked on was the cordwood yearly piled in the cellar. I was not always as interested or as happy as you are here, but I can safely say that transforming those rough sticks into firewood gave my brain and muscles a training which has always helped me. I congratulate you upon your privileges."

#### TWO FACTS ABOUT THE **HOME**

There are two facts about the home that distinguish it, educationally, from every other social institution: the amount of time during which it exerts its educative influence, and the necessarily unprofessional character of those who constitute, so to speak, its educative corps.

In the first place, out of the first fifteen years of life, five are usually spent wholly at home, and out of the 8,760 hours which the children have to spend each year of the remainder, 7,760 are normally spent by them under the care and guidance of home; fewer than 1,000 hours being usually spent in school. In the second place, parents, as parents, are neither learned, nor professionally trained; generally speak ing, if they are skilled in imparting instruction they are self-taught, or "natural born" teachers. These facts help us to answer the question, What is the special responsibility or function of the home as an educational institution? It is clear that upon the home there rests a heavy and unshirkable responsibility for education. It is also clear that this education will have to do with superstructures. and with morality, taste, and religion rather than with intellectual training and knowledge; that the influence of home will for the most part be exerted through the activities and companionships of home life, and through the "unnoticed pressure of a moral world" which the home brings to bear on the boy, and to which the boy responds, in great part, by unconscious imitation, by forming tastes and habits, and in some degree also by consciously trying and willing to "improve," to "remember" or to obey. More briefly, the home accomplishes its ends, educationally, not mainly by preaching, still less by setting lessons, but simply by giving old and young a chance to live and learn together.

From this analysis it follows that that type of home will have the greatest educative efficiency which provides a home life which is rich, and moral, and real. To be rich, home life must be full of activities and interests; to be moral, it must be organized: to be real, it must be vital, personal, and sincere,-it must be life, and not merely something

wearing the look of life

# THE JOY CLAIM A STORY OF THE NEUTRAL LANDS FOR CHRISTMAS CIFTS AWARDED FOR CHRISTMAS

YE DON'T MEAN Clay County, Missoury, I reckon," said Simp-kins, in a changed

In Three Parts 🕸 Part II

"That's what I do."
"Why, thar's where I'm from," responded Simpkins. "Didn't know old Colonel Simpkins uv Oak Ridge, I reck-

on?" Like a book. He's one uv the best lawyers in the state. Won a lawsuit fer me that I had with old Ben Holden over a cow."

"He's an uncle of Roger Simpkins, cap-tain uv the Green Valley League," re-plied Simpkins with an air of pride. "You don't say so?"
"That's a fact. Did ye know Amos

"Thet lived on Soup Creek?"
"Yes."

"Know him? Stayed at his house many a night when I was runnin' a freightin' team. Do ye remember the big log rollin' he had about ten years ago?"

"Wal, I war thar. Mebby ye remember thar bein' a big fightin' bully thar by the name uv Samson Chuggs?"

by the name uv Samson Chuggs?"
"Saw him oncet at the county fair."
"I'm the feller that gave him the whippin at the log-rollin, and throwed him into Soup Creek."
"You surprise me, by gosh, ye do."
"I surprised Samson Chuggs, I reckon," chuckled Babbett. "Ye didn't know the Fikes, did ye?"
"What, Bud an Jake?"
"Them's the fellers."
"Yas; Bud uster live only a mile from

"Yas; Bud uster live only a mile from e. He war a powerful man to swap

"Powerful! He swapped me a horse oncet that war blind as a mole, an' I didn't find it out till the beast walked inter a gully with me, an' broke my colar bone. But Bud was a good neighbor."

bor."
"Thar warn't a better one in Clay

county."

"I'm perlite, by gosh, I am," said Mr. Babbett. "Bin keepin' ye standin' out thar. Jist come in an' take a cha. And quickly unbarring the door, he threw it open to admit his visitor.

"Thank ye," replied Simpkins. "Jist gimme a cheer out hyar by the door an' I'll have a little chat with ye."

Mr. Babbett brought a chair and after hynding it to his visitor seated himself.

handing it to his visitor, seated himself in the door.

The two men resumed their conversa-tion, and the minutes slipped away un-noticed till a quarter of an hour had

Presently Pete Davis and three of the leaguers dismounted and approached the

"Hallo, thar! What aire ye doin', Simp-kins?" asked Peter Davis as he came up. "Jist settin' hyar taikin'," replied

"Jist settin hyar tarkin, replied Simpkins.
"Has he surrendered?" asked Davis.
"Thar ain't no surrenderin' ter do," replied Simpkins.
"We'd like ter know the reason thar ain't," returned Davis.
"That's whatever," sanctioned one of the men

the men.

"Gentlemen," said Simpkins, rising and confronting the four men. "This gentleman is from Clay County, Missoury."

"What's that got ter do with our business with him?" asked Davis.

"It's got a good deal ter do with it, I low I'm from Clay County, an' I want ye ter distinctly understand it."

"We war sent hyar by the league ter arrest him."

"Yas, but you warn't got also."

arrest him."

"Yas, but you warn't sent along ter give advice. I reckon I'm the boss uv this committy, ain't 1?"

"You bet," sanctioned Jack Baggs, coming forward. "I ain't in fer harmin' a man as long as he ain't done nothin'. Mr. Babbett hain't contracted with ole Joy yit, an' we don't know that he intends to."

"That's right." spoke up Henry Rab-

"That's right," spoke up Henry Bab-bett. "I jist claim the right ter do as I please with my own business, an' the rest uv ye can do the same."

The men remained silent, looking to their leader.

their leader.

"Fellows," said Roger Simpkins, "I am captain uv this League, an' command ye ter all mount yer hosses an' ride home. I'll take care uv the business regardin' Mr. Babbett."

"That'll suit me." responded Baggs, moving away, followed by the other three.

"We'll hold you responsible for him

"We'll hold you responsible for him." said Peter Davis, as he mounted his horse, "and I shall call on the league termake an' investigation uv yer actions." "Mebbe ye'd better do the investigation now," said Simpkins, in a bantering tone. "I think I could explain matters ter ye

in about two minutes."

Peter Davis made no reply to this, but muttering something under his breath, he galloped away, followed by his companions

Seating himself by the door Simpkins again fell to conversing with his new-made acquaintance from Clay County, and it was far into the night before he took his leave.

The days wore slowly away at the Babbett cabin without its inmates being further molested by any member of the league. It was evident that Simpkins had used his influence to bring the leaguers to desist from further troubling the Babbetts, for the present at least

"We'll jist let matters rest as they re," said Mr. Babbett to his wife one aire.' aire," said Mr. Babbett to his wife one evening as they sat in the shadow of the cabin. "I don't want ter contract with ole Joy for the land if I ken help it, so we'll wait, an matters will be settled before long, I reckon, an then we'll know what ter do."

"I do hope the lond question will be

"I do hope the land question will be settled soon," replied Mrs. Babbett. "It's mighty disagreeable ter live in a place where the neighbors aire all set against a person." a person.

"I reckon they ain't goin' ter bother us much, now that they know they hain't got no child ter deal with. Some say the land question won't be settled till next symmer. That will give us a better chance ter pay fer the claim. The three

league had decided at its last meeting not to molest the Babbetts as long as they remained neutral on the land ques-

they remained neutral on the land question.

"We orter all stick tergether an' fight ole Joy to the last," he said, "but if a man thinks different, I ain't in favor uv tryin' ter drive him inter believin' as I do."

"Usin' force ain't a goin' ter do no good," observed Mr. Babbett, reflectively. "As I understand it, the Neutral Lands have already been sold ter Joy—except the claims that was took before the 10th uv June, an' unless Congress decides that the sale war illegal, thar ain't

except the claims that was took before the 10th uv June, an' unless Congress decides that the sale war illegal, thar ain't no remedy but ter submit. I tell ye Congress has got ter settle it, an' not the settlers."

"Mebby ye're right, but we're goin' ter keep on opposin' uv the measure givin' Joy the land as long as we kin."

And this was the sentiment of a large number of the settlers, their object being to agitate the matter in such a manner as to influence Congress to decide the question in their favor.

And so matters went on, and leagues were rapidly organized throughout the counties of Crawford and Cherokee.

Meantime the claim-holders were busily engaged in making improvements, building fences, and fixing up their cabins for the coming winter.

ins for the coming winter.

Most of the settlers had come too late to put in a crop, so feed for all kinds of stock threatened to be scarce. Mr. Babbett had some eight or ten head of

Babbett had some eight or ten head of horses and cattle, and he at once set to work to provide feed to last them through the winter months.

He spent two weeks in cutting the luxuriant grass that grew on the prairie, and as fast as it cured in the sun, raked and stacked it, while Martha assisted him as far as she was able. Joey also made himself useful by carrying water from the spring to the hayfield. Mrs. Babbett attended to the stock, milked the cows and performed the household duties. duties.

After the hay had been stacked, the

as she rode away from the cabin door, and took the dim road leading in the direction

road leading in the direction of the town.

A soft September wind blew from the west and rocked the tops of the flaming sumachs to and fro, while through the gathering gloom the nodules the Detailed at its last meeting not to molest the Detail of the flaming sumachs to and fro, while through the gathering gloom the nodules along the Detail of the flaming sumachs to and fro, while through the gathering gloom the nodules along the direction of the town.

A soft September wind the tops of the flaming sumachs to and fro, while through the gathering gloom the nodules along the direction of the town.

A soft September wind the tops of the flaming sumachs to and fro, while through the gathering gloom the nodules along the direction of the town.

Martha urged her horse into a gallop as the darkness deepened, a strange feeling of loneliness coming over her as she found herself alone in the night on the

found herself alone in the night on the broad plain.

An indefinable feeling of fear took possession of her as she drew farther and farther away from home. The scream of a night bird came from a dark ravine, and over a swell in the prairie the barking of a coyote sounded sharp and distinct on the evening air. But the feverflushed face of her father rose before her, and setting all dangers that might lurk in her path at defiance, she urged her horse onward.

It was almost midnight when she returned with the doctor. Her father had

turned with the doctor. Her father had fallen into a feverish sleep, in which he muttered incoherently, and tossed rest-

lessly upon his pillow.

The doctor examined the patient and gravely shook his head.

"It's a bad case of malarial fever," he id, "and he must have the very best said. of care.

He remained till daylight, watching over the sick man and administering the medicine with his own hands. Then he took his leave, promising to return on the following day.

In the evening Roger Simpkins came over. He was much surprised to find Mr. Babbett so ill, and he remained at the cabin all night, watching by the sick man's side. From that time on he or Jack Baggs was at the cabin every night and rendered all the help in their power. And so the days wore on. In spite of the doctor's skill Mr. Babbett grew gradually worse, and it was soon evident that ually worse, and it was soon evident that he could not last many days longer. Mrs. Babbett moved about the place

Mrs. Babbett moved about the place as one in a dream, scarcely daring to think of the dark future.

Every morning Martha brought some fresh wild flowers from the prairie, and placed them on the table near the bed. Then she would take her station by her father's side, and faithfully administer to his wants. to his wants.

He was restless, and talked in a



AS THE DARKNESS DEEPENED, MARTHA URGED HER HORSE TO A GALLOP

It was five miles to the nearest body of timber on Can Creek, and the labor of cutting and hauling it from such a distance was an item of no little consequence.

Mr. Babbett cut the wood, while Martha and Joey drove the team and hauled it to their home. They could only make two trips in a day, and it was over two weeks after beginning the work before it was completed.

A corral for the stock was next built, with a long shed on the north, covered with hay to protect the horses and cat-tle from the rain and snow.

"It ain't much uv a stable for the hosses," said Mr. Babbett, "but it's the best that we ken do now.

He next set to work to fence a patch of ground south of the cabin, but before he had fairly begun the work he was stricken down with a fever. He grew steadily worse from the first, and it was soon evident that the service of a physician was necessary.

"We must git some one ter go ter Newtral City fer the doctor," said Mrs. Babbett. "Mebby we could git Mr. Simp-Babbett. "Mebl kins ter go if-

"Never mind, I'll go, mother," said Martha. "I know the way, and I shan't be gone long," and she began to make preparations for starting on her journey. Newtral City lay ten miles away, across a strip of sparsely settled prairie, and as the sun was already near the western horizon, Martha knew that the larger portion of her journey would have

to be made in the night.

The sun had gone down and darkness was fast settling over the broad prairie

supply of winter wood was the next to strange, incoherent manner at times, be looked after. which brought the tears to the eyes of his child.

Sometimes he would talk as if in conversation with the leaguers. "I ain't goin', Peter Davis," he would say. "Thar ain't no law ter drive an innocent man are the bound of the cutter bear unless the bound. from his home. Get outer hyar unless ye want ter git inter trouble! A man that's fit four years in the war ain't goin' ter run at the barkin' uv a kiote!"

Then he would talk about the claim. always displaying a child-like faith that the Government would eventually ad-

the Government would eventually ad-just the matter to the good of the set-

just the matter to the good of the settler.

"It's got ter be argied," he would say, resignedly. "It takes a long time ter argy anything in Congress; but they ain't goin' back on a man that's fit four years in the war. Congress'il settle it—Congress'il settle it." And so he would go on, always confident, even in his delirious moments, that the Government would make everything right in the end. One evening the fever went down, and the little family, gathered about the bed, saw that the sick man was fast sinking into his last sleep. He opened his eyes, and spoke in a feeble whisper. He was perfectly conscious now, and the watch ers leaned forward to catch the words that he might utter.

"Im goin', Nancy," he said, addressing his grief-stricken wife, "an' I've got ter leave ye hyar alone with the two childer—but stay on the claim—don't give it up—the Government ain't goin' ter he hard on ye—if ye let 'em know I fit in the war. They ain't goin' ter take the claim from ye, Nancy—it'll all be right yit. It's got ter be argied—but—but Congress'll settle it."

He closed his eyes, and for a long time

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PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN BOY WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS

It was a week later. On a grassy knoll north of the little prairie shanty, is a new-made grave—the last-resting place of Henry Babbett.

Gathered in that desolate home, the grief-stricken little family, seeing only a dark future before them, "take up the burden of life again."

"Heaven only knows what we're goin' to do to get along now," said the sorrow-crushed widow. "We can't work the claim—an' if we could we hain't got nothin' to live on till a crop could be raised next summer. Thar's nothin' fer us to do but to move to some town an' live—where we can git work at sewin', cookin' or somethin' of the kind."

A sob escaped Martha's lips.

"I—I don't want to leave the claim," she said in a choking voice. "I can do the work—and—and—we'll get along somehow."

But Mrs. Babbett shook her head, and could only see the dark side of the fine

But Mrs. Babbett shook her head, and could only see the dark side of the fu-

But Mrs. Babbett shook her head, and could only see the dark side of the future.

"I don't see what we can do, child," she said despondingly. "Thar ain't much work that we can do on the claim, an it's a mighty pore out we'll make a' tryin' to run a farm."

But Martha was of a different turn of mind, and although the doctor's bill and the funeral expenses had left them almost penniless, she did not despair, and at once set to work to devise some plan by which she might earn a little money, so as to enable them to remain on the claim. To abandon it now would be an irreparable loss. That they would be unable to pay for the claim seemed almost certain, yet if they could only hold if a little while, they might be able to sell their right to it for a good sum. Then there was the three hundred dollars which they could get by the next summer. This would go a long way toward paying for the claim, and if they could only succeed in raising a crop the next year Martha felt hopeful of being able to pay for the claim if given a little time.

Among the things which Mr. Babbett

Among the things which Mr. Babbett had brought with him from Missouri was a small cast-iron sorghum cane mili, rightly thinking that it would be of good service in the new country he was

rightly thinking that it would be of good service in the new country he was coming to.

One day while moving some lumber that was stacked under the horse shed, she came across this mill, and in a moment a plan for putting it to use came into her head.

"Mother," she said, on returning to the house, "nearly all the oldest settlers about here have patches of sorghum cane, but there isn't a mill in the neighborhood, except ours. Now why couldn't we make up their cane on the shares—half for half—as old Blodgett used to do in Missouri?"

"Why, child, how could we with no one to help us? and we have nothing to pay any one to help us git it started."

"I have studied the matter over and think we can manage it," replied Martha. "You know father made up our sorghum in Missouri with only you and me to help him, and I don't see why we couldn't go on with the business with a little aid. Now, there is Mr. Williamson; he has a large patch of cane and three boys that are doing nothing most of the time, and I think we can get one or two of them to help us through the season. You see by the time they work out what will be due us for making up much." this cane, we won't have to pay them

out what will be due us for making up this cane, we won't have to pay them much."

"Why, Martha," answered Mrs. Babbett. "you orter be a man, I'll declare you ort, you've got sich a good head fer plannin' out things. Mebby we can do as you say, and if we can it will be a power of help to us."

"We'll do the best we can, anyhow," said Martha, cheerfully, "and I don't see why we can't get along some way."

Martha at once set to work to carry out her plan. She visited every claim in the neighborhod where they had cane, and soon had enough work engaged to keep the little sorghum mill running till cold weather. She also visited Mr. Williamson, and found him only too glad to allow two of his boys to assist at the mill as payment for making up his cane. Roger Simpkins and Jack Baggs came over and aided in setting up the mill, and in less than a week it was in operation.

The venture proved a success beyond

The venture proved a success beyond either Mrs. Babbett's or Martha's expectation. The fame of the Babbett sorghum mill spread to other neighborhoods, and many settlers who had come, came from a long distance to have it made into molasses; but owing to the limited force at work at the mill, they would have been turned away had they not volunteered their services with the work. So it happened that the little mill was kept going night and day throughout the season.

When at last the season's work was completed the Babbetts found that they had over two hundred and fifty gallons of sorghum after their expenses for help had been paid, and as it was selling at from fifty to sixty cents per gallon at the nearest town the sum realized by its sale seemed quite a fortune to the little family. hoods, and many settlers who had come,

family. "I reckon I'll jist have ter turn all the managin' of the place over ter you, Martha," said Mrs. Babbett. "You seem ter know jist what ter do an' how ter

do it And Martha accepted the situation, and And Martha accepted the situation, and it was surprising to all the neighbors to witness the amount of work she accomplished. During the winter that followed, she managed to find some profitable employment while many others were idle. She did not look for something at which she could make a large sum of money at a bound, but was content with small results, always seeing great possibilities in the humblest occupation. She did hauling and odd jobs with her team for claim holders who had no team, and seeing that there was a large amount of travel on the old military road between Fort Scott and Baxter Springs, she conceived the idea of running a huckster's wagon and selling articles of provisions and feed to the immigrants, and had soon established a profitable little business that lasted through the winter.

With spring came a flood of immigrawas surprising to all the neighbors

he lay as if asleep. Then as the sun threw its last golden blaze across the level plain, he breathed his last.

It was a week later. On a grassy knoll, north of the little prairie shanty, is a new-made grave—the last-resting place of Henry Babbett.

Gathered in that desolate home, the great-stricken little family seelers only minent.

tion, and the unsettled portions of the Neutral Lands were rapidly taken up by eager claim hunters. As spring advanced, the counties were rapidly settled up, the strife between the settlers and the anti-Joy Leaguers increased to an alarming extent. The greatest agitation prevailed throughout Crawford and Cherokee counties, and a bloody warfare between the opposing factions was imminent. minent.

So intense was the excitement, and so frequent the deeds of violence, that the Governor of the State was compelled to take steps to quell the hostilities, and on the 31st of May, 1869, the following proclamation was issued:

on the 31st of May, 1869, the following proclamation was issued:

Topeka, May 31, 1869.

Whereas, Official information has been received at this office from the local authorities of the counties of Crawford and Cherokee, to the effect that the execution of the law is impeded, and that personal security and private property are endangered by the acts, and the public peace disturbed by the threats of lawless men in said counties,

"Now, therefore, I, James M. Harvey, Governor of the State of Kansas, and charged by the Constitution to see that the laws are faithfully executed, do issue this my proclamation, enjoining each and all the people within the counties aforesaid, to yield due obedience to the officers of the law, to cease all acts of violence and lawlessness, and to look to the properly constituted authorities for the redress of grievances and the determination of legal rights.

"JAMES M. HARVEY."

Shortly after the Governor's proclamation bad heer issued on the contained and the determination of legal rights.

Shortly after the Governor's proclamation had been issued a company of troops was sent to the Neutral Lands and quartered at Fort Scott, and, later on, three other companies of infantry and a detachment of artillery, equipped as cavalry, were sent to assist in quelling the disturbance.

To the leaguers the presence of the

To the leaguers the presence of the troops was especially galling, and they were loud in their denunciation of the Governor and the President of the United States for the action they had taken Governor and the President of the United States for the action they had taken in the matter. But the presence of the soldiers served to check the impending warfare, and much of the taik indulged in by the leaguers was mere bombast and empty boasting. It was soon discovered that while they were keeping up a pretended war with the Joy faction, many of them were secretly contracting with Joy for their claims.

After the death of Mr. Babbet, the family had not been molested by the leaguers. During the spring months Martha broke twenty acres of soil which she and her mother planted in corn. As corn when planted on soil needs no cultivating Martha found time to make some improvements about the house and sheds.

Just east of the Babbett cabin was a

house and sheds.

Just east of the Babbett cabin was a small ravine, skirted by a chain of low flint hills, with here and there a stunted oak and a scattering growth of small sassafras bushes. In this ravine was a small spring which furnished a supply of excellent cool water. But during the dry season in the latter part of the summer the spring had dried up. This was mer the spring had dried up. This was a serious matter to the little family, as that was the only place where water could be obtained on the place without going to the slough nearly half a mile

away.
"Mother," said Martha, when she found

"Mother," said Martha, when she found that the spring had ceased to flow, "I am going to sink a hole in the bed of the spring. I think there is water a little way down, and we must find some water nearer than the slough."

"I do hope we can do so," responded her mother, "fer goodness knows ter bring it from the slough would be a power of work."

The next morning by sunrise Martha was busily engaged with pick and shovel digging in the dry bed of the little spring. By noon she had sunk the hole full three feet, and was rewarded by seeing small quantities of water oozing from the sides of the well.

"I think I can finish it this evening," she said to her mother cheerfully, when she returned to the cabin for dinner.

As soon as she had eaten a hurried meal, she returned to work. She found quite a pool of water had collected in the hole in her absence, and after bailing it out with a small tin bucket, she set to work with a will.

The earth through which she was digning was of a blush-gray, mixed with a shelly flint that yielded readily to the pick.

The evening sun was low in the horizon, and she had sunk the well to a depth of nearly six feet when her eyes caught the gleam of some dull, bright substance

eyes caught the gleam of some dull, bright substance which her pick had brought up from the bottom. Stooping, she picked up what ap-peared to be a small grayish rock, but it was of such weight as to cause a look of

as to cause a look of astonishment to cross her face. Turning it over, she saw where the pick had chipped off a piece, re-vealing a bright lead-colored

ore.
"Why, it's a piece of lead,"
she said in surprise. "I wonder how it came to be so deep in the ground.

in the ground."

She struck it with her pick, but instead of receiving a dent as she supposed it would, it flew into a dozen pieces, breaking into little cubes that gleamed like silver.

The pick fell from her hand and for several moments she

The pick fell from her hand and for several moments she stood gazing in silence at the strange pieces of ore. Then she climbed out of the hole. "Maybe I've found a silver mine," she muttered, trembling with excitement. "I wonder if mother would know what it is—"
"Hallo! what have yer got thar, sissy?"
She started at the sound of the voice near her, and look-

the voice near her, and looking up, beheld Peter Davis standing before her, his eyes fixed upon the ore in her hand.

(To be continued.)

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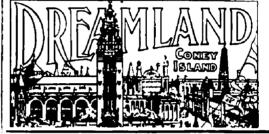
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#### President Roosevelt and School Athletics

The President Approves of Their Promotion in Connection with Deportment.

tion in Connection with Deportment.

American boys are greatly interested in an Associated Press dispatch to the effect that President Roosevelt has accepted the honorary vice-presidency of the Public Schools Athletic League.

In accepting this office, the President has written the president of the association, Gen. G. W. Wingate, expression of his approval of "the promotion of athletics among school children," which is the object of the organization.

He is quoted as saying: "I feel that in promoting athletics among school children along the sane and healthy lines it has followed a service of the utmost importance is being followed. I see that you allow no boy to compete in your games who is not up to the average in studies and deportment, and that you seek to impress upon them the fact that part of the character of every honorable athlete is to despise all that is mean or base. It is a great dist.dvantage to a boy to be unable to play games and every boy who knows how to play baseball or football, to box or to wrestle has, by just so much, fitted h'mself to be a better citizen." has, by just so much, fitted himself to be a better citizen."

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Guess what animals the different parts were taken from.

Use the lines above for answer, or copy on separate sheet.

A boy's book will be given to the boy who sends the first correct solution.



the promise he didn't know there was going to be such good fun at the store. When old Day told stories time always went quickly, and the boys in

always went quickly, and the boys in the store were sure to forget. When Jimmy Williams came out of the store and found it was dark he was sur-prised. He thought it was little more than sunset. His home lay just three miles away, and directly across the wide marsh. During the afternoon a yellow, October haze had settled over the hun-dreds of leave and hovertocks. dreds of barns and haystacks, but just about sunset this had been driven back over the hills by a keen breeze from

about sunset this had been driven back over the hills by a keen breeze from the sea.

"It's blowin' stiff, Jim," said one of the boys who came out of the store with Jimmy. "Better come up with me an' stay all night. Wouldn't wonder but there'll be a big tide tonight, too."

Jimmy hesitated a moment.

"I'm not scared," he said, "an' as for the dykes, they've stood the tide for thirty years, an' they're not likely to go down tonight."

Parts of eastern Canada are much like Holland. The sea must be kept out by dykes. The marshes, in some parts, are ten miles wide. Of course a break in any part of the dyke means the flooding of hundreds of acres of hay land. The people live on the higher lands, to be out of the reach of these floods.

As Jimmy said good-night to the other boys and start d toward the march he was not sure but that there had been times when he felt braver. It is certain he wished he had started for home earl-

was not sure but that there had been times when he felt braver. It is certain he wished he had started for home earlier. He saw the wind was rapidly increasing, and before he had gone the quarter mile that brought him to the edge of the great meadow, there were times when the hierce gusts that pushed against him, brought him to a standstill. He remembered, too, that it was full moon and high tides now. The night before when there was no storm, considerable water had lapped over the dyke in places. Now the wind was roaring in from the bay and the tide was sure to be higher. But it was full ten miles around by the highland road, and to go that way would show that he was a coward. All the boys at school would laugh if they found it out.

ard. All the boys at school would laugh if they found it out.

"I'll be over before it's high water anyway." Jimmy said to himself. Then he broke into a run.

But to run against a gale of wind sweeping in from the sea is not easy. In ten minutes Jimmy was warm and panting. He found that to run was impossible, that is, to run steadily. The wind, finding little else on the marsh to obstruct it, seemed to put all its force upon him. But Jimmy bent forward and met every onset bravely. In the lulls he made good broggess; at other times it met every onset bravely. In the lulls he made good progress; at other times it took all his strength to enable him to hold his own. But he was strong and stout, and the thought never once came

stout, and the through. The stronger and to him to go back. The stronger and louder the wind the greater his determination. He must get home. He had promised to come and they would be anxious about him. Of course his mind was mainly on the flerce storm about him, but now and then other thoughts him, but now and then other thoughts drowned." So if Jimmy suffered, he also learned.

erowded in.
"Why didn't you do as you said you would and so home early?" a sharp, taunting voice seemed to say now and

He had been on the marsh perhaps half an hour when he came to something that surprised him. Jimmy knew there were no barns near the road across the marsh, yet he suddenly came upon one. A group of cattle had gathered in the lea of it shop in the village where he lived, learn-

of cattle had gathe for protection. It flashed on Jinmy's mind that he was lost. In the hurry and dark he had missed the road. What was he to do? He felt his heart pound fiercely in his breast, then he was off again. was off again.

To get home, and To get home, and soon, was the one thought that possessed him. Every rush of wind had before given force to the voice that chided him from within; the new discovery that he had

within; the new dis-covery that he had lost his way gave double keenness to its meaning.

It was only a few moments after he had left the barn, when above the when, above the

ing to his knees, then above them, and a moment later to his armpits.

Just as he was losing his footing something swept against him. He clutched at it desperately. For a moment it seemed to elude and pass him. There was nothing now upon which his hands could fasten. Then something like a partly raveled rope swished across his face. The next instant he was gripping something firmly, with both hands.

Some moments passed before Jimmy realized what had happened. But the situation was soon full upon him. Even on a dark night, one can see for a little distance on the water. Peering shead he saw two great curving horns above the water, and nothing more; then a big wave passed over them and he knew he had hold of the tail of a cow.

Jimmy's position was a strange one.

Jimmy's position was a strange one.

He could not think it possible. Where was he? How long would his strange pilot be able to hold out? Was she on a proper course? Would she reach land or be carried to sea?

He was well aware that cows had been

He was well aware that cows had been known to swim long distances, and that they had saved themselves by swimming when the dykes went down. But it was not at night, nor in a storm. And the distance to high ground, too, might be great. Then there was the fierce set of

distance to high ground, too, might be great. Then there was the flerce set of the current. Might not the very next wave be the one that would end the flerce, brave struggle for life.

Jimmy Williams was young and strong; he had never been sick a day in his life. He had never thought of death. But there, with the angry waves about him, came to Jimmy Williams thoughts, the most serious he had ever had, and most of all was the thought of his failure to keep his promise. Was he fit to die?

At times he felt he was to be saved,

times he felt he was to be saved, that the cow's uncrring instinct would take her safely to land. Then again would come the thought of the peril he was in. Then, raising his voice, he shouted, but the wind savagely snatched

was in. Then, raising his voice, he shouted, but the wind savagely snatched away the sound so that he scarce heard it himself. The waves blinded him; the salt, muddy water choked him and clogged his ears. He could hear the strong, steady pound of the cow's feet in the water. He felt at times like shouting to her, "Courage!"

The waves now were rising higher There was a longer roll to the swell. Ho had hoped the rush of water was bearing them up the marsh. Why, then, was the swell increasing? He feared his strange ship was going down; what if she should sink? Suddenly his feet swung forward, and, joy unspeakable, they touched ground. The next moment he was by the cow's side. He felt her sway and quiver; the next instant with a great groan she lurched backward and an oncoming wave hid her from sight.

from sight.

Jimmy Williams still lives in a house on the slope above the wide, Canadian marsh. But he has new views of right

#### The Source of Henry Wilson's Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record. Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record. JOHN H. BASS, Revilee, Ark., School Record. Power



roar of the wind Jimmy became sure he heard another sound. He stopped, and at that instant a new terror shot into his mind. The dyke was down and the sea was coming!

For a moment Jimmy stood riveted to the spot. Then the rush of cold sea water a bout his feet nerved him to ac-

#### A Word for Parents

The Board of Health of New York City has discovered that out of fourteen thounas discovered that out of tourteen thou-sand school children examined by doc-tors, six thousand had something the matter with them. Almost four thou-sand were deficient in eyesight; nearly as many had bad teeth, and a very big percentage showed deformities, skin dis-eases, pulmonary troubles, and acute ner-yousness.

eases, pulmonary troubles, and acute nervousness.

Doctors, school teachers, and mothers generally agree that the school hours are long enough, and that there should be no extra study hour required of the child after school closes. The strain of the home study hour is too hard on a child who is ambitious for school honors, excitable, or nervous. Quiet is almost impossible in the ordinary home. Parents very seldom trouble themselves about the light by which their children study; desks and chairs at home are not proportioned to the size of the child. Parents are inordinately proud of the precoclous, bookworm habits of their small son. They permit him to read and study because they think he is a sort of genius when he ought to be turned out of doors and made to run and to breathe fresh air.

#### The American Boy Legion of Honor (Open to all Boys Everywhere)

The American Boy Legion of Honor Badge is awarded (1) to boys who do heroic acts, (2) to boys who, in any term of school, ending on a date since Sep-tember 1st, 1905, have received the highest average term grade in their classes in all studies and (3) to boys of ten years of age or over whose record for school attendance is perfect for the time they have been in school, or for the last five years.



LEGION OF HONOR ROLL.

LESLIE MILLER, Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record. LOUIS SARETSKY, Benton Harbor, Mich., Heroism. HARRY GUSTAFSON,

#### He Deserved It

One of the boys to whom we have given The American Boy Legion of Honor Badge is Louis Saretsky, of Benton Harbor, Michigan, who earned his badge by rescuing a boy from drowning.

We sent the badge to the mayor of Benton Harbor, with the request that it be delivered by him to the boy. The following letter from the mayor indicates that our action meets with his approval:

City of Benton Harbor, Office of Mayor. Oct. 24th, 1905.

Office of Mayor. Oct. 24th, 1905.
W. C. Sprague, Care Sprague Pub. Co., Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sir:—Your letter of Oct. 19th found me out of the city. I just returned this afternoon and the young man in question called at my office and I have had the pleasure of presenting to him the medal which you forwarded to him. The young man in question is a very gentlemanly young man and of polished

The young man in question is a very gentlemanly young man and of polished manners and was certainly deserving of the recognition which you have given him. In fact, I believe that he is entitled to have his case considered by the Carnegie Hero Fund.

With kind regards, I am
Yours very truly,
R. R. TUTILL

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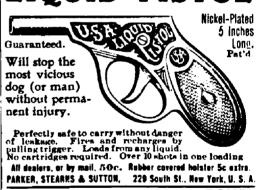
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Two boys in the town of Wilmette Illi-

there are no neighbors.

Two boys in the town of Wilmette, Illinois, made up their minds that every family, particularly at certain seasons of the year, as in the fall and spring, had a call for men or boys to do odd jobs. Every householder knows that there is often a demand for someone to do tinkering, or running errands, or fixing up the yard. Sometimes it is hard to get anyone to do this kind of work. These two boys determined that they would advertise themselves as in the business of "odd jobs." They went about it in a businesslike way by having printed a card two by three and a half inches, reading as follows:

E. Panushka Tel 1510

H. R. Kramer Tel. 502

ODD JOBS

WILMETTE.

P. O. Box 35 or 172

ILLINOIS.

These cards were circulated from house to house with the result that the boys had all they could do out of school hours and people were relieved of the necessity of hunting for help of this kind.

Many of you boys wonder how you are going to get your dollar to renew your AMERICAN BOY subscription. If you can't make your dollar out of this kind of business in a short time, then you are poor sticks.

The information regarding this scheme was sent us by one who signs himself as "An old-time friend of THE AMERICAN BOY," Mr. A. L. Warner, of Chicago.

#### How Willie Made Money

Little Willie Jones' mother had been in the habit of giving him spending money every day. One day mother told Willie that he was getting too old and big a boy to be spending money for candy, and if he wanted any more money he would have to earn it himself. But Willie semed to be more prosperous day after day. One day his mother noticed a lot of children yelling and shricking in the back yard. Upon investigation she found Willie surrounded by the admiring children and this sign upon the playhouse:

"Willie Jones Will Eat

1 small green worm for 1 cent. green worm for 2 cents, 1 small fuzzy worm for 3 cents, 1 large fuzzy worm for 4 cents, 1 small green toad, 10 cents. 1 large green toad, 25 cents."

#### Young Poet and Photographer

Clay D. Woodcock, Maria, Pa.. age 15, sends us the accompanying picture, which he entitles "Deeply Interested." Clay is the photographer who took the picture. He sends us also some of his own verses entitled "Autumn." We quote three verses as samples of the whole, and our readers will agree with us that the boy is something of a genius.

> "The birds are going southward.
> The corn is turning brown,
> And the gaunt old forest trees Their fruits are dropping down.

And early in the autumn,
The children we can see
As on their way to school they go,
To learn their A B C.

By all of these pretty signs The lovely days are here,
With summer's best of beauty,
And autumn's best of cheer."

#### For the Business Boy

Here are some rules which appear in a circular issued by one of the largest establishments in Chicago. They are full of stimulating suggestiveness to the young man who is determined to push along on the highway of life, and to make a success of his journey:

Be courteous.
Be an example. Eliminate errors.

Develop resources.

Master circumstances. Master circumstances.
Anticipate requirements.
Recognize no impediments.
Work for the love of the work.
Know both sides of the question.
Act from reason rather than rule. Be satisfied with nothing short of perfection.

Do some things better than they were ever done before.

Do the right thing, at the right time,

in the right way.

#### Among the Boys

Clayton T, Rogers, Asheville, North Carolina, writes: I have seen a great many things in THE AMERICAN BOY that have helped me, and I think every boy ought to read it. I made the safe I saw in the August number of THE AMERICAN BOY with some changes in the interior of it. By the way, as I was lacing my football the other day I found that with a can opener, the kind that comes on chipped beef or sardine boxes, with the curved part straightened out, one can easily lace a football."

Geneseo, Illinois, Frank Lundell. writes an enthusiastic letter. Frank is interested in the stories and in all the departments, but most of all in the Boy Mechanic and Electrician department. He has made the simple telegraph instru-ment described in a recent number of the paper, and is now working on the battery described in the October number. Frank has taken the paper for four years and says that he has saved every copy of it.

Willie R! Schoenberger of Upper Sandusky. Ohio, writes a congratulatory letter. "You should be proud," he says, "of producing such a paper, as it fills the wants of all the boys in this great country of ours."

One of the subscribers to THE AMERI-CAN BOY, enrolled within the last thirty days, is All Haldar, son of the Minister of Turkey to the United States. He is of Turkey to the United States. He is a boy of about twelve, speaks three languages, Turkish, French and English, and plays football just like an American boy.

And Willie mamma wisely said, For Willie they will do,"

And then she cut those trousers down to make them Willie's size,

And shaped them here and shaped them

Chester McAlexander, Mack, Miss., sends the editor samples of cotton bolls which prove of interest in the far north Chester where no cotton fields ever meet the eye.

Raymond M. Evans, Columbia, Ky., reads THE AMERICAN BOY in the library of the Lindsay-Wilson Training School, which he attends. He thinks THE AMERICAN BOY the best literature that a boy can get anywhere. He is fifteen years of age, and expects to go to the Vanderbilt University soon. With considerable pride Raymond tells us that his father, who is not now living, to his father, who is not now living, to help encourage him, left a provision in his will whereby he and his brothers and nis will whereby he and his prothers and sisters were to have an education, and then he adds, "I intend to have one if work will get it, and I think THE AMERICAN BOY will help me." THE



EARL BARTON IN HIS AUTO

#### Made His Own Automobile

Patience and perseverance go hand in hand and are nearly always rewarded with success. At least such was the case with Earl Barton, a fifteen-year-old "American Boy" of Big Rapids, Mich. For three years Earl spent nearly all his spare time studying automobile journals and catalogues, in drawing plans for the building of one for himself, and in earning the money to carry out these plans.

The accompanying picture shows the successful Earl with his machine. The auto has but three wheels, two in front and one behind. The steering gear connects with the back wheel and works much the same as does that on an ice-boat. The frame work of the machine is made from brass, wood and gas pipe; the springs are from a wagon, the wheels and forks from bicycles, and the steering wheel from a sewing machine. The motor is from a March motorcycle; Earl obtained it by buying a discarded water motor from one of the printing offices. This he advertised for trade march motorcycle, Earl obtained it by styling a discarded water motor from one of the printing offices. This he advertised for trade in the "Cycle and Automobile Trade Journal," with the result that he was successful in obtaining the motor he needed.

Earl thoroughly understands the mechanism of his machine and is justly proud of his accomplishment.

accomplishment.

#### A Picture Post Card Correspondence Club

At the suggestion of one of our friends in California, we have concluded to organize, as one of the correspondence clubs now being conducted by THE AMERICAN BOY, a new one under the title, The Picture Post Card Correspondence Club. Boys interested in picture post cards who wish to exchange with other boys and correspond regarding the subject will be admitted to this club on the payment of fifty cents. The fifty cents will entitle him who sends it to membership for a year. Every month, on or about the first, we will send to every member of the club a list of all the members. As many of our readers live in countries foreign to one another, there will no doubt be an opportunity for boys to obtain unique post cards through membership in this club. Fifty cents a year pays for all the advantages. We hope to hear from many boys.

Yours very truly,

THE AMERICAN BOY.

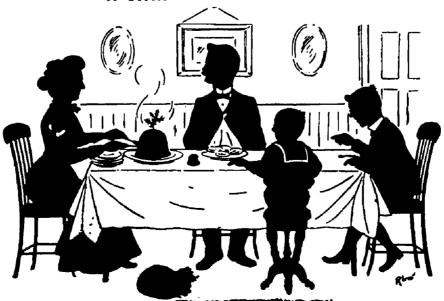
A. M. Krueger Co., 156 Washington St. Chicago.

Woney Hope book tells bow to make the care with a form to feed, broad, broad bow to feed, broad, broad bow to feed, broad, broad washington St. Chicago.

Woney Hope book tells bow to make the care will a formation. Illustrates the poultry for bost results; plans for houses and useful information. Illustrates the largest purples the largest pur

Yours very truly, THE AMERICAN BOY.

#### A CHRISTMAS SILHOUETTE



A GOOD BOYS' BOOK FOR THE FIRST CORRECT SOLUTION.

Most boys know what a silhouette is, so that little explanation is needed. In a true silhouette the figures (or objects) are cut out of black paper by means of a sharp knife or pair of scissors; these are then pasted upon a card and any additional lines needed are put in by means of pen and ink. The example we give lilustrates the American boy on Christmas Day—now we should like our readers to picture him the day after. All attempts should be cut out of black paper and mounted upon a white card. Address: Prize Puzzle Department, THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Michigan.

#### Bill's Idea of a Proper World

If I could make the world, I would Not make a salty sea. I'd fill it up with lemonade And let in children free.

On every mountain, cape and stream, I'd print its name, so we Would never have to study them In a geography.

Addition and division I Would not have made at all.

I wouldn't have a thing but games
For children that are small.

I guess if I made such a world, It would be fine to see,
And all the children that there are
Would say "Hurrah" for me.
—Herald and Presbyter.

#### Woeful Willie

Willie's papa had some pants he bought

in '92, And Willie's mamma wisely said, "For

there in manner to surprise. I do not say a blessed word; I never with

I vow. But, oh, my friends, my stricken friends, you should see Willie now: -Sunset Magazine.

#### English Public School Athletics

Some idea of what the English public school boy can do in the way of athletic "stunts" may be determined from the records made in the English public school contests in 1904.

The record for 100-yard dash, was 10% seconds, for one-quarter mile, 54 1-5 seconds, one-half mile, 2 minutes, 10 seconds; one mile, 5 minutes; hurdles, 17 seconds; long jump, 20 ft. 4 in.; high jump, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight putting, 30 ft. 9 in.; hammer throwing, 81 ft. 9 in.; throwing of cricket ball, 105 yards, 2 ft. 3in.



AT HOME You can earn \$5 to \$10 a week after school at eary and fascinating work with a Mudel Press. Not a toy. Leader for 30 years. Parents give your boy a Model Press. Provides him with home. Costs from \$5.00 up. Free matruction and criticism of work. Soon pays for itself. Send today for booklet "How to Make Money Printing at Home".

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The American Crayon Co., SANDUSKY.



Every Boy His Own Toymaker Greatest boys' book ever written. Tells how to make a Steam Engine, a Camera, Windmill, Microscope, an Electric Telegraph, Telephone, Magic Lantern. Boats of every kind, kites. balloons, toys, wagons, bows and arrows, stills, animal traps, etc., etc. Over 300 pictures. Every boy should have this great book. Price only 10 cents, postpaid, 3 for 20 cents. W. H. HILLER & CO., 84. Fast, Shap.

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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., 166 Washington St., Chicago.



BOYS Money made in spare moments. Healthful and instructive. Address

Standard Cash Register Co., WABASH, IND.



Bample Butt-in, Davil,
Millionaire, and CallingEscort Cards, Something New, Oenuine
Cards with Agents Big Outfit and Fine
IGENTS WANTED.

#### MEN WANTED

WANTED Men everywhere to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs, etc. No canvasning. Address NATIONAL ADVERTISING CO., 6 Oakland Bank Bidg., Chicago, Ill.

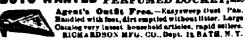
# CASH FOR YOUR FUR

No matter where you are. If you trap or buy fur write today for our new plan to make extra 35 on fur. Corry Hide & Fur Co., Box 31, Corry, Pa.

BOYS—HERE'S A CHANCE! To make some extra spending money BOYS are WANTED in every town in the United States to distribute samples, tack signs, etc. The PAY is 4000b, and the WORK is PLEARANT. One BOY aways \$10 monthly on information secured through us. Send 10c. and learn how you can make spending money each month in the year. Address Dept. C., 1746 Breadway, Denver, Colerado.

WE GIVE AS PREMIUMS: OANARY RABBITS, GUINEA PIGS, and AQUARIUMS with beautiful GOLD FISH. Any boy or girl can easily earn them. Write us immediately for full particulars by mail. Address, CONSUMERS LEASUE, THE Drand Eldg., Philadelphia, Ph.

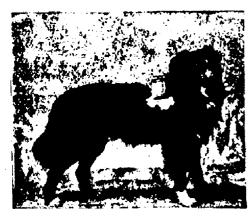
#### BOYS WANTED TO SELL EVERSWEET



#### Novel Chari-

ROBABLY the most irresistible collectors in a good cause to be found anywhere in England are the collecting dogs of the London and South-Western Railway Servants' Orphanage. There are ten of these dogs at work-their portraits are given here with the names of their respective owners. The dogs collected over £350 for the orphanage during 1904.

London Jack I., the predecessor of the present collecting dog at Waterloo Station, who died some time ago, also collected some £25. He is now in a stuffed condition, and continues his good work



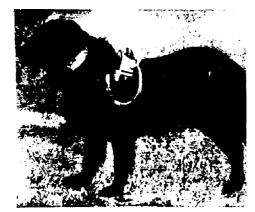
Southampton West Jack. Owned by Mr. E. West, ticket collector at Southampton West Station.



Bournemouth Gip. Owned by Mr J. Walbridge, shunter at Bournemouth Central Station.



Eastleigh Rover. Owned by Messrs. W. H. Clewer and R. Gillingham, Eastleigh Station (Clewer is an old boy of the London and South-Western Railway Orphanage).



The Champion Collector-London Jack II. Owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wickens. Mr. Wickens is a mechanic at Nine Elms Station and a member of the Orphanage Board of Management.



Holsworthy Lassie Owned by Mr. W. G. Found, clerk at Holsworthy



Southampton Gyp. Owned by Mr. E. May, booking clerk at Southampton Station.



Teddington Jack. Owned by Mr. J. F. Hayes, clerk at Nine Elms Station (a member of the Orphanage Board of Mauagement).

# ty Collectors

in a glass case at Waterloo, to which is attached a money slot.

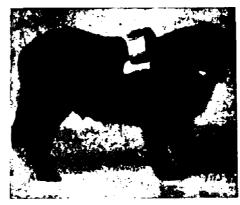
In addition to these ten dogs at present collecting, there are two others in course of training. One is Basingstoke Jack, and the other Fratton Jim; both will be at work shortly. Sometimes, if there is a gathering near their stations, the dogs gather much grist for the orphanage, which was founded in 1885 to feed, clothe and educate the fatherless children of men who at the time of their death were in the service of the South-Western Railway. The orphanage is managed by a working committee composed entirely of railway men.



Owned by Mr. G. Smith, pumper at Fullerton Station.



Barnstaple Vic. Owned by Mr. E. C. Watkins, stationmaster, Barustaple Town Station



Wimbledon Nell. Owned by Mr. G. Brockwell, mechanic at Nine Elms Station (a member of the Ornhange Roard of Station (a member of the Orphanage Board of Management).

#### A Grateful Stork

This story of a stork is told by a German paper. About the end of March. 1891, a pair of storks took up their abode on the roof of the schoolhouse in the village of Poppenhofen. One of the birds appeared to be exhausted by its long journey and the bad weather it had passed through. On the morning after its arrival the bird was found by the schoolmaster lying on the ground before the schoolhouse door. The man, who, like all Germans, considered it a piece of good luck to have the stork's nest on his house, picked up the bird and took it indoors. He nursed it carefully and when it was convalescent used every morning to carry it to the fields a short This story of a stork is told by a Germorning to carry it to the fields a short distance from the house, where its mate appeared regularly at the same hour to supply it with food. The stork is now cured; and every evening it flies down from the roof and bravely walks by the side of its friend from the schoolhouse to the meadows, accompanied by a won-dering crowd of children.

#### In the Morning

[Burges Johnson, in Success Magazine.]

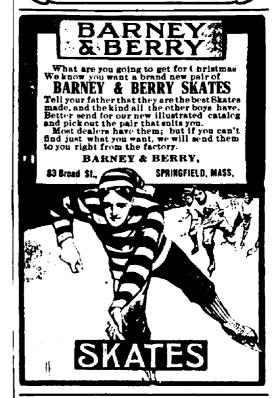
Reggalerly, every day,
When my poppa's gotten up, I can see him far away
Mixin' sumpin' in a cup;
I can hear him slappy-slap
With a knife against a strap.

He is such a funny sight In the mirror on the shelf, With his chin all blobby white, Makin' faces at himself! But I mustn't laugh, or he Comes and rubs it off on me!

Poppa says, when I'm growed up, With some troubles an a wife, I can have a mixer-cup An' a shiny, crooked knife; But he says I must begin Gettin' prickers on my chin.



S. L. ALLEN & CO., Set 1100-0, Phile., Pa.
Patentees and Manufacturers.











Black bears are not, under normal con-Black bears are not, under normal conditions, formidable brutes. If they do charge and get home they may maul a man severely, and there are a number of instances on record in which they have killed men. Ordinarily, however, a black bear will not charge home, though he may bluster a good deal. I once shot one very close up which made a most he may bluster a good deal. I once shot one very close up which made a most lamentable outcry, and seemed to lose its head, its efforts to escape resulting in its bouncing about among the trees with such heedless hurry that I was easily able to kill it. Another black bear which I also shot at close quarters, came straight for my companions and myself, and almost ran over the white hunter who was with me. This bear made no sound whatever when I first hit it, and I do not think it was charging. I believe it was simply dazed, and by accident ran the wrong way, and so almost came into collision with us. However, when it found itself face to face with the white hunter, and only four or five feet away, it prepared for hostilities, and I think would have mauled him if I had not brained it with another bulties, and I think would have mauled him if I had not brained it with another bullet; for I was myself standing but six feet or so to one side of it. None of the hears shot on this Colorado trip made a sound when hit: they all died silently, like so many wolves.

Ordinarily, my experience has been that bears were not flurried when I suddenly came upon them. They impressed me as if they were always keeping in mind the place toward which they wished to retreat in the event of danger, and for

to retreat in the event of danger, and for this place, which was invariably a piece of rough ground or dense timber, they made off with all possible speed, not seeming to lose their heads.

Frequently I have been able to watch bears for some time while myself unobserved. With other game I have very often done this even when within close Dirange, not wishing to kill creatures needlessly, or without a good object; but with hears, my experience has been that zen.

President Roosevelt Says Black
Bears are not Very Formidable

Cotober Symbols Supports

Cotober Symbols Supports October Scribner's.

> A Chinese proverb declares that nothing in the world is really difficult of ac-complishment; that the only thing to fear is that men will lack the courage and patience to persevere.

The Czar of Russia has one private estate which is three times the size of

#### Got Tanned All Right



Tom—You didn't get tanned much at the seashore, did you? Dick—Didn't I, though? Well, you ought to have seen me the day ma caught me smoking a cigarette.—Brooklyn Citi-

# Boys, Take Care of Your Teeth

By J. A. BUCKNALL, D. D. S.



OYS, are you taking care of your

B teeth?
Do you know what it means to you to scrub them with a tooth brush, inside and outside as well as away back all over the big ones? It actually means all over the big ones? It actually means freedom from pain, fine faces, and good health when you are men. Just cleaning will prevent decay, and decay means toothache, and of such a bad kind that your dentist may tell you he can't save it, the tooth; then it will have to be pulled. That hurts! To lose a tooth is like removing a brick from an arch—it lets the other bricks fall away. The teeth being built against each other in the form of an arch, lose their proper support and separate, when one or more is pulled.

the form of an arch, lose their proper support and separate, when one or more is pulled.

Every person gets two sets of teeth. Some get a third,—a false set that is never as good as a real one. The first set of teeth comes when we are bables. The second, or permanent set, begins when we are six years old; it begins with four new big teeth (molars) at the back of all the baby teeth. People often think these belong to the baby set and will some day come out like the baby teeth but that is not so. These should receive care, or great black holes will soon come in them, and then one night when you are about ten years old you will have an awful toothache, and they will take you the next day to a man they call the dentist. He says "What a pity to let those nice teeth get so bad." You wonder what he means because you do not know you were letting them get bad. You blame something, anything, even the poor dentist who tries to help you,—everything but the right thing, which was a tooth brush that had not been used. Scrubbing those new teeth, one scrub every day, would have saved you all that pain. But you soon forget it,—



all but the fear of the dentist brought

all but the fear of the dentist brought about by that first bad tooth.

Now I will tell you many things which will interest you: How the teeth are made, grow up through the gum, and fall into place like a company of soldiers. Proper care of the health will make better soldiers and more perfect organization. The little Japs are an instance. A sick soldier weakens the whole army and leaves less chance to win. Nature's way of making your teeth is one of the wonders of the human body, but nature needs help to keep everything in good working order—your help, your co-operation. If you neglect this, the penalty has to be paid. People used to think, and many do now, that when a tooth gives trouble it should be pulled out, but in the past few years dentists have discovered many things one of which is a way to save a tooth rather than pull it, and, best of all, a way of doing it without hurting.

The two pictures show you the baby teeth in a skull at six years of age. The last ones at the back are the new molars that I mentioned. They have not all their roots yet. Above and below the baby teeth you will see the permanent teeth, called lower centrals (because they are in the lower jaw and at the centre), have pushed the two baby centrals out, and have taken their place. It is wise to get acquainted with some good dentist and ask him to take care of your teeth. If he likes boys, and you show a desire to appreciate what he can do for you, you will have a real friend But by all means scrub your teeth the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night till the gums are pink and firm. Do this, dentist or no dentist.

(To be continued.)

# SIZES First Steps (tan or black

**-DUCATOR** 

"LETS THE CHILD'S FOOT GROW AS IT SHOULD"

Made in Black Kid Box and Russia Calf, Patent Colt. Strong, durable Oak soles. A pliable, neat and reliable shoe. None genuine unless stamped Educator on sole.

- 2 to 6, \$1.25 - 5 to 8, 150 - 85 to 11, 1.75 Misses' - - - - 11½ to 2, 2.00 Girls' (box or black kid) - 2½ to 6, 2.50 Boys' (not Pat. Colt) - 1 to 5½, 2.50 Boyt' Box Cf. Ex. High Cut

- - - 1 to 5½, 3.00 By mail, 25c. extra.

Educator Rubbers fit Educator Shoes. Educators also Made for Men and Women. We make shoes for every member of the family in our seven large factories, including the famous "All America" 93.20 and \$4.00 Shoe. Send to-day for Illustrated Catalogues. rated Catalogues. RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.

Shoemakers with 40 years' experience and reputation.

14 High Street, BOSTON, MASS.

/RONG

WAY



Just the gift to make glad the heart of any true American Boy with a drop of good red blood in his veins. It will be a present that will last for years and give him more real manly, healthy enjoyment that anything else you can select.

The Hamilton Riles are all 22 calibre rifles, unexcelled for target practice or hunting small game. They are absolutely accurate; well made, strong and durable. Three different models which sell at \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00. Greater value for the money was never put into a fire-arm. Sold by all dealers. Address for illustrated catalogue and further particulars.

HAMILTON RIFLE CO., Rex 110, Plymouth, Mich.



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Some like Nis. Mascot. Dupliz, but

ALL. like HIKE-more
poople have MOREFUN
more times BEST game. To been
filte quick we're made a big fels
Cambination past. 2 to 6 am play
all 6 games below with this I pack
Some of these 6 games lawys out;
"Shall shoot! cambination" nervises

"Shall shoot! cambin lis." nervise

"Shall shoot! cambin lis." nervise

better for 2 then for 2 or

last fitnesser namber show and



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10c. Write for AGENTS' commission.

Concrete Publishing Co., 45 Home Bank, Detroit, Mich. Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

## The Misfit Boy

To business that we love, we rise be- sert your line of talent. Be what nature times, And go to with delight."

And go to with delight."

WANT to tell you, boys, that one reason why the shores of time are so strewn with the wrecks of men who have made failures of their lives is because they have been misfits in life. They have unwisely chosen, or some force of circumstances has compelled them to choose avocations for which they have been unfitted. A man came to my house yesterday canvassing for a book I did not want, but I felt compelled to buy it to "help the man along," for he had a wife and several children to support, and this was his only way of earning money. Now, that man was going from door to door in middle life selling books for the reason that he had chosen to be a minister in his young manhood and time showed that he was a misfit in the ministry. He should never have tried to be a minister. I know another man who is to-day trying to support his family by selling patent washing machines, and who spent a number of years and all of a small inheritance he had studying law, only to find that he was a sad misfit as a lawyer. Nature never intended him for a lawyer. I once heard him say that he "never liked the law very much," but he tried to become a lawyer "because there was money in it."

Now, a man should not be moved solely by the desire to get money when he

"never liked the law very much," but he tried to become a lawyer "because there was money in it."

Now, a man should not be moved solely by the desire to get money when he chooses his life occupation. He should be moved first by a wish to make the most and the best of his talents, and he will never make a success of an uncongenial occupation nor of one not suited to his ability. I know a third-rate machinist who would have made a successful farmer, and I know a poor farmer who once told me that the great wish of his life had been to be a machinist, but his father had on his dying bed exacted a promise from his son that he would stay on the old farm, and he was true to that promise.

A boy of eighteen now in his second year at Harvard University told me but yesterday that his father wanted him to be a minister, but that he was very anxious to become a civil engineer. If the father's influence prevails there will probably be another misfit minister in the world in the years to come and the engineering world will perhaps have lost a man who would have been a great credit to it. Many a boy regarded as a good-for-nothing in middle life has achieved that unfortunate and deserved reputation because he did not find his proper place, his proper work in the world in early life.

It is a great thing for a boy to find out just what his "bent" in life is, and o then concentrate all his energy on developing the talent God has given him. Sydney Smith knew what he was writ-

veloping the talent God has given him. Sydney Smith knew what he was writ-ing about when he wrote: "Whatever you are by nuture, keep to it; never de-

sert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."

It is said that a young man who had decided to study for the ministry once had the privilege of preaching before Phillips Brooks, and later he said in an off-hand way to the great preacher:

"Well, bishop, do you forbid me preaching any more?"

"No, I do not," replied the bishop frankly; "but nature does."

Nature forbids many a boy to do the thing the boy wants to do, and when he persists in the face of nature the result is sure to be a misfit writer or minister, or artist, or musician, or whatever the boy has unwisely chosen to be.

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Another thing, boys: Don't dissipate your energies by trying to be too many

FOR WHOM ARE THE PRESENTS?



There seems to be a general mix-up here—all the Christmas presents appear to have got into wrong hands. Can you help straighten matters out? There are just twelve presents and the same number of persons, and each present was sent by somebody to one of the twelve people shown. The presents are all numbered and the persons all named, so there can be no material transfer that the persons are all numbered and the persons all named.

people shown. The presents are all numbered and the persons all named, so there can be no misunderstanding.

Write your figures down from 1—12 and after each number place the name of the person you think it is intended for. A good boys book for the first correct solution received. Date limit, Dec. 10th. Address: Prise Pussle Department, THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit. Mich.

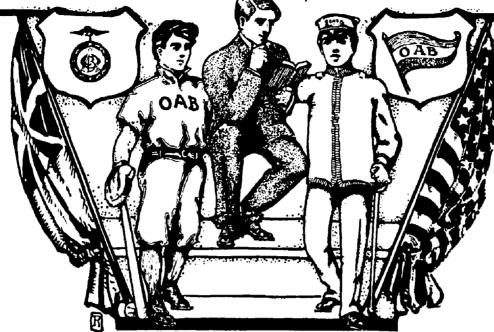
# FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MOI

#### New Companies Organized

Theodore Roosevelt Co., No. 83, Division of Ohio, Creston, Ohio; Lone Star Co., No. 33, Division of Texas, Hamilton, Tex.; Watch Our Smoke Athletic Co., No. 16, Division of Washington, Cashmere, Wash.; Thorsby Naturalist & Athletic Co., No. 11, Division of Alabama, Thorsby, Ala.; U. S. Grant Co., No. 55, Division of Illinois, Lincoln, Ill.; Harrison County Co., No. 11, Division of West Virginia, Bridgeport, W. Va.

#### Company News

J. W. DAVIDSON COMPANY No. 5. Shanghai, China, has elected the following officers: W. Carey Sweet, Capt.; Edward Evans. Jr., Secty, and Treas; Chas. J. Ferguson. Libr. The former capitaln, W. Irving Lacey, has resigned owing to his leaving China for America. This company has started a library with books donated by the members and friends. We are glad to have the report of this company which is so far away, and trust it may be able to do good work among the boys of the community. MT. LASSEN. COMPANY No. 32. Redding, Calif., has 9 members, 63 books in the library and its monthly dues are 10 cents. A barn at the home of the capitaln has been fitted up as a clubroom with flags, bunting and pictures. This company goes in for athletics and has boxing gloves, punching bar. Trapeze and weights. Meetings are held each Friday evening. This company sore in for athletics and has boxing gloves, punching bar. Trapeze and weights. Meetings are held each Friday evening. This company offers to exchange plettures with other companies and will be glad to answer queries as to company work. All letters may be addressed to J. A. Brockway, Jr., Decatur, Ill. STARS AND STRIPES COMPANY NO. 31. Stephensylle, Texas, did not hold regular meetings during the summer months on account of absence of members, but have now got together to do business. The following officers have been elected: Edgar Bramlette, Capt.: Travis Turner, Secty.; Hume Graves, Treas. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y. The 36th report of this energetic company is to hand and we congratulate the officers and members on their faithfulness to the Order and their diligence in the work. Every week since the company was orkanized in 1903, meetings have been held, at which real business has been done and pleasure given. In the copy clubroom of the company, there is a chair and desk for every member and a telephone has been flowed to the question: Resolved, that a steamship is more useful than a steam engine, and the allignative work of the company has made some alt





Phoio by W. B. Illich, Yacelt, Wath,

A COMING O. A. B. MEMBER IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BIG FIR TREES

Libbey, Secty.; Gordon Irving, Treas., and ing new officers: Robert Lewis, Capt.; Gran-Leon Dresser, Libn. LAKE SUPERIOR COM-ville Mason, V. C.; Grafton Mason, Secty., and PANY, No. 29, Superior, Wis., has the follow- Lawrence Erickson, Treas. On the occasion of

one of the charter members leaving the town, the company gave him a surprise party, at which an enjoyable time was had and a present of a knife made to the member leaving. BUSTER BROWN COMPANY No. 35 has 90 cents in the treasury and a gym outfit consisting of a punching bag, boxing gloves, etc., and it has organized a polo team. Meetings are held every two weeks and dues are 20 cents a month. WORTH BAGLEY COMPANY No. 3, Concord, N. C., writes acknowledging receipt of the third prize in the special company contest for increase in membership, and says: "Some of us are going to try to win the prize for the best composition on our state when it comes to dear old North Carolina." Good enough, boys; nothing like trying. The capitain hopes that American B by Day 1907 will be specially celebrated at the Jamestown Exposition, as it is in his neighboring state and he and others intend to be present. MOVILLE HAWKEYE COMPANY No. 59, Moville, Ia., recently elected the following officers: William Knutz, Capt.; Jay R. Dewey, Secty. It has provided the members with a new game board, also the game of Flinch. We hope to have further good reports from this company.

#### American Boy Day, 1906

American Boy Day, 1906

There is every prospect that San Francisco will celebrate American Boy Day, 1906, on a scale not heretofore surpassed, even at the St. Louis exposition, which up to date holds the record for the largest attendance at one of these celebrations.

A. H. Hutchinson, manager of the Rooseveit Boys' Clubs, of San Francisco, is in charge of arrangements for the day. The date has 'already been set for July 5th. Schools are being visited, and leading citizens of the city interested in making the day thoroughly "boy" and thoroughly American. A thousand celluiold badges with the words "American Boy Day Celebration, July 5, 1906," about the outer rim and enclosing an American eagle bearing a flag in its talons, are being distributed among the boys of the schools. Five thousand circulars are being printed to be distributed among the boys of the city.

A little paper published by the Roosevelt Boys' Clubs, entitled "Our Junior Citizens," will push the enterprise along. In a recent number of this little paper Mr. Hutchinson says: "Why should this country be behind Japan? In that land there is a day set aside for the boys of all ages, and the pleasure and ceremonles of the day are, if not in the hands of the boys themselves, entirely in their interests.

"There is a movement on foot to establish

ure and ceremonies of the day are, if not in the hands of the boys themselves, entirely in their interests.

'There is a movement on foot to establish a day for the American boy, and that day has been almost universally fixed on as the fifth day of July.

'San Francisco boys are invited this coming year to celebrate the day, and, as San Francisco celebrations are never equaled by the celebrations of other cities, it is expected that the celebration of American Boy Day in this city next July will be the finest that has occurred in the United States.

'Yor this reason we must prepare for the day a long time ahead, and this notice is sent to the boys of the city to call upon them to take some part in the great celebration.

'It is designed to have the celebration in three parts:

three parts:

I.—Literary and musical.
II.—Military and public.
III.—Athletic.

III.—Athletic.

"For the first there must be essays, orations and choruses, with vocal and instrumental solos. These require preparation, and, where there are so many talented boys in the city, the performers must be chosen beforehand by competition.

"In the second it is expected to include every organization of boys that will take part in a grand parade, where only boy bands and drum and bugle corps will furnish the music. All military organizations will be especially desired to participate and this will require much drill and preparation.

"The athletic part of the celebration is one that could not be so well included in any celebration outside San Francisco, on account of the heat prevalent at that time of year elsewhere. Here, however, it will be possible to have an athletic exhibition such as the city has never seen before. Contests are to be limited to boys under eighteen, and to those who have not participated in high school contests. A number of preliminary school contests. A number of preliminary contests will have to be held in order to select the contestants for the finals on the day of the celebration, and no athletic event will be barred for which a sufficient number of contestants can be secured.

(Continued on page 47.)

THE EDITOR'S GREETING TO HIS READERS

光次水果 对某九 光光光 光水分次水片 产光外之水 产之品 外 不不分分式 方方式无术方方 方径径 大文人子 不是不是不不不不不不不不不不不不不不不不不不不不 中央中央 10th A COCO BOYS' BOOK FOR THE FIRST CORRECT SOLUTION RECEIVED. DATE LIMIT, DECEMBER 10TH.

Here we have a simple cipher, expressing the good wishes of the Editor towards his many readers. Each character represents a letter, the slight breaks between them show the ending of the various words. The puzzle is not so difficult as it may appear at first sight.

There are many boys probably who will appreciate a few hints. First prepare a rough draft of the puzzle, but instead of using the characters given, just place dots in their respective positions. Now look for a one-letter word, (if one appears)—this must be one of two or three letters at most. Decide which is most probable—then fill in this letter in your dotted draft, wherever it appears in the cipher. Now take a three-letter word, and with the aid of that already found, see whether you cannot go a step further and find out one or two other letters. Then fill these in your dummy and you will quickly see whether you are on the right track or whether you have gone wrong. Address: Prize Puzzle Department, THE AMERICAN BOY. Detrom. Michigan. BOY, Detroit, Michigan

HAD READ of the beach automobiles bleycle with the fork left on. The axle used on the Florida coast; they were like an ice boat with a sail, except they had wheels instead of runners. So I set to work to make something to take me over the country roads.

Twenty cents Twenty cents was all I spent, the take me over the country roads. take me over the country roads.

I found and used seven fence pickets

I found and used seven fence pickets for the frame work, and other things as they were needed. I spliced two rake handles together for the mast, winding the ends where they came together with wire. A single piece would be better if you can get one long enough. The gaff which is the stick to which the upper end of the sail is fastened, is a broomstick. The boom, the stick at the bottom of the sail, was made of a rake handle with a broomstick spliced to make it long enough. Mother let me have a sheet, which I put down on the floor and cut in the shape of a mainsail. The wind was the cheapest power to be found, thus it was utilized; the three wheels were cast-off bicycle wheels.

I steer with the front wheel, which was a front wheel of an old



Photo by Mrs. C. J. Lupton, Shiloh, N. J.

SAILOMOBILE BUILT BY PRANK MULFORD, SHILOH, N. J.

#### Benny's Logging Experience

The Connecticut River was full of spruce logs, rolling and pushing on their way to the foot of Mt. Tom, where they would wait until the sawmills sang them to sleep in the protecting folds of the booms. Benny stood by the bridge at Windsor and saw the boats of the log drivers go by at sunset, the French-Canadian songs rolling up from the smooth water behind with a romantic beauty that called to his restless young nature. There was something better, it seemed to him, than hoeing corn for Silas Weatherhed.

A lumber wagon came along, and Silas stopped the team to pick him up and take him home for supper. The Connecticut River was full of spruce

known tongue as the dusk crept on across the shores.

With the break of day the men began to move the logs out from the shore into midstream. At eight came a second hreakfast, at noon dinner, and at dusk the final meal. All day the heavy pike-pole was in the boy's hands, and the sound of the men's chaffing in his ears. The sun tanned him with a deeper dye than the corn fields had given, his feet were always wet, and he often fell into the river.

There was a great jam at Bellow's Falls, and the river murmured under a mile of solid logs. Here the explosives came into use.

When the last of the mass was plunging over the rocks Benny waited too long, and the great log he was riding started after them at a rapid rate. There were cries of warning and a boat came swiftly

rest I found.

A saw, hammer, and brace and bit were the tools used. Slats made the seat and a cushion from the house made it com-

fortable, and in a week everything was ready for sailing.

Once it was started with only my little cousin in it and I had to run fast to catch up.—Popular Mechanics.

down upon him, rowed by a crew of Canadians, but it was too late. No boat could save him; the roar of the water warned the men to save themselves.

From the factory on the bank scores of men and girls looked out, and from the railroad bridge a little group watched for his final struggle.

Some one blew the factory whistle, and a crowd began to gather by the Falls, some trying to reach him with ropes.

The boy stooped and loosed his shoes. They were heavy with spiked bottoms, and he did not want them then. Nor did he want the log in that fight for life. He sprang from it, and a moment later went over, feet first.

For a half minute he did not reappear.

HOW TO MAKE A SAILOMOBILE

By Frank Mulford

THAD BYAD of the beach materials and the beach materials and the sank softly down and went to sleep.

and he sank solity down and went to sleep.

The boss arose from the sitting position he had suddenly assumed, and the men stopped staggering and rushed forward.

"No one hurt but the boy. Tough day for him," he remarked.

"Bad welt over the ear," said another, "but he is coming round all right."

"Look here, young feller," said his employer as he sat up, "you have charged against you a pair of blankets, a pair of shoes, a good boat and half a pound of glant powder and a few explosion caps; but if you quit right now I will pay you your wages in full and give you my blessin'. You are too lively for me."

"Wal, see ye got back," said Silas Weatherhed, as he came in from work next day, "Have 'er good time?"

day. "Have 'er good time?"
"Well, it was kinder different, but you see I was afraid you would need me, so I came back. Guess those potatoes are about ready to dig anyway. Supper smells good."

#### A Trip Up the Lakes

By Wm. T. Nellis, One of Our Boy Readers.

One July I found myself on a fine ride across Lake Michigan, the third in size of the five great fresh-water lakes of America, and the only one lying entirely within the United States. It separates the states of Illinois and Wisconsin from Michigan, the upper portion of the lake dividing the state of Michigan into two parts. Lake Michigan is 335 miles long and from fifty to eighty-eight miles wide, and covers 22,450 square miles. Its shores are crowded with summer hotels and fishing resorts, and it was at one of these fishing resorts on an island in Lake Michigan that I found myself, fully equipped with fishing tackle, ready for my most loved sport.

Father and mother were along, so we spent a few days catching perch, a fresh-water fish having long, sharp dorsal fins. Its upper parts are of a greenish-brown color and its lower ones a golden yellow. It is about eighteen inches in length.

The third morning, however, we started out after pike. The pike is a well-known fresh-water fish. The body is long and covered with cycloid scales, the mouth is large, its color is olive. The pike with pale spots. There are four or five species and all are valuable as food fishes. It is claimed that pike has been known to attain the age of 250 years. The most characteristic quality of the pike is its voracity.

Thoreau describes the pike as the "swiftest, correct and most rearrows of fights" thills. By Wm. T. Nellis, One of Our Boy Readers.

food fishes. It is claimed that pike has been known to attain the age of 250 years. The most characteristic quality of the pike is its voracity.

Thoreau describes the pike as the "swiftest, coarsest and most ravenous of fishes," while Josselyn calls it the "river wolf."

The guide and I started out in the morning in a small boat, and trolled all the morning and part of the afternoon, and only had caught one pike about elghteen inches long We had despaired of catching any pike and had taken our poles to try our luck with perch. We had caught quite a number when my pole gave a crack and broke as if hit by a cannon ball. At the same instan; a dark object shot under the boat. I, knowing it to be a large fish, was almost afraid, but my fear gave way to courage and I pulled, but I pulfed too soon, my reel, which was still on the broken part of my pole, let out several yards of line, as the boat went somewhat lopsided at the same time. The guide fearing it would upset, offered to take my line, but I preferred to pull it in myself, so putting all the skill that I knew, finally succeeded in pulling him alongside the boat, when the guide grabbed him and broke his neck. He measured three feet two inches in length, and had a head as hard as a shell and three rows of teeth.

The cook at the hotel baked him the following morning for our breakfast.

Winter is a great time in this part of the country, the lakes being frozen from one island to the other. The hunters come in great numbers at this time of the year, deer, bear, fox, polecats and other game being found here in abundance. This time of the year also large numbers of Indians live and cook in their wild ways in this part of the country.

#### American Boy Day, 1906

some one blew the factory whistle, and a rowd began to gather by the Falls, some the smooth water behind with a romantic beauty that called to his restless young nature. There was something better, it seemed to him, than hoeing corn for Silas Weatherhed.

A lumber wagon came along, and Silas stopped the team to pick him up and take him home for supper.

"Say, Mr. Weatherhed, said the boy," I want to be off for a while. The work is all up in good shape; can't you let me off of a few days?"

"Wail, I dunno," said the farmer, slowly, "Might, What's up?"

"Wail, I gipt; I s'pose I can spare ye. When do ye want to go?"

"Right now!"

"Right now!"

"Right now!"

"Right now!"

"Right now!"

"Right now!"

"As the men went to work again some one blew the factory whistle, and a rowd began to gather by the Falls, some they got good and loosed his shoes. The boy stooped and loosed his shoes. The work is all one that fight for life. How want to be off for a while. The work is all up in good shape; can't you let me off for a while. The work is all up in good shape; can't you let me off for a while. The work is all up in good shape; can't you let me off ways?"

"Wail, I dunno," said the farmer, slow-ly, "Might, What's up?"

"Wail right; I s'pose I can spare ye. When "Right now!"

"Right now!"

"Right now!"

"Right now!"

"Right now!"

"As the men went to work again some one he went of the sland. "Used to be a boy myself once when I was young, in health."

As the men went to work again some one he lew the falls and the special to the co-operation of the clerb rain of the boy of San Francisco will be held at least a month before the day itself.

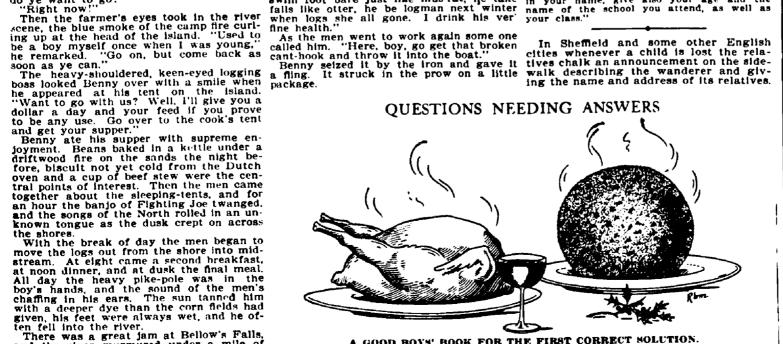
"The success of the great celebration can not be assured without the co-operation of the complete when the boys of San Francisco will be held at least a month before the day itself.

For a half minute he did not reappear.

A lumber agon may be can."

"The success of the great celebration committee in the work is all east a month before the day itself.

"The success of the great celebrat



A GOOD BOYS' BOOK FOR THE FIRST CORRECT SOLUTION.

Why is a Christmas turkey like a jest?
Why should the turkey be only half cooked?
When is wine like a pig's tooth?
When is a wine glass like a prophecy come true?
Why is a plum pudding like the ocean?
Which is the left side of a plum pudding?

Address: Prize Puzzle Department, THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Michigan

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year. Interpreted a ship has come to port loaded from stem to stern with toy animals from Germany. Horrors, many of them are. So strangely formed are the cows and the horses and the soldiers that even the smallest American boy or girl takes even the smallest American boy or girl takes offense at the appearance of the present. Wagons like no conveyances ever seen on American streets, fire engines that do not look like those of America, soldiers that wear a uniform entirely foreign to the American idea, "Dutchy" combinations of figures that are different altogether from the scenes on this side of the water, cause the American child to wonder greatly.

All this is rapidly be-

All this is rapidly being changed. American toys for American chil-dren is the new order of

dren is the new order of things. Instead of the funny looking fire engines from Germany, we now make hook and ladder and fire engine toys true to the American pattern, and so large and able-bodied that they can actually be used by older boys in extinguishing miniature fires. The solid wooden horses of the Fatherland are replaced by up-to-date toy horses of the American kind,



AMARTER THAN THE REAL THING

with movable limbs and so many imwith movable limbs and so many improvements that it can do almost anything but jump fences. Instead of the ridiculous toy farm, with milkwomen wearing wooden shoes and impossible "hired men" in outlandish costumes, we now have combinations of toy figures that resemble the real thing as closely as the art of the American toy maker them.

can make them.

Naturally Naturally the American toymaker has given that great source of delight to the little men and women of this country, the toy circus. German toymakers never could be expected to give us a miniature American circus.

circus. most remark-The able thing about the rise of the toy industry in America is that we are actually shipping these play-things to Europe and cutting in on the trade of the German toymaker himself. This strange fact is explained by one of

the toy exporters in this way:

For generations the toy trade has been in the hands of the villagers of Ger-many. Men, women many. Men, women and children have had a hand in the making of the toys; but the villager has never entertained the idea of changing his models. As he was taught by his father

MINIATURE Noah's Ark Arrives" to make toys so he has continued to in every line does, he gives time to de-is a favorite headliner in the make them, and so his son and vising something new and original, and newspapers at this time of the his daughter will continue to make makes it solid and strong, year. Interpreted, it means that them. American boys and girls, like Strength is most desirable in the toy,

for if the toy, for if the toy, for if the toy is breakable the youngster will break it before it has lost its newness to him. We make toys that do not break easily, and for this reason among others we are finding our way into the markets of Europe and even are sending toys to the Kaiser's little subjects. Then again our toys

sending toys to the Kaiser's little subjects.

Then again our toys are not mere playthings for an hour. They are practical things. The imported boats made by those who never saw the sea, will not float. The yachts "turn turtle" as soon as the child tries it on one of our lakes. Our yachts are built to scale and are made to sail. They are as accurately designed as a cup defender and as carefully fitted with their salls as the model yachts of the clubs. Our supremacy in the sailing world has created a demand for the Americal

and demand for the American toy yacht, and it is safe to say that in a few years the boy who sails a toy boat on the lakes of European parks will be envied by his playmates if he can proudly point to his little craft and say: "Mine was made in America."



new, do not appeal to the exacting American boy. He not only wants a Bureau of Education shows that a boy new toy, but a new kind of toy. The with a common school education has American toy maker gives it to him. He practically one chance in nine thousand

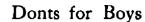


WHICH ARE ALIVE?

# The Chances of the Educated

The recent report of the United States

and usefulness. This does not seem very encouraging. Yet the same report shows that a high school education increases that boy's chance of such success by about twenty-two times, while a college education gives a young man about ten times the probability of success and advancement possessed by the high school grad-uate, and about two hundred times the hundred times the opportunity open to a boy with only a common school education. When you hear men talking against a college advention education, remember this. It is not the opinion of someone opinion of someone who may be biased in his judgment, but a report of the National Bureau having in charge the gathering of statistics and the publishing of its reports for the advantage of the people at large.



Don't think it "girlish" to be gentle. Don't call your father "the old man." Don't mistake impudence for smart-

Don't forget that your mother, too, is a lady.

Don't forget to black the heels of

your shoes.

your shoes.

Don't wear good clothes purchased by a father's patches.

Don't stay out all night in order to be up with the lark.

Don't stop washing your hands at the lower end of the wrists.

Don't get the idea into your head that clgaret smoke makes men.

Don't think that acquiring bad habits makes you more of a man.

Don't forget that the girl you talk about may be some other boy's sister.

Don't forget that some things you think smart are what wiser people think are silly.

are silly.

Don't forget that a story unfit for ladies to hear is equally unfit for gen-

Don't forget that many of the little tasks you overlook about the house must be done by your tired mother.

#### A Young Musician of Promise

Cecil Burleigh, a Bloomington, Illinois, boy, after spending two years in Germany, where the critics praised his work as a violinist, has gone to Chicago to put the finishing touches



CECIL BURLEIGH

on his musical education. The young artist recently gave a farewell concert at Bioomington, where the people of that city regretfully parted with one of their most talented boys.

#### Why I am Proud of My State

Wisconsin Prize Essay

Wisconsin Prize Essay

John Roberts, Racine, Wisconsin, wins the prize (\$5) for the best essay on the subject "Why I Am Proud of My State" (Wisconsin). The following is the essay: I am very proud of Wisconsin, and I think I have just cause to be so. Wisconsin was loved by the ancient Mound builders, for in no other State in the Union did they leave such beautiful mounds. The Indians also loved Wisconsin, and many of their village sites, trails, and battle grounds may still be seen, while relies of these former inhabitants may be picked up in any part of the State.

Wisconsin was settled by strong, hardy men. Many of them came from the Atlantic Coast in prairie schooners. They overcame great obstacles and endured numerous hardships before they reached the soil of that country for which they had struggled so long, and for which many of them died.

Although Wisconsin has not yet had the honor of furnishing the Union with a President, she has furnished one of the greatest political parties, the Republican Party. Ryan, Wisconsin, is the birthplace of this great party.

While Wisconsin was not one of the Thir-

Wisconsin, is the birthplace of this great party.
While Wisconsin was not one of the Thirteen original colonies that fought for and obtained liberty from an overbearing sovereign, she was one of the first to answer President Lincoln's urgent appeal to defend that Constitution for which our forefathers sacrificed their lives. Eleven thousand brave sons of Wisconsin never returned to their homes when peace was declared.
Wisconsin's Iron Brigade was one of the bravest in the Civil War. General McClellan, during the Battle of South Mountain, was standing in a position where he could witness one of their many brilliant charges. General Hooker came dashing up to him.
McClellan said, "What troops are these advancing under that murderous fire?"
"That's Glibbon's brigade from Wisconsin and Indiana," said Hooker.
"They must be made of iron," said General McClellan.
"By the Eternal, they are made of iron"

famous war eagle, came. This bird went un-harmed through thirty-six battles and skir-

mishes.

Wisconsin's sons of today are just as brave

This was proved by

Wisconsin's sons of today are just as brave as were their fathers. This was proved by their conduct in the recent Spanish War.

Not only am I proud of Wisconsin's history, but I am proud of her brooks and trout streams, the great lake which bounds her on the east, the mighty river on the west, and her many magnificent forests, in some of which roam the wild deer.

I am also proud of Wisconsin's sister State, Michigan, the birthplace of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Other good easays were received from

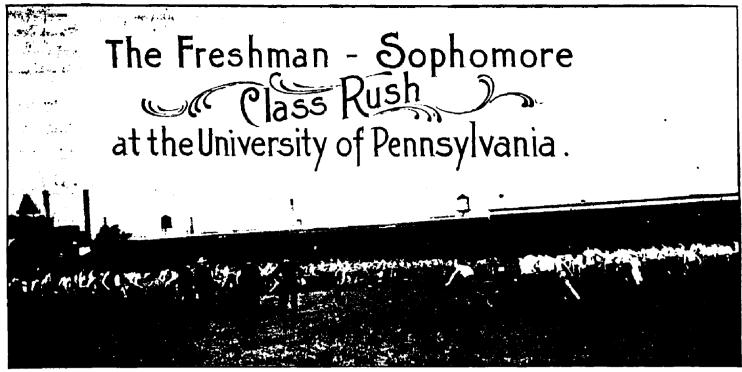
Other good essays were received from Wisconsin boys. Among them were the following: Charles Ford, Westfield; Louie J. Nelson, Racine; Fred Ruckweed, Cedar Grove; Paul Cochran, Merrimack; Albert Brager, Mt. Horeb, and Herbert Magney, Amery. All the essays showed a spirit of great loyalty.

or great loyalty.

The contest now on is confined to boys in Texas. Five dollars goes for the best essay of not more than five hundred words, received by us on or before December 10th, on the subject, "Why I Am Proud of Texas."



THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE AMERICAN BOY



THE BEGINNING OF THE 1905 CLASS RUSH OF THE U. OF P. BALL SEEN IN THE AIR

An innovation in class rushes was tried with great success by the freshmen and sophomores of the University of Pennsylvania recently. Instead of the senseless fight in the basement of College Hall, in which many students have in affair in Franklin field. As another improvement it was arranged for the fracas, the seniors decided this time to have the gigantic scale and a free-for-all pushing scramble.

Sophomores and freshmen lined up on opposite sides of Franklin field, while the senior who floor-managed the affair stood in the centre with a football. Each side was instructed that the game was to carry the ball down behind the goal posts as at football. No rules were made for the rush. The sole object was to get the ball back of the goal posts. Any tactics short of murdering an opponent would be deemed fair. All class rushes are governed by this basic understanding. When both sides were ready, the students stripped to the waist and thirsting for victory, the ball was thrown into the air and the opposing squads came together with a crash. Thenceforth it was a squirming, struggling bunch of boys with a football somewhere in the center of the mass, where, no one knew or seemed to care.

The most sensational incident of this new class rush was the sudden appearance from the rim of the struggling circle of a scared and battered football. Only one boy of the half-naked contestants saw the ball. The rest were too intent on the struggle to notice that the object of the fight had made its escape between the feet of the students. The one boy who happened to see the ball making its coy way to freedom, grabbed it and held it in his hands uncertainly for a moment.

one boy who happened to see the pair making its coy may a moment.

"Run with it," yelled a hundred voices, as the astonished spectators saw what had happened.

The boy with the ball ran, with the entire aggregation of students after him. But he had a clear field and no one could stop him short of the goal line. He made a clean touchdown. But alas for the futility of human endeavor—he had rushed the ball behind his opponents' goal, scoring one victory for the freshmen. Emerging as he did from the fracas, with his head swimming and both sides of the field alike to him, the unfortunate sophomore had made the unpardonable mistake of running with the ball in the wrong direction.

The spectators in the stands complained that they could not see what was going on, so next year a push ball will be substituted for the football. The new style rush was so successful that it will become a permanent feature of student life at Old Penn.

#### Not Afraid of Big Things

Eugene Carlson, of New York City, according to the New York World, is a boy who is not afraid of big things. If the following story is true, in all probability young Carlson will grow to be the sort of a man that makes a big success of his

or a man that makes a oig success of his life.

Readers of THE AMERICAN BOY have seen some account in its pages of the Baltic, the largest steamship alloat. The story is that Eugene Carlson held up the Baltic for fifteen minutes while he delivered a message to a passenger on board. If you could once see the Baltic as she lies in the water, 735 feet in length, with a tonnage of 23,876 tons, and could understand the precision with which this tremendous floating palace, for such it is, must move in order to accomplish its ends, you would not wonder that a great New York newspaper gave two columns to an account of how a fourteen-year-old boy caused fifteen minutes' delay of the great steamer in order to do his duty in

to an account of how a fourteen-year-old boy caused fifteen minutes' delay of the great steamer in order to do his duty in delivering a message.

Eugene was a messenger in the employ of the American District Telegraph Company. One day he received a message for delivery to a passenger on board the Baltic. When the message was put into Eugene's hands it was within three minutes of the time for the Baltic to sail. The passenger had gone on board. When the messenger reached the dock he knew that any moment the big ship might slide out of her berth for the long trip across the Atlantic, but careless of the risk he was running, and only thinking of what he was told to do, he sprang aboard and began the search among the hundreds of passengers for the one to whom he must deliver the message.

On starting to leave the boat he found that it was slowly creeping away from the dock. It was too far to jump and he was not a swimmer so he could not dive. It is an unusual thing for an Atlantic liner to back up and start over again, but this is substantially what the Baltic did for fourteen-year-old Eugene Carlson.

When he was about to cave the dock the officer on the deck shouted to him that hereafter he must leave the boat alone.

to him that hereafter he must leave the boat alone.

the boat alone.
"I wasn't running off with your boat," said Eugene, "your boat was running off with me."

A boy with such pluck and with a mind single to doing his duty notwithstanding its hazards has the making of a successful man in him. Eugene was left at the age of three

Eugene was left at the age of three without a father, and he is now the support of his mother and the little

Through a change that took place in the telegraph office Eugene was shortly afterwards thrown out of a job. Somebody remembered this story about the boy, and that someone was Frederick Thompson of the Hippo-drome, who at once gave him a posi-

#### President Eliot's Advice to Freshmen

On October 3rd, President Charles W. Ellot of Harvard, addressed the incoming freshman class on "Durable Satisfactions of Life." He said in

part:
"The foundation of all durable satisfactions in life is that each man be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. This means that drunkenness, licentiousness and dirt of all kinds must

be avoided.
"But this is not enough. It is the

#### WHY I AM PROUD STATE OFΜY

To the Texas boy who sends us before December 15th the best letter of not over five hundred words telling us why he is proud of his state — Texas, we will give \$5.00; in addition, we will print his letter in an early number of The American Boy.

intellectual life that gives the educated man the real satisfaction that endures. The cultivation of vigorous, intense men-tal work each day is bound to furnish one of the greatest and most lasting sat-isfactions that come in life. Don't take three minutes to do what might just as string three minutes to do what might just as saltic well be done in two minutes. Don't take e on four years in college to do what might do the be done just as well in three years.

"The third great source of satisfaction but cure this be a man of honor. Act toward

#### To Explore Central Africa

The picture shows Prof. Frederick Starr and his Mexican lad, Manuel Gonzales, of the Chicago University, who sailed from New York City, September 23, to explore the new fork City, september 23, to expire the unknown regions of Central Africa, to make a special study of the Batwa pygmies in the interest of the Anthropological Department of the University.

women as though you were going to marry some pure woman inside of a month. Be honest to all, and, more than this, be generous, especially to those less powerful and poorer than yourself."

#### It Cured the Headache

We have had expressions favorable to THE AMERICAN BOY from hundreds of boys and these expressions have been in myriad form. One from a boy at Hen-nessey, Oklahoma, Roy Baines, beats them all. His AMERICAN BOY cured the headache. He says this was brought them all. His AMERICAN BOY cured the headache. He says this was brought about by putting into practice what he learned regarding methods of taking exercise. He has been studying the articles by athletes that appear from time to time and trying to profit by them. Says he, "Before I took THF 'MERICAN BOY I had a headache nearly every day, and since I have taken the paper I have followed the rules of running and jumping and I do not now know what a headache is. I am fourteen years of age and in the eighth grade. I pay for my paper out of my own pocket. I recommend THE AMERICAN BOY to any boy who has bad habits or is sick. If any hoy wants to save the doctor's bill, let him invest in THE AMERICAN BOY: that will be the best doctor he can get." That sounds very much like a patent medicine recommendation. In the case of this testimonial, however, we are sure that the testimony is sincere; we are not always sure of that in the case of the flamboyant medical testimonials.

#### Mother's Letter

My boy, how long has it been since you wrote to mother? Several weeks? Do you ever stop to think how much uneasiness your neglect is causing her? Do you know she listens every time she hears the whistle and wonders if that train is bringing a letter from you? Of course you think of her every day in the old home going about her humble duties, but that doesn't do her any good. She frets and wonders if you are well. She is afraid something has happened to uneasiness your neglect causing afraid something has happened

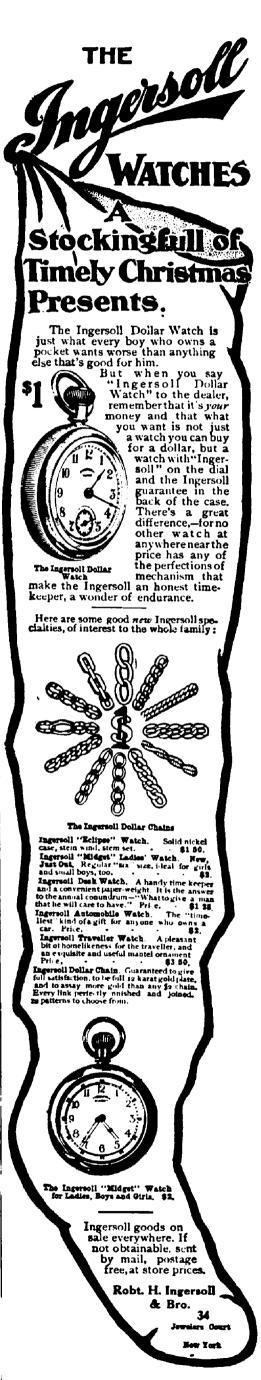
you.

If you could see the look of satisfaction that spreads over her face when she has finished reading a letwhen she has hished reading a let-ter from you, you would write every day. Mother would rather have one letter from you than forty presents from some one else. She has lots of peculiar ideas about you that other eople haven't, and you mustn't judge er by them. Mother's greatest grief in this world

Mother's greatest grief in this world is the thought that she is forgotten by her children. Better turn over a new leaf and write to her every week. The world is always charitable to the boy who is good to his mother.—Osborne Farmer.

#### Bound Volumes of The American Boy

We have bound volumes of THE AMERICAN BOY (Nov., 1904, to Oct., 1905, inclusive). It makes a book of 384 pages and contains as fine a lot of reading matter for a boy as can be gathered together between covers. Fully 1,000 illustrations. It would make a pleasing Christmas present for some boy. Price (while they last) \$2.00 per volume, delivered. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.





rings, the village storekeeper and barber, and a dozen or more pushing, noisy boys, who were evidently just from school. The minister and doctor were discussing some need of the village, the farmers were exchanging crop experiences, and the boys for the most part, were peeping through the boxes at the busy man behind and making audible remarks about the slowness of the mail.

It was a very small postofice, with

It was a very small postoffice, with not more than forty or fifty boxes, and hardly standing room for those who were waiting. But the boys wiggled in and out, back and forth, always with one eye on the boxes.

on the boxes.

"There goes your paper, Tom," one of them called, suddenly. "He's done up the letters now and is on the papers.

The window'll soon be open."

"Huh; I got our paper over to the printing office last night," spoke up another boy, loftly; "I read the news all up before I started to school this morning."

of which a woman could be seen washing.

"Oh, Mrs. Smith," he called, "here's your paper. How's Tony?"

The woman wiped her hands and approached the fence.

"Tony ain't very well this morning," she said. "He's in consider'ble pain. He won't git up today. I do hope if he goes to that city place he'll be helped." ing. ing. ''Oh,

"Oh, well; I guess the news wasn't anything much," said a third, indiffer-

"You just wait and see. It's got the most particular news I've read in it for

most particular news I've read in it for a long time. And say, I'm going to try and win it myself."

"Win what?" asked a dozen voices.

"Wait and see. I'll show you the place soon's the mail opens up."

The air was full of mystery.

Quickly the village papers were distributed, until nearly every box contained one—indeed, the majority of the boxes contained no other mail. Then the window was thrown open with a sharp click, and the boy who was going to win something, wiggled in front of the doctor and began to open and shut his fingers in front of the aperture.

"Tom William's mail," he called shrilly; "and Ed Brown's mail, and Bill Sam's—no, I mean Bill Potter's mail. and Sam—"
"Cone at a time."

"Gree at a time."

"Going to try doctor wouldn't dare to try, and that Tony ought to go just as quick's he could. We're savin' up for it, an' Tony's almost countin' the hours till we can git enough. But money comes slow, though Tony's earned three dollars himself. I believe the boy'd suffer anything to git his hip cured."

"Oh, he'll git it cured all right. Tony's too fine a boy to go lame all his life. How's his spider?"

"Just about the same, only the web is gettin' biggern heavier every day. I feel so ashamed when visitors come. But it's company for Tony, so I let it stay.

Sam—"
"One at a time,"
from inside the window.
"Well, Tom Williams' mail," defi-

antly.

A paper handed out. "Now, Brown's." Εd "Look here,

can get my own mail," from a boy who had wiggled in just behind

I mean Bill Potters and Sam Clark's. And say, you

say, you might as well might as well
h a n d out
Tony's —Tony
Smith, you
know. I go
right by
there. That's all; now, fel-lows!" A few pushes a n d quick turns outside the

the boys quickly crowded around him.

"There you are," he cried, opening a paper with a flourish that tore one of its two small sheets halfway down, "just two small sheets halfway down, "just two small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets halfway down, "just two search in the small sheets half way down, "just two search in the search in the search in the search in the you read that," tapping a certain place

triumphantly.

Three or four faces crowded in front of his, and three or four voices began to

in the school essays, I wish to offer a vacation prize of some outdoor books for the best essay on any subject of natural history, based upon personal observation. The papers may be sent to my address, and, as I am almost a stranger here, my decision will be unblased. The offer is not made to the school children alone, but to any young lovers of nature who care to compete, and is open for four weeks. The prize will be ten of the best recent works on natural history, selected by me. Send the essays to me unsigned. I will announce the winning one through this paper four weeks from today.

by a stream; and outside of these a half dozen farm houses at irregular intervals in the distance.

In the distance.

The boys talked eagerly, in a tumultuous, eddying knot, which broke as they began to separate for their respective homes. Halfway down the street the boy who had called for the papers stopped in front of a house at the end of which a woman could be seen washing.

your paper. How's Tony?"

The woman wiped her hands and approached the fence.

"Tony ain't very well this morning," she said. "He's in consider'ble pain. He won't git up today. I do hope if he goes to that city place he'll be helped."

"Dr. Payne said he'd be cured, didn't he?"

he?"
"Said he thought so. He said the great doctors there could do things a country doctor wouldn't dare to try, and that Tony ought to go just as quick's he could. We're savin' up for it, an' Tony's almost countin' the hours till we can git enough. But money comes slow, though Tony's earned three dollars himself. I believe the boy'd suffer anything to git his hip cured."



The first mornin' Tony wanted me to leave it so he could watch the spider an' he's been wantin' to watch it ever since. It's been there a month if it has a day, aper with a flourish that tore one of a two small sheets halfway down, "just ou read that," tapping a certain place clumphantly.

Three or four faces crowded in front f his, and three or four voices began to ead aloud:

"Having been very much interested in the spider and his family, and how they real funy when he sets out to be. I'm ever so much obliged to you for bring-in' the general same and the spider and his family, and how they real funy when he sets out to be. I'm ever so much obliged to you for bring-in' the paper."

'Oh, that's all right. But I guess I "Oh, that's all right. But I guess I won't go in and see Tony, if he's achin'—and say, there's a prize offer in the paper that he might like to try. Of course he couldn't get it, for he don't run round through the woods, nor have pigeons and rabbits an' things, like some of us boys; but it might keep him busy, and help the spider to keep him from and help the spider to keep him from thinking about his aches. John Withrow, Box 29, is the man who's boarding up to the Jenkins farm. He's all right. He gave Tom Williams ten cents the other day for just going to the mail. Well,

During the next four weeks there was an ever increasing excitement among the boys and girls, which gradually spread boys and girls, which grauss, to the older people. Essays were written in secret and talked about in public, and added to and gloated over. Never, perhaps, had dogs and cats and pigeons and rabbits been fed more laviably or watched more closely. When

through it carelessly before taking it in to Tony. One line, however, escaped her notice. It was "Home Life in a Web" takes the prize. Call for it. John Withrow." But that was the first thing Tony

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Smith was hurriedly arraying herself in her best dress, and twenty minutes after that she was at the Jenkins farm house, being ushered into the presence of a nice looking, gray-haired gentleman, by one of the servants. He was scated at a table writing, a number of books and papers scattered upon the table in front of him. He arose and bowed inquiringly.

"I've come about the hooks, sir—the rize, you know," Mrs. Smith began hesitatingly.

itatingly.

"Ah, yes, I understand." Mr. Withrow took up one of the books and came toward her, but with disappointment plainly written on his face. "I was hoping to see the writer of the essay, and have a long talk. This book is about spiders and other insects, and I have been looking forward to an interesting conversation with him, or her—which is it, a boy or girl?"

"A boy, sir; but he's in bed an' can't come."

"In bed—ill? Too bad! too bad! Tell

come."

'In bed—ill? Too bad! too bad! Tell me all about it," and he drew a chair in front of her and sat down.

In a few words Mrs. Smith told him the story of Tony's life and hopes. He listened attentively.

"How old is Tony?" he asked.

"Fifteen, sir."

"Fifteen, and most of the time in bed and write an article like that? Why, I felt sure he must be a young man of eighteen or twenty at least."
"Tony's read an' studied a good deal."

eighteen or twenty at least."

"Tony's read an' studied a good deal," said his mother apologetically; "an' he watches things. Why, sir," a sudden flush coming to her face, "he wrote a mess about birds for a boy's paper last month, an' got three dollars for it—three dollars in money, sir. He's put it with the rest toward gettin' cured."

"He expects to get cured, then?"

"He hopes to, sir. Our doctor here thinks he can if he don't wait too long."

An odd look had been coming into Mr. Withrow's face. He arose suddenly.

"Get my hat and cane, please," he said to a servant. Then to Mrs. Smith, "Get cured, of course he will. I'll go right down and examine him now. You see, I'm a surgeon and know something about hip troubles. I came out here in the country for a little rest, but shall return to the city next week. I'll take Tony back with me. Only fifteen, and write an article like that! Of course, we'll cure him!"

And they did.

And they did.

# Training Methods of Boy Athletes "A cape is land extending into the water." SOME OF THE RULES ARE SURPRISING "A guif is water extending into the "A guif is water extending into the land." TOUTHS who take up athletics in "Good Christopher" to a small concern.

OUTHS who take up athletics in some form or other often do so in a most determined manner. Like the boy who, entering for his school hurdle race, printed the motto, "Conquer or die!" in four different colored quer or die!" in four different colored inks inside his racing jersey, some take these matters very seriously indeed. Of course, if you do get heaten in your school "hurdles" there is positively no reason whatever why you should not continue to exist and grow up and become an adult and useful citizen. That will be obvious to anyone, but for the moment let it pass.

It is in the matter of training for ath-

will be obvious to anyone, but for the moment let it pass.

It is in the matter of training for athletics that not a few youths are especially thorough-going. This, in the opinion of one teacher, "is occasioned by the circumstance that boys naturally fit and well of course, really require very little of such preparation at all." Still, as one trainer, and evidently, philosopher, says: "They seem to enjoy it; I see that they don't do themselves any harm, and it's all good for trade."

"Always keep in a cheerful frame of mind" is a very old and sound training maxim. "I know how," said one wouldbe successful quarter-miler. He purchased comic literature of all kinds, stuffed his pockets full of it, and spent all his odd time either training or chuckling. His appearance soon became exceedingly genial; but he did not win the quarter. "Still, he ought to have done so," observed a spectator, "for his smile was so broad as he came down the straight that the other competitors could heardly got nest it." straight that the other competitors could hardly get past it."

"JOHN WITHROW, Box 29."

"Say, fellows, you can come over to my house four weeks and four hours from now, and I'll show you them books," said the holder of the paper, as he thrust it unfoided toward its owner. "No use for any of you to compete."

"You don't say so," retorted another; "but you're always bragging like that. I kness we can write essays, too."

"Maybe," witheringly; "but didn't I know the composition prize last year and win the composition prize last year and indeed to mad klonted over. Never, perhaps, had dogs and cats and pigeons and rabbits been fed more lavelance is hardly get past it."

Another young fellow became fired with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian. He read that going up and downstrian. He read that going up and downstrian. He read that going up and downstrian is hardly get past it."

Another young fellow became fired with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian. He read that going up and downstrian. He read that going up and downstrian is hardly get past it."

Another young fellow became fired with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian. He read that going up and downstrian is true. He read that going up and downstrian is was fine exercise, and he adopted to the stairs was fine exercise, and he adopted with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian. He read that going up and downstrian is was fine exercise, and he adopted with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian. He read that going up and downstrian is was fine exercise, and he adopted with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian. He read that going up and downstrian is was fine exercise, and he adopted with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian. He read that going up and downstrian is was fine exercise, and he adopted with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian is provided. He read that going up and downstrian is provided. He read that going up and downstrian is was fine exercise, and he adopted with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian is provided. He read that going up and downstrian is provided with ambition to qualify as a pedestrian is provided. H

son did not desire, as we may say, to train on his money-box, so he abandoned indoor "toe and heel."

To "make themselves hardy" some young athletes foolishly have slept on the floor. As a splendid draught comes under most doors this is a first-rate recipe for taking cold. One lad believed in the old "ped's" notion of running on the road in easy attire, hatless, and with half a lemon in each hand by way of refreshment. He gave this up, however, because one hot Saturday afternoon, when thus picturesquely equipped, he met a waggonette full of his nicely dressed male and female friends going to a "strawberry feed." "Strawberries are no good to train on," they told him. "so we need not ask you to join us." Sad to relate, he threw the two half lemons after them.

A good tip, by the way, for the run-

Said to relate, he threw the two half lemons after them.

A good tip, by the way, for the running man is to get someone to gently pace him on a cycle during his training spins. The work thus becomes much less monotonous, and there are usually "good sportsmen" in every neighborhood who enjoy thus "taking a man along."

"Practice whenever and wherever you can" is a rule with some, perhaps, budding champions. "I am going in for high jumping, and for training to jump any kind of obstacle I meet with," one youth told his father. The father said, "Oh, yes!" and suggested that they walk out and see how the new house being built was getting on. "Here's a fine jump, exclaimed the young fellow, eyeing the unfinished garden wall of the new premises, and he topped it like a bird. "Well jumped, sir," cried his father, enthusiastically; but, as the youth looked round with a somewhat strange expression on his face, the father peeped over the wall. His son was standing waist-deep in a heap of newly mixed mortar.

#### Whence Cometh the Wind?



Prof Flippe-From whence cometh the

Yalevard-From windmills!

Prof. Flippe—Very good. And the air we breathe, is that also manufactured in windmills?

Yalevard—Certainly not, sir; that comes from airshafts.—Chicago Journal.

#### Cat Takes Hen's Nest

Finding her nest invaded, a bantam hen, owned by George Old's children, raised the echoes and the sleepers in that vicinity this morning.

An investigation revealed the fact that a cat, with a litter of kittens, had taken possession of the nest and retained it despite the racket raised by the chickens. The hen's patience finally became exhausted, and in she marched and took a reserved seat on the cat's back. She laid her egg and then left the feline family in possession of the den.

While the hen was trying to oust the cat the din was terrific.—St. Augustine Record.

#### What is a Mountain?

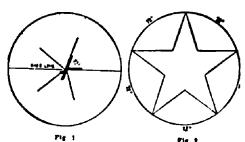
"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what's a

Good. Christopher," to a small, eagerin looking boy, "can you tell us what is a ke mountain?"

Christopher shot up from his seat so suddenly as to startle the visitor, and promptly responded: "A mountain is land extending into the air."—Youth's Companion.

#### Drawing Five-Pointed Stars

One of the easiest methods of making a five-pointed star by the use of the steel square is to describe a circle of a given diameter, then divide up the circumference by indicating chords equal to seven-twelfths of the diameter. The five points where the chords intersect the circum-ference will be the points of the star, says the Metal Worker.



Another good way is to divide 360 by Another good way is to divide 350 by the number of points the star is to have, which will give the distance between points in degrees. Then get the angle on the bevel square with the protractor, and using any diameter as the base line, the points may soon be obtained. This operation is illustrated in Fig. 1, while Fig. 2 shows the star with points joined.—Popular Mechanics. Popular Mechanics.

A NEW CLUB: Send us 50 cents and join The American Boy Musical Correspondence

dy w.cogar simpson.



HE LITTLE village of "Famine" was well named. Especially fitting was it when the biting winds of December 18— swept over it, piling the snow in impassable barriers on road and field; for then, famine indeed closely stared its dwellers in the face. With shortened rations came pestilence, and with pestilence, death, until of a band of ninety souls but twelve remained.

Storms had followed so closely, one upon another, that there had been no opportunity to send a courier; and, once started, the pestilence spread with such frightful rapidity that unless relief came soon none would be needed.

Michael Tarbin, the younger, was best HE LITTLE village of "Famine" was

came soon none would be needed.

Michael Tarbin, the younger, was best fitted by nature to brave the dangers atending every inch of the journey for relief; and it was he who volunteered. He fitted his snowshoes carefully to his feet, and slung his skis over his shoulder, after wrapping several folds of sailcloth about his person and securing it with stout cod line. Then he took his pikestaff in hand.

Four men and seven women, the sole

it with stout cod line. Then he took his pikestaff in hand.

Four men and seven women, the sole survivors of the pestilence, watched him prepare for his journey, his father and mother being the most anxious members of the little group.

"Better take a gun," one suggested.

"Twould hinder more than help," Tarbin replied.

"A sheath knife!" another said, forcing one into his hand.

Tarbin took it, and fastened it securely in his belt. Then he strode over the hill, leaving marks in his wake that, an hour later, were lost by drift.

Kepenkeck, where dwelt the only doctor in a radius of eighty miles, lay thirty-nine miles inland. This man was but an herbalist; a descendant of the aboriginal Indian. He was, however, skHled in the use of simples to an amazing degree; the beams of his little tilt were thickly festooned with the dried herbs which lent their fragrance to that of the burning hirch logs. He had driven the pestilence from other villages in years gone by; so to him Tarbin journeyed.

"Ush! Where from?" was the gruff

Tarbin journeyed.

"Ugh! Where from?" was the gruff greeting Tarbin received when, four days later, the lad entered his tilt at

dusk.
"Famine'—Plague!" was all Tarbin

"Tamine'—Plague!" was all Tarbin had strength to stammer.

With tribal stolidity, the half-breed moved about the room, plucking a handful of herbs from this, or that, bunch and laying them on the earth floor, muttering to himself as he dld so. He had brushed the embers of the fire together on the entrance of the lad. Now, Tarbin, having delivered his message, stretched his weary body beside them and slept the sleep of exhaustion. At break of day he awoke, to find the half-breed bending over him, holding a cup breed bending over him, holding a cup vile-smelling liquid beneath his nos-

Ugh! Heap sleep. Drink!" he said

Tarbin did as he was bidden; and the cralding hot liquid set him coughing and spluttering, to the disgust of the Indian, who seemed to regard his actions almost with contempt. The lad soon found that strength came to his limbs.

and he sat up.
"What pay?" queried the half-breed,

eyeing him narrowly.

Tarbin produced a battered shilling from his pocket, and placed it in his

hand.

"Ugh! 'Tis little," the man muttered. fondling a package which he took from the table, securely baled within a wrapper of the inner bark of the birch tree.

"Tis all I have. More will come, if ye stop the plague. 'Tis sore pressed Famine is—"

Famine is—"
"Ugh! 'Tis enuff," said the halfbreed. "Brew on fire of withy-twigs
at dawn, facing east. Give cup to each
at sunrise, and sunset. The evil will
sweat out. No more is needed. Winter will break eight days, and floods will

The sun was shining brightly as Taron set out on his return. At some time during the night a soft wind had arisen and now the snow was covered with an icy crust. Reaching the top of the hill, the lad stopped, removed his snowshoes

ing of the coming of another storm; so he journeyed on. Heavy masses of clouds rolled across

Heavy masses of clouds rolled across the sky, through which a brightly gleaming moon flashed a ray now and then of great brilliancy, while the ever present northern lights festooned them with a fringe of brilliant coloring. Suddenly he heard a long drawn howl, ending in a sharp barking note; another and another followed, then fear lent strength to his efforts. Forms dotted the snow covering the tops of the banks, and it needed no second thought to and it needed no second thought to learn that he had been scented by the savage, black wolves of the north, and that they were close upon his track.



The gale was now increasing in force, and Tarbin found he needed to make but and Tarbin found he needed to make but little effort except to keep his tired limbs in a rigid position to keep his pace. But this pace was not swift enough to carry him beyond the reach of his pursuers. He must increase it, to save himself; and in his safety lay that of the dwellers in Famine.

The wolves had descended to his level now but in so doing, had lost distance

The wolves had descended to his level now, but in so doing, had lost distance. But when thus well ahead of them an overhanging branch of a tree halted him with such violence that it broke; grasping it in his hands, he sped onward.

""Tis my only hope," he muttered a moment later and stouning."

fast to his pikepole and the other to the branch of the tree which he still held in his hands. Bringing the ends of the pole and branch together he tied them with the line, and raised aloft a rude sail which the gale struck full upon, forcing him ahead with tremendous speed. But he noted that the slight delay had served to lessen the distance between himself and those foam-flecked jaws and glinting eyes. irg eyes.

Glancing at the bank as he sped by, he saw that one or two of the pack had sought the softer footing on the snow bank and were now ahead of him. Just at this point the river widened abruptly, so, shifting his sail, he steered past them just as they ran toward him and, savagely snapping, missed his legs by a few

Thus he flew over the surrnus ne new over the surface. After a time, one
wolf, bolder or stronger
than his mates, came up almost abreast of him and was
just preparing to spring
when he veered his sail so as to carry him to one side and thus escaped it. Any of the pack, had they not

and adjusted his skis. Setting his feet firmly together, he flew, with the velocity of the wind, down the declivity, across the leebound river, and halfway up the opposite slope before he stopped. Then he glanced about him. He well knew that the river he had just crossed flowed to the sea, and that, near its mouth, lay his home.

On his coming he had journeyed across the land, because of the softness of the snow; but now, as he looked at the surface of the river, he saw a course to return far easier than that by which he had arrived. He could ski on the crust, provided it held cold; so, turning, he slid downward to the ley surface of the river. Then with rapid strokes he forged ahead, until at sundown he had covered a good ten miles of the distance. Then he stopped to rest, chafing his weary limbs with his hands, and flinging his arms around to restore the circulation. He would have liked to sleep, had he not known well the danger. Besides, the gale which had arisen was sweeping through the canon formed by the high banks bounding the river, telling of the coming of another storm; so he journeyed on.

been cowards, might have leaped ahead in the land on the lad's back. But the land con the lad's back. But the land on the lad's back. But the land in the land in the river all he felt his strength land, and the land of him, voices sounding led ahead of him, voices sounding led ahead of him, voices sounding led ahead of him, voices sounding the report of a riffer all, his efforts were to be defeated. Suddenly, lights twink-led ahead of him, voices sounding it was a land

limb from limb.

The brave lad was safe now. The lights ahead were in the windows of the tilts at Famine, and, as he reached the shore, willing but weak hands unbound his skis and helped him home. His pluck and endurance had saved his parents and the little band of survivors of that terrible winter.

Today about the tilt fires, the tale of Michael Tarbin's trip to Kepenkeck, is still a bit of folk-lore, of which the dwellers in Famine never tire in the telling.

#### Results of the November Prize Contests

The following are the correct solutions The following are the correct solutions and the prize winners in the several puzzle and riddle contests in the November number, outside of Uncle Tangler's page.

The answer to the Pictorial Riddle is: The answer to the Pictorial Riddle 1s: Both are gobblers, or, both gobble. The prize, a key ring, goes to Harry Becker, 623 St. Ann's Ave., New York City. New York. Some laughable replies were to be expected. One says, "Neither is thinking of the future"; another, "Both are very fat"; another, "Both will be stuffed soon."

very fat"; another, "Both will be stuffed soon."

The answer to "What Do They Weigh?" on page 19 is as follows: Number one weights 19 pounds; number two weighs 19½ pounds; number three weighs 19½ pounds. The prize, a pocket knife, goes to George E. Simpson, 433 Winthrop Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The answer to the Pie puzzle on page 7 is as follows: The number of raisins totals 391: 391 is seventeen times twenty-three. The pie, then, might have been cut into seventeen pieces, each containing twenty-three raisins. The first correct solution came in without a name attached to it. After that three came together. The names of the boys sending these are Milton McAllister, 319 Goliad St., San Antonio, Texas; Wm. G. Nyce, Vernfield, Pa., and Nelson McCarney, 231 University Ave., Kingston, Ont. As a matter of fact, no one of the three is entitled to the prize, but we are going As a matter of fact, no one of the three is entitled to the prize, but we are going to send it to the one who lives farthest away, namely, Milton McAllister, 319 Gollad St., San Antonio, Texas. The prize is a good boys' book.

The answer to the Pictorial Proverh A, page 25, is "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." The prize, a boys' book, goes to Perry Harris, Alto, Michigan.

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HE WONDERED IF, AFTER ALL. HIS EFFORTS WERE TO BE DEFRATED

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# My Four Years at West Point

(BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER, 1904)

XXII.

"CLOSING UP."

FTER THE USUAL number of days spent in loitering about barracks and roaming around Flirtation Walk, we moved into camp for the last time. There were only two classes, and as we were now on the top round of the ladder, we had a great deal of leisure on our hands, leaving all the drudgery to the yearlings.

There were at present, a number of young ladies in the Post, who were visiting officer's wives, or staying at the hotel on the reservation. Many of these were old cadet girls, and the first class, as a matter of course, had the pick. We had not been in camp more than a week, before several desperate cases were under way.

orator, and a classmate to read the Declaration of Independence. The orator was promptiness, at 8 o'clock. It was a beautine smallest man in the class, but what he lacked in stature he made up in originality and dry humor. His effort was received of with loud applause, especially from the girls, who all agreed in voting him the cutest cadet in the corps." The Declaration of Independence was read by a gentleman of more imposing stature and dignified bearing, who delivered his words in a manner that would have made oil King George tremble on his throne.

On the fifth of July we began a new series of drill, and were kept busy every morning little groups of the series of family and the scene was land the scene. The superintendent and commoning during the rest of camp. The superintendent and commoning during the rest of camp. The superintendent in the discussion of these drills, as we had to dismount and anount the immense pleecs in Fort Clinton. We had some work in practical astronomy, and nettings were drills. Mechanical maneuvers were the most laborious of these drills, as we had to dismount and mount the immense pleecs in Fort Clinton. We had some work in practical astronomy in the evenings, when star-gazing was studied in a more practical astronomy in the evenings, when star-gazing was studied in a more practical astronomy in the evenings, when star-gazing was studied in a more practical astronomy in the evenings, when star-gazing was studied in a more practical astronomy in the evenings, when star-gazing was studied in a more practical astronomy in the evenings, when star-gazing was studied in a more practical astronomy in the evenings, when star-gazing was studied in a more practical astronomy and acting the practical astronomy in the evenings, when star-gazing was studied in a more practical astronomy and acting the practical astronomy and acting the process practical astronomy and acting the process practical astronomy in the evenings was studied in a more practical astronomy and acting the process of the p

rhe plebs must have been a particularly dull class, for they did not come into camp until the middle of July, and it was not until the first of August that our class stopped walking guard. Two first-class privates were detailed every day to act as officers of the guard, and a tour of this kind, coming only once in two weeks, was more

homeward trip. Everything went smoothly until we were within about fifty yards of the nearest land, when Sam, who was at the rear, cried out that he was seized

trates how military training together with regular discipline can save a man in an emergency in which, without these ad-vantages, he would be very apt to lose his self-possession.

By A GRADUATE

About the first week in August, we began our preparations for the color-line entertainment, which was appointed for the night of August 27. A committee was selected to prepare grinds and songs for the occasion, and to find out any musical or literary talent that might be dormant in the fourth class. One of my mates, who was a quondam playwright, prepared a drama for the occasion, adapted from a popular opera. Not only did this genius adapt a play, but painted the escenery, which was both artistic and appropriate. One of our "military fiends" selected a squad, composed of first-classmen and yearlings, who were particularly expert in squad, composed of first-classmen and yearlings, who were particularly expert in the manual of arms, and drilled them in the "silent manual." All cadets were invited to contribute jokes and songs.

not been in camp more than a week, before several desperate cases were under way.

As a result of our new status, we were allowed many privileges. Among these were cadet limits from 5 a. m. until retreat, and permission to wander about the reservation during band concerts, so long as we kept within hearing of the music. The bass drum is a deep-toned instrument, whose taps can be plainly heard in many a sheltered nook and recess about the grin old library and ivy-clad chapel.

The Fourth of July was observed in the regulation manner. At a class meeting in previous January, we had selected a class orator, and a classmate to read the Declation of Independence. The orator was reading of Independence. The orator was reading of the smallest man in the class, but what he lacked in stature he made up in originality and dry humor. His effort was received with loud applause, especially from the girls, who all agreed in voting him the

POSTER TACKARD

the following studies: Military Law, Military Engineering, Field Fortifications, Permanent Fortifications, the Art of War, Spanish, Ordnance and Gunnery. Spanish took the place of History, in the schedule of studies.

The next event of any importance was "The Hundredth Night" entertainment, which was as brilliant a success as was that of the "Color-line."

"The Howitzer" which was read on this occasion was an unusually good one; for Silkins had been appointed editor. He was a well-known wit, and every one in the class received one or more keen hits. This event was also celebrated by one of

This event was also celebrated by one of the largest germans ever held at the Point,

the largest germans ever held at the Point, the souvenirs being beautiful cards, tied with ribbons of the class colors. The '8-girls came back in full force, proving their loyalty to the class.

One hundred days to June! From this time on, we began to count the time with feverish impatience; but, almost before we realized it, the snow of winter had vanished, and the spring drills were inaugurated by the tedious company drill of the latter part of March.

#### XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

West Point can never present a more beautiful appearance than it did during the last two months that I spent there. By the early part of May, the plains, the hills and slopes were all one mass of verdure, and the air was balmy and fragrant with bursting hild and blossom.

the air was balmy and fragrant with bursting bud and hlossom.

The day on which we began general review in the last study marked an epoch in our lives. No more advance lessons: We had more leisure now on our hands, and every morning little groups of first-classmen could be seen wandering over the reservation, and speculating about their future. After supper, in the twilight, we were accustomed to meet at Kosciusko's monument in Fort Clinton.

low and subdued, and was mostly confined to the discussion of plans for the future. These brief meetings were always abruptly terminated by the familiar "call to quarters," when we wandered back to barracks in little groups of twos and threes. On repairing to his quarters, each cadet made an heroic effort to "get down to boning," but in most cases, owing to the nearness of graduation, the effort was futile.

futile.
The final examinations were mostly over, and the Acade-mic Board depended

of the guard, and tour of this kind, coming only once in two weeks, was more of a novelty than a bore. We generally had the afternoons and evenings to ourselves, the form the plain, to our the pleb swimming ground, near farget Hill, the plet of the agent of the plain to the pleb swimming ground, near farget Hill, the plet of the agent of the pleb swimming ground, near farget Hill, the plet of the pleb swimming ground, near farget Hill, the plet of the pleb swimming ground, near farget Hill, the plet of the pleb swimming ground, near farget Hill, the plet of the pleb swimming ground, near farget Hill, the plet of the pleb swimming ground, near farget Hill, the plet of the plet my long cherished hope was realized, and Silkins (who was now "first" captain), and I were once more together.

Two or three days of idleness, and we



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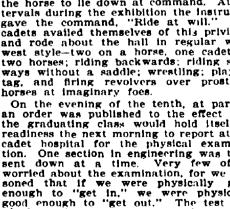




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of four feet. As a result of this reckless riding, we always had one or more men laid up with broken or sprained limbs.

The January examination was quite an ordeal for us, as we had gone over so much ground during the previous term. However, we passed the crisis in safety, without the loss of a single man. they lined both sides of the plain, leaving a clear field for the action of the troopers without the loss of a single man.

No ropes or policemen were necessary to hold the crowd back, for a fear of being Advertise in The American Boy for Results

did, broke into a trot. Again the bugle sounded "gallop," and the line move i forward at an increased gait. The sagacious animals knew what was coming next, and animals knew what was coming next, and sniffing the excitement, we had great difficulty in restraining them. Finally the inspiriting call of "charge," echoed across the plain, and at the first note each horse gave a bound that nearly unseated his rider, however ready and alert the latter may have been may have been.

Each cadet drove his spurs into his steed, let out a Comanche-like yell, and flung his reins on his charger's neck. Sabres were flashing on the air, and every one was flercely cutting right and left at imaginary foes. The horses needed no urging to do their best, for they were as eager to hold the lead as were their riders—but we "did" urge them by every conceivable method at command. The charge was a wild, head-long race on a dead run, the winner to be the first to strike the road in front of the botal. hotel.

I need hardly say that our last charge was not executed according to tactics, which prescribes that it shall be made with the troopers closed boot to boot, so as to secure the effect of the combined shock upon coming in collision with the enemy. However, the formation was by grace called a "charge," and when we selected our horses a few days before, we chose them with special reference to speed them with special reference to speed.
We thundered across the plain in a cloud

We thundered across the plain in a cloud of dust, but, long before the road was reached, the race was settled. Silkins, who secured by lot the first choice, selected as a matter of course the speediest animal in the stable, and won with case.

We were going too fast to stop on striking the road in front of the hotel. Many of the horses dashed into the hotel yard and around the path in front of the building. The majority, however, turned to

and around the path in front of the building. The majority, however, turned to the right and formed in the grass plot between the cavalry plain and Fort Clinton. In the course of a few minutes, we all reformed here, with two exceptions. One of these exceptions was striving to bring his horse down to a trot, but the most he could do was to pull with both hands on one rein, in an effort to circle the beast around the grass plain in front of the superintendent's quarters, and then the him out. The other, a light-weight, who was riding the fron-mouthed equine demon was riding the iron-mouthed equine demon Mason, was being carried at a dead run along the river road toward Highland Falls. This cadet was late at suppor that night, and we were all rather anxious as to his fate, until he showed up in the messhall, when he was received with a "still" (a universal silence).

He said afterwards he didn't mind it at all, having had a delightful ride in the cool evening air, besides "dead-beating" parade. On the succeeding day (the eleventh), there were no examinations for any of the classes, except the unfortunates turned out

classes, except the unfortunates turned out for a written. Among these was the average number of plebs, yearlings, second-classmen and three of my classmates. Two graduates were "turned out" in ordnance and one in engineering.

One of my classmates had been given the following subject: "Draw a horse and represent the present method of attaching artillery harness." The cadet spent the whole time in trying to draw a horse and whole time in trying to draw a horse, and when the poor fellow was called upon to recite, he had nothing on the blackboard except his name, and a diminutive picture of some animal as yet unknown to zoologists. This cadet was turned out.

On the afternoon of this day, we were ordered to report at the adjutants office to draw for vacancies. To explain—every graduate of the Academy enters the army as a second lieutenant, and takes rank according to his class standing. Legislation by Congress has varied somewhat, but since 1886 the law provides that every graduate shall enter the army according to the recommendation of the Academic Board and the order the army godet for whom his own choice. his own choice. Every cadet for whom there is no vacancy shall be attached to a second lieutenant, to take rank as second lieutenant when the vacancy occurs in the arm to which he is attached.

Attached sang additional her—I forget how many times.

After the opera, we "adjoined" to one of New York's swell hotels, and sat down to our final supper. Every cadet (no—

arm to which he is attached.

A cadet upon graduating may, according to his standing, enter the Corps of Engineers, the Artillery, the Cavalry, or Infantry. The usage varies, but it is generally customary for the Academic Board to recommend as follows: the first five cadets for the Engineers; Ordnance, Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry, from 6 to 12 inclusive for all arms except the Engineers; from 13 to 24 inclusive for the Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, and Infantry or the Cavalry and Infantry and Infantry.

Infantry, and the rest of the class for Cavalry and Infantry.

A cadet cannot "graduate into" the Ordnance branch of the service. The lowest ranking officer of the Ordnance is a first lieutenant, and when a vacancy occurs, it is filled by competitive examination. Any officer of the line who has been in the service for four years, and who has been recommended for the Ordnance, can enter the examination.

As graduation approached we all devoted much time to studying the Official Army Register, the army journals, and the Army Intelligence news in the various papers.

When we were called down to the Adjustant's office we found a sheet of paper on

tant's office, we found a sheet of paper on which were printed our standings and the recommendations of the Academic Board. Each cadet, in turn, according to his class standing, wrote his first preference, his second preference, and in some cases his second preference, and in some cases his second preference, and in some cases his second preference. second preference, and in some cases his third choice, naming in each case the regiment and arm which he desired to enter. This paper was forwarded to the Adjutant-General's office, everything was taken into consideration, and we were afterward assigned to regiments accordingly. In the evening at 6:30 the graduating parade took place. It was about the same as the one I have already described. We were the principal actors, and the "formation" was of much more interest to me than it formerly was. The music never

than it formerly was. The music never

run down by some of the prancing steeds kept the lookers-on at a respectable distance.

Having devoted about an hour to company and battalion evolutions, we were drawn up in line at the south end of the plain. The instructor gave the command "dismount," and told us to see that our saddle-girths were secure. The command "mount," and told us to see that our saddle-girths were secure. The command "mount," and told us to see that our saddle-girths were secure. The command "mount," and told us to see that our saddle-girths were secure. The command "mount," and told us to see that our saddle-girths were secure. The command "mount," and told us to see that our saddle-girths were secure. The command "mount," and told us to see that our saddle-girths were secure. The command "pulled through." There was not a cade. In the class who had not either relatives or sweetheart in the large assemblage in iront of us, and they, too, listened with breathless interest.

And now the class in solid line is marching to the front. We halt, raise our hats and listen to the words of counsel that the commandant is addressing to us with the capture attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence and my providers with the capture attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my joy on findence attention that I gave to the final standing of our class, and my

And now the class in solid line is marching to the front. We halt, raise our hats and listen to the words of counsel that the commandant is addressing to us. We break ranks and walk slowly back to barracks, but we halt again and form in line as the companies march past. The band is playing "Benny Havens, O," our heads are bare to the evening breeze, and each first sergeant, as he arrives opposite to us, brings his company to a "carry" and salutes. As the color company passes the color-sergeant dips the colors, and that is the corps' farewell to us.

is the corps' farewell to us.

At nine o'clock, the graduation hop begins. The mess-hall is so densely crowded that dancing is almost an impossibility. It all seems like a dream as I look back upon all seems like a dream as I look back upon it, too sweet ever to have been a reality. The hands of the clock are pointing at 1:55, the orchestra is playing "Benny Havens O"; it all ends too soon. Then comes "Home, Sweet Home," the last waltz of the evening. Oh that the minutes were only hours! But it is half a minute to two, the instruments are sighing lower, sweeter, and slower, until the last sigh comes. The drum sounds the recall, and our last hop is over. our last hop is over.
It was rather hard to leap out of bed at

6 o'clock and hurry down to reveille, but there was some compensation in the thought that it was the last time. The next morning we would get up at any time we chose. We were all busy packing and marking our things until 10 o'clock. A short breathing spell, and we fell in ranks at 10:30 for the graduation exercises. As at parade the day before, the battalion was formed in single rank, and the first class privates marched in the line of fileclosers.

The exercises were opened by prayer: followed by an appropriate selection by the band. General Sherman then delivered an address, and told many laughable anecdotes of his cadet days. Next came an address from the President of the Board of Visitors. The superintendent followed with some kind words of advice to the graduates. General Sherman, the last of the three great war horses called us to the three great war heroes, called us up in turn, according to class rank, and delivered our well-earned diplomas to us, with an encouraging expression for each of us. "Are you the son of Colonel— of the cavalry? I knew him well; you look just like him, too."—"High private in the front rank eh?—well you are as good as just like hlm, too."—"High private in the front rank, eh?—well, you are as good as any of them now"—"Don't let the cock-roaches eat it up," were some of the remarks I overheard.

The band played "My Country," and that concluded the exercises. We fell into the line of file-closers, stacks were broken and we marched back to barracks, with our "sheepskins" in our hands. The battallon

and we marched back to barraens, with and we marched back to barraens, with the battalion was formed in front of barracks and the orders about leaves of absence and the new makes were published. We broke ranks, and "bade farewell football with rushed to our rooms, and "bade farewell to cadet gray" and played football with our dress hats,

Perhaps the reader, accustomed to high-school and college "commencements," is school and college "commencements," is wondering what has become of the Spanish salutatory, the tedious orations on great military heroes, the still more tiresome theses on abstract military science, and the pathetic valedictory. They were advertently omitted.

In a few minutes we had donned our "cits" and were out in front of barracks receiving the congratulations of our friends—perhaps a few of us found time to take a last stroll down on Flirtation.

At one o'clock, I sauntered down to dinner; found uffor testing the sound that

At one o'clock, I sauntered down to dinner; found, after tasting the soup, that I had no appetite, and started on the round of the mess-hall to say good-by to the comrades I left behind.

We reached New York in various ways, some by the West Shore, some by the Hudson River Railway, and still others by the day-boat. At any rate, we all assembled at the opera, appropriated two rows to our own use, applauded everybody and everything, and when the star actress appeared with a cadet cap fauntily set upon her with a cadet cap jauntily set upon her head, and sang a topical song, we encored

officer) in the class made a speech; every cadet, as well as the girls, the alma mater, the United States, the "turn-backs," and the popular officers at the Point were toasted. It was long after midnight when separated, and the last farewell was spoken.



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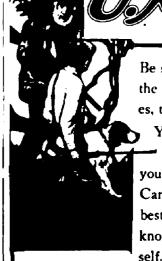
I have now brought "My Four Years at West Point" to an end, and I hope that those who have followed me to the end have learned what it was my object to tell: "How to enter, how to stay there, and how to graduate."

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WAY UP to the north of Manila, where the flat rice country ends and the sugar land begins; up beyond the great Candaba marsh, where the foothills of Mount Arayat billow down to the muddy banks of the Rio Grande, in the heart of Pampanga province, lies the old Spanish town of San Fernando, City of the Silver Church.

Some seventeen hundred yards north of the town stood an old sugar mill, and near it a clump of bamboo drooped above a creek which winds across the fields.

a creek which winds across the fields.

of the town stood an old sugar min, and near it a clump of bamboo drooped above a creek which winds across the fields.

Late one hot May afternoon a party of American soldiers, about five hundred of them, came to San Fernando; came in by the side door, so to speak, with an accompaniment of popping Mausers and banging Springfields. They slept in a square that night, with their cheeks on the stocks of their rifles.

The next morning a number of their friends arrived, and the whole party proceeded to make themselves at home. In order that they might not be inconvenienced by unlooked-for callers certain small parties were sent to watch at various points without the city.

So it happened that E Company came to the sugar mill. Running swiftly and low, with dust and sand leaping about them in little jets and fountains, they had reached the spot without mishap, driving out in haste a scattering troop of the natives. Then E Company resolved itself into a Cossack outpost and sought the shade to cool off.

Naturally enough, after the brown men left E Company supposed it had the sugar mill to itself, hence it was distinctly surprised in the early evening to hear Sergeant McCabe, from the shade of the bamboo clump, say: "Well, I'll be shot! Fellows, see here."

But when a dozen men hurried to his side there was nothing at all to see. Some suggested that the heat had af-

But when a dozen men hurried to his side there was nothing at all to see. Some suggested that the heat had affected the sergeant's eyes. Others demanded his blood for fooling them.

McCabe merely remarked: "Wait, now and be quiet. Do you expect any wild thing to sit still while you come charging up like a herd of carabao?"

Presently a little black-gray head was thrust from a burrow among the roots of the bamboo and a dozen hands leaped for as many hips. In that land when little heads pop up from the ground men jump and grab for things to shoot with. By a motion McCabe indicated that this was no case for "boom-boom" and the crowd let fall its hands and watched the head.

It eyed the onlookers narrowly, but as proposed the start of the search of the search carage and come

watched the head.

It eyed the onlookers narrowly, but as no one stirred it took courage and came out of the burrow, followed by a foot and a half of fur-covered body, light mottled gray in color and more graceful than a ferret.

With a peculiarly sinuous, gliding motion the little creature ran from the bamboo to the creek, where it drank hastily and disappeared among the reeds.

"What is it?" asked the men. "A Fili-"What is it?" asked the men. pino weasel?"

Feng Ling, the Chinese cook, said:
"Thatee mongoose. He good. He killee um snake. Nobody hurtee mongoose! Him velly good filend."
"Sure thing," said the men. "We'll not hurtee him. We'll treat him like a gentleman and try to get better acquainted."
Next morning a salmon tin with a few scraps of the fish in it was placed near the bamboo clump. The new and delicious odor quickly communicated itself to the nostrils of Sir Mongoose and he came cautiously forth to investigate. His bright, brown little eyes shot a coquettish glance at the watchers as he proceeded to sample the canned goods He found them to his liking and began a hurried breakfast; but when somebody laughed at his manners he vanished like a streak of gray mist.

Through all his feasting on canned dainties, however, he did not forego the pleasures of the chase. Frequently the men would see him stalk a foot-long lize ard and carefully eat the breast and heart. More than this he was never seen to touch, although it is possible that by reason of much pampering he had be-come something of an epicure. One day some of the men, loitering

along the creek, came upon a snake of the viper species and by skillful man-euvering and prodding with long bam boos, induced his snakeship to lay his course for the thicket where the mon-

course for the thicket where the mongoose was taking his slesta.

Not for anything would the company have allowed that reptile to approach their quarters save the hope of seeing how the mongoose kills a snake.

They saw, but the sight very nearly cost the life of the mongoose.

On account of the poking and prodding necessary to herd the snake into the enemy's country he had been roused to a pitch of fury that was not nice to see. His neck spread out as broad as a baby's hand, and he struck at everything baby's hand, and he struck at everything

near him.

He was in the ugliest, most watchful mood possible when he neared the bam-boo clump, and, at the first flash of gray when the mongoose appeared on the scene, he whipped his length into a coll and his venom-laden throat hissed forth

a horrid menace.

This was bad, for the whole secret of the mongoose's success as a serpent-destroyer lies in his ability to disable the snake before it can gather itself to

strike.

Mongoose appreciated the situation but he gamely advanced to the attack He feinted a rush and the snake struck viciously. It missed, of course, and the furry little warrior sprang too close. He miscalculated in some way and the snake struck home on his shoulder.

Desperately then the little hero fought until he succeeded in so crippling the snake that it could not escape. Then he darted away to the creek and hunted frantically up and down until he found a low cress-like plant, the leaves of which he ate hastily. Snatching a hurrled drink he returned to the fight with such fury that in a moment he had the such fury that in a moment he had the snake torn to shreds.

No sooner had he finished his work than he returned to his healing plant and there remained all night, alternately eating the leaves and drinking deeply at

eating the leaves and drinking deeply at the creek.

It was a very badly used-up mongoose indeed that crept up the bank in the morning. He ate greedily of the salmon given him and offered no objection when one of the men picked him up and gently stroked his bedraggled fur.

For days after the light he was unwell from the effects of the poison, and seemed more and more to seek the companionship of the men of the picket.

It was in consequence of this increased familiarity that the men shortened his name from mongoose to Goosle

creased familiarity that the men shortoned his name from mongoose to Goosle
and he learned to come at the word.

The weeks passed and the rainy season came. Goosle abandoned his burrow
under the bamboos and moved into the
sugar mill with his friends. He was
now as tame as a house-cat and as full
of play as a kitten. His antics with a
Springfield cartridge would keep the
picket laughing by the hour, and the
smell of sugar would send him scrambling all over the man who had the
sweet.

merely turning his eyes to see what meant the heaviness on his legs. Great drops of cold perspiration started on his face as, startled by some involuntary twitching of his muscles, a four-foot cobra reared its threatening hood and swayed in anger at the disturbance. Out in the center of the big shed Goosie was playing with a cartridge, surrounded by a group of admiring spectators, who, fortunately for the boy in the corner, were conversing quietly. Suddenly Goosie dropped his cartridge and with ears erect and nose sniffing the air, he flattened himself on the ground. The group about him watched silently as he stole from their midst toward the corner where Lisle lay.

At the same instant a man's voice, harsh with fear, whispered: "God help him! Look! Lisle!"

Then men froze to statues, their eyes fastened on the horror in the corner—all but McCabe. His hand shook as he drew his revolver, but his voice was steady when he spoke: "Lisle. Steady. old man. I'm going to knock off his block!"

But he was forty feet away and that swaying neck would have been a worthy mark for nerves unshaken. McCabe knew it and he knew, too, that a miss meant death for the boy, so he began creeping nearer. For a brief second, when his approach was discovered the snake would hold motionless. That was his chance and he must not fail. Lisle lay with his eyes fixed on the hideous spectacled hood that swung above him. He felt the folds of the reptile's body tighten for a spring and his over-wrought nerves gave way. Mercifully, he fainted.

McCabe raised his revolver and as suddenly lowered it. For the snake had struck—not at the helpless boy, but at a flittering gray shadow that shot toward it.

struck—not at the helpless boy, but at a flittering gray shadow that shot toward it.

The blow missed and in a flash Goosle's teeth were fastened in the cobra's neck just back of the swelling hood, and his sharp little claws were ripping the squirming snake to tatters.

In the reaction that followed, the men hugged one another and shouted insanely. Lisle staggered to his feet and, picking up the wondering Goosle, kissed

picking up the wondering Goosie, kissed him square on his bloody little nose. From that day forth, when Goosie passed, men stood "tention" and sa-

At last there came a day when E Company was ordered down to Manila to prepare for the voyage home. A troop of cavalry stood at the sugar mill to take over the outpost, and E Company waited with their blanket rolls for ne final order. Lisle stood with Goosie in his arms.

Lisle stood with Goosie in his arms. There had been much talk concerning the little fellow's fate, now that his friends were leaving. Lisle wanted badly to take him back to the States, but the regimental bandmaster, who had played with Hagenbeck, said: "No. They die of pneumonia there in the winter;" so Goosie must be left.

He knew that something unusual was happening. So many strange faces disturbed him and he kept close to his friends. From the refuge of Lisle's arms he squeaked his dislike for the cavalrymen.



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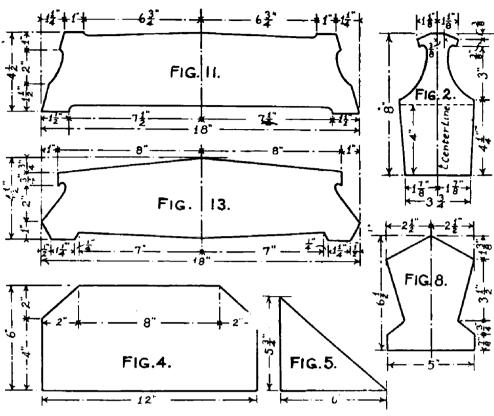
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# HOME-MADE A. Neely Hall. THE BOY CRAFTSMAN





PATTERNS FOR HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

better appreciated by friends and relatives than anything he can buy. Such a piece of work, as a Christmas gift, speaks for itself. In receiving a store article from a boy, a ceiving a store article from a boy, a person might naturally imagine that the parent had given him the money with which to make the purchase, or that he had had nothing to do with the affair; but in a home-made present the whole-hearted spirit of the young giver is easily understood by evidence of the time and labor he has expended in making it.

There are so many articles that a boy rinere are so many articles that a boy can make, articles that will be useful gifts, that he should have little trouble in making suitable selections. The illustrations in this page show several ideas for gifts that are

to carry The draw-give the easv ings ings give the shapes and sizes of the various pieces necessary to make up the articles and with these and the text as a guide, no as a guide, no trouble should be experienced in performing the work. Fig. 1 shows a

Fig. 1 shows a handy article, r Whiskbroom Holder, something anyone will appreciate for his or her room. The backpiece is shown in Fig. 2, together with its principal dimensions. This as well

as the other pieces of the holder, should be cut out of three-eighths inch stuff. In order to get the two sides of the back piece alike, first draw a center-line upon the piece of wood, as shown in the illustration (see Fig. 2). Then lay off the dimensions upon either side of this line. Draw the curve, as shown, upon one side, and then reproduce it upon the other side at an equal distance from the cen-ter-line, tracing it off with a piece of side at an equal distance from the center-line, tracing it off with a piece of tracing paper to get the curves alike. The front piece of the holder should be cut the shape of the lower portion of the back piece (that portion below the dotted line, Fig. 2). The two side pieces (see Fig. 1) should be cut an inch and one-half wide by the height of the front piece (four inches). With the pieces prepared, nall them together in their proper places with one-inch wire brads. The holder should then be finished as described in general for all the work in the latter portion of the article.

A Clock Bracket or Shelf, such as shown in Fig. 3, makes a neat gift if the work upon it has been carefully done. The top portion should be laid out the shape of Fig. 4, and the two brackets similar to Fig. 5. After cutting out these pieces, bevel the upper edges of the brockets. His plane to do this

of the top piece and the two long edges of the brackets. Use a plane to do this work, first marking the depth and width work, first marking the depth and width of the bevel around the edge of the board to enable you to keep the sides straight. Make the bevels on the brackets the same as that on the top piece of the shelf. Fasten the brackets in place two inches from the ends of the top piece, using inch and one-half fingering reside for the purpose. ishing nails for the purpose. Fig. 6 the wall. shows a back view of the shelf and the In Fig. means by which it is hung upon the Tries. snows a back view of the shelf and the means by which it is hung upon the wall, consisting of a screw-eye screwed into the under side of the top piece, next to each bracket. These eyes are to slip over two nails driven into the wall in positions corresponding to them, and will prevent the shelf from slipping off the nails.

BOY'S OWN handiwork is always Rack similar to that shown in Fig. 7, better appreciated by friends and procure a piece of seven-eighths inch relatives than anything he can buy, board six inches wide out of which to cut the end pieces, and a piece of seven-eighths inch grooved-and-tongued board four inches wide for the base.

As shown in the illustration, the base can be extended or pushed together, as a book is added or removed from the rack, piece A sliding between strips B and C. Cut a piece seven and one-half inches long from the tongued-and-grooved board for A. This will measure about three and three-quarters of an inch wide, as dressed material runs from one-eighth to one-nuarter inch narrower

about three and three-quarters of an inch wide, as dressed material runs from one-cighth to one-quarter inch narrower than what it is sold for. Cut strips B and C from the remainder of the tongued-and-grooved board, making them eight and one-half inches long by five-eighths of an inch wide. Rip B from the grooved edge of the board and C from the tongued edge (see Fig. 7).

Lay out the end pieces after the pattern of Fig. 8. These pieces may be nailed directly to the base, but it is better to attach them with hinges as by doing so the ends can be folded flat and the rack packed away conveniently in a small space. Purchase two pair of brass hinges about an inch long and half an inch wide, and attach them to the pieces as shown in Figs. 7 and 9. The hinges are set into the pieces, the wood being cut away enough so they come flush with the surface of the wood when screwed in place. This will be seen in Fig. 9. Use five-eighths inch brass screws for the hinges. Strip A can be hinged directly to its end piece end, but it is necessary to cut a block an inch wide and of a length equal to the width of A, to fit between strips B and C (D in Fig. 7), to which to attach the other end piece. B and C should be nailed firmly to the ends of this block. Rub down the tongues on the base pieces with sandpaper so they will fit loosely enough in the grooves to make the rack open and of the rack from scratching any surface

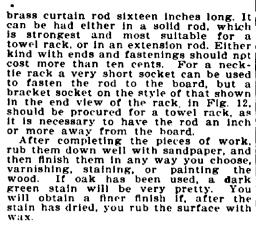
As a means of preventing the bottom As a means of preventing the bottom of the rack from scratching any surface upon which it is placed, a strip of felt should be cut and glued to the bottom of each end piece and several round buttons of the same material should be cut and glued to the under side of the base

apart and parallel with the side edges of the board, to get the hooks in line with one another, and mark off upthem places for the hooks, begin-ning at the center of the board and spacing them two inches apart. Place screweyes in the top of the board (one at either end as shown in Fig. 10) by which y which to the rack upon

the wall.

In Fig. 12 we have a scheme that may be used either for a Towel Rack or Necktie Rack. Cut the back out of a three-eighths and bracket. These eyes are to slip to sitions corresponding to them, and cositions corresponding to them, and the nalls.

For the making of an extension Book the walls, on sition and solutions are selected at any household furnishing store. Ask for a



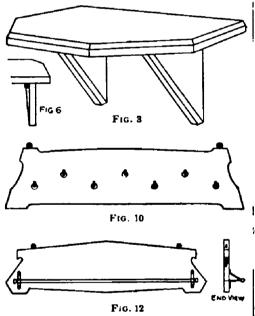
#### Big Maltese Tolled Church

William Baker's big Maltese cat created some excitement yesterday morning when it tolled the bell on the Wesleyan Methodist church, on Flax Hill, a suburb of this city. The bell is about the size of an ordinary dinner bell, with a clapper that weighs less than a pound. "Little Willie," as the cat is called, likes sparrows, and went hunting to the belfry of the little church yesterday morning about 4 o'clock. A sparrow must have been in the bell to start with, and when the cat made a jump for it the bell tolled.

belt tolled.

belt tolled.

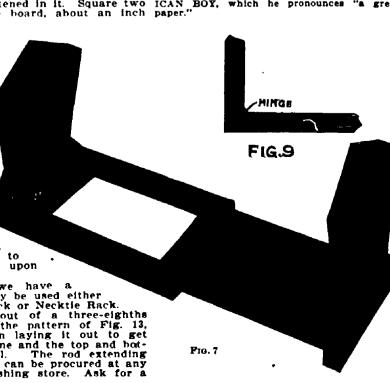
The swinging clapper then attracted the attention of the cat more than did the sparrow, and "Little Willie" began to play with it. The bell sounded several times, and the people living near by seered through their windows to see what was happening. Some thought there was to be an early morning service, while others supposed that some one was in trouble. Mr. Baker investigated, and found his pet cat in the belfry playing with the bell clapper.—Indianapolis News.



#### From a Canadian Boy

We have received from Harold L. Parker, of We have received from Haroid L. Parker, or Scottstown, Quebec, Canada, samples of asbes-tos as taken from the ground and as prepared for the market. Haroid is 15 years old and he has been working as an "engineer" with an asbestos company located at Black Lake. He says the product of the mill is called "cotton." Before it goes into the mill it is called "waste." because only a few years ago it was strips.

A Necktie Board is a very simple article to make. The one shown in Fig. 10 consists of a three-eighths inch board cut the shape of Fig. 11, with seven brass screw-hooks fastened in it. Square two lines across the board, about an inch apart and



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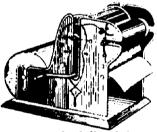
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#### Merry Christmas

You can make it merry for some boy by giving him an annual subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.



heifer. Impatient at the chase she had caused him, the boy rushed forward and struck the reclining animal a sharp blow upon the ribs with thehoe.

Instantly there was a low, surly growl, and then there rose up to confront the lad, not the missing heifer, but the tall, menacing form of a huge black hear, whose jaws were besmeared with blood.

Jerry was scared; he could feet here. N THE eastern part of New Hampshire, well down in the southern half of the state, there is a long, low range of hills, the highest of which is known as Blue Hill or Croydon Mountain.

This neak is nearly three with blood.

Jerry was scared; he could feel his hair stiffen under his ragged fur cap, and his legs trembling beneath him. But he had the pluck of a Yankee boy, and he was angry at the loss of his favorite heifer. Stepping back a pace or two, he levelled his heavy hoe full at the black, bloodstained muzzle, and struck with all his might. But the bear warded it off as easily as a boxer might, and the next moment Jerry felt his weapon snatched from his grasp.

Hill or Croydon Mountain.

This peak is nearly three thousand feet in height, and towers in friendly rivairy to its neighbor, the historic Kearsarge, not thirty miles away. Nearly the whole of the mountain is included in the famous Corbin Park, a tract of 28,000 acres inclosed as a game preserve by the late Austin Corbin, and probably one of

acres inclosed as a game preserve by the late Austin Corbin, and probably one of the largest in the United States.

A large portion is heavily wooded and, until within a few years, was the haunt of animals as wild and savage as any that now roam the wilderness. As late as 1867 a wolf was shot on this mountain, and bears have been seen there even since that date

tain, and bears have been seen there even since that date.

In the autumn of the opening year of the last century the people of all the towns around Croydon Mountain joined in a great hunt for a bear that had caused them much trouble. Scarcely a farmer in the whole section but had suffered a loss in his sheepfold, pigpen or barnyard, so it was determined to hunt bruin to the death. The bear was believed to be an unusually large and ferocious animal, hence the feeling against him was aggravated quite as much by fear as by the desire to punish him.

much by fear as by the desire to punish him.

The party organized at the foot of the mountain, forming a great circle of men, boys and dogs. The signal horn was sounded for starting and continued around the whole circle, a signal that was to be repeated every half hour until all arrived at the top of the mountain. All that clear October day the sound of horns and the barking of dogs echoed over the wooded hills. People in the valleys heard the repeated signalling, but their listening ears could distinguish nothing to indicate the success of the hunters.

High up on the eastern slope of the mountain was the Andrews homestead, which comprised an ordinary sixty-acre lot, with the farm buildings erected by a Mr. Andrews. The settler had died a year or two before, and the farm had been cared for by Jerry, a boy of fifteen, sturdy, freckled-faced, and somewhat large for his years. Jerry had not gone with the hunters, the sowing of a piece of rye compelling him to remain at home.

The ploneer boy was, however, to

The pioneer boy was, however, to meet with an adventure much more exciting than any that befell the hunters. Jerry finished sowing his rye late in the afternoon, and as the sun was still an hour or two high, he went across lots to visit several traps he had set for mink in the upper pasture. He examined his traps, finding an imprisoned mink in one, and started homeward just as dusk was beginning to creep down the mountain

the mountain.

He walked through the lower pasthe mountain.

He walked through the lower pasture, wherein was inclosed the farm stock, which had been shut off from ranging the higher pasture since the depredations of bruin had become so alarming. He could hear the familiar ting-a-ling of the cow-bell as he hurried toward the cattle in the thickening gloom. He found them grouped in a bunch, tossing their horns and acting in a strange manner. Jerry's first thought was of the presence of a bear, and he hurriedly looked over the herd to find whether any were missing. To his dismay he could not find a favorite yearling.

Jerry was no coward, but he had no weapon with him, nor anything that would answer for one except the heavy hoe which he had used to dig around the stumps in the rye field.

With this in his hand he started off in search of the heifer.

He tried to think that

heifer. He tried to think that perhaps the creature had wandered away by herself, wandered away by herself, and this idea was strengthened when he found some tracks which he thought were hers near a piece of marshy ground that bordered the woods. The tracks led directly into the forest, and the ploneer lad, thinking only of discovering the missing yearling, plunged into the undergrowth.

In the rapidly increasing

In the rapidly increasing darkness Jerry could not see objects distinctly; but

Now the bear was very near him; he could feel the brute's warm, sickening breath in his face. Supporting himself with one hand, he struck forward a strong, quick blow with his right. He aimed directly for the eyes, but, instead, the sharp blade cut a deep, ugly gash in the great, black snout.

That portion of the brute's anatomy is always more or less sensitive and bruin's was peculiarly so. The suddenness of the attack upset him, and sniffling fiercely, the beast drew back. In changing its positon it chanced to throw its weight upon a decayed limb, which snapped like a pipestem, and the heavy carcass shot down through the branches and struck the ground below with a heavy thud.

Waiting a few moments to see if the bear stirred, and hearing nothing but a low groan, Jerry carefully slid down the tree. His first act was to secure his hoe. Then he approached the bear, and finding that the animal could not stir, having apparently broken its back by the fall, he speedily put an end to its life.

The plucky boy had hardly struck his

its life.

The plucky boy had hardly struck his last blow when a dog barked close at hand, and a few moments afterward half a dozen men walked up to the spot. They were a party of the hunters returning, and Jerry knew several of them

the next moment Jerry feit his weapon snatched from his grasp.

The lad now thought discretion the better part of valor, and making out a low bough before him, he selzed hold of it and swung himself up into a tree, hoping the bear would not follow him, but he was disappointed. With a snort and a growl, the enraged beast shambled to the tree and began slowly to climb its trunk.

As it happened the tree was an immense oak, and Jerry hurriedly clambered to the topmost branch, where, clinging to the fork of the limb, he awaited the approach of the enemy.

The bear worked his way up among "Well, my lad, you have beaten us all," said one of the men, after he had heard the boy's story. "We have hunted all day for this fellow, and couldn't find hair nor claw of him. You deserve farm, Jerry for I imagine our barnyards and pigpens will be safe enough now."

now."

They found the mangled carcass of the young heifer a few rods away, but bruin's skin and the bounty paid by the state more than compensated Jerry for the loss. For many a year afterward he was the hero of that region, and old men now living can remember having him pointed out to them as the boy who beat the hunters. beat the hunters.

#### Cat Adopts Young Squirrels

and nearer.

Jerry scarcely dared to breathe. He had a huge jackknife in his pocket that the village blacksmith at the "Corner" had made for him that very season, for use in skinning minks and muskrats. The boy now drew this and, opening the long, keen blade, prepared to defend himself as best he could. He was all grit and had not a thought of surrender in his mind. William Deubel of River street, Danbury, has a cat which is nursing a family of five little gray squirrels. A few days ago the cat gave birth to five kittens, but as cats were numerous they were taken away and drowned.

The next day Mr. Deubel's son found an orphaned family of little gray squirrels in a hollow tree in the woods. As the mother was nowhere to be seen, he brought the squirrels home, and as an experiment they were given to the old cat for adoption, as she was still mourning the loss of her kittens. The old cat looks with wonderment on the strange manners of her new family, but she guards the little fellows jealously, and there is already a real affection between the orphans and their foster mother.—Hartford Courant.

#### Youg Wildcats at Play

As H. D. Fletcher was at work on the mountain back of Butternut hill, Johnson, he came upon a couple of young wildcats about as large as common house cats.

They were sleek and handsome and were playing and frisking like ordinary butterns. Having no weapons with him.

kittens. Having no weapons with him and being accompanied by his little son, . Fletcher decided not to meddle with them, fearing an encounter with the mother, who was probably not far away. -St. Albans Messenger.

#### Rat Adopted Into Cat Family

We are told a cat and rat story that is worth publishing as something very

unusual.
Charles Farnsworth of Saybrook has a cat that is the mother of a family or small kittens. Recently the mother cat went to the barn and found a young rat, which she took in her mouth and carried to the nest of kittens, and has since nursed and cared for it as one of her own family.—Warren Mirror.

#### Inhospitality

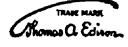
"Two small boys, whose home is in Louisville, went recently to visit their grandparents in Cincinnati," says the Louisville Courier-Journal. "One was nine years old and the other eleven. They arrived at grandma's all right, but in half an hour had disappeared. Later in the day their absence caused alarm, and a search was begun for them. They were found that evening on the Kentucky side of the river, resting after a long foot of the river, resting after a long foot journey toward home.

""Why, Harry," complained grandma "what did you run away from me for?" "Because," said Harry, with dignity and firmness, "we do not visit at houses where the cooky box is kept locked up," "Grandma promptly removed the offending padlock, and amicable relations were restored."

were restored."

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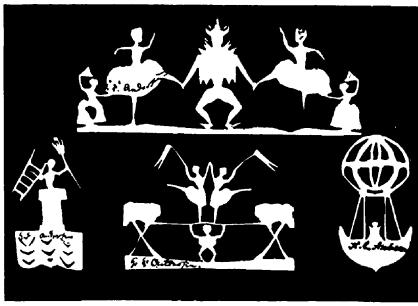
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The bear worked his way up among the branches with the skill of a sailor in the shrouds. He seemed determined in his advances, and Jerry began to edge off as far as he dared, for the limb to which he was clinging began to bend under his weight. Bruin crawled nearer and nearer.

HE AIMED DIRECTLY FOR THE EYES

#### "THE KING OF THE FAIRIES"



DESIGNS CUT FROM PAPER BY HANS ANDERSEN.

Some interesting things are told about this man, whom all children have come to love, in the "Girl's Realm," an English magazine.

Hans was the son of a poor shoemaker in Odense, a village of Denmark. When he was but a lad his father used to read to him during the long winter evenings stories from the Arabian Nights. Doubtless it was this that put it into young

stories from the Arabian Nights. Doubt-less it was this that put it into young Andersen's head to write stories himself. At the age of fourteen, the future story writer left his home with a few crowns in his pocket. As is the case with most boys who leave home at an early age to make their way in the world, this boy had his struggles and his hardships. fortunately, for him, his early literary talents were recognized by an eminent man, a Mr. Collin, who took him under his protection and educated him. He first tried to get an engagement in the

first tried to get an engagement in the ballet at Copenhagen, but his face was so homely that he was not wanted.

Hans seemed to know that he was homely, for he wrote the story of "The Ugly Duckling," which was in reality his own life story. It is said that he was always kind to ugly people and would single them out for special notice.

He was fond of flowers and when he He was fond of flowers and when he had a party at the villa where he made his home in his later years, he always arranged a buttonhole bouquet for each guest, picking the flowers and arranging them with his own hands.

Another characteristic of Hans Andersen, was his habit of losing his temper, but, as is the case with people who are petulant by nature, his anger soon subsided, and then he was always ready with a peace-offering.

subsided, and then he was always ready with a peace-offering.

He was a splendid conversationalist and very ready at repartee. Once when dining with King Frederick the Seventh and drinking at oast to the King, he filled his glass with water. "You should not drink to your King with water," said the sovereign. "When I drink to my King, water becomes wine," replied Andersen.

dersen.

He was simple and childlike in his ways, though he has been accused of vanity. Perhaps his vanity was more a liking of appreciation; for a word of praise was very dear to him. Perhaps the fact that he had his hair curled every day and was very particular about his appearance had something to do with the report of his being vair. the report of his being vain.



ANOTHER OF ANDERSEN'S FUNNY DRAWINGS.

While father is about to shave What's he doing, the little knave? Upsetting the ink and making a mes He deserves a slap and nothing less.

One of his peculiarities was that when-ever he dined out he liked to have his health proposed in a toast. The funny thing about it was that he always pre-tended to be surprised on such occa-sions.

Strange enough, it has been said that he was not fond of children. This is only true to the extent that he did not like the silly kind of children, nor did he like to have them climb all over him; he liked sensible, well behaved children, and delighted in conversing with them. For them he was accustomed to cut out strange paper pictures, write rhymes and stories; often he wrote and illustrated long manuscript books for them.

Hans Andersen lived to be an old man. His death took place August 4, 1875.

"The beautiful and the good will never be forgotten; they live in legend and song," he wrote at the end of "The Old Gravestone," one of his writings.

Years have passed yet his stories are

Years have passed yet his stories are ever green. They are the embodiment of the good and the beautiful, they will never die while there are children and grown-ups who are "children in heart."

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ALL DIFFERENT U. S. stamps, all Issues from 1857, including Columbia, Omaha, Pan-American, Civil War 10 cts. COMPANY, Sox A, Sasta Ana, Cal. AMERICAN STAMP COMPANY,

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125 all differ. Zanzibar, China, Fiji, etc., all 10c Stamps

Five varieties Corea, 8c. Agents
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The finest stamp atbum published is

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We buy stamps. Colonial Stamp Co., 958 E, 584 St., Chleago. Nigeria ne, a We buy stamps.

FREE -- 100 Mixed Foreign Stamps,
1 Blank Stamp Album
100 Stamp Hinges.
All the above free for the names and addresses of

An une above free for the names and Rddresses of 3 honest stamp collectors and Sc for return postage. Only 1 lot to a customer—QUARER STAMP CO., Toledo, Oblo



500 finely mixed only 10c; 50 all diff fine 5c; 100 diff Corea, Nexico, etc., 10c; 1000 diff. Corea, Nexico, etc., 10c; 1000 binges 8c; 40 diff. U. S and Canada, 10c; 200 all diff. 20c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. Old Stamps bought UNION STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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10c and names and addresses of a collectors.

50 Cuban Revenues, unused. 1000 Peerless hinges. 1 set Honduras, 2 var., unused. 1 set Nicaragua, 2 var., unused. 1 set Paraguay, 2 var., unused. 1 set Nichragus, 2 var., unused, 1908. 1 act Paraguay, 2 var., unused, 1908. 1 Millimeter Scale and Perforation Gauge, OHIO STAMP CO., Sta. F., Toleds, O.

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ence had been nourished for generations, there was a fear that the tyranny of Spain would be followed by the over-lordship of the stars and stripes, and Cubans had no wish to see their

(To be continued.)

The Numismatic Sphinx

#### Answers to Inquiries

A. S. D.—The best way to tell the difference between the stamps of Japan is to look them up in Scott's 1995 Catalogue where you will find them listed correctly. C. E. K.—The "Perfect Hinge" are very good, and you will find them at most any stamp company. R. W. B.—Your stamps should be soaked in warm water, but not hot water, as it will spoil the stamps. Of the 2c carmine stamps the triangle No. 1 of the 1894 issue is the most common.

#### Stamp News

Keneta on Hawaiian stamps means cents. Eina Keneta significs \$.02.

The German government is receiving daily from the pictorial postal cards which pass through the mail, \$20,000. The average daily number is 1,446,938.

According to the Standard catalogue of the Postage Stamps of the World, the total number of known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the governments of the world up to the present time is 19.212.

Of this number 205 were issued by Great Britain and 5,711 in the various British colonies. This leaving the balance for all the rest of the world.

Dividing the totals among the continents, they are as follows:

Europe. 4,089 Asia 3,628 Africa 4,005 America and West Indies. 6,095 Africa

Salvador has issued more varieties of post-age stamps than any other country, the num-ber being 450. Poland, Wadhwan, and Tierra del Fuego have each found a solitary speci-men to suffice for their postal wants.

#### New Issues

Jaipur-Indian Native State. Has a new issue of engraved postage and official stamps.

Danish West Indies-There is a new set both adhesive and postage due stamps on the

Belgium—We note the issue of three more values of the new series. The \$.50 gray green, 1 fr. orange, 2 fr. violet.

Indore—Indian Native State. The  $\frac{1}{2}$  annulake of the current issue of officials has appeared with the surcharge inverted.

Guadeloupe-Has issued a new series of postage stamps which are similar in design and size to the new French, above the \$.10.

Dominican Republic—The 2c surcharged on the postage due stamp has been reported as being seen with the surcharge inverted.

Bulgaria—The 5s on 3s has been seen with the surcharge inverted. The 10s on 15s (1893 issue), has appeared with a double surcharge.

Nyassa—The 150 r. of the 1901 Issue with the inverted center are very rare as only 50 stamps were issued and most of them were Switzerland—A copy of the 10c blue of the 1862 issue has been discovered with the cor-

numerals doubly printed, one impression heing upside down.

Chile—This country has issued a new set of postage stamps, and so far they consist of the following values:
3c brown.
5c blue.

20c orange-brown and black.

#### Cuba's Stamp History

The distressful island of Cuba, the "Ireland of Spain" as it was once described, takes up a great deal of room in the philatelist's album. Its postal issues have been many and most varied, from the first issue of 1855, with head of Queen Isabella of Spain, down to the present time. Cuba, of course, was one of the discoveries of Christopher Columbus, and thus fell under the sovereignty of the country of his adoption, Spain. In common with all other Spanish dependencies, however, the country grew discontented and rebellious; and throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century the history of Cuba was one long story of internal dissension. When America came to its rescue in 1898, some of the leading patriots of rescue in 1898, some of the leading patriots of

TO OPEN THE FALL TRADE Infer FREE, to new applicants for approval selections, a stamplisted at 25c in the 1905 Standard Calalogue. Kindly send referwith your application—or, if a minor, send me written con of parent. WILLIAM F. PRICE

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FREE You can get Hinges, Albums, 1000
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B. MAX MEHL, Numismatist. Fort Worth, Texas.

Cuba accepted their "liberation" from the yoke of Spain somewhat sulkily, viewing their American champions with no small degree of suspicion. In the hearts of the Cuban race, where the hope of absolute national independence had been nourished for generations, there

# A Rare Philippine Bolo Knife Carved from Carabao Horn, special price, only \$2.00

followed by the over-lordship of the stars and stripes, and Cubans had no wish to see their country become a mere colony of the United States. Fortunately, the good sense of the American nation overcame the ambitious schemes of the Jingo party, and in 1940 it was finally settled that Cuba should enjoy the full freedom of an independent nation subject to the merely nominal suzerainty of America in regard to her external affairs. Thus to all intents and purposes Cuba is a free republic, and as she has contrived to exist until the present time without a single revolution, and without even killing a President, it is fair to assume that this hitherto unhappy island has entered upon an era of peace and prosperity. These facts have little connection with the study of Cuba's stamps, yet they tend to show what a fund of historical interest attaches to the subject.

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And my large Price List of Philippine hats, came, holes, sea shells, ooks, photos, paintings, fine cloths, embodicies, coins, stamps, setem below, paintings, fine cloths, embodicies, coins, stamps, between the ambitious shells below, photos, paintings, fine cloths, embodicies, coins, stamps, vetter curies. Price List of Philippine hats, eachs shells, books, photos, paintings, fine cloths, embodicies, coins, stamps, between holes, coins, stamps, kalana, sacces, and many other curies. Price List of Philippine hats, eachs shells, books, photos, paintings, fine cloths, coins, stamps, kalana, sacces, shells, blooks, photos, paintings, fine cloths, coins, stamps, kalana, hocces, and many other curies. Price List of Philippine hats, each shells, books, photos, paintings, fine cloths, coins, stamps, kalana, becces, and list polos, photos, paintings, fine cloths, cloths, closh, photos, paintings, fine cloths, cloths, cloths, cloths, cloths, photos, paintings, fine cloths, cloths, cloths, cloths, cloths, paintings, fine cloths, cloths, closh, photos, paintings, fine cloths, closh, shells, books, photos, paintings, fi

Sea Shells for Xmas Large Beautiful Shells for Xmas Gifts, 10c, 15c and 25c each. Mixed shells or mixed shells and curios, 25c and 50c per box. Post paid. Catalog with order. Tropical Curio Co., Dept. 50, Miami, Florida

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The Numismatic Sphinx

Ruby H. Shuil: Your drawing is from a 10-kopeck piece of Russia, Nicholas I. (1825-55), 1832. It sells for half a dollar. Willie E. Tillman: The cent of 1834 is worth ten cents; the English penny of 1875, five cents. Donaid l'addock: The Columbian half dollar of 1892 sells for seventy-live cents. C. G. Chamberlain: The nickel cents of 1857, 1858 and 1859 seil at the dealers, if in fine condition, for five cents each. The 1851 copper cent is worth the same. Frank McIntosh: We cannot make out your coin without fuller information. Charles A. Price: The coin you wish to know about, and which "has been handed down through the generations," is an English crown of Charles II. (1660-85), 1677. It sells for about \$2.50. Clarence F. Drake: (1) Common English half-penny of 1861. (2) Spanish real of no particular value. A. G. Herman: Only the 20-cent pieces of 1877 and 1878 are rare. They bring about \$3.00 each. H. G. P., Wisconsin: Your 4-skilling piece is from Denmark. As a rule the United States silver dimes, quarters and halves with arrow points by the date are only worth face value. The halves and quarters of 1853 without these arrow heads are rather rare. The coins you mention are all comparatively common, worth but little over face value. Paul Manton: The 1852 dollar, when in good condition, sells at the dealers' for about fifty dollars. C. E. Bramble, Jr.: Your rubbing is from a Spanish dollar, Mexico mint, 1819. These Spanish and Mexican silver coins formed a large part of our silver circulation for about fifty years after the revolutionary war, and have always been very common since that time. Unless these pieces are in fine condition they will Beautiful Souvenir Post Cards of Florida, 200 different cards, black and white, or in colors, including Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palatka, Daytons, Pulm Beach, Tampa, Crescent City, San Mattee, and most all Florida cities and towns. Price, 2 for 5 cts., 25 cts. doz., mailed to any address on receipt of price. CHAS. E. ROWTON, Palatka, Fla.

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EION: Europe plain 20c, doz., colored 30c, Africa, Asia, South
America 10 cards 30c, doz., calored 50c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz., colored 50c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz., colored 50c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz., colored 50c, doz.

Europe cities and
Indians, Japanese colored 30c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz.

Europe cities and
Indians, Japanese colored 30c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz.

Europe cities and
Indians, Japanese colored 30c, doz.

Europe cities and
Indians, Japanese colored 30c, doz.

Europe cities and
Indians, Japanese colored 30c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz.

Europe cities and
Indians, Japanese colored 30c, doz.

Europe cities and
Indians, Japanese colored 30c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz.

Europe cities and
Indians, Japanese colored 30c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz.

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Million 20c, doz.

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Million 20c, doz.

Europe cities and Indians, Japanese colored 30c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz.

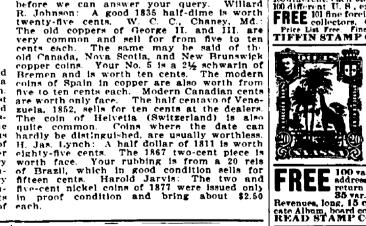
Europe cities and Indians, Japanese colored 30c, Africa, Asia, South
Million 20c, doz.

Europe cities an

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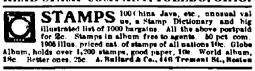


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#### Our Prize Pictures

Nick Bruehl's "Water Carriers" is not only a creditable pictorial photograph, but also a good example of artistic composition that richly deserves the first prize herewith award-ed to it. Tom Alvord's "Three Little Maids ed to it.



"THREE LETTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL" Second Prize Photo, by Tom Alvord, Livenia, N. Y

From School." on the other hand, scores not so much on account of composition, but because it is an excellent illustration of outdoor portraiture and shows considerable technical

#### Current Comments

H. H. Phillips—Your efforts at artistic mounting are commendable, but not entirely successful. We would advise you to get No. 1 of the Practical Photographer, published by the Photo-Era Co., of Boston, at 25 cents, and devoted to trimming, mounting and framing. It will prove of assistance to you. It. V. Packard—Your "Old Nancy's Part, etc." is a failure, because the forepart of the horse

The following single solution is given by one of our exchanges as a satisfactory intensifier for negatives. Half an ounce of potassium iodide is dissolved in two ounces of water, and a hundred grains of mercuric chloride in sixteen ounces of water. The iodide solution is added to the chloride, and ten grains of hypo are added to the mixture, which is then diluted with its own bulk of water, and is ready for use.

#### Honorable Mention

A Useful Hint

A Philadelphia subscriber writes: "I take a great interect in the photographic department of your paper. I cut out the articles and paste them in a book, where I can look them over. They have been a great help to me." Those of our readers who do not preserve their copies of THE AMERICAN BOY by filing them or having them bound, may find this suggestion of service.

Honorable Mention

In a late number of the Photographic Exchange, of San Francisco, attention is called to the fact that the above distinction was conferred by us upon a certain amateur, which was a very gratifying evidence of appreciation. It proved that the honor was estimated at its true value and that it is highly regarded by the recipients. This month it is conferred upon: Jos. Harbison, H. R. Goodwin, H. H. Phillips, S. C. Jones, H. A. Packand, W. H. Hill, J. L. Hopper, Ralph Gingard, W. H. Hill, J. L. Hopper, Ralph Gingard, W. M. Snedecor, M. H. Tardy, W. J. Juengert, A. C. Ripley, J. H. Paine, C. A. Goodwin and W. L. Conner.

#### The Letter Box

The Letter Box

F. J. Fisher, New York—There was no mistake. The information, as given, was entirely correct. Several pictures that were similar to the prize winner were entered. C. L. Woodrow—We cannot enter into correspondence concerning the particulars of our competitions; you will find them on this page. Wm. R. Workman—Ordinary postals will do; exposure depends upon extent of light. Wm. R. Workman—Velox postals may be procured from any dealer in photographic supplies; they are already sensitized. Complete directions enclosed in every package. Rodinol is a patented developer marketed by a German company. I have used it, but prefer either pyro or metol. Wm. H. Perry—A good starch mountant may be prepared as follows: Mix two ounces of pure starch with two ounces of water and pour on about is ounces of boiling water, into which has been discontinuation. of boiling water, into which has been dis-solved about 50 grains of powdered alum and 12 drops of carbolic acid.

#### A Winter Developer

A Winter IJeveloper
Ortol is a developer which is less susceptible
to lowness of temperature than are any other
re-agents, and it also is remarkably free
from staining properties—two characteristics
which specially fit it for winter work. The
following is a very good formula: A. Water,
20 ozs.; metabisulphite of potash, 475 grs.;
ortol, 150 grs. Solution B. Water, 20 ozs.,
carbonate of sodium crystals, 3% ozs.; soda
sulphite crystals, 2% ozs. Take 1 part A..
1 part B., and 1 part of water, and add from
1% to 2 grains of potassium bromide to the
ounce of mixed developer.—Photographic
Times.

The Boy Photographer

Edited by HUGO ERICHSEN

The Modern Way In Picture Making. Rochester, N. Y.: Eastman Kodak Co. Cloth, \$1. Although intended primarily for those who work by the Kodak system, this useful little book will commend itself to every amateur photographer. It is condensed, yet complete. The useless discussion of theories has been fiven to topic the front.

A Single-Solution Intensifier

A Single-Solution Intensifier

The following single solution is given by one of our exchanges as a satisfactory intensifier to photograph. The contest is open to subscribt the photograph that the first the photograph is the photograph that the first the photograph is the photograph that the photograph is open to subscribt the photograph that the photograph is photograph to those who work by the Kodak system. This useful little state in the state i

The Camera in the Field, by F. C. Snell, New York: A. Wessels Company. Cloth. This volume will prove of interest to anyone desiring to combine photography with nature study. The book is divided into five parts, as follows: The camera and dark room, photographing birds and birds' nests, photographing reptiles and animals, photographing insects, and photographing plants and flowers. Only subjects are described in these pages that are within reach of the average worker in town and country. The numerous illustrations are not only fine but helpful and the in town and country. The numerous illustra-tions are not only fine but helpful and the typographical appearance of the book is ex-

Either of the above named books may be procured through THE AMERICAN BOY.



" WATER CARRIERS First Prize Photo, by Nick Bruchl, Sherwood, Wis.

# The Boy Mechanic and Electrician

A Permanent Department

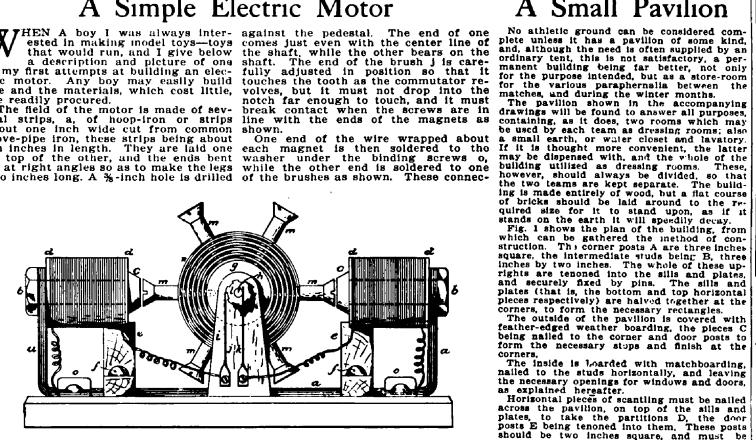
Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boya, be answered in these columns.

Edited by Robt. G. Griswold

#### A Simple Electric Motor

A description and picture of one of my first attempts at building an electric motor. Any boy may easily build one and the materials, which cost little, are readily procured.

The field of the motor is made of several strips, a, of hoop-iron or strips about one inch wide cut from common stove-pipe iron, these strips being about ten inches in length. They are laid one on top of the other, and the ends bent up at right angles so as to make the legs two inches long. A %-inch hole is drilled



through the ends to receive the magnet tions must be made so that the current cores b.

These magnets are made of two %" short carriage bolts c. Each bolt is provided with two washers or collars d cut from cardboard, and the space between wrapped with 1% ounces of No. 18 single covered magnet wire. When the wrapping of the wire is finished, the coils are given two or three coats of shellac which binds the outer layers firmly together.

firmly together.

These magnets are secured to the field strips by passing the threaded end through the hole and setting up on the nut. The strips are then fastened to the base by two wooden bridges e which set down over them, the screws f serving to bind them firmly in position.

The armature core g is made of a short piece of wood, 1" in diameter, such as might be cut from a broomstick. Through the center of this piece is driven a piece

the center of this piece is driven a piece of %" iron wire to act as an axle, shown at h. Then six small holes, equally spaced, are drilled into the periphery of the spool g and into these holes six heavy 1\%" flat-head iron-wood screws m

the spool g and into these holes six heavy 1½" flat-head iron-wood screws m are driven, standing out as shown in the cut, Fig. 1. Use the heaviest screws of this length that you can get. Brass screws will not do, of course, as they cannot be attracted by the magnets.

To make the magnetic circuit still more perfect, a piece of No. 18 iron wire, such as is used for hanging stove-pipes, is woven in and out between the screws, until it has filled up the threaded portions of the screws as shown at n.

Two bearing pedestals are then made as shown by i and secured to the base, holes being drilled in the top of each for the shaft h. The bearings will be better if made by pouring melted lead into the holes and drilling them out afterwards to fit the shaft, also drilling small oil holes through from the top. After the armature shaft is placed in position and the pedestals i firmly secured to the base, a small commutator I is then filed out of a small piece of copper as shown, having six teeth equally spaced and of the same width as the spaces. The hole in the center of this commutator is made a tight fit over the shaft so that it can be driven into place and the friction will hold it securely.

Two brushes are then cut from a sheet

tions must be made so that the current will travel around the magnet cores in the same direction as shown in the small sketch, Fig. 2, and this makes the head of one magnet a north pole and the head of the opposite magnet a south pole. The lines of magnetism will then travel through one core, through the screw in front, around the iron wires n, through the opposite screw, through the core of the opposite magnet and through the iron strips back to the first magnet, making an almost complete magnetic circuit. cuit.

The action of the motor is this; the current passes through the coils making the bolts powerful magnets. They immediately attract the screws nearest them, causing the armature to revolve, but just as soon as these screws are in front of the magnets, the tooth of the commutator slips off the brush j breaking the circuit and the momentum of

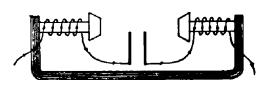
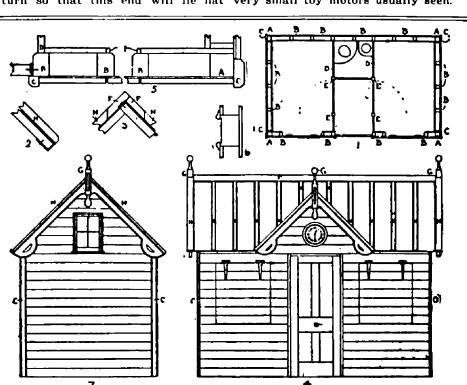


Fig 2.

the armature carries the screws past the magnets. But as soon as they have passed half their distance apart past the head of the magnets, the brush again makes contact with a tooth on the com-mutator and the magnets again attract mutator and the magnets again attract the two advancing screws towards them, only to have the current broken and the process repeated. This rapid intermittent attraction of the magnets causes the armature to revolve at a very high rate of speed, and with two or three cells of any good battery this motor will develop a very high speed and sufficient power to operate small mechanical toys, for which purpose a small pulley may be placed on the end of the shaft opposite the commutator.

hold it securely.

Two brushes are then cut from a sheet of copper or brass, 3-16" wide and about 1½" long. The lower ends, which are provided with holes to admit small round headed brass screws, are twisted a quarter turn so that this end will lie flat



PLAN AND DETAILS OF PAVILION

#### A Small Pavilion

form the necessary stops and finish at the corners.

The inside is loarded with matchboarding, nailed to the studs horizontally, and leaving the necessary openings for windows and doors, as explained hereafter.

Horizontal pieces of scantling must be nailed across the pavilion, on top of the sills and plates, to take the partitions D, the door posts E being tenoned into them. These posts should be two inches square, and must be grooved at the side where they come to the partition, so that the boards fit into the grooves. This also applies to the top horizontal pieces. At the bottom, strips should be nailed on to form stops for the boards. These latter must be one inch matchboarding, fixed vertically, the three doors leading into the two dressing rooms and the lavatory being formed from the same boards.

The roof is formed by putting on rafters in the usual way, and matchboarding on them, the face side of the boarding to be on the inside. The outside is covered with waterproof paper, cut to narrow widths, so that they lap over each other at the rafters. The paper should be tacked at intervals of about twelve inches down the sides, and should also be neatly folded under the boards at the eaves, and tacked underneath, as in Fig. 2. At the ridge, one piece should be brought level with the top, and that on the opposite side lapped over it, as in Fig. 3. The ridge boards F will then cover these laps and make it quite watertight at this point.

Before fixing the ridge boards, the pumacles

the top, and that on the opposite side lapped over it, as in Fig. 3. The ridge boards F will then cover these laps and make it quite watertight at this point.

Before fixing the ridge boards, the pumacles G must be fixed to the end rafters; these should then be trenched slightly so that the ridge boards fit into them. If this is not done, there is just a chance that the wet may find its way in at these points.

The front gable over the door is formed after the main roof is boarded, by nailing the rafter to the boards. It is then boarded in the same way, and also covered with the water-proof paper.

We omitted to state that when papering the roof, the outside strips of paper must be folded round the boarding and tacked to the rafters, the ornamental large boards will then nail on to the latter and fix both the paper and themselves at the same time.

Thin strips H must be firmly nailed over each of the joints in the paper, the nails entering the rafters below. These strips will fit up to the ridge boards as in Fig. 3, these being leveled at the bottom edges to make the fitting easier. The finish of the strips at the bottom ends is shown in Fig. 2.

A window is fixed in each end of the pavilion, and it is as well to have this hinged on pivots, so as to have a certain amount of ventilation though the building, being high up, no inconvenience will be found from the draughts. The doors inside should be hinged to open as shown by the dotted circles in Fig 1; as shown, the front and lavatory doors will clash if opened both at once. This may be avoided, if wished, by making the front door in two parts, forming folding doors. This is a little more trouble and expense, but will really be an improvement.

At the front, the weather-boarding is cut away to form shutters, as shown in the elevation, Fig. 4. These are hinged at the top, so that when open they form shade from the sun and shelter from the rain. They are held up by iron stays fixed on the inside, which, when the shutters are down, also form fastenings. The matchbo

up by iron stays fixed on the inside, which, when the shutters are down, also form fastenings. The matchboarding on the inside will, of course, be omitted at the shutter openings, being finished round as at I, Fig 5.

The pavilion, as shown, is without a floor, but undoubtedly a floor is an improvement, but adds to the expense. It can easly be added by laying the joists on the sills, and boarding with one-inch matched flooring. It is best if this is done before the inside is boarded, as the flooring boards will not be so much trouble to fit, but it may be done after if the expense is a consideration.

The clock in the front gable is an improvement to the pavilion, and need not cost much. One of the small drum clocks is all that is needed. To fix, cut a circular hole in the weather-boarding, so that the clock will enter, and finish with a circular moulding, as in section, Fig 6. If the clock is not the right depth to fit back to the inside boarding as shown, a block may be put in front to butt against, or if too deep the inside boards may be cut away. In any case, an opening must be made on the inside, so as to allow of winding and regulating the clock.

The whole building, including the paper on

ing and regulating the clock.

The whole building, including the paper on the roof, should be well painted, and if this is renewed yearly, there is no reason why the pavilion should not be in use for a great number of years.

EXPLANATION OF DRAWINGS.

Plan of pavilion.
Detail of paper roof at eaves.
Detail of roof at ridge.
Front elevation of pavilion.
Sectional detail of front of pavilion.
Section showing fixing of clock.
End elevation of pavilion.

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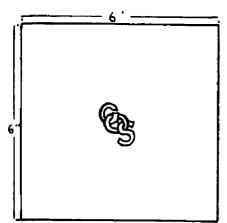
#### FREE CUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG OF ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES

#### CLEVER WORK WITH THE POCKET KNIFE

By JOHN L. DOUCHENY

No. 11—The Monogram

Every boy who uses a knife with any degree of skill wants to whittle out his monogram. It is a simple thing to do if you go about it properly. The boy who has artistic tastes will naturally



excel in a design of this character, but any intelligent lad can work out the plan given here. First get your wood. A block of white pine or basswood six inches square and about an inch thick is the size to begin on. After making it square and smoothing the surface, place it on a bench or table. The laying out of the monogram is done by intertwining the three letter patterns until they take up only a little more space than is ordinarily occupied by one letter. It is a simple matter to draw out the plain Gothic characters shown in Fig. 1. Some patience of course, is required to get the letters proportionately correct. Use a ruler for all the straight lines, no matter how short, measure all your dister how short, measure all your distances, and you will be surprised at the neat looking initials you can turn out. Draw each separately on heavy paper and then cut out. Lay the first down,

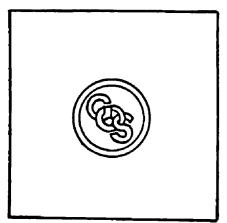


FIG. 2

then the second on top of the first, then then the second on top of the first, then the last. Intertwine the letters in order to hold them securely together and heighten the effect. It is best to have the first letter of the initial a little bit higher and to the left of the others so it will strike the eye first and be read in its natural order.

If you wish to attempt fancy frills these same directions hold good. Ordinarily it is best not to do so. If you have at hand a calendar poster or any

narily it is best not to do so. If you have at hand a calendar poster or any printed matter that contains your initials in large fancy type you can, of course, cut them out and save the trouble of drafting a set. A pretty effect is sometimes obtained by having the middle letter small and plain and the other two larger and more complicated in de-

sign. Fig. I shows the kind of characters you should be able to draw, intertwined and pasted on the center of the block. Carefully mark the outline of your monogram with knife point. Enclose them in a circle drawn with pencil. The circle should be one-fourth of an inch away from the extremities of the monogram. Outside the first inscribe a second, one-fourth of an inch larger in diameter. This will leave the initials enclosed in a circular belt one-eighth of an inch wide, as shown in Fig. 2. Remove the paper pattern and lay it aside just as it is so you can constantly refer to it when giving the wood the intertwined appearance. You may now confine your exertions to the letters and keep working on them until they stand out in relief at least one-quarter of an inch. Be careful not to cut outside the circle and also to leave four retaining bars connecting the latter with the design. If you begin work on a piece of wood six inches square, the monogram should be one and a half inches square, and the larger diameter of the circular belt about one and three-quarters. Outside the ring we are to draw a five-point star. The easiest way to do this is to side the ring we are to draw a five-point star. The easiest way to do this is to cut out a triangular pattern and draw the five divisions of the star with it. A five-point star consists of five triangles of equal size and a central portion which we omit here, as it has nothing to do with our calculations. The base of the triangle we use in this case is one inch



long, its altitude or upright height is a little over two inches. No mark is drawn long, its altitude or upright height is a little over two inches. No mark is drawn with the base or shortest side of the pattern. It is made to just touch the inside ring. In drawing the star mark a point at each of the bottom corners to guide you in getting the divisions uniform. According to the same directions, but with a different pattern, draw a second star a little smaller than the first. All of this is clearly shown in Fig. 3. Cut off all the shaded parts of Fig. 3 and your design is complete. It must now be smoothed with glass or sandpaper. The body of the star, circle and little ring are cylindrical, that is like a lead pencil, only somewhat smaller in diameter. If you have patience with the finishing part of the work you will produce a very pretty and ornamental article. After you have removed all stains and discolorations, soak it in linseed oil for about a week. Keep it immersed by tying on a small weight. Mounting it is a matter best left to your own judgment. One good way is to hang it on a wall with a background of black velvet. Fig. 4 shows the finished monogram.



Fig. 4

#### QUERY $\mathbf{B} \mathbf{O} \mathbf{X}$

1. How is the mixture in a gasoline engine cylinder ignited? 2. How is the spark regulated with reference to the flow of gasoline?—J. S., Ford City, Pa.

Ans. 1. The mixture of gasoline va-Ans. 1. The mixture of gasoline vapor and air in the cylinder is generally ignited by an electric spark, although there are other methods, such as the naked flame and hot tube. In the electric spark method, which is the most convenient, the spark occurs between two points inside the cylinder and at such a period that the mixture will be ignited about the time the piston starts on its downward stroke. 2. Your question is not exactly clear but we presume you mean to ask how the timing of the spark is accomplished. The spark is regulated with reference to the piston position, and the composition of the charge of gasoline vapor is kept as nearly as possible the same. This timing is accomplished by a commutator operated by the engine crank-shaft.

1. If by accident one should receive a shock from the induction coil described in the January issue, would it cause any harm? 2. Is it necessary to have condensers? 3. Could single cotton-covered magnet wire No. 36 he used in the secondary coil if each layer was thoroughly shellacked?—D. W., Chicago, Ill.

Ans. 1. No, nothing more than a temporary shock. 2. Yes. 3. Yes, but owing to the time required to thoroughly dry the shellac and the chances of its not being perfectly dry when the next layer is wound, it would be better to use either linseed oil or paraffin.

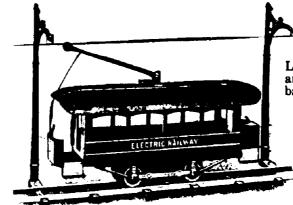
Please tell me how I may recharge a dry battery after it has run down?—M. R., Newark, N. J.

Ans. Attempts have been made to "recharge" dry cells after they have become exhausted by passing a current through them in the opposite direction to that in which it flows from them; that is a current is made to pass in at the carbon or cathode, and out at the zinc terminals, or anode. The passage of

this current through the mass decomposes the salts of zinc formed therein and liberates the active elements which are again free to attack the zinc. This method is not, however, very satisfactory, as the mass forming the electrolyte soon becomes saturated with products that reduce the efficiency of the cell.



At an expense of only twelve dollars, four Massachusetts boys, James F. Mc-William, Fred A. McWilliam, John Cunningham and Charles H. Smith, built a house boat which has given them an immense amount of satisfaction during their summer vacation. The platform is 12x20 feet and rests on a dozen empty oil barrels, which give the craft its buoyancy. The Cabin is roomy and is covered with tarred paper. The house boat is pushed from place to place by poles around the board where it is located. with tarred paper. The hous the pond where it is located.



1. How does the amperage of a battery affect the E. M. F.? 2. Why are telephone lines connected at intervals of a few poles?
3. Do the terms "watt" and "ampere" differ from the terms "watt-hour" and "amperehour"?—C. F., Portland, Mich.

Ans. 1. The amperage of a battery, by which is meant the output in amperes, does not affect the E. M. F.? On the other hand, it is the E. M. F., or pressure in volts, together with the internal resistance of the cell that determines the output of the cell in amperes.

2. Telephone lines are not connected at

mines the output of the cell in amperes.

Telephone lines are not connected at intervals of a few poles. What you probably refer to is the apparent connection at frequent intervals between the two parallel wires in complete metallic circuits. This is not a connection but merely a transposition of the wires so that they do not run parallel for any great distance. This is done to obviate cross-talk which is so trouble-some in long parallel lines. By thus crossing the wires at frequent intervals, the effect of magnetic induction is overcome. 3. The term "watt" refers to the output of a cell or dynamo and is the product of "volts x amperes," while the term "watt-hour" and "ampere-hour" refer to the amount of current that is consumed in one hour, meaning that one watt or one ampere is consumed per hour.

1. Why does not a 110-volt alternating current operate an induction coil when placed in series with a 16 c. p. lamp? 2. When the same current is sent through a telegraph sounder connected in series with a 16 c. p. lamp, a loud buzzing is heard in the instrument. Please explain. 3. Will not the aerial wires of wireless telegraph instruments attract lightning? If so, how could connections be made so that lightning would be grounded if the wire was struck? 4. Could an electromagnet be used in a telephone receiver in stead of a bar magnet with a coil of wire on one pole? 5. Please tell the gauge and resistance per foot of the German silver wirenclosed? 6. What is the resistance per 100 feet of No. 18 copper wire? 7. Of No. 12?—R. R. B. Washington, D. C.

Ans. 1. Alternating currents will oper-

per hour.

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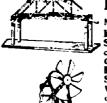
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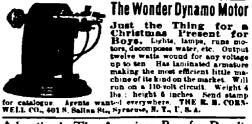
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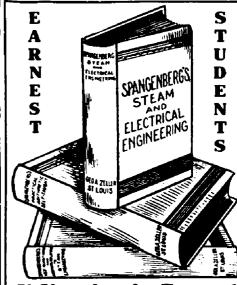
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this department, Uncle Tangler, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich. Rules to be observed: Write in ink and on but one side of the paper. Sign your name to every page. Write your address in full on one page. Send answers with all new puzzles to be printed. Send original nursless only. We correct original puzzles only. We cannot undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to

Lewis A. Smith, 580 Sixtleth St., Chicago, wins the prize for the best list of answers to October Tangles.

Hugh V. Harlan, Greenmont, South Dakota, wins the prize for the best lot of original 22

puzzles.
Honorable mention is accorded the following

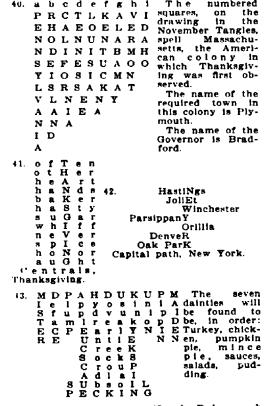
Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Raiph H. Wirt, Paul C. Hassler, Bess J. Johnston, Cleary Builard, Fred W. Hammil. Morton L. Mitchell, Vernor Lovett, Milton Rodig, Osborn J. Dunn, Elsie Locke, Arthur Schieber, Raymond B. Ladoo, J. M. Nickerson, Walter Marshall, Herbert G. Benton, Allert Brager, Dana G. Coe, Robert G. Young, H. G. Button, Carl A. Bottomly, Reed Gentry, Sarah Gilles, Paul K. Brandt, Fred Connell, Richard Rundell, J. Horace Trumbull, Arthur Sheffield, F. C. Millspaugh, Burton F. Jennings, Almon W. Bushnell, George Harrison Stanbery, Harold J. Westcott, Milton Van Dusen, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Robert D. Holmes, Harold M. Case.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to the December Tangles received by December 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the hest lot of original puzzles suited to February, received by December 20.

#### Answers to November Tangles

40. abcdefghi The numbered



45.

i g e h r i

a p b f

m i n

ELTTURKEY

8. 9. 10.

11. 12. 13. 14. 15.

Initials.

Turkey.

1. LeiPsic
2. ShyLock
3. GuaYmas
4. GerMany
5. AlfOnso
6. NatUral
7. BasTile
8. RapHael
9. SheRman
10. AstOria
11. ChiCago
12. Jackson
entrals. Plymouth

46. Begin with B in the top row and take every fourth letter around to the right: Battle of Tippecanoe, November seventh, eighteen-hundred and eleven.

47. Walter Bryan Banker, Allert Brager, D. F. Butler, Harold M. Case, J. H. Fentress, Clarence N. Freyman, Credon McGann, Frank C. McMillan, Morton L. Mitchell, Ernest Nuttycomb, S. G. Robinson, Jr., Sherman Spurrier, Charles Stewart, Kent Brooklyn Stiles, Queen

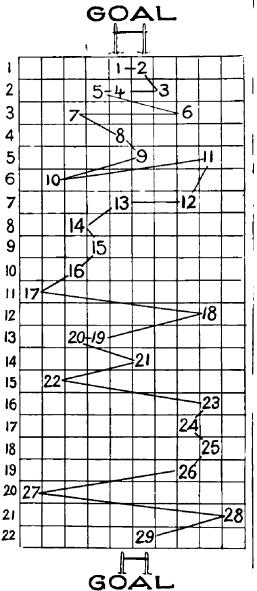
#### New Tangles

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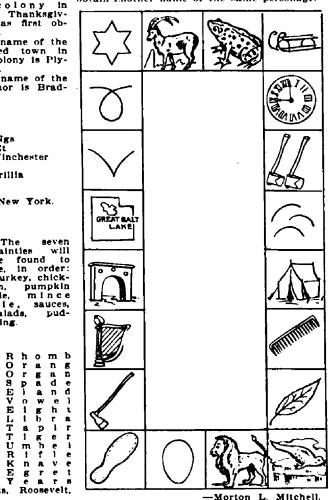
All the required words are geographical and have ten letters. Write each word horizontally in the numerical order given, one letter of each word in a square, to fill the squares order, to 29, in the path of the football scrimmage, from goal to goal, will spell a well-known biblical quotation found in St. Luke. connected with the first Christmas. All the required words are geographical and



Numbers 1 to 9 inclusive are capital cities of the United States. 10. A large island near Africa. 11. A kingdom of southern Germany. 12. A western state. 13. A county of Ontario, named after a celebrated English general. 14. A city on the Black sea. 15. A European capital. 16. A South American capital. 17. A colony of Australia. 18. A European principality, near the Adriatic. 19. The southernmost capital of South America. 20. The island on which is Mount Pelee. 21. A city and province on the east coast of A city and province on the east coast of Africa. 22. A large city of Egypt. —Hugh V. Harlan.

#### CHRISTMAS SKIP.

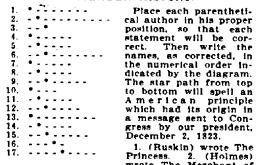
Interpret the twenty pictures by words of Interpret the twenty pictures by words of uniform length, and use their initials only. Begin in a certain corner and read in a certain direction, taking the letters at regular intervals, until one-half of the squares are used, and obtain one name of a personage connected with the Christmas season. Then commence with another corner letter, proceed in the opposite direction, taking the letters at the same intervals as before, until the remaining half of the squares are used and remaining half of the squares are used, and obtain another name of the same personage.



LITERARY ZIG-ZAG. 

1. The author of Don terimore and the character in the Mersen of Venice. 3. The hero of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables. 12. Hugo's Les Miserables. 12. Hugo's Les Miserables. 13. Hugo's Les Miserables. 14. A New York town, made famous by Irving in The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 5. A French author, who died during the past year. 6. The author of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. 7. Christian name of the heroine of Longfellow's The Courtship of Miles Standish. 8. The city where John Milton was born. 9. The greatest of Roman historians, contemporary with Christ. 10. A Trojan hero, in the Iliad. 11. The author of The Call of the Wild. 12. The heroine of Bulwer Lytton's Last Days of Pompeli. 13. A great Florentine poet (1265-1321). 14. The author of Hypatia. —Morton L. Mitchell.

#### DECEMBER HISTORY.



#### SLIDE THE SLIPS 52.

Slide to the right and left four slips containing the following letters, until three perpendicular rows appear which spell a state admitted in 1863. Again, and find two rows that spell a large city in the same state, once its capital. Again, and find four rows that spell the river on which its present capital is situated.

OGTAWLRWVI LEINRKWOHI ENYSRIOEAH LANAEGTGAY

---Osborn J. Dunn

#### BIRDS IN WORDS.

The star path, reading downwards, spells
- the haine of the great novelist who wrote A Christmas Carol.

1. The author of Don Quixote. 2. A celebrated character in the Merchant of Venice. 3.

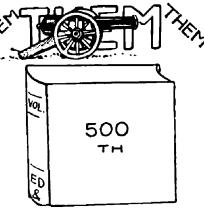
The hero of Victor Take one letter from each word, in order, and find one bird, in each sentence.

1. Norway's threats affected Sweden. 2. The senators will talk. 3. Thanksgiving buyers burchased ducks several days. 4. Presbyterians seldom object to millionaires' tainted character in the Merchant of Venice. 3.

The hero of Victor — Dudley B. Kimball.

-Dudley B. Kimball.

TENNYSONIAN REBUS. A quotation known to every American boy



-Harold M. Case.

SECRETARIES' ZIG-ZAG.

The star path read down-wards spells the surname of the present Postmaster Gen-

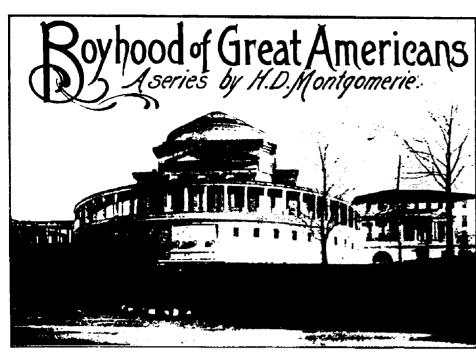
-Allert Brager.

LIBRARY CHESS.

Find the name of a famous writer of books for boys, and the titles of seven of his works, in the following chess board, by the king's move, which is one square only in any direction, using each letter as often as needed, but repeating no letter until moving from its

E	Ť	P	E	G	N	F	æ
H	м	L	N	J	L	E	Y
R	Т	D	G	A	K	P	В
0	H		R	C	H	1	T
F	A	ī	Ď	E	K	Y	H
н	Y	T	N	F	A	D	E
T	D	G	1	C	N	D	В
E		H	T	N	K	Y	്റ

-Frank C. McMillan.



THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

¶ EDITOR'S NOTE-For purpose and plan of this series, see our November number. No. I of the Series treated of Ulysses Simpson Grant

## No. II--David Glasgow Farragut

T IS SELDOM that the boys of today begin their life work before they reach the age of fourteen; most boys are still in school at that age. But I am going to tell you something about a boy who began his career at the age of ninc—a career that began and ended on the sea. Life at sea is not one of ease cabin, where he awoke the captain and and comfort today; much less was it at the beginning of the nineteenth century. David Glasgow Farragut was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century. David Glasgow Farragut was born at Campbell's Station, a little place near Knoxville, East Tennessee, on July 5th, 1861. His father, George Farragut, had come to America from the island of Minorca, in the Mediterranean Sea, as a young man, and had married Elizabeth Shine of North Carolina. He had followed many occupations. We read that he had been a sailing master in the lowed many occupations. We read that he had been a sailing master in the State of Tennessee, and finally a farmer in that state. Farming, however, was not to his liking. He was always at heart a sallor, and with his children, in a little pirogue (a kind of canoe made of two pieces of wood lashed together) he would sail across Lake Pontchartrain in the teeth of the heaviest gale, always maintaining when the risk of such adventures to his children was pointed out, that "now is the time to conquer their fears." Thus David almost from infancy was accustomed to danger on the water. Farragut's early entrance on his career the prizes—the Barclay—to Valparaiso, of the Farragut's early entrance on his career they are prizes—the Barclay—to Valparaiso, of the prizes—the Barclay—to Valparaiso, of the prizes—the Barclay—to Valparaiso, of the crew of the Easex to take one of the crew of the Easex to take one of the crew of the Easex to take one of the crew of the Easex to take one of the crew of the Easex to take one of the crew of the Easex to take one of the crew of the Easex to take one of the crew of the Easex to take one of the crew of the Easex to take one of the cre

fears." Thus David almost from infancy was accustomed to danger on the water. Farragut's early entrance on his career was due to Commodore (then Commander) David Porter, who, in gratitude for the care which the Farragut family had showed his father during his final illness, proposed to adopt one of the family. Young David, then eight years old, was chosen. The thought of being chosen. The thought of being a sailor and seeing strange lands, of being on a great warlands, of being on a great warship, and of wearing a splendid
uniform and a glittering sword,
caused a quick acceptance of
the proposal on the part of the
boy.

At this time Porter was in
command of the Naval Station
at New Orleans. Soon thereafter he was relieved and pro-

at New Orleans. Soon thereafter he was relieved and proceeded to his home at Chester, Pennsylvania, where young Farragut became a member of his family and was sent to school. It may be here said that at every release from his duties the boy became a schoolboy, bright and quick to learn. Languages were his delight, and afterwards in his many cruises to different lands, and while still a boy, he acquired a good knowledge of French, Italian and Spanish.

When just a little over nine

When just a little over nine years old David Farragut received his midshipman's warrant, the document being dated December 17th, 1810. In August of the following year Porter took command of the United State frigate Essex and Mid-shipman Farragut began his duties in the naval service.

snipman Farragut began his duties in the naval service.

It was not long after that he had his first experience with the perils of the sea. Early on Christmas morning, 1811, when at anchor at Newport, Rhode Island, a storm arose which developed into a hurricane of wind, snow and sleet. Four anchors were not sufficient to hold the vessel and she was driven upon the beach, two of her masts going by the board. Lying heeled over at a dangerous angle the only resource was to cut away the remaining masts, and sailors with axes stood ready at the command. Fortunately the storm abated and the ship was rescued from her perilous position. The cold was so intense that a seaman was found frozen to death in his hammock. This was a rough beginning for the young middy but it was in his hammock. This was a rough be-ginning for the young middy, but it was the learning of lessons from just such experiences that finally promoted the young reefer to be the first Admiral of the American navy.

the American navy.

On the declaration of war with Great Britain on June 18th, 1812, the frigate Essex was one of the warships despatched to do as much damage as possible to the ships flying the British Union Jack, and none was more active or successful in the work. Captain Porter was a thorough believer in discipline and training. By continual drilling he soon brought his crew to a high state of efficiency. An incident which took place at clency. An incident which took place at this time showed the effect of this trainthis time showed the effect of this train-ing. The Essex had quite a large num-her of British prisoners on hoard and made his report to Captain Downes, and



DAVID GLASGOW PARRAGUT

in company with the Essex Jr., another captured vessel which Captain Porter had renamed, and which was under command of Captain Downes. The captain of the Barclay, a gruff, hot-tempered old sea dog, was ordered to go with Farragut as navigator, which he was very unwilling navigator, which he was very unwilling to do; expressing his contempt for the young commander, he declared that he would find himself off New Zealand in the morning. Young Farragut was in a most trying situation, but, young as he was, not yet being in his teens, he was determined to carry out his orders, and gave command that the maintopsail be filled away that they might join the Essex Jr. The surly old sailor, with an oath, shouted that he would shoot any oath, shouted that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope and that he would not be ordered "by a little nutmeg." Calling one of his own sailors, Farragut ordered him to have the maintopsail filled away, which was answered by a cheerful "Aye, Aye, Sir." Seeing that his commands were obeyed, the middy at once told the old captain, who had gone below for his pistol, that if he

Essex was the first vessel to hoist the American pennant so far away from home.

On March 28th, 1814, occurred the famous battle between the Essex and the British men-o'-war Phoebe and Cherub. off the harbor of Valparaiso, in which, after the most heroic resistance, the battle lasting nearly three hours, with over 150 officers and men killed, wounded and missing, brave Captain Porter was compelled to lower his colors to an enemy much superior in numbers and armament. It was Midshipman Farragut's first battle, and although somewhat shaken at his first sight of a man killed, the performance of his duties speedily settled his nerves. He says that he was captain's aide, quarter gunner, powder monkey, and anything else he was told to be. Going below for gun primers a sailor, killed by a cannon shot, fell on him and both went headlong to the bottom. Farragut was rendered unconscious, but speedily recovering, clambered on deck bespattered with blood. Captain Porter, seeing his appearance, asked if he was hurt, and he replied in the negative, "Then," demanded the captain, "where are the primers?" which at once brought the boy fully to his senses, the primers were soon forthcoming. Although continually in the midst of the fight, the young middy escaped without injury, his only mishaps being bruises from his fall, and the loss of his coattail which was carried away by a shot that also took off the leg of another sailor. After the battle Farragut, at his own request, was allowed to assist the surgeons in caring for the wounded. Captain Porter and the survivors among his officers and crew were shortly thereafter allowed to sail for New York where they arrived safely, receiving a splendid welcome from its citizens for the gallantry they had displayed.

Later, Farragut accompanied Captain Porter again to Chester where he was sent to school until ordered to join the birg Spark under command of Captain Porter again to Chester where he was sent to school until ordered to join the birg Spark under command of Captain Porter of hi

in resisting the temptations thrust upon him, but strict attention and faithfulness to duty and the good advice of the first lieutenant enabled him to steer clear of trouble.

bon in killing seals.

During the voyage the Essex captured a number of British whaters, many of them fitted out as privateers. Midshipman Farragut was detailed with several of the crew of the Essex to take one of the prizes—the Barclay—to Valparaiso, tention to the pirates of Algiers whose attacks upon American merchant ships were causing great attacks upon American mer-chant ships were causing great

annoyance and loss to American commerce. Farragut was order-ed to the Independence, which

commerce. Farragut was ordered to the Independence, which sailed for the Mediterranean. but arrived only to find that Commodore Decatur had punished the pirates and forced the Dey to make terms of peace.

During 1816 and part of 1817 Midshipman Farragut sailed on various cruises to foreign lands, obtaining an intimate knowledge of the countries, taking part in social functions, and gaining a thorough knowledge of his profession. His manly hearing, happy disposition, freedom from the foilies of most of the other young officers and his unfailing attention to duty, gained him many friends. He spent part of 1817 and 1818 with Mr. Folsom, U. S. Consulat Tunis, with whom he pursued the study of languages, English literature and mathematics.

After this long spell on shore

After this long spell on shore, Farragut returned to duty, joining the Franklin at Messina, Sielly. While there the officers and crews indulged in athermalic and the state of the s letic sports in which young Farragut was able to hold his

Promotion to the rank of act-

ing lieutenant came to him when he wan only eighteen years old, but he had earned it; not through influence or "pull," but by doing his duty.

This sketch of Farragut's boyhood has been necessarily brief, but the reader can see that his subsequent advancement to the highest position in the American naval service was only achieved through long, arduous and heroic work. long, arduous and heroic work SYNOPSIS OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S

SUBSEQUENT CAREER:

-Visited the Gulf of Mexico. 1825—Promoted to be Lieutenant.
1833—In Charleston during nullification troubles.
1841—Promoted to Commander.
1854—Sailed to the Pacific. Fitted out

Mare Island Navy yard.

Mare Island Navy yard.

1860-1861—Served on retiring board.

1862—Sailed for New Orleans. Destroyed confederate fleet causing surrender of New Orleans. Promoted to Rearder of No Admiral.

1863—Aided in obtaining surrender of Port Hudson.

Port Hudson.

1864—Sailed through torpedo defences of Mobile Bay and caused confederate ram, Tennessee, to surrender. Received a gift of \$50,000 from the City of New York. Promoted to Vice-Admiral.

1866—Sailed in Franklin on tour of European waters and received everywhere the greatest honors.

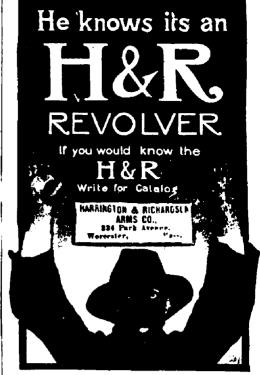
1870—Died at Portsmouth, N. H., August 14th and buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

Cemetery, New York.

NEXT MONTH BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

on being questioned the ex-captain declared he only wanted to frighten the boy. "Well, sir," said the boy. "Do you think you succeeded?" Captain Downes reprimanded the man and the matter was allowed to rest, but the incident shows that the same spirit in the man who entered Mobile bay amid the storm of shot and shell from both sea and land was also in the boy who dared fearlessly to obey orders in face of every odds.

Once more on board the Essex the next place visited was the Marquesas islands where the captain refitted and took in provisions. These islands are situated away in the South Pacific ocean. The Essex was the first vessel to hoist the American pennant so far away from home.



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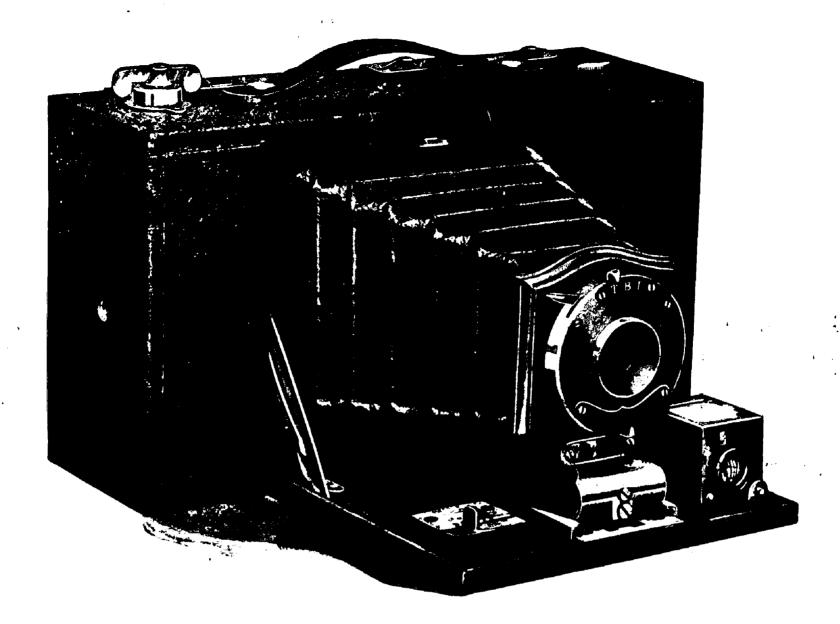
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